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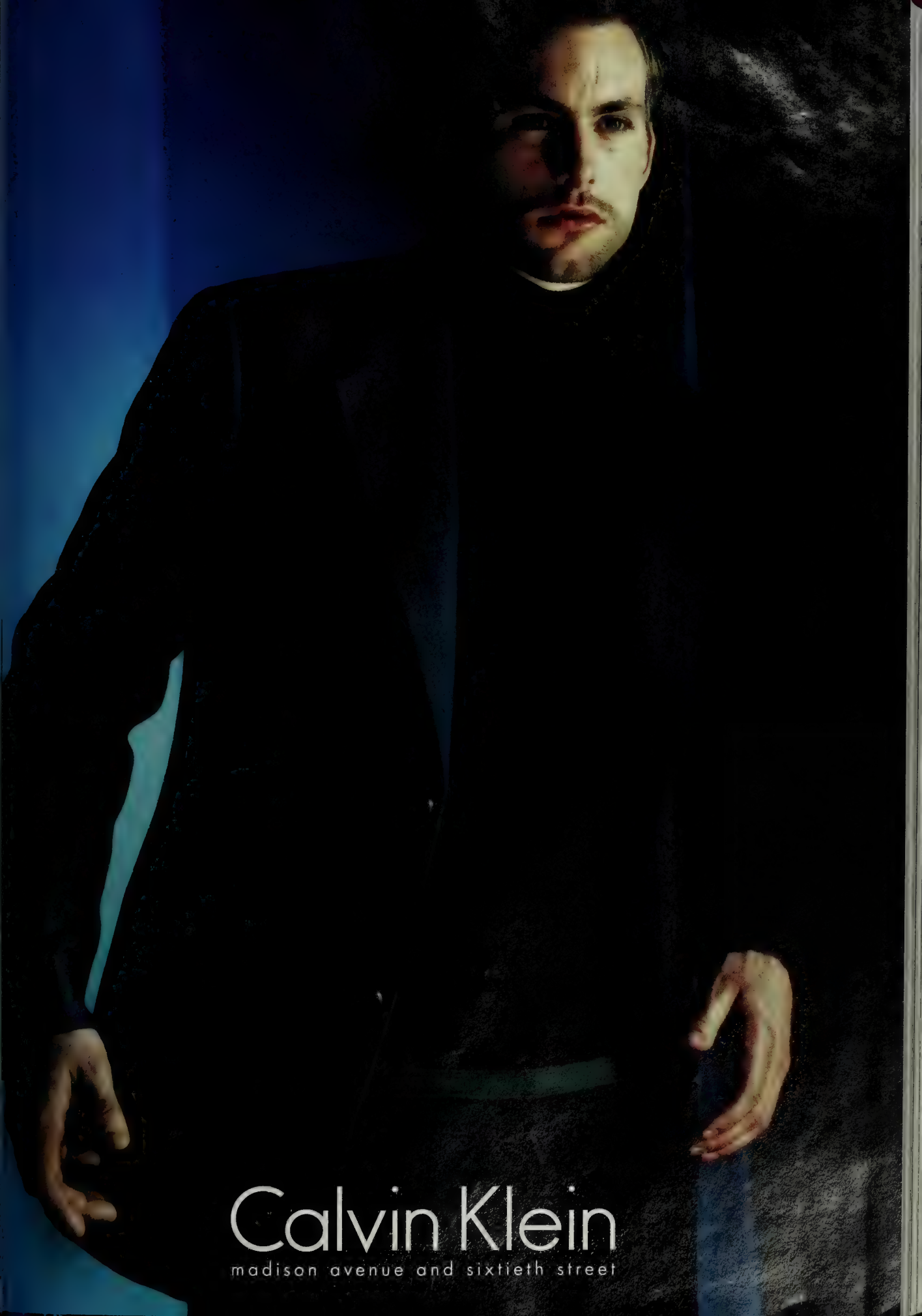






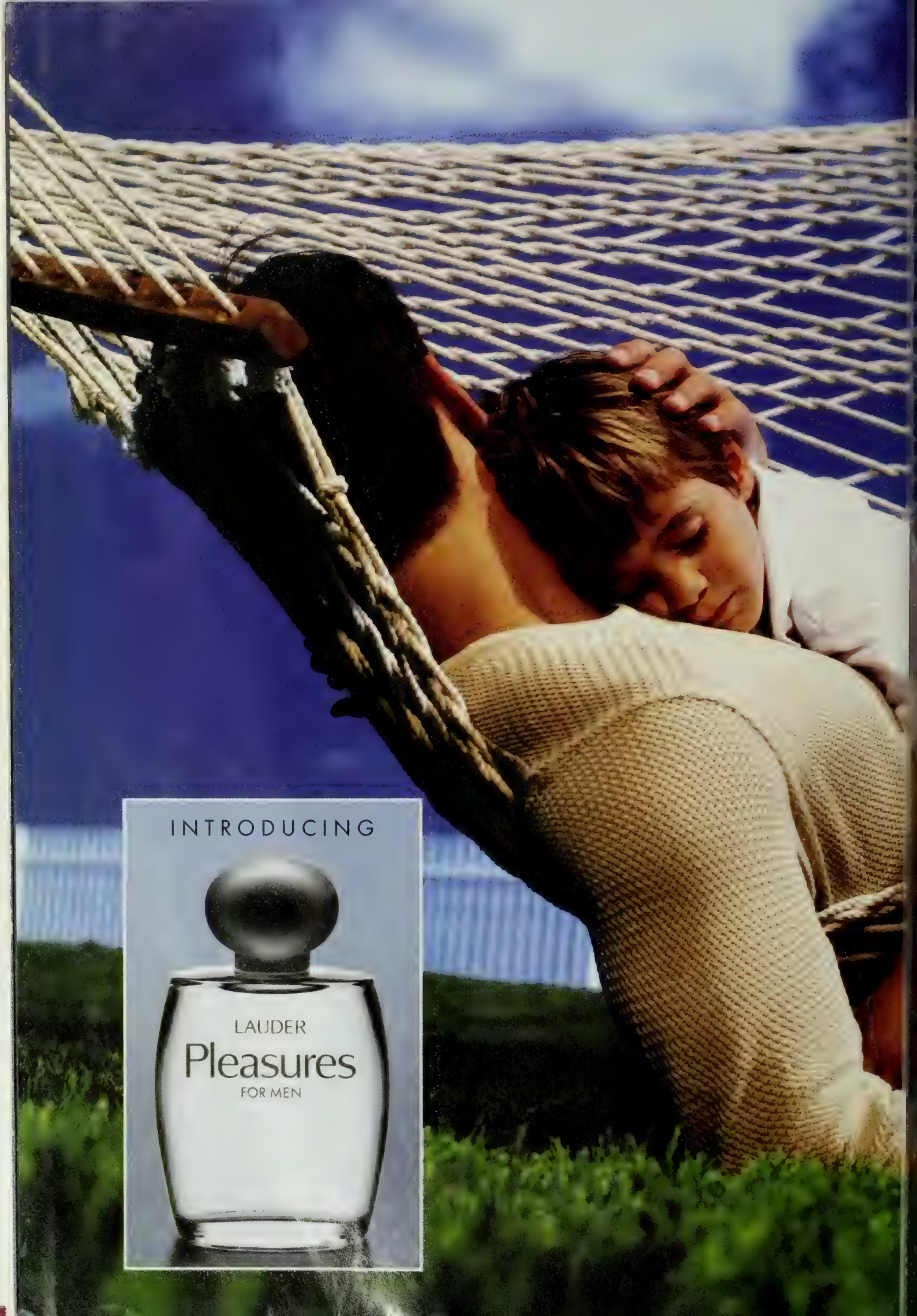

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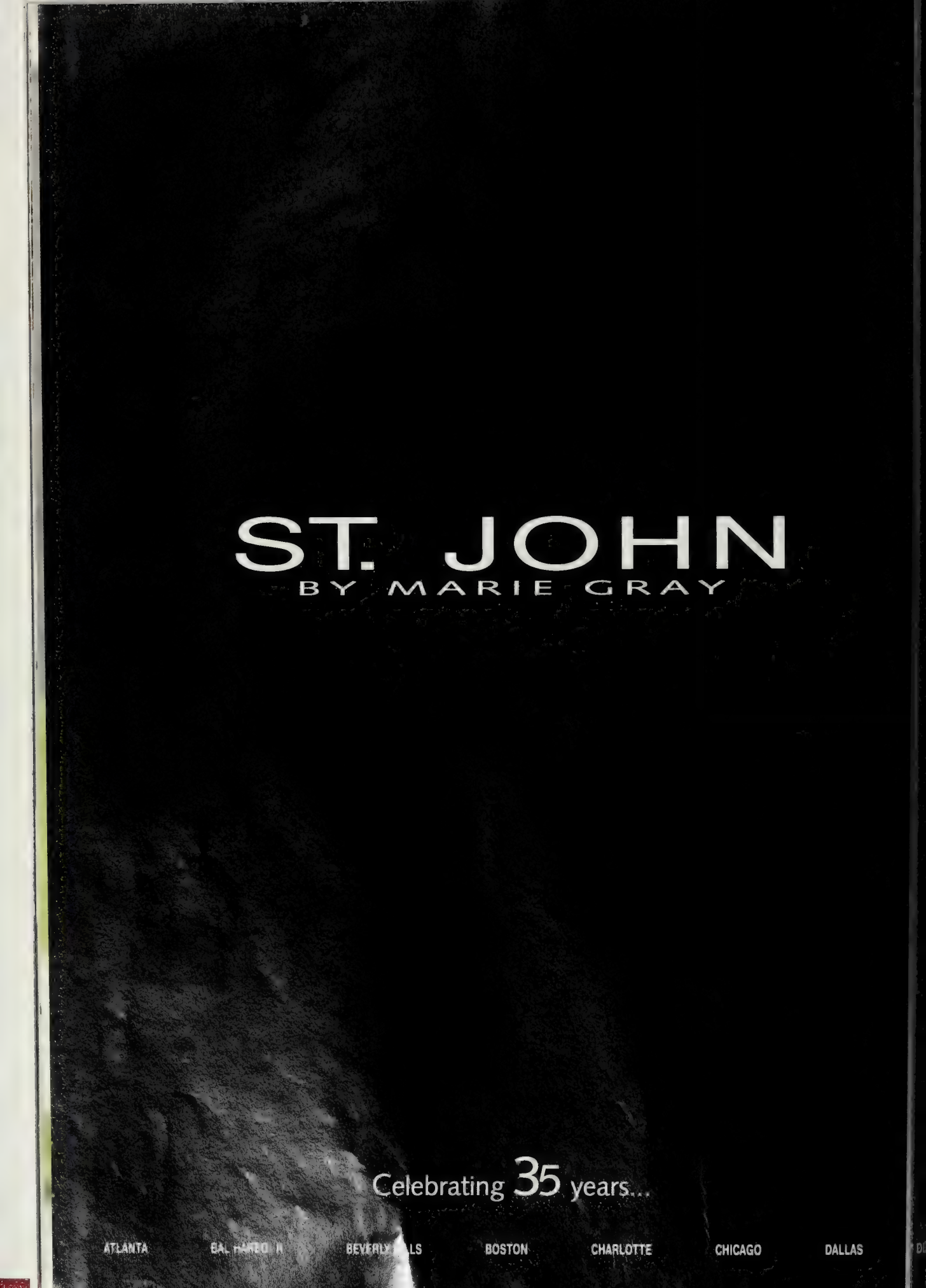
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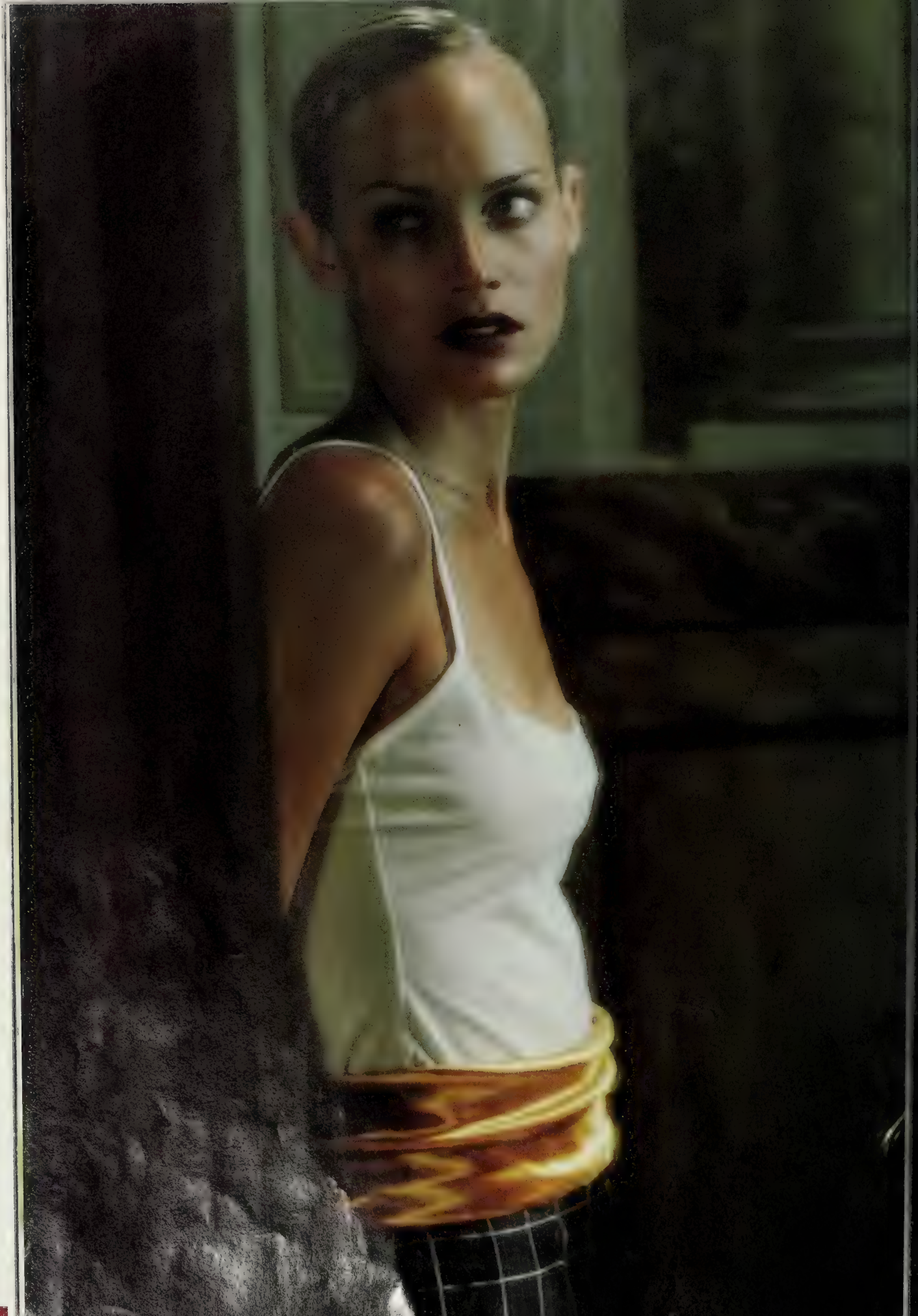


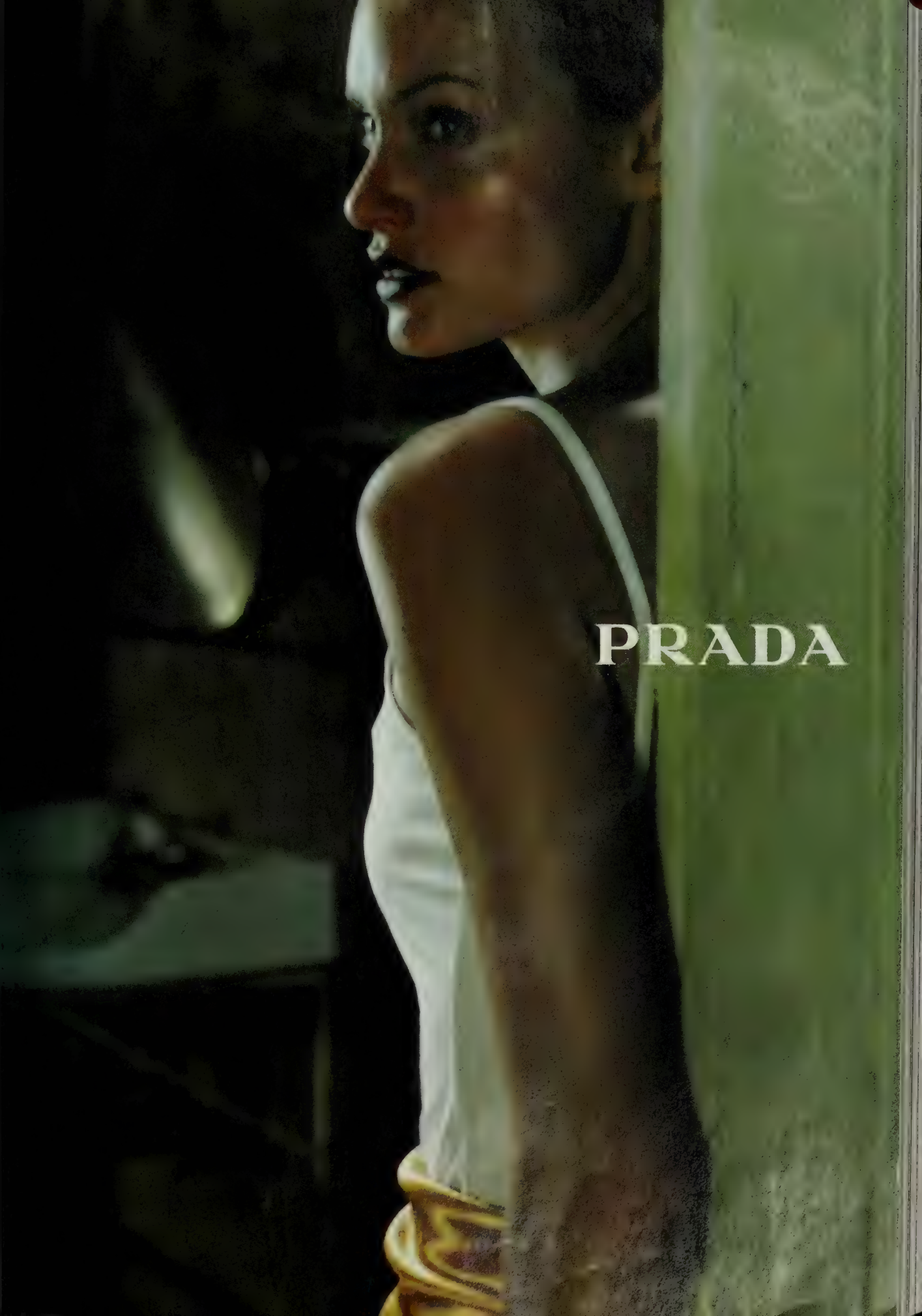
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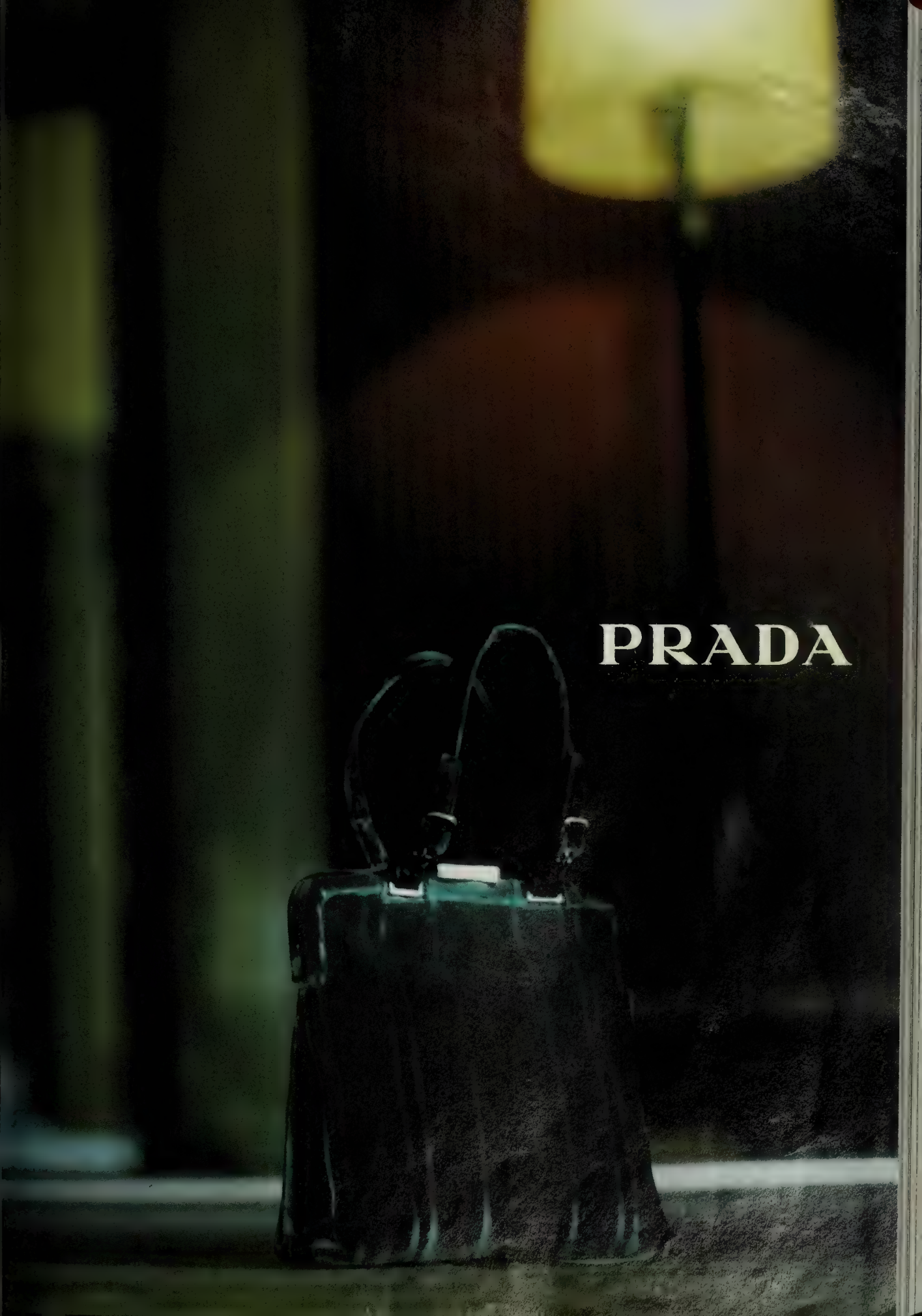


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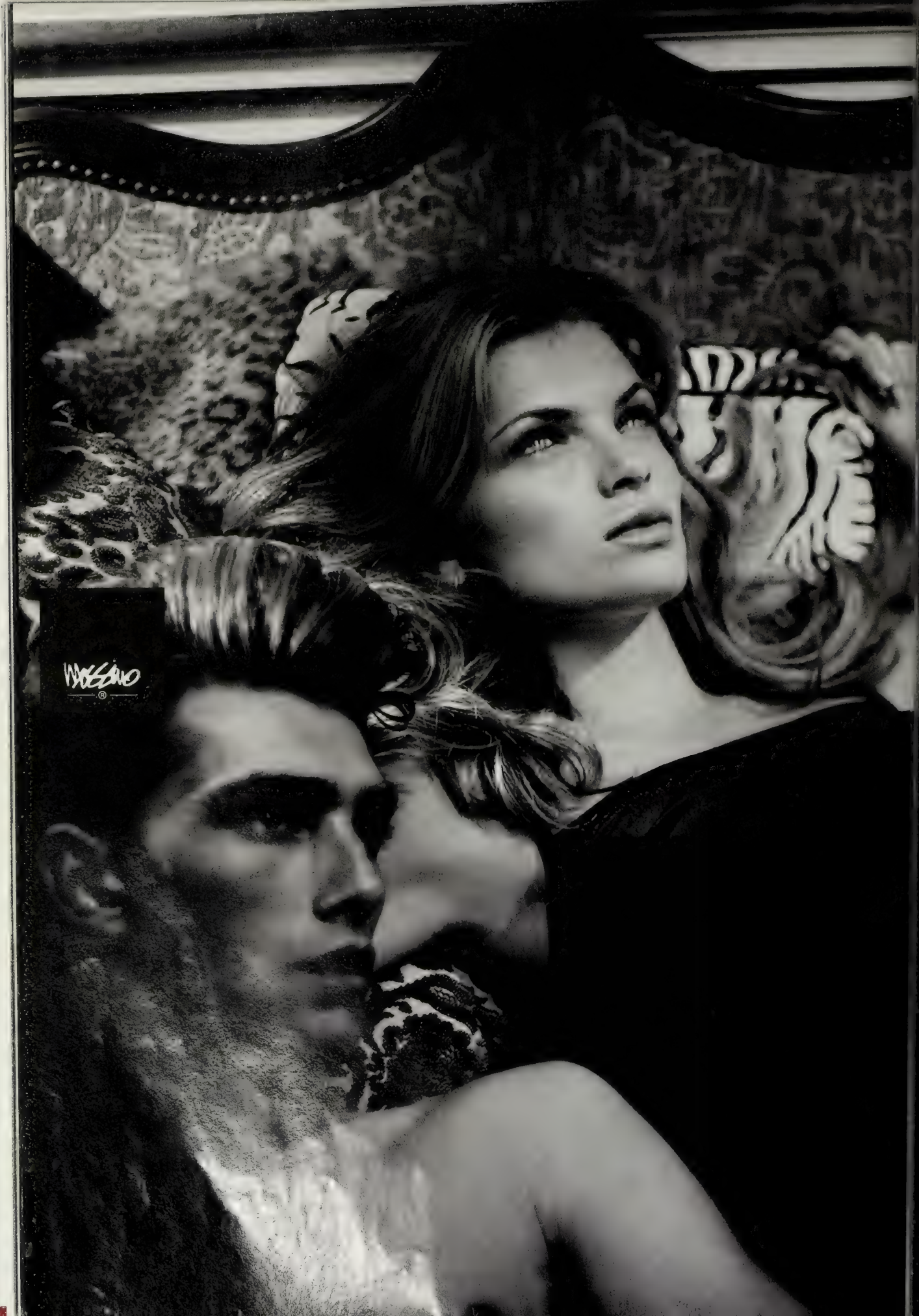
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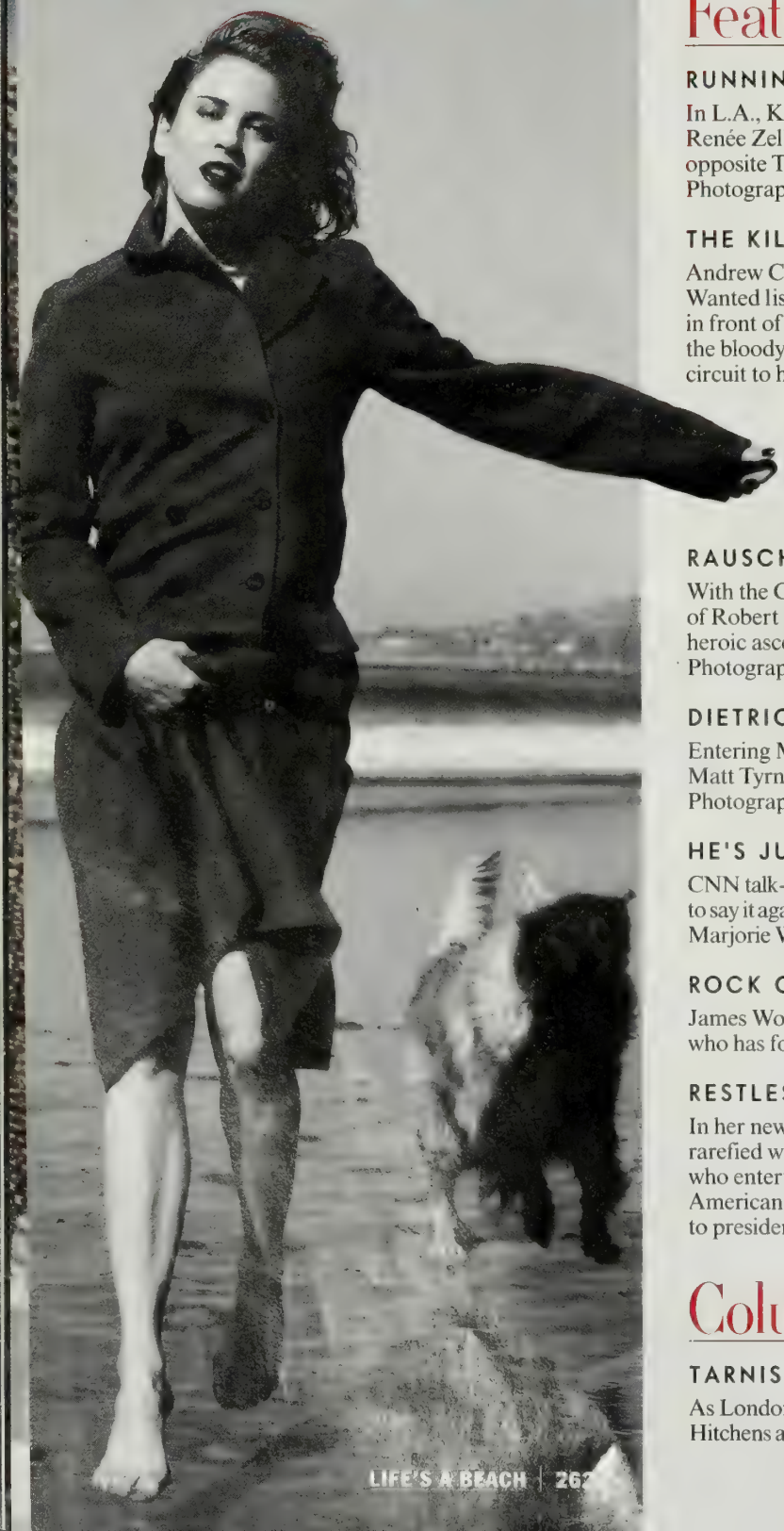



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# VANITY FAIR

SEPTEMBER 1997 No 445



LIFE'S A BEACH | 262

## Features


**RUNNING WITH THE STARS | 262**

In L.A., Kevin Sessums discovers how Texas ingenue Renée Zellweger landed the most coveted role in Hollywood, opposite Tom Cruise in *Jerry Maguire,* and why she's here to stay. Photographs by Michel Comte.

**THE KILLER'S TRAIL | 268**

Andrew Cunanan was already on the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list when he gunned down star designer Gianni Versace in front of Versace's Miami mansion. Maureen Orth follows the bloody path that led a serial murderer from San Diego's gay circuit to his suicide on July 23.

**MASTER CALLAS | 276**

Marking the 20th anniversary of Maria Callas's death, Terrence McNally and Paul Seligman spotlight the most tempestuous diva in opera history.

**RAUSCHENBERG'S EPIC VISION | 278**

With the Guggenheim mounting a massive retrospective of Robert Rauschenberg's work, John Richardson traces the artist's heroic ascent as hell-raiser, philanthropist, and multimedia icon. Photographs by Herb Ritts.

**DIETRICH LIVED HERE | 286**

Entering Marlene Dietrich's Park Avenue apartment, Matt Tyrnauer finds the screen goddess's sanctuary as she left it. Photographs by David Seidner.

**HE'S JUST A GUY WHO CAN'T SAY NO | 294**

CNN talk-show host Larry King has said "I do" six times, and he plans to say it again—to his 37-year-old fiancée, Shawn Southwick—this month. Marjorie Williams gets to the root of King's altar ego.

**ROCK ON | 298**

James Wolcott and Sam Jones spotlight comedian Chris Rock, who has followed his acclaimed HBO series with a CD and a book.

**RESTLESS BLUEBLOOD | 300**

In her new biography, Caroline Seebohm enters the rarefied world of Marietta Tree, the dazzling Boston Brahmin who entertained British royalty, fought for the civil rights of American blacks, and enchanted men from director John Huston to presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson.

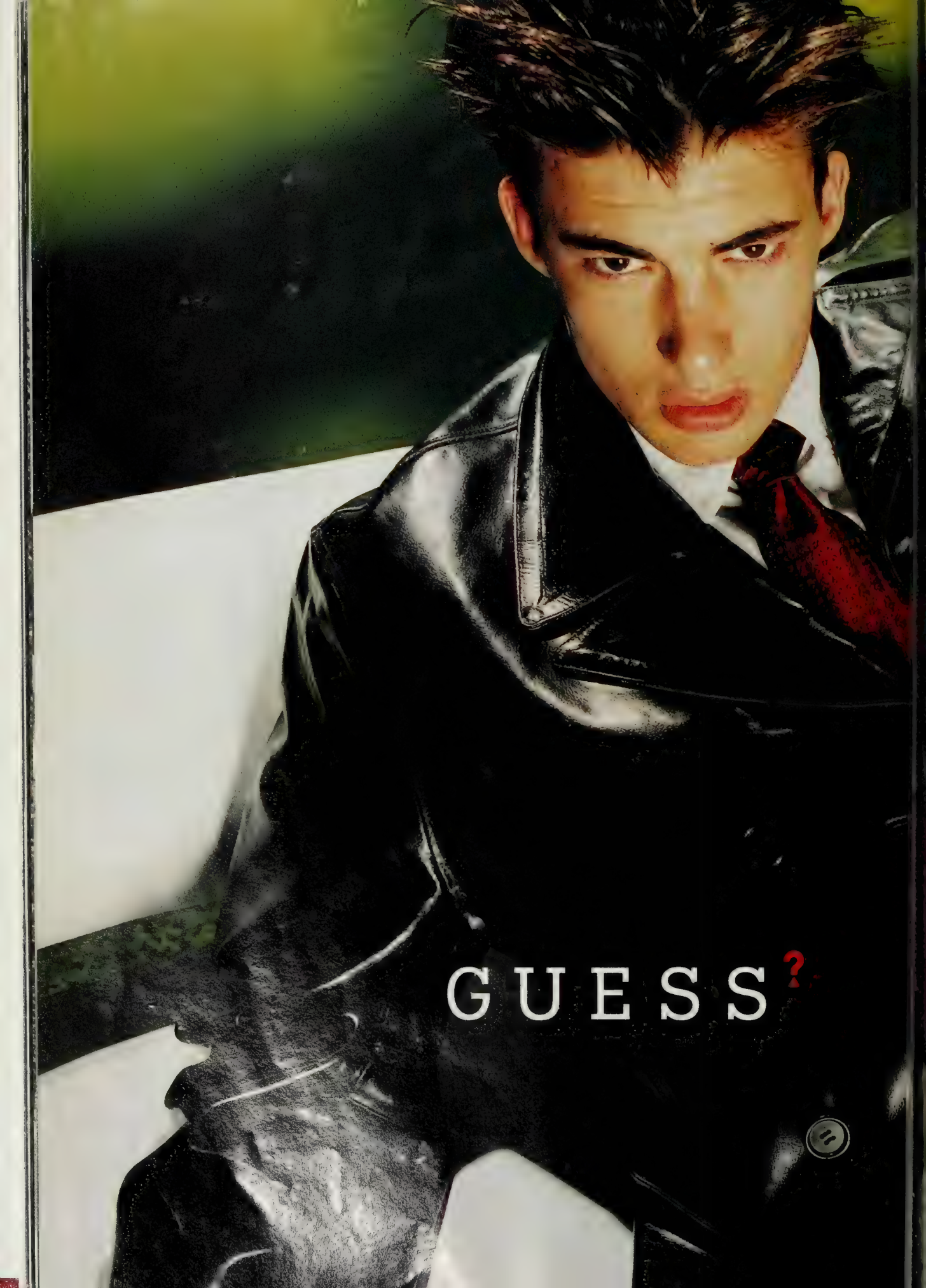

## Columns


**TARNISHED CROWN | 120**

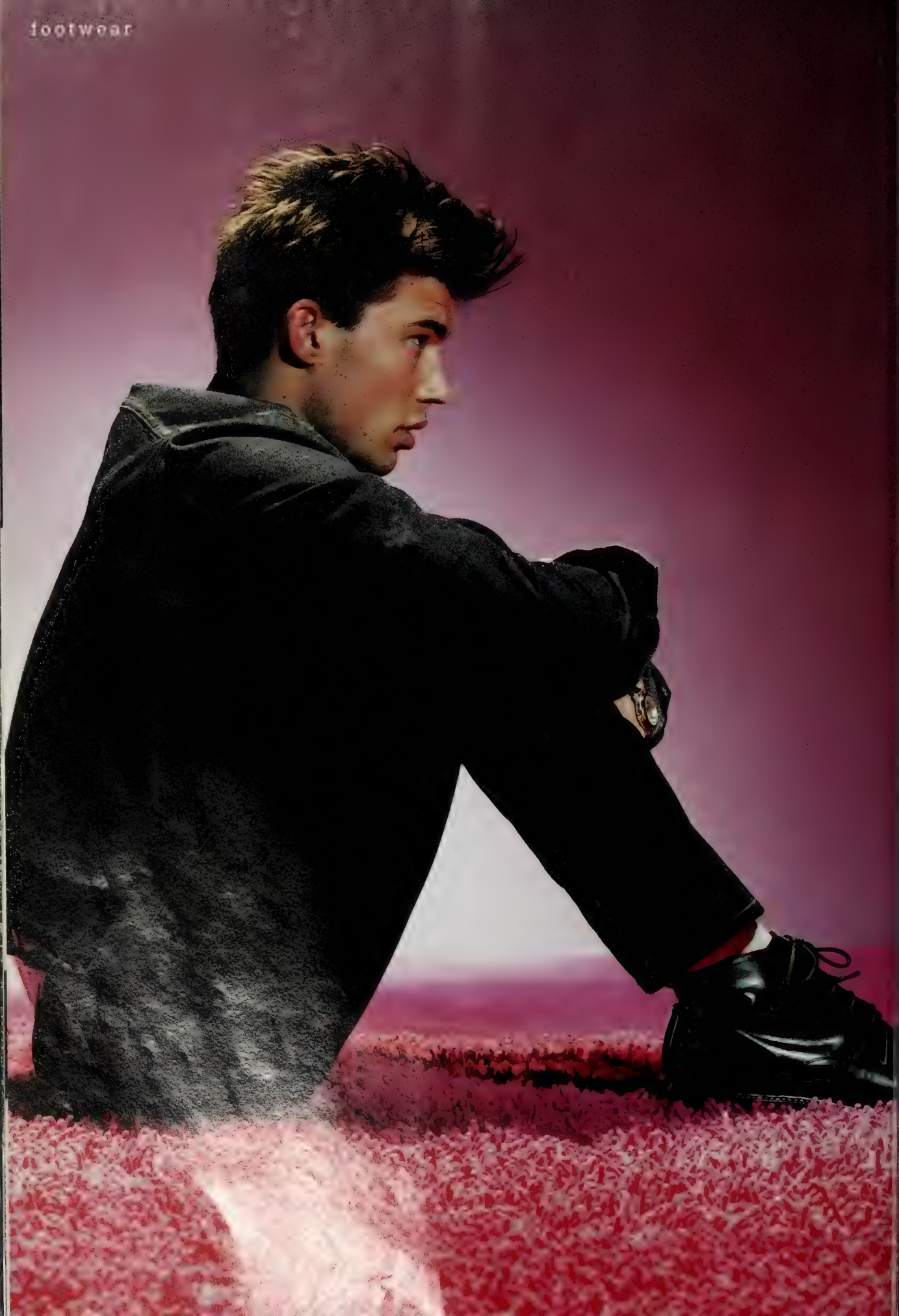
As London buzzes about Kitty Kelley's royal exposé, Christopher Hitchens argues that Britain's "fairy-tale" monarchy is already a fiction.


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**MAHER'S ATTACKS** | 132
James Wolcott dissects the *Politically Incorrect* appeal of Bill Maher's irreverent celebrity gabfest, a surprising ABC hit.

**THE GHOST AND MR. GIULIANI** | 154
The New York media have known for months that Mayor Rudolph Giuliani and TV personality Donna Hanover's marriage was in trouble, Jennet Conant reveals. So why didn't they run the story?

**SPIELBERG'S CHOICE** | 174
Steven Spielberg shocked Hollywood by putting DreamWorks' debut movie, *The Peacemaker,* in the hands of first-time feature director Mimi Leder. Kim Masters explains his gamble.

**SEDUCED AND ABANDONED** | 180
No amount of ugly work shook the loyalty of top Clinton aide Harold Ickes, whose reward was to be dumped after the last election. Now, Judy Bachrach finds, Ickes has revenge within his grasp.

**DELILLO'S HOME RUN** | 202
*Underworld,* Don DeLillo's 832-page novel about the 1950s Bronx, is undeniably this fall's big book. David Kamp has the score. Photographs by Nigel Parry.

**HALL OF FAME** | 206
David Halberstam nominates author-columnist Russell Baker, a graceful journalistic legend. Portrait by Jonathan Becker.

**THE MYSTERY OF BARTLETT LAKE** | 208
Wealthy, widowed California socialite Margaret Lesher yearned for a cowboy to relieve her loneliness. When her body was discovered at the bottom of an Arizona lake, Bryan Burrough reports, it appeared she might have found the wrong man.


## Vanities


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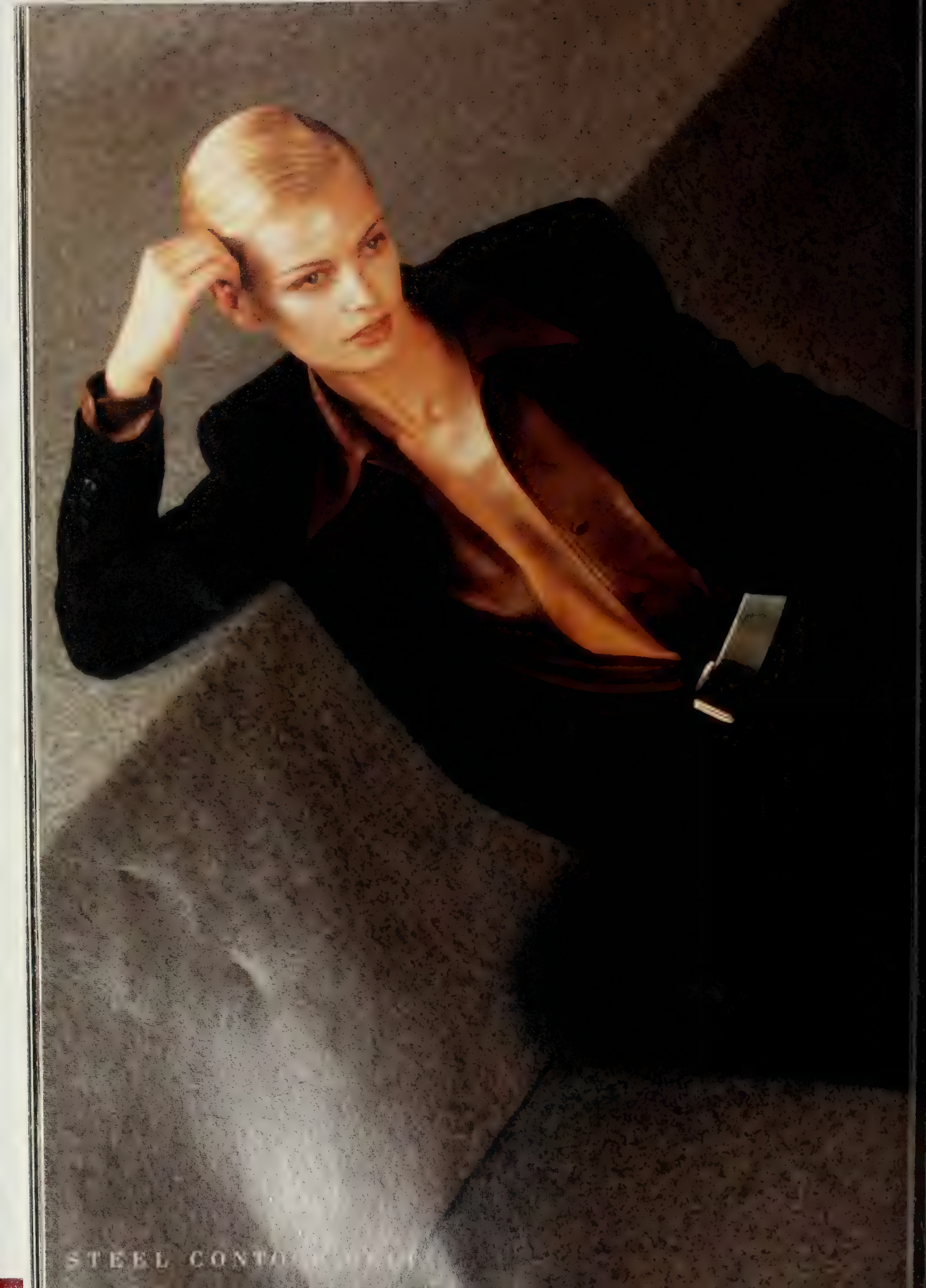

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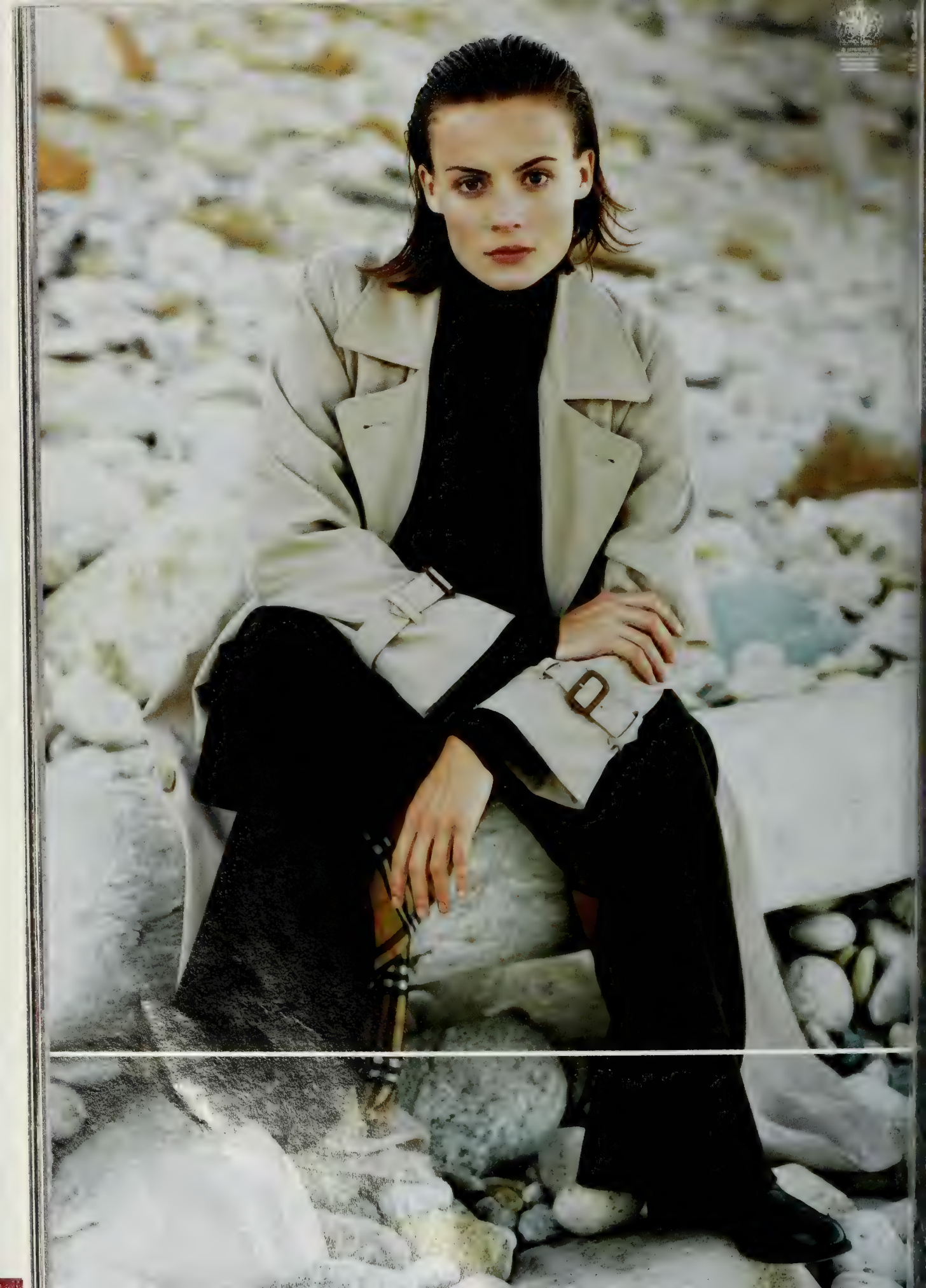

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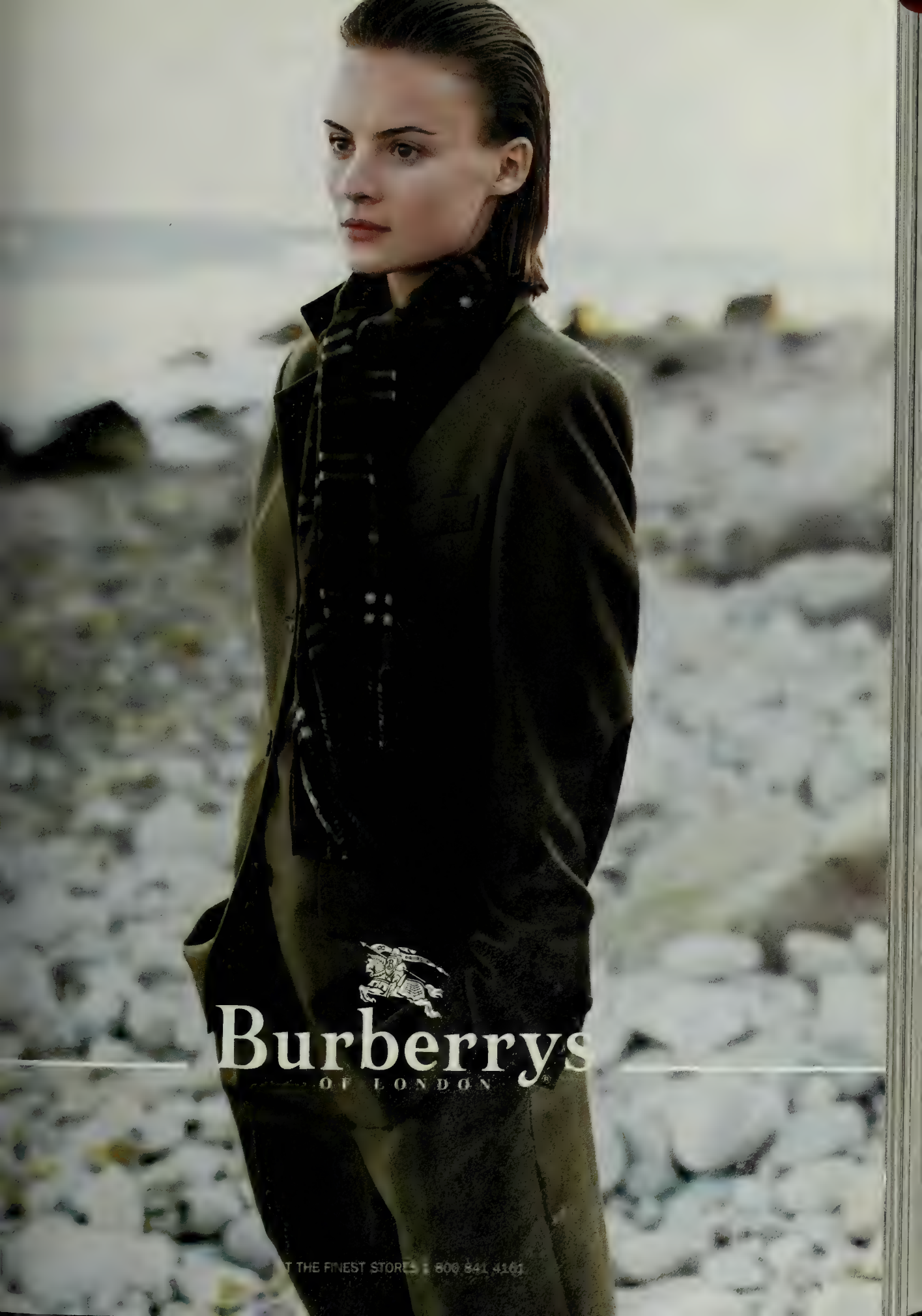

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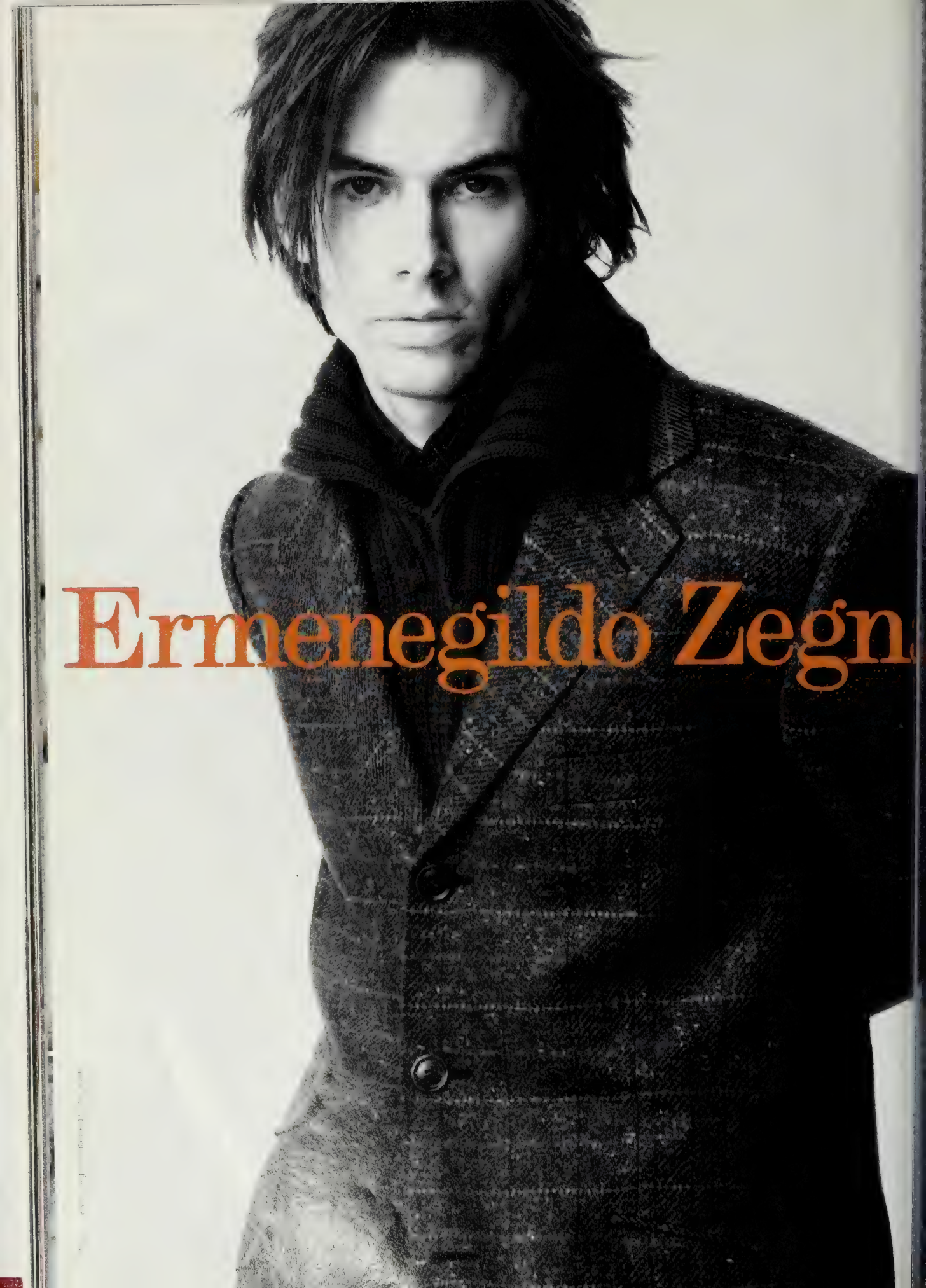



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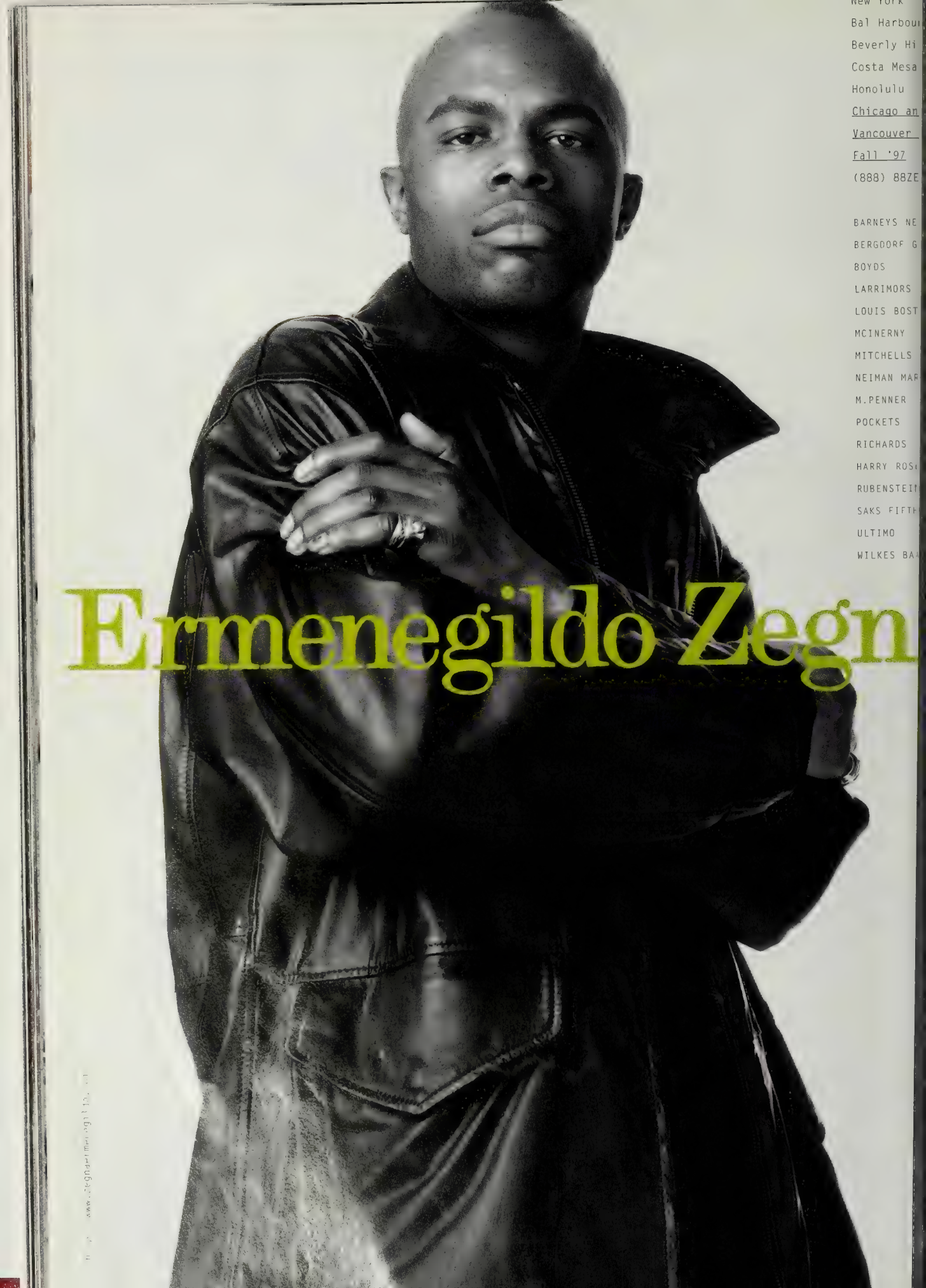

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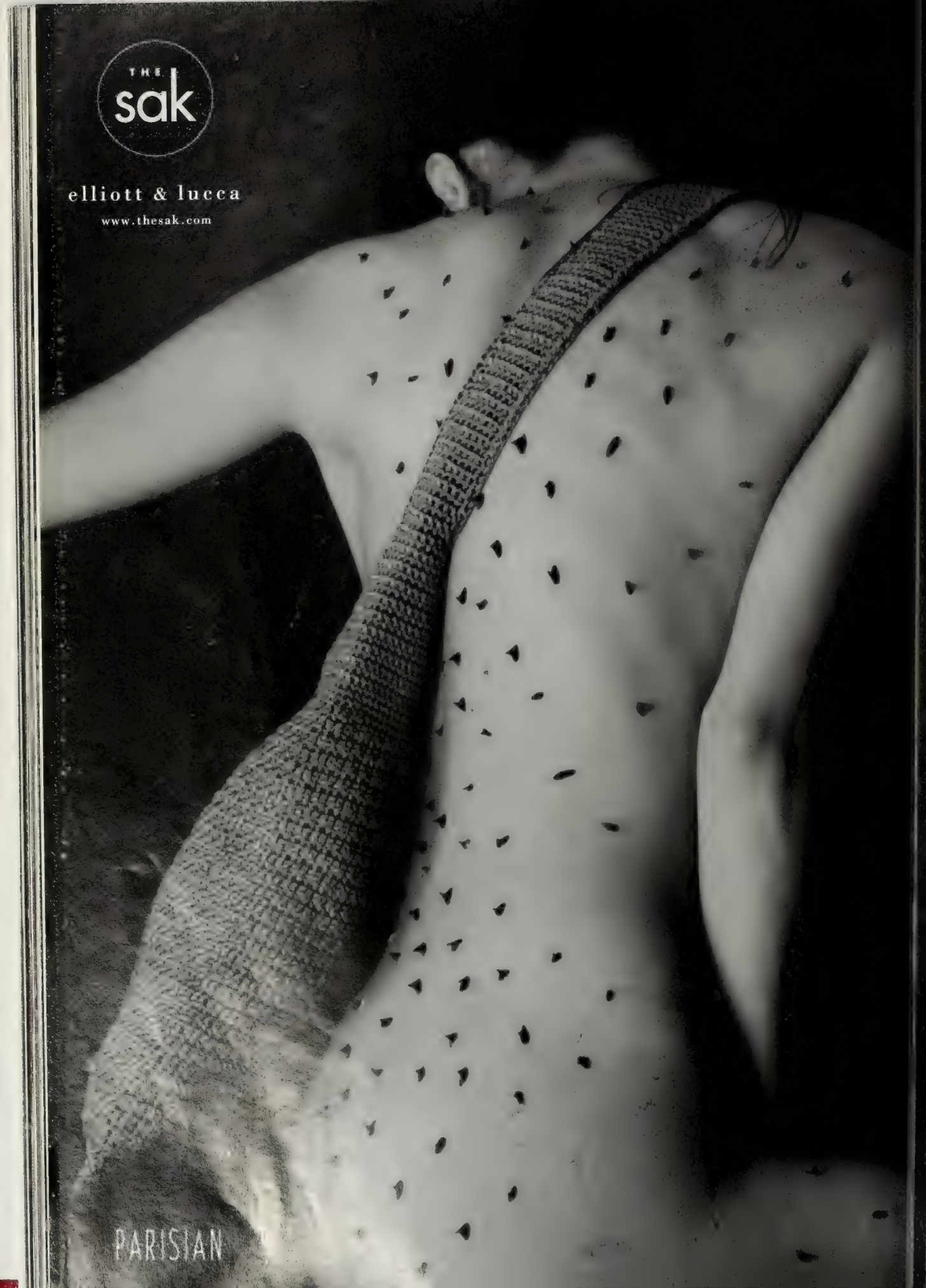
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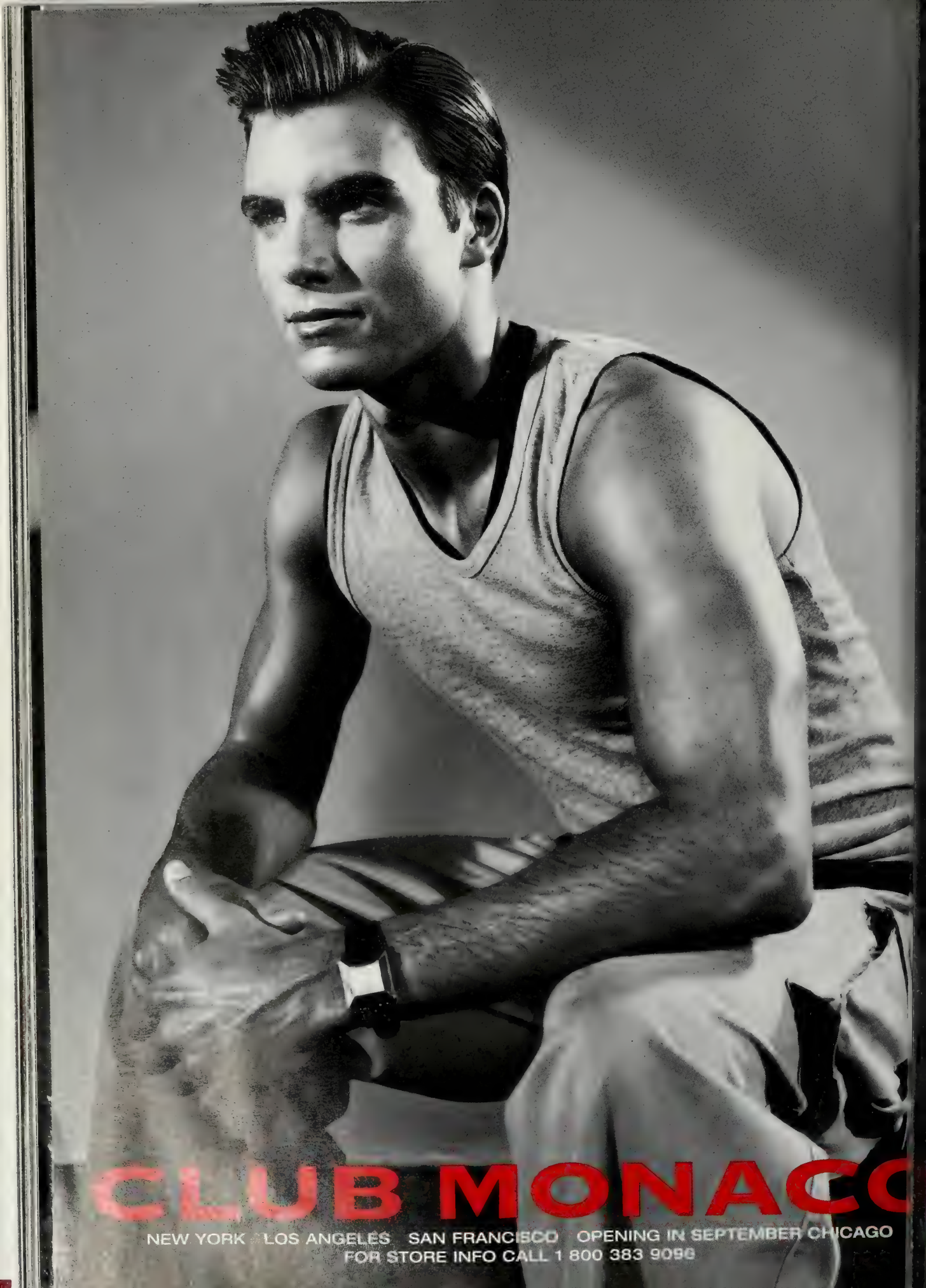


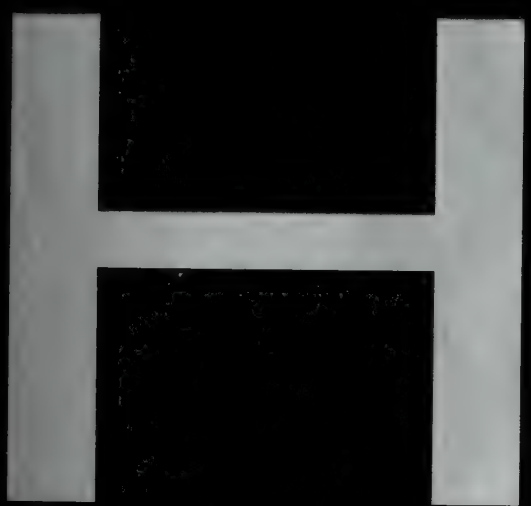


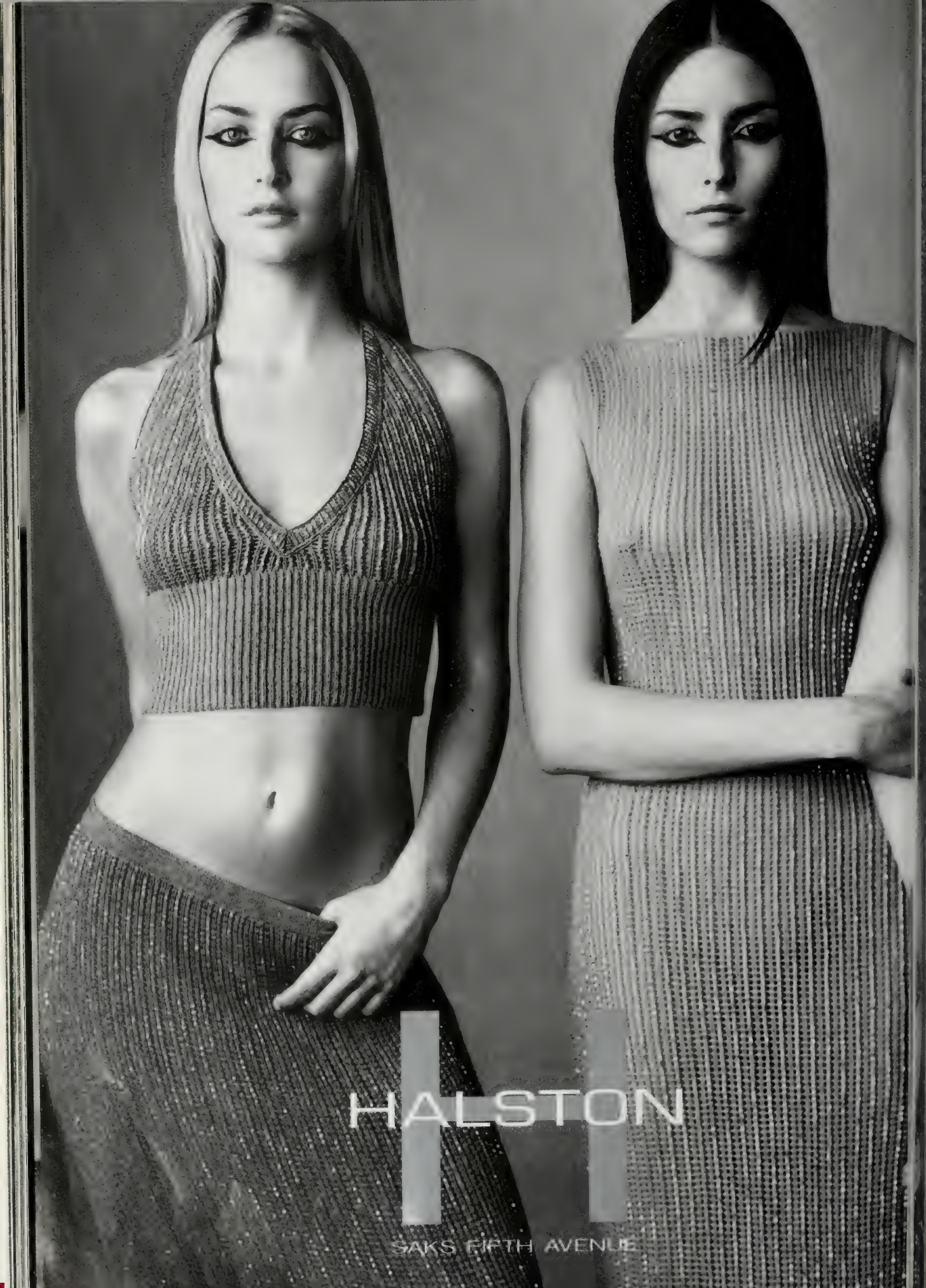

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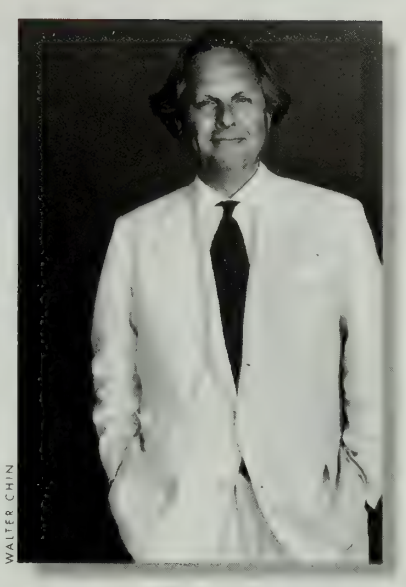


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# urder in Miami


WALTER CHIN

few months before Gianni Versace was shot and killed in Miami, he dropped by the *Vanity Fair* offices for a chat. He had been ill, but now, in a brown cashmere turtleneck and with a South Florida tan, he looked robust and full of vim. He had just moved into an extraordinary brownstone on East 64th Street ew York, where he had thrown a memly glamorous dinner some weeks earli- Ve talked about that evening, and he he wanted me to bring my family down ay with him and his sister, Donatella, ner family in South Beach this summer. e was full of plans for the future, talk- nimatedly about taking his company c and about the myriad projects he bubbling around him. Versace was al- working. The homes in Milan and on Lake Como, in York and in Miami, were elaborate, baroque settings for l-time work campaign. He produced big, visual books; de- d theatrical and opera costumes; and created four couture ready-to-wear collections every year. And he did all this overseeing, with Donatella and their brother, Santo, a million fashion empire. Appearances to the contrary, Gi- Versace's life was about work, not play.

e arc of his year in the pages of *Vanity Fair* has been telling. nuary, writer-at-large Marie Brenner and photographer e Weber produced a stunning story on the New York town house, which Versace had spent the previous year renovating. In the June issue, contributing editor Cathy Horyn profiled Donatella, who has emerged as a colorful, slightly rococo fashion power in her own right. In July, Princess Diana wore one of her favorite Versace dresses on the cover.

Well before that cover appeared, special correspondent Maureen Orth had begun to report on a cross-country murder spree that was allegedly the work of Andrew Cunanan, then an obscure suspect in the series of sadistic killings. As we were closing the story for this issue, Cunanan emerged as a recognized fugitive, wanted by the F.B.I. as a presumed serial murderer. When he became the chief suspect in the murder of Gianni Versace, *Vanity Fair*'s story took on a new dimension. Orth, who by that time probably knew more about Andrew Cunanan than anyone outside of the F.B.I., flew to Miami the morning after the murder. She was besieged by hundreds of requests from newspapers, magazines, and television networks around the world to tell what she knew. Between interviews, she continued her reporting. The result, "The Killer's Trail," on page 268, is a remarkable portrait of a serial murderer and the tragic path he cut across America. Even in the heat of August, Orth's story will send a chill up your spine.

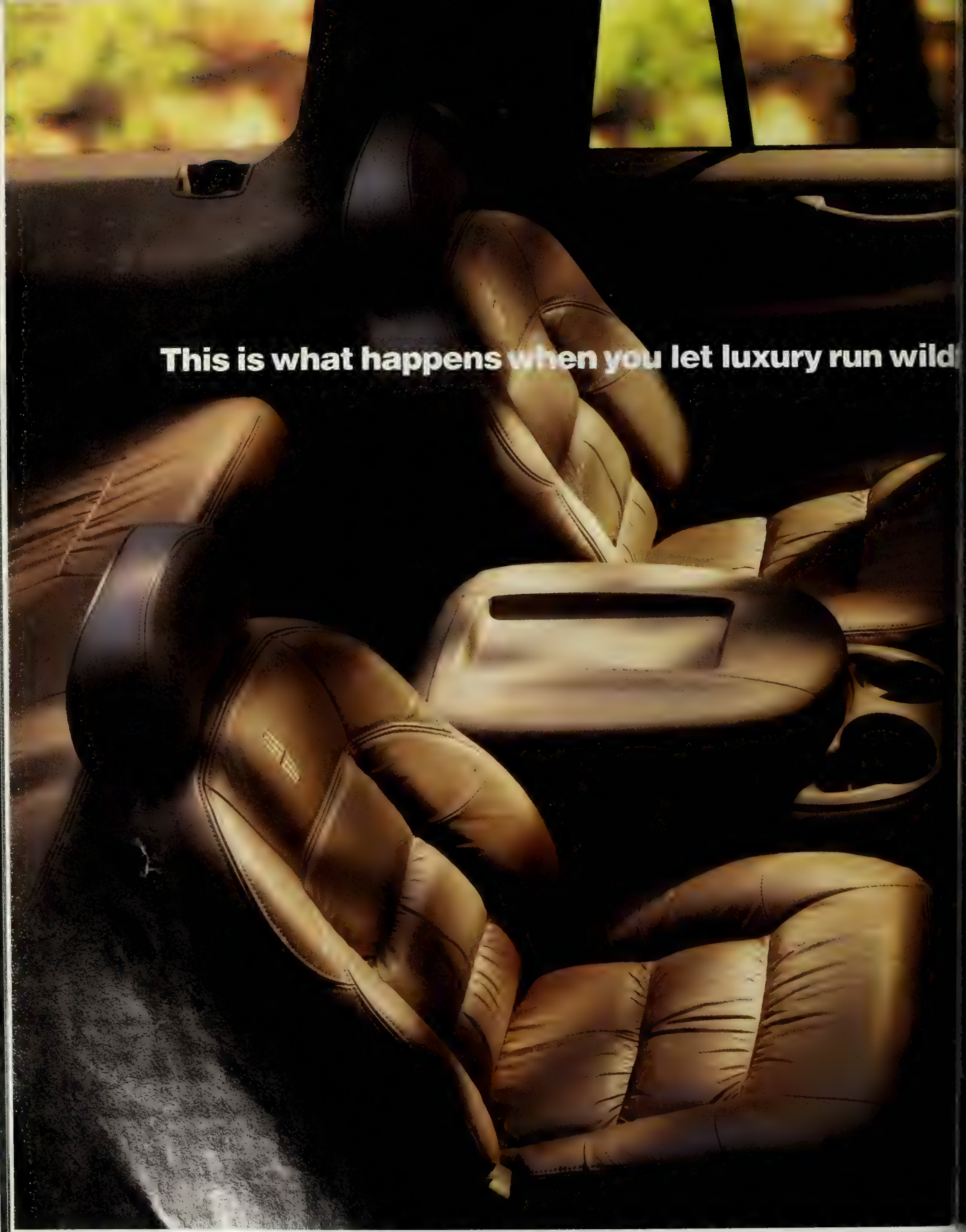
Graydon Carter

# ach Muse



**Photographed with her collie-Labrador, Dylan, on location in Santa Barbara, California, Zellweger wears a coat and sweater by TSE. On page 262, she heads to the theater to gaze at another star, Faye Dunaway, with *V.F.* contributing editor Kevin Sessums.**

**THE COVER**
**Renée Zellweger dress by Prada. iamond bracelets Leighton. Hair by Savic. Makeup by air. Hair products rom Paul Mitchell. eup from Guerlain. rops styled by Craig sell Waltcher. Styled y André Leon Talley. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Michel Comte.**



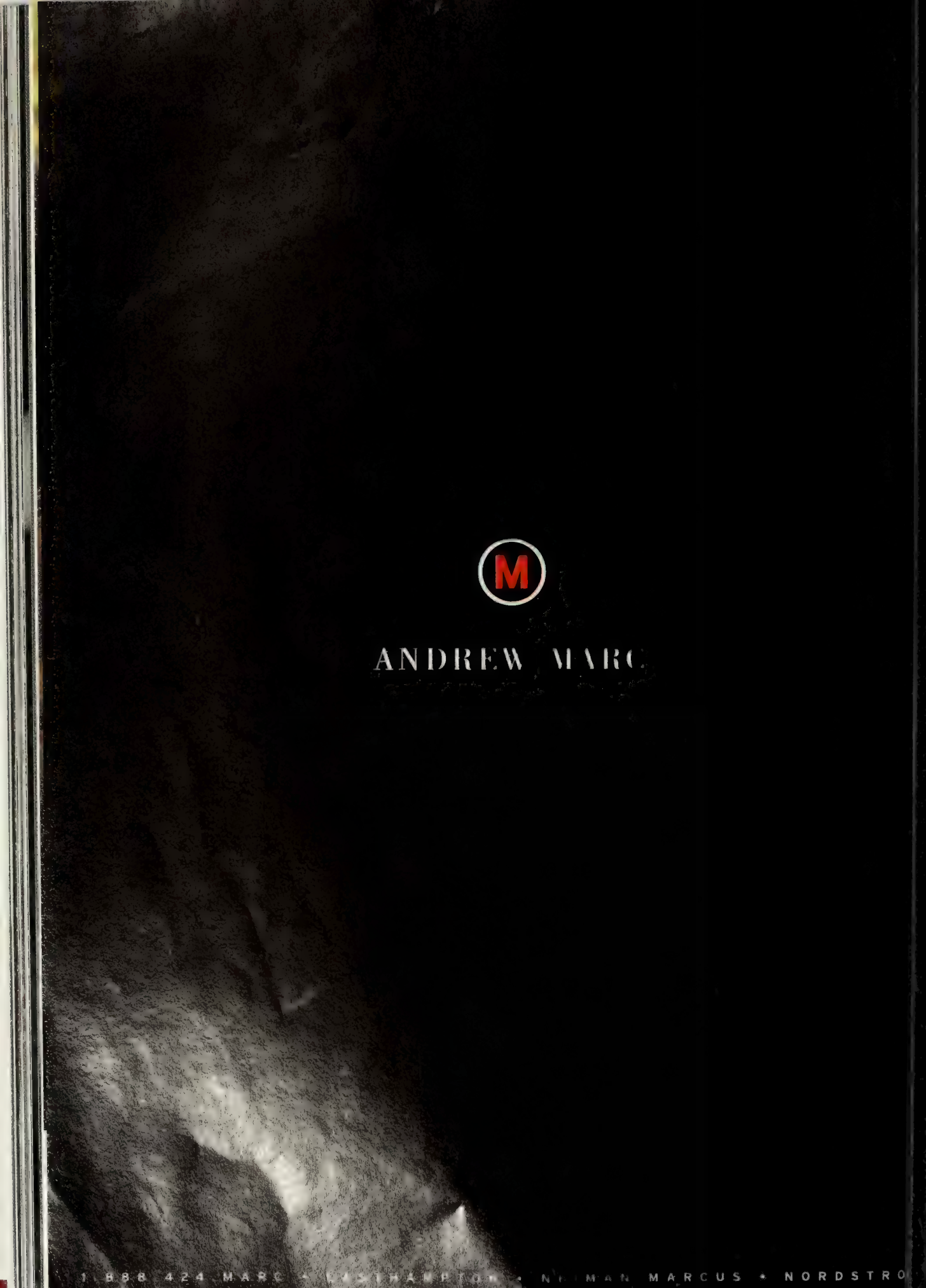

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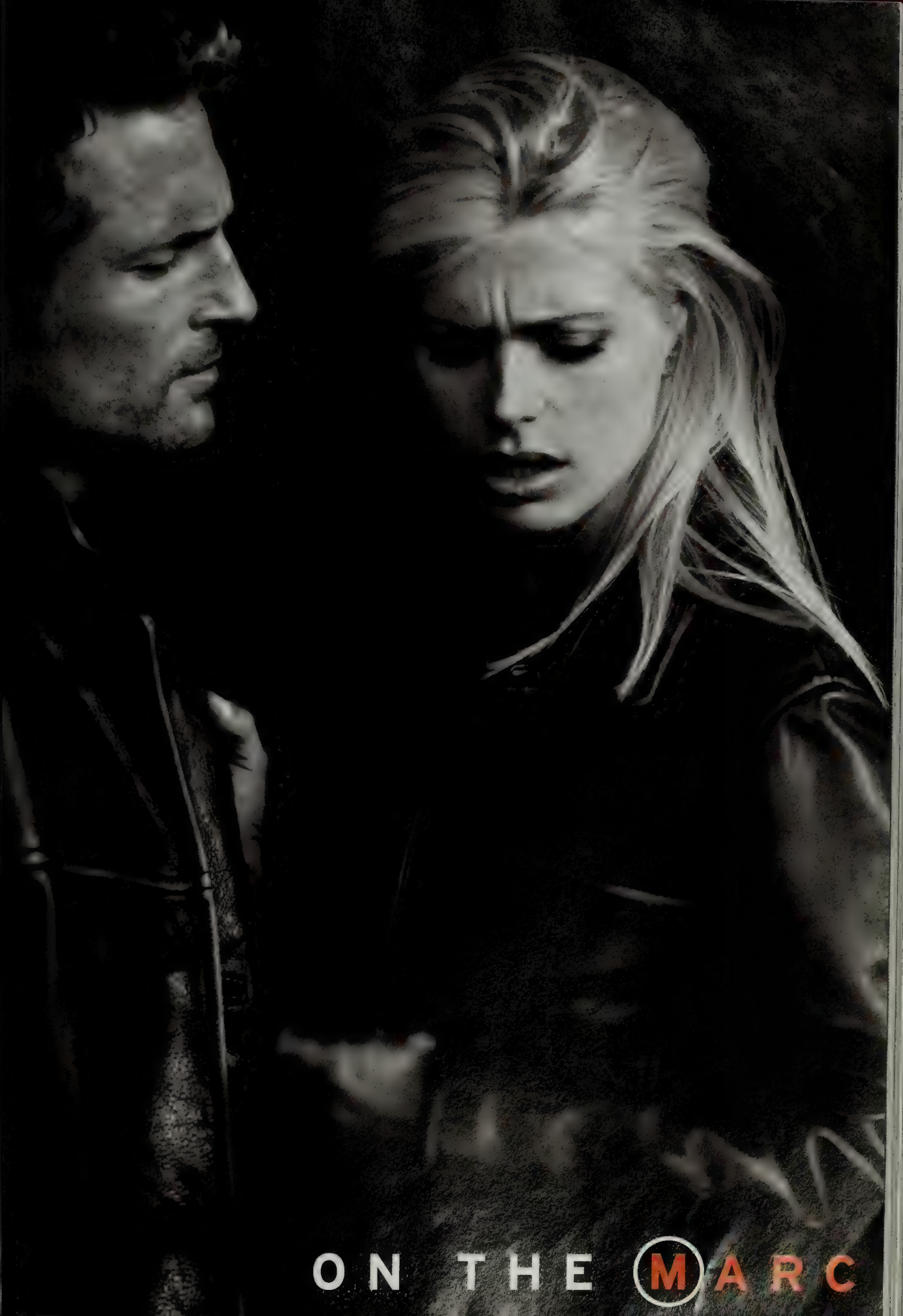
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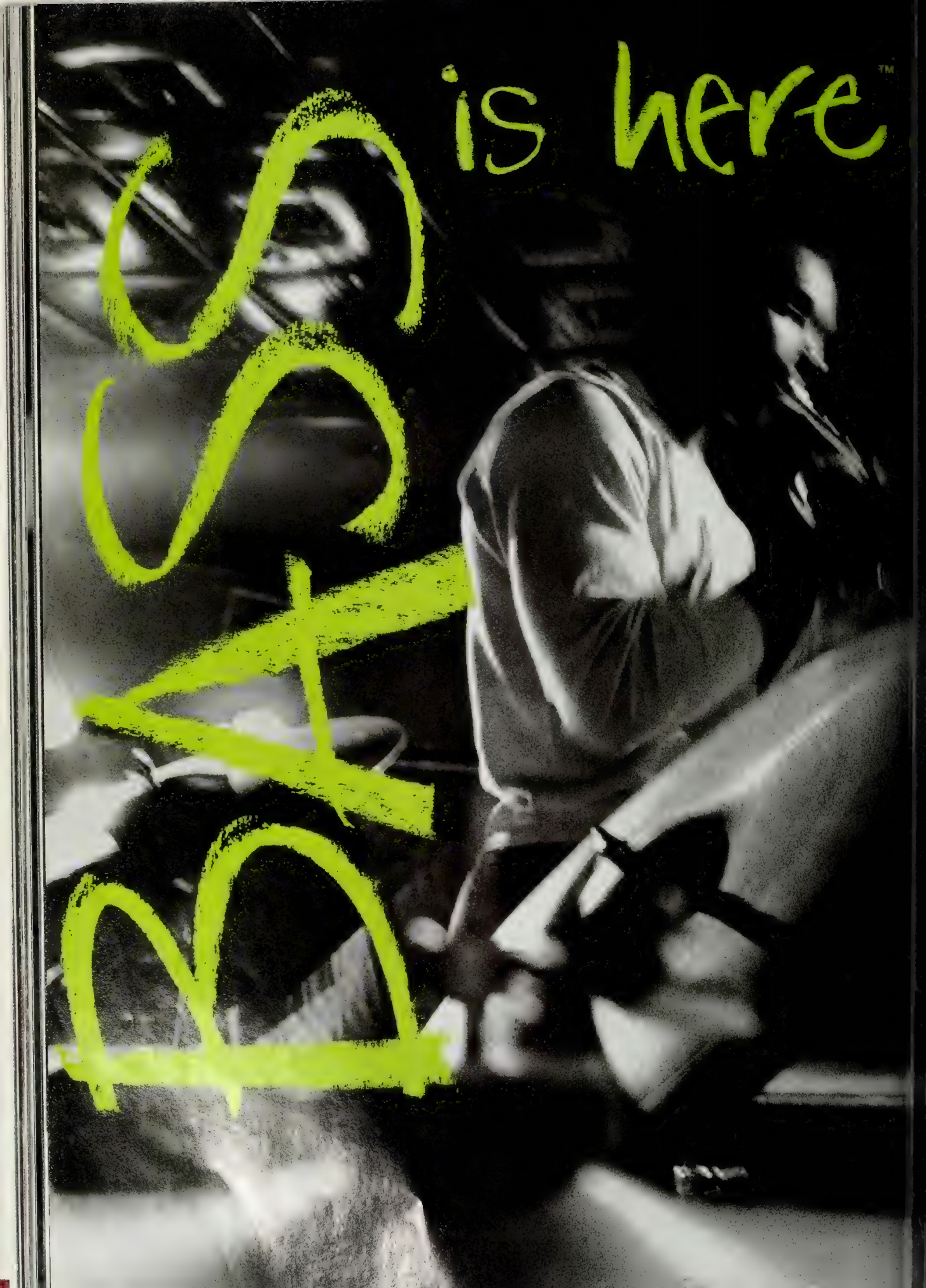


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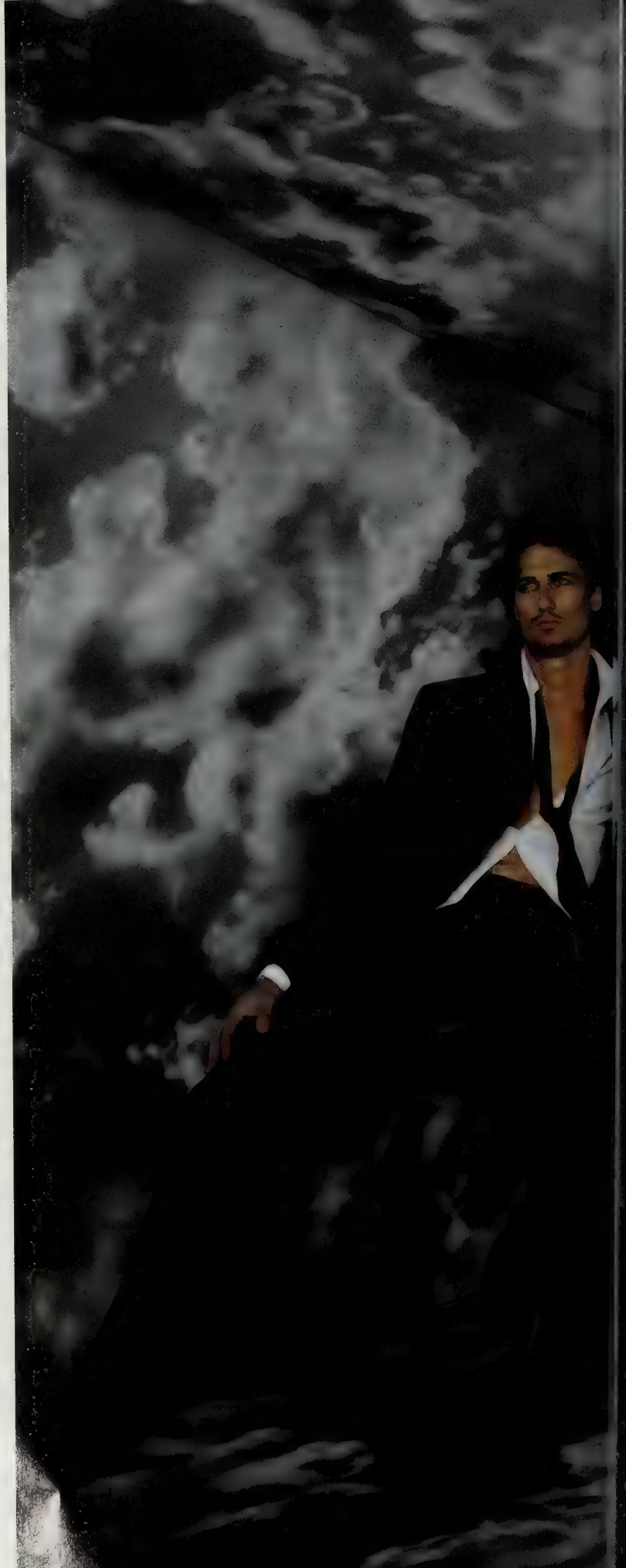

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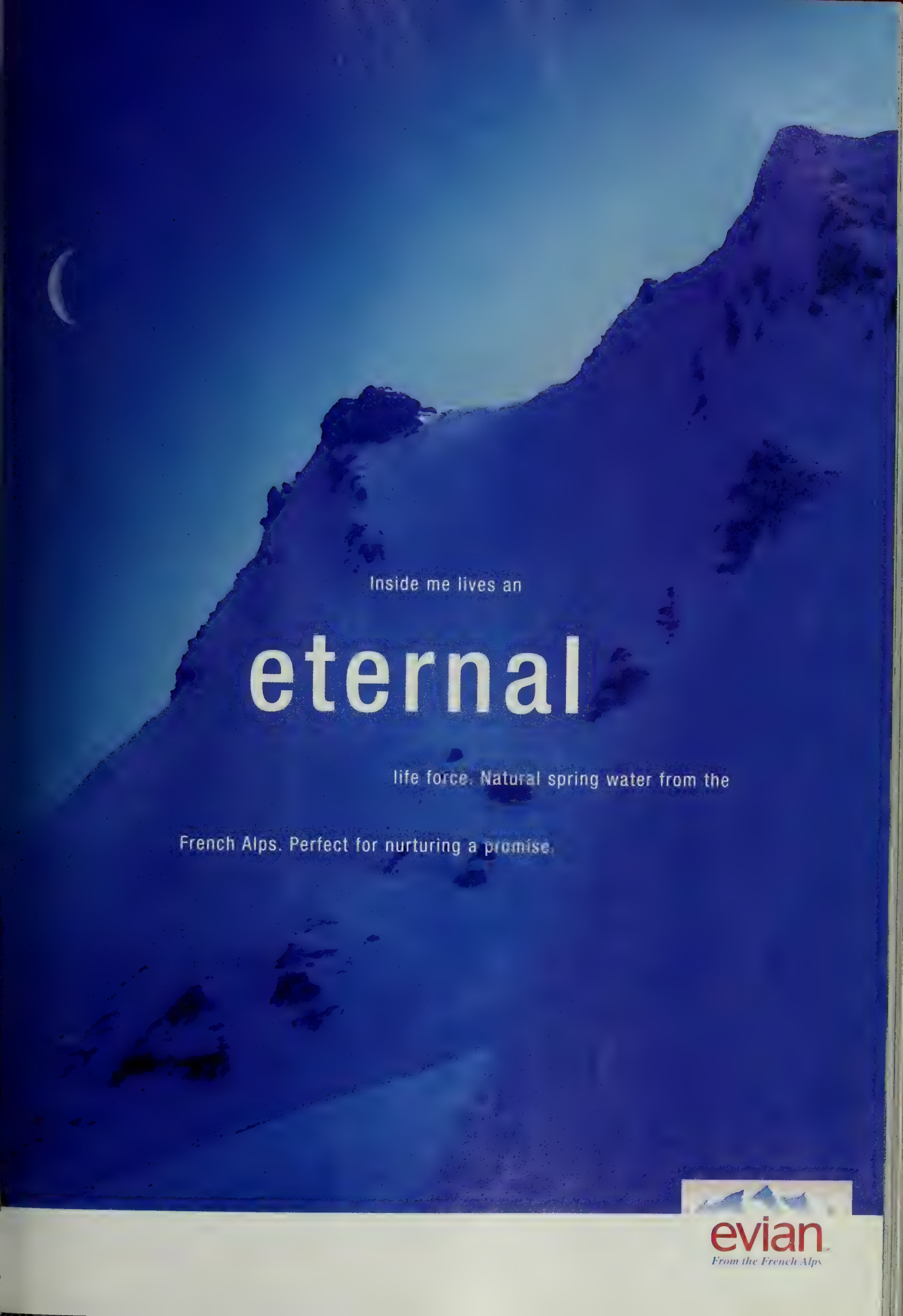


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VANITY FAIR
AGENDA

# Nantucket Film Festival

The influx of actors, writers, directors and film buffs transformed the quiet l
England island of Nantucket into a cultural destination during the second an
Nantucket Film Festival. Dedicated to honoring the art of screenwriting, the five
event included panel discussions, staged readings, (
sessions and film previews.

**THE THREE AMIGOS**
Jonathan Burkhart (center) Festival Co-Founder and Executive Director celebrates the success of the Festival with *Rent* cast members Jesse L. Martin (left) and Adam Pascal (right)



**LONE STAR**
Sacha Gelbart, writer/director of *Mixed Signals* relaxes after a busy week at the festival





**THAT'S ENTERTAINME**
Chris Noth (formerly of *Law & Order*) and Jonathon Marc Sher

**SAME TIME NEXT YEAR**
Jane Alexander, chairman of the National Endowment of the Arts, Ed Sherin, Executive Producer of *Law & Order*, Laura Pettibone and John Shea actor/producer





**TWO TOMS**
Marla Maples teams up with the founders of Nantucket Nectars, Tom Scott (left) and Tom First, at the celebrity softball game.

**A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN**
Sylvia Caminer, producer, *The Deli*; John Gallagher, writer/director, *The Deli*, Dorne Pentes, writer/director, *The Closest Thing to Heaven*, Miguel Arteta, writer/director, *Star Maps*








**LOOK WHO'S TALKING**
John Johnson, Mitchell Fox and Jonathon Burkhardt discuss film favorites at the **Vanity Fair** closing night party.







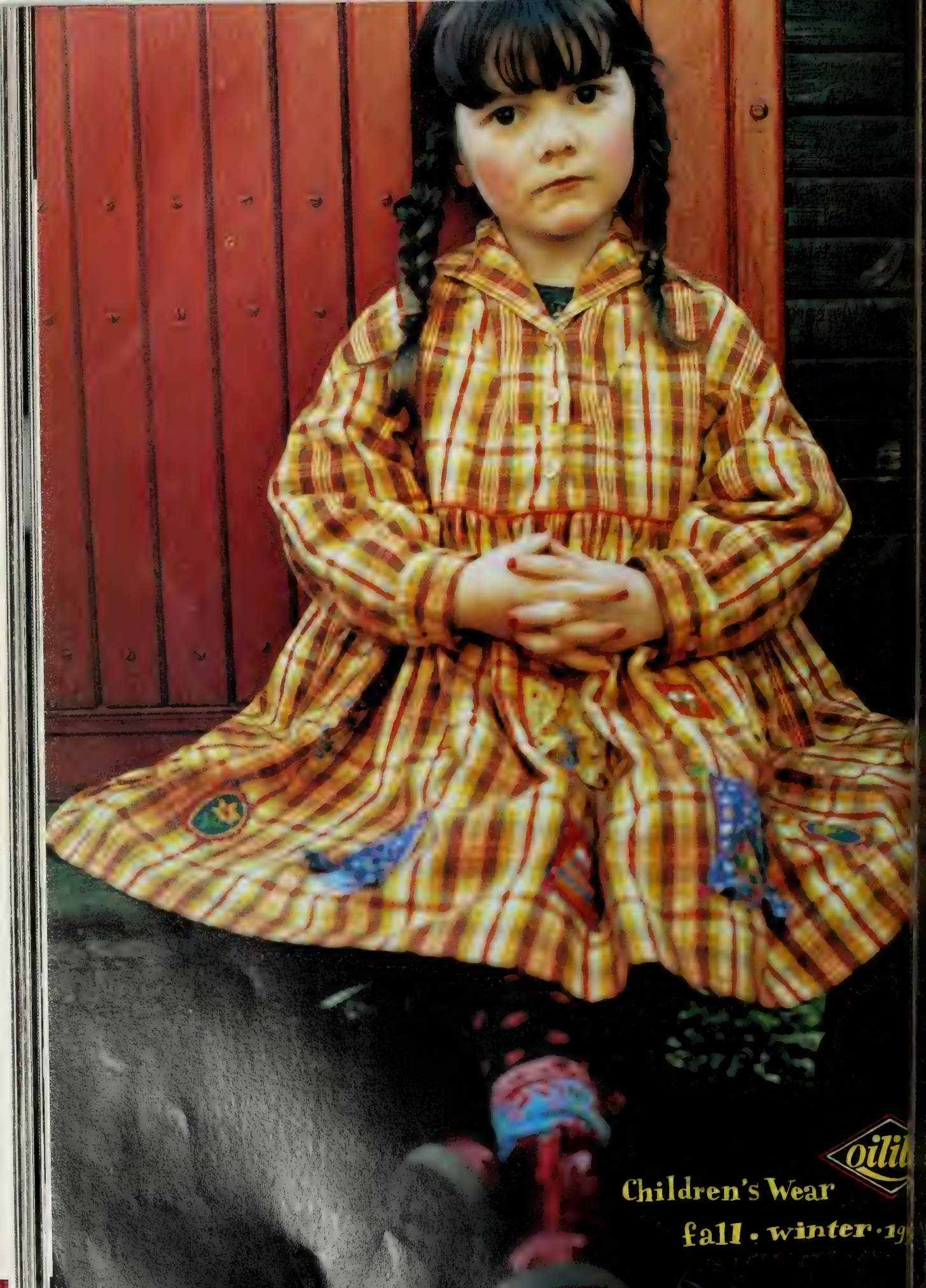
**E**
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... screenplay *Kabi*

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*Photographers: ... John Allen Tom, Pennett and Alison Stark*

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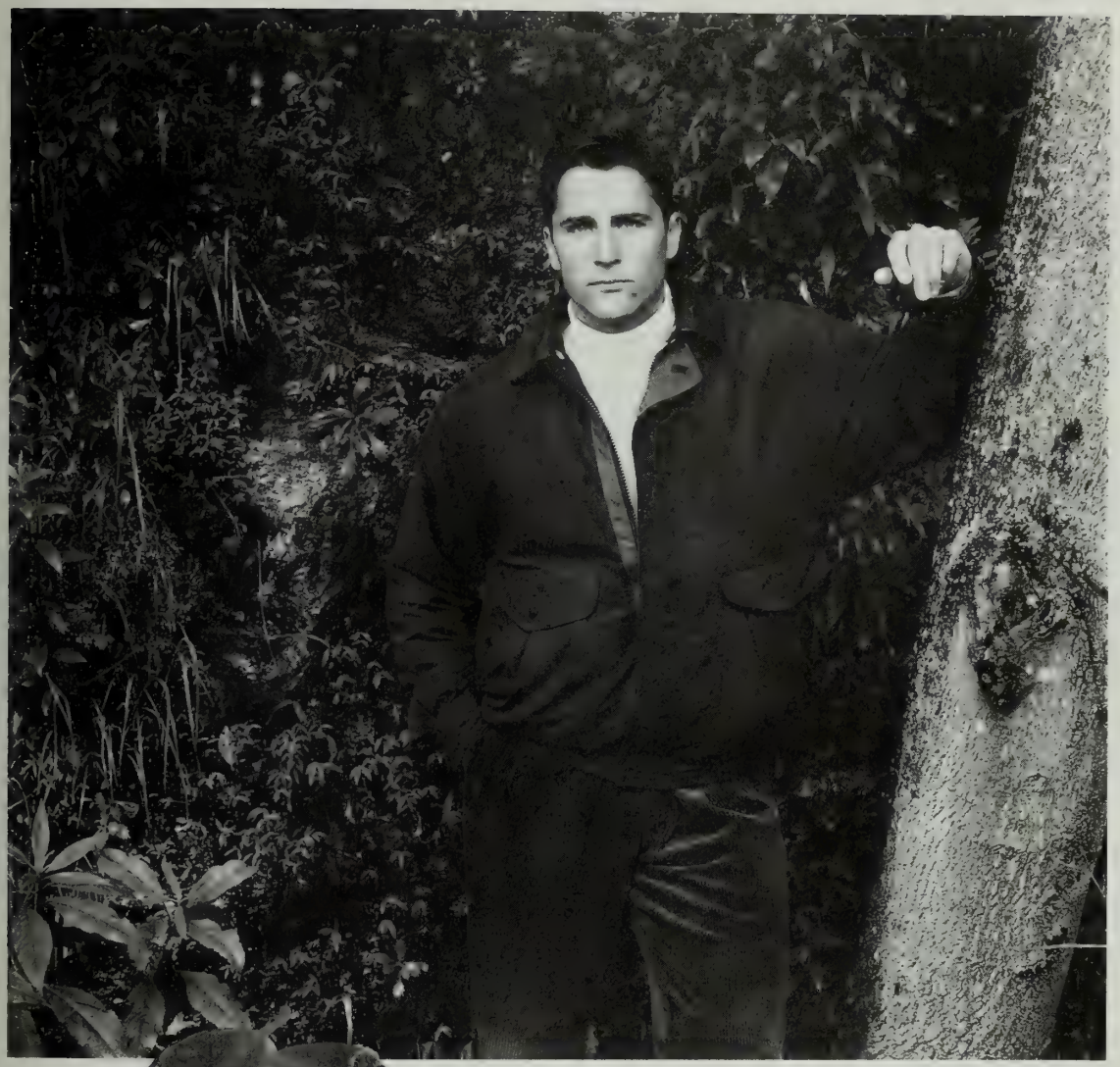
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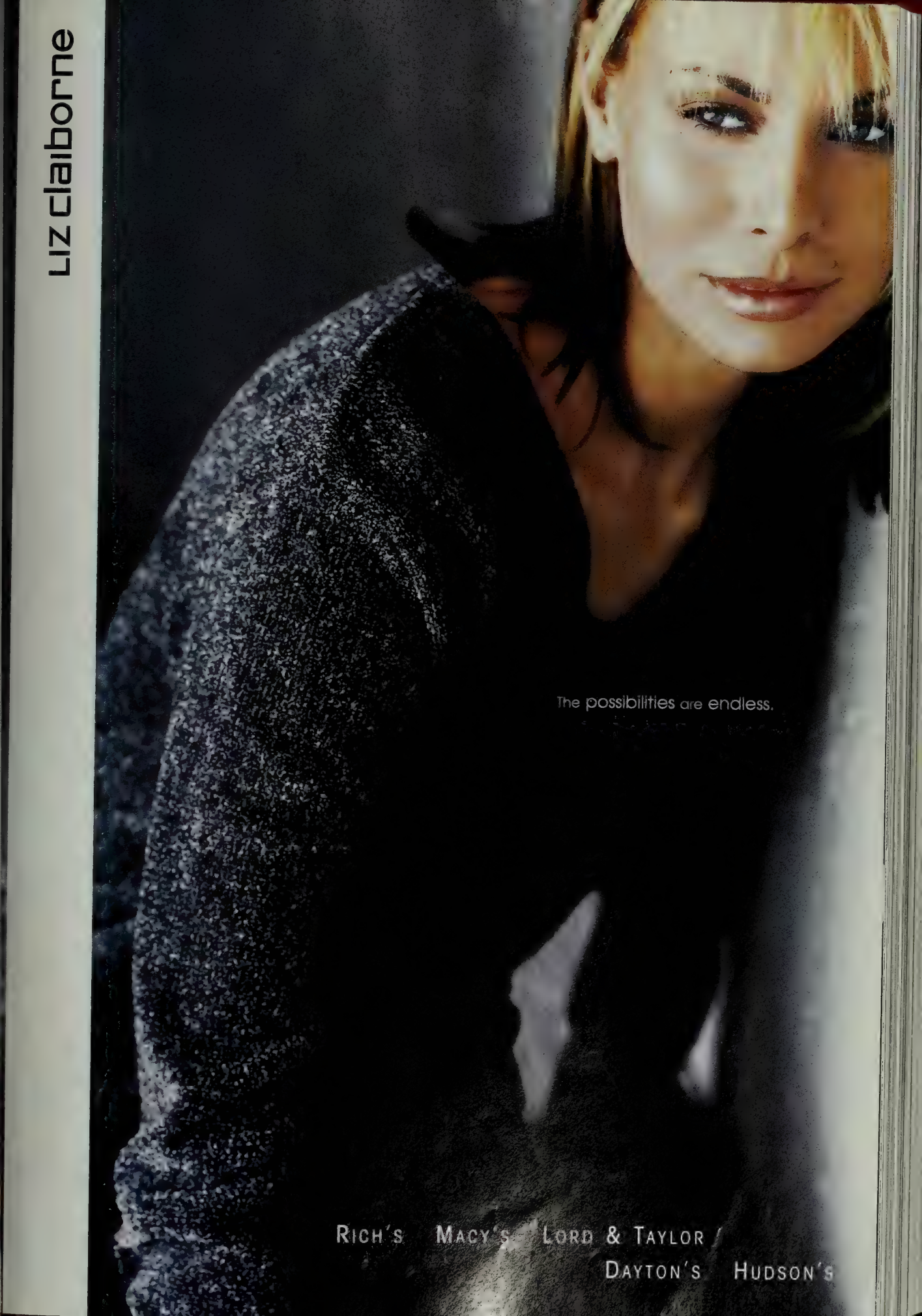


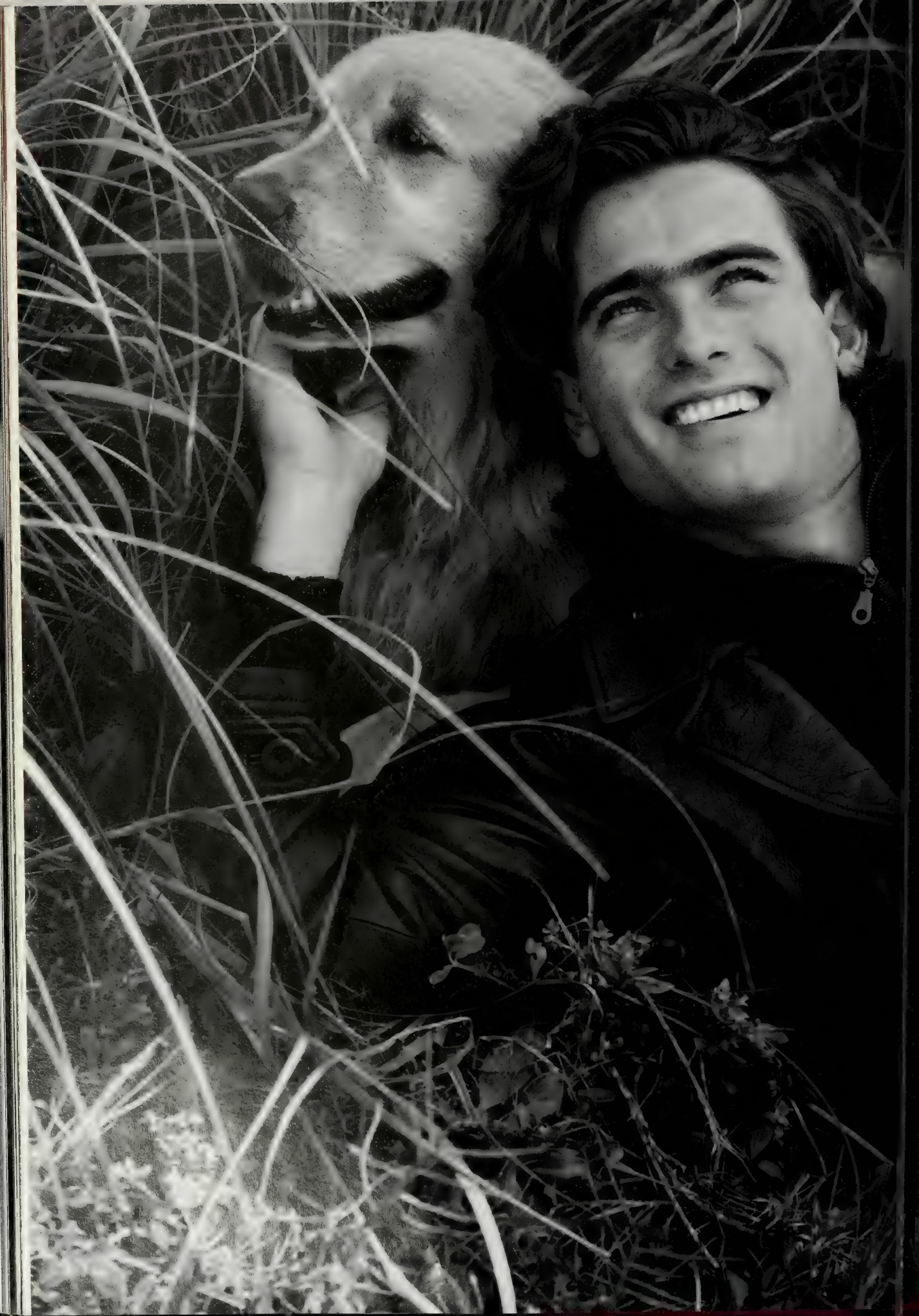
"I'm very, very exhausted," says **John Richardson,** who last year completed the second volume of his acclaimed biography series on Pablo Picasso. Neverthel *V.F.* contributing editor Richardson summoned the strength to write this month's story on artist Robert Rauschenberg, whose work will be featured in a major retrospective this month at New York's Guggenheim Museum.



Special contributor **Bryan Burrough** felt a particular connection to the western milieu he visited for his report this month on the death of cowboy-loving heiress Margaret Lesher. A native Texan, Burrough grew up surrounded by animals, and several of his relatives lived on farms. Still, Burrough admits, "I'm no one's definition of a cowboy. In fact, I'm totally clueless when it comes to animals."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92


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# Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88



Contributor **Elissa Schappell** reads nearly 20 books a week for her monthly "Hot Type" column. "I stay in my Chinese pajamas until four P.M.," she says. "At which point I have to go out and get some coffee." But Schappell, who's currently working on a collection of short stories, has no complaints. She's lived in a squat in Berlin and a tiny fishing village in Portugal, so she's conditioned to live in the cluttered New York apartment she shares with her husband, writer Rob Spillman, and their daughter, Isadora.



JESSE FROHMAN

"The first time my name was ever in print was in the late 70s, for lighting the stage on fire—literally," says contributor **Kevin Sessums.** "I was on Broadway playing in *The Crucifer of Blood,* and the spark from the fake gun ignited my burlap costu Glenn Close helped put the fire out." Sessums, who talks to Renée Zellweger in this issue, is versed in the ways of celebr After attending Juilliard and acting for five years, he took a job in the publicity departr at Paramount Pictures before deciding to write about stars instead of working with

Contributing photographer **Michel Comte** is currently working on two projects: *Faces,* a 20-year retrospective of his work, which will be published by Schirmer/Mosel of Germany, and *Children with No Name,* a collection of photographs of children in war-torn countries. In his spare time, Comte volunteers his camera work to the Red Cross and Terres des Hommes, a Swiss group that assists impoverished children worldwide.



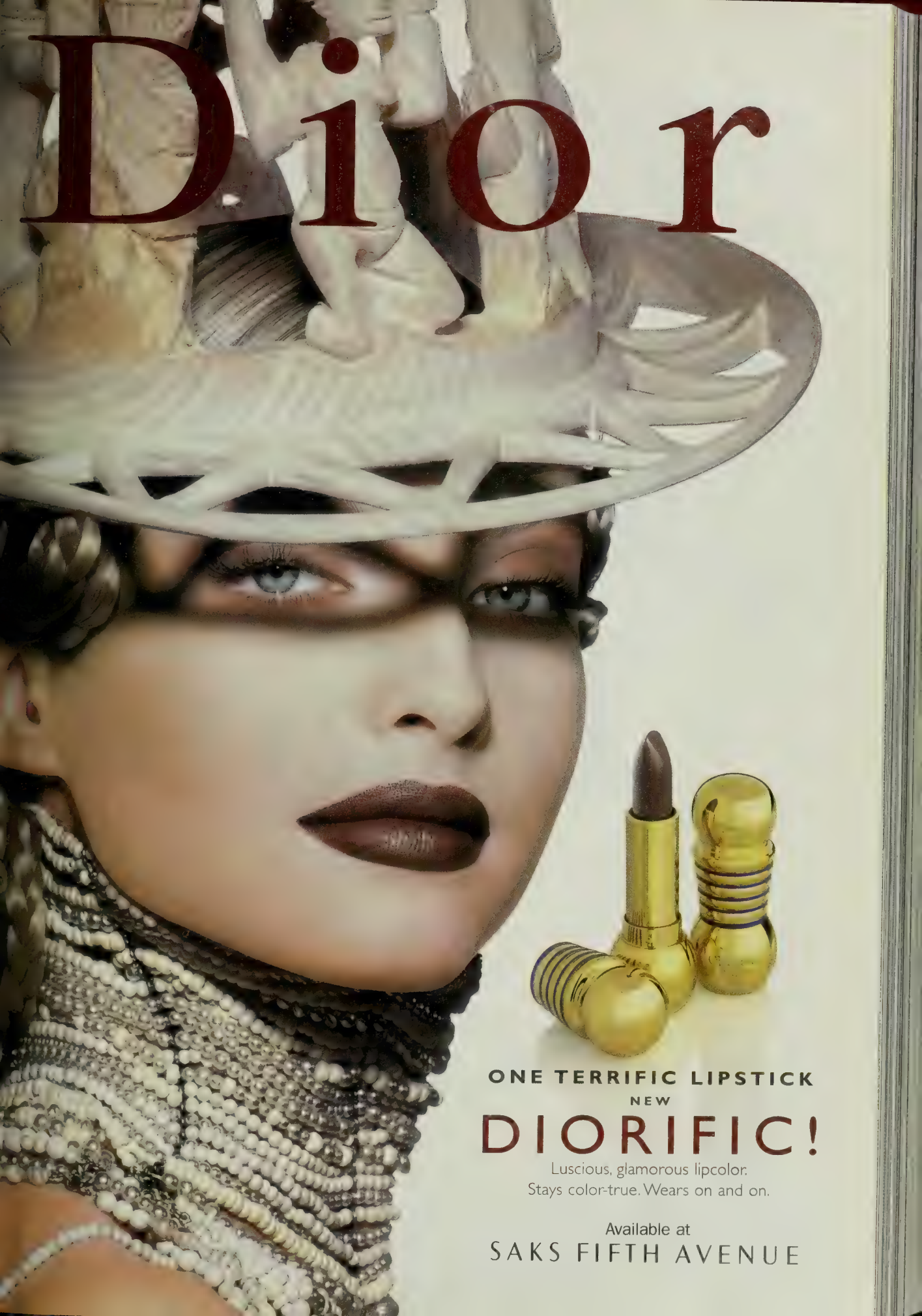
JULIE KAUSS



ELIZABETH KASTOR

"I don't watch a lot of television. Other than *Larry King Live,* the only talk show I watch regularly is *Nightline,*" says contributor **Marjorie Williams,** who profile the legendary King in this issue. "But I decided there was something irresistible abou Larry King when he ran a special about what celebrities were doing the day John Kennedy died. Barbra Streisand said that she remembered it very clearly—she was out buying her first important piece of jewelry."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92



As the wife of a diplomat, contributor **Judy Bachrach** once lived in Cairo—"a terribly difficult place," she says. "It was worse than Baltimore." Bachrach, a former *Baltimore Sun* TV critic, is relieved to be living in Washington now that her husband works at the World Bank. "As a journalist, you can say what you feel, but as the wife of a diplomat, you can't." In this issue Bachrach reports on the fall of Harold Ickes, President Clinton's former deputy chief of staff.



ERIK HYMAN

"He's oozing with character," contributing photographer **Herb Ritts** says of Robert Rauschenberg, whom Ritts photographed at th artist's home in Captiva, Florid Ritts has long been an admirer of Rauschenberg, who divulged his secret passion: soap operas. "He'd be working on this $100 masterpiece while pointing to his big-screen TV and saying, 'Rick is married to this one, bu he's sleeping with this one.'"



"The most fun for me," says special correspondent **Maureen Orth,** "is to do a nearly impossible assignment." Her varied career has prepared her for just that. After graduating from Berkeley and serving in the Peace Corps, she earned a master's in television documentary at U.C.L.A. Although she still appears on TV (in April she was a guest host on the CNN political talk show *Equal Time*), her first love is to write "big stories." This month Orth follows the trail of Andrew Cunanan, the alleged serial killer suspected of murdering designer Gianni Versace.



ALISON H. SPECKMAN

**Caroline Seebohm,** whose book *No Regrets: The Life of Marietta Tree* is excerpted in this month's issue, became friends with the political activist and society doyenne in Maine. Seebohm's life has been as varied as her subject's. Her books include *The Man Who Was Vogue: The Life and Times of Condé Nast* and *English Country.* She had previously worked as a maid on Long Island, a research assistant at the BBC, and a gofer in Hollywood. "I haven't missed much," says Seebohm, who lives in New Jersey. "Marietta was like that, too."




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# SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS

One Sunday afternoon in Manhattan, my father, then in his late 70s, and I were strolling along East 59th Street. Suddenly my father took off, as if he had been shot out of a cannon. To my amazement he was shaking hands and engaged in conversation with Ed Sullivan ["Mr. Sunday Night," by Nick Tosches, July]. When they parted company, Dad returned to my side, a bit red-faced, saying, "I'm sorry, son . . . I've watched that show for so long I really felt I knew him."

A few days later I sent a note to Mr. Sullivan thanking him for being so kind to an elderly fan. Mr. Sullivan then invited my father to be his guest any Sunday night he was in town again. I never forgot that. Neither did my father.

MARK RICHARDS
Palm Springs, California

YOUR ARTICLE ABOUT Ed Sullivan took me back some 45 years to the early days of television, when I worked in the tiny film department at CBS. One day we got the word: Ed Sullivan was coming up to see material that had been shot for one of his shows. We had done the same thing for Arthur Godfrey the week before and were used to being on our best and busiest behavior for these demigods. In the screening room, Sullivan sneered at and humiliated my boss—making remarks about his looks, flipping his necktie with a pencil, and embarrassing me by making me privy to such cruel behavior. I have never, even after all these years, forgotten the scene.

MARJORIE LEWIS
Canaan, New York

THE PATTER BETWEEN Ed Sullivan and Molly Goldberg was priceless. She always called him "Mr. Solomon." It was one of the few times he smiled.

ALTHEA WHITE
Port Hueneme, California

REGARDING THE REMARK about Canadian comics in the Ed Sullivan article: surely it was a misprint that should have read, "Could there possibly be *only* two?," rather than the "could there possibly be two?" Let me give you a partial list: John Candy, Dan Aykroyd, Eugene Levy, Leslie Nielsen, Martin Short, Mike Myers, Rick Moranis, Catherine O'Hara, Andrea Martin, Norm MacDonald, Kids in the Hall, Jim Carrey, as well as many others who are currently playing to Canadian-only audiences. (We get the jokes, eh.) Oops, my patriotism is showing!

As the Kids said, "I'm squishing your head!"

HEATHER JOHNSTON
Bethesda, Maryland

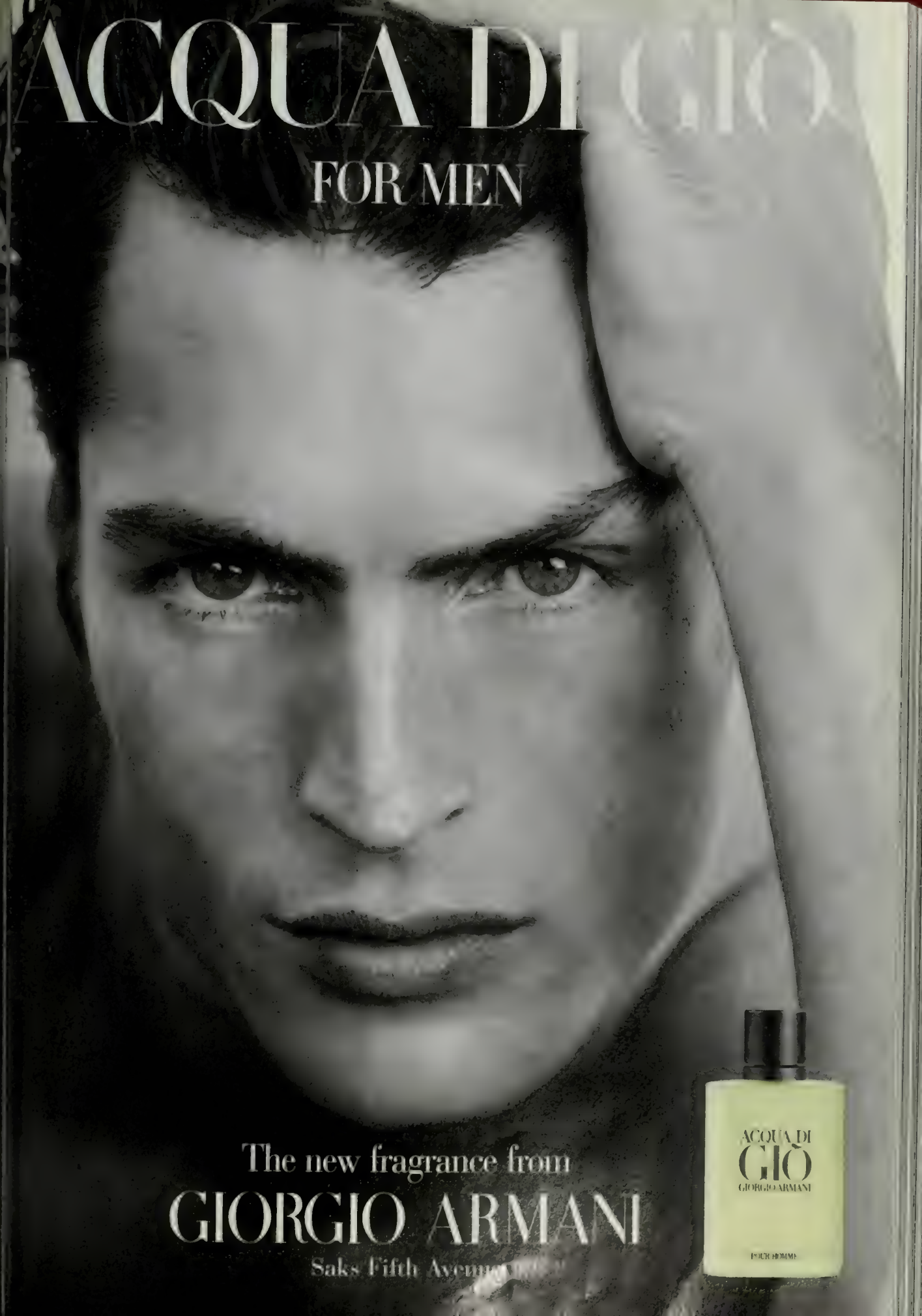


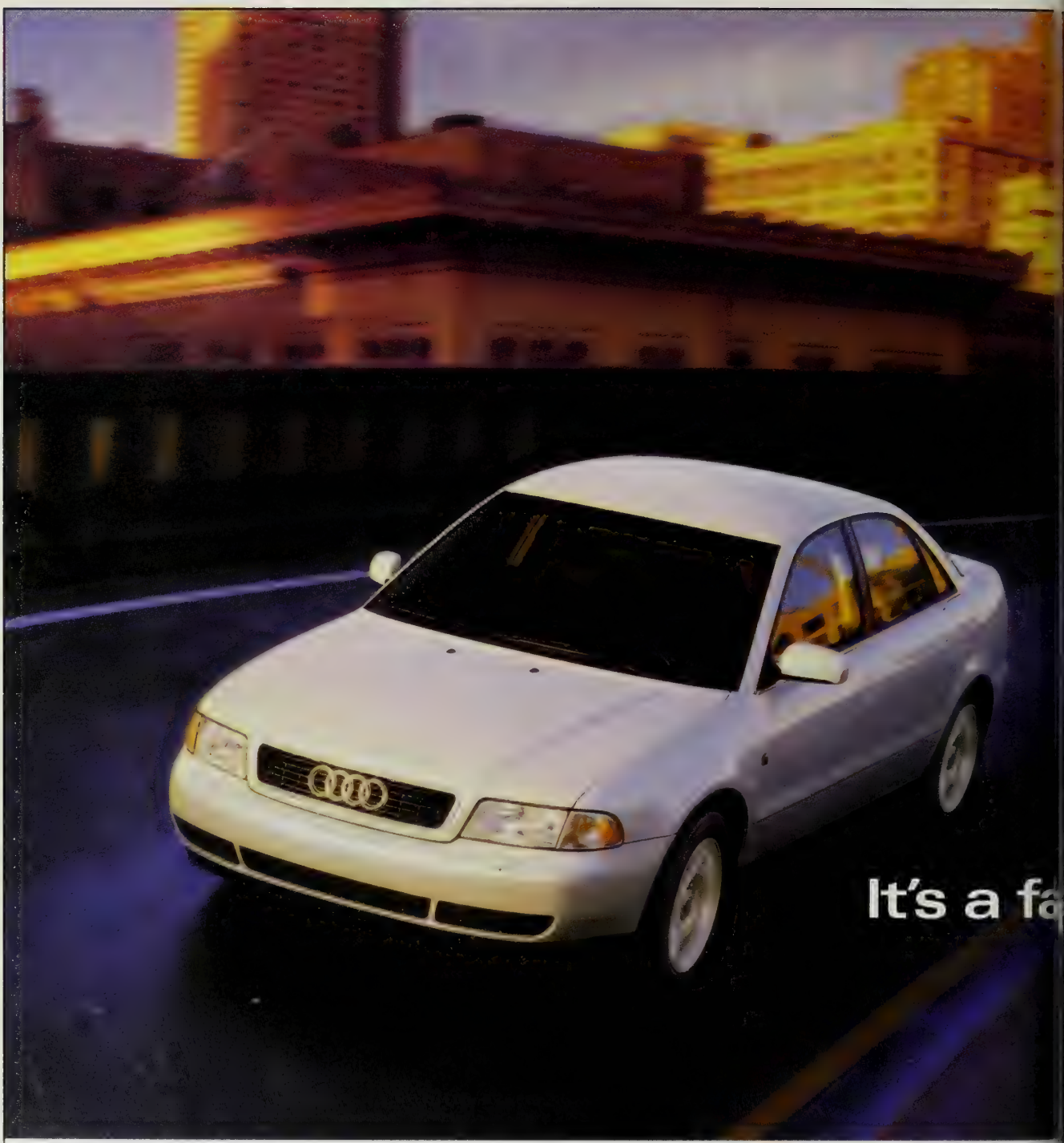
*HOST WITH THE MOST*
*Sullivan, seen here in an uncharacteristically relaxed mood, was a perfectionist who welcomed everyone from Eleanor Roosevelt to the Harlem Globetrotters on his Sunday-night television show.*

## Whoa, Canada!

*It was a parenthetical remark, a cheap shot probably, but who would have thought Nick Tosches's comment, in his profile of Ed Sullivan, about Wayne and Schuster, "a pair of Canadian comics (could there possibly be two?)," would have resulted in the fistfuls of irritated mail from this usually benign country? Well, think again. Several of these letter writers set us straight with lists and let us know exactly what they thought. Linda Bichan, from Toronto, accuses Tosches of having swallowed an "only-in-the-U.S.A. pill." She goes on to list several famous Canadians, including "half the National Hockey League." Beth Harrington, also from Toronto, points out that "being Canadian means many things, funny just happens to be one of them." We knew that. It was a joke, honest.*

*Elena Grimaud Ineichen, from London,*


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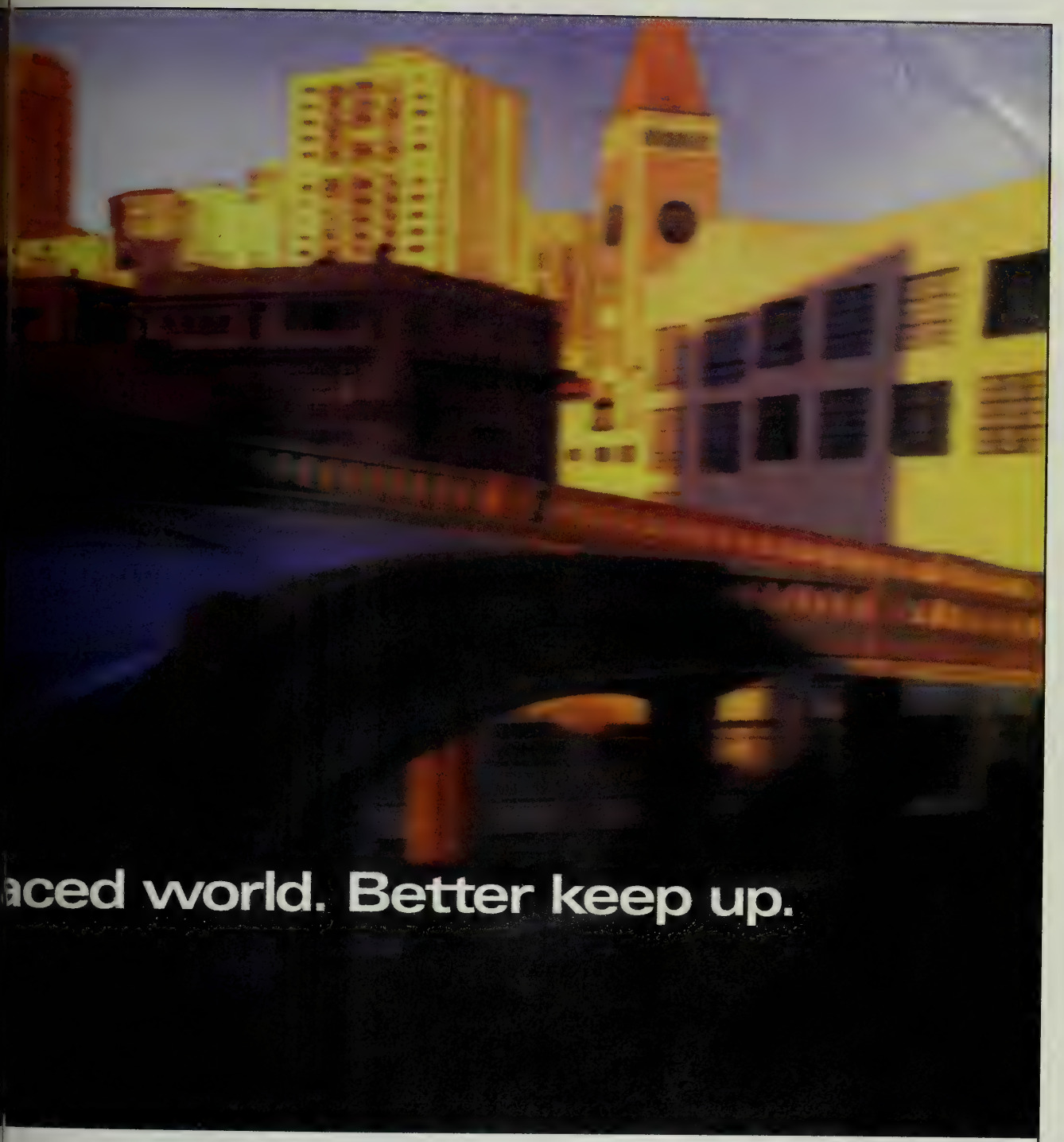

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"Mr. Jenkins asserts that until you've made a proper Tanqueray martini, you've neither moved nor shook."




How refreshingly distinctive.



*England, says, "It's time to stop trying for cheap laughs at Canadians' expense. As one himself, Graydon Carter should have known better." Canadian, yes. Cheap laugh? We don't think so.*

*Jil McIntosh, from Oshawa, Ontario, takes more of a pleading tone in noting our Canadianist bent in another article, about the inventor Heath Robinson, in the same issue. "I can appreciate the humor in your caption accompanying the photograph of Mike Myers wearing a fan and rudder and ice skates (' ... which might prove useful in his native Canada'). But the snow and cold jokes are wearing a little thin. I live 30 miles away from Myers's hometown, and on the day I picked up that July issue the temperature was 82 degrees." Talk to us in six months.*

*Finally, a trio from Ontario advise, "Perhaps Mr. Tosches and his editors should take a moment to calculate how much of their salaries comes from* Vanity Fair*'s Canadian sales revenues before exposing such ignorance again."*

## To Di For

THE MARIO TESTINO photos of Diana took my breath away ["Diana Reborn," by Cathy Horyn, July]. He conveyed this woman's charm, warmth, and beauty exquisitely. Let's hope life imitates art, and her new life turns out as fabulous as she looks.

PENNY KISE
Arlington, Virgin

HOW WONDERFUL to witness the metamorphosis of the once imprisoned Princess Diana into the now impassioned Diana! The royal family pales bleakly in her radiance, exuberance, and honest empathy with others.

Who are the true English "royals" today? Sir Paul McCartney and the new Princess Di, of course.

KATHY KNUDSE
Decatur, India

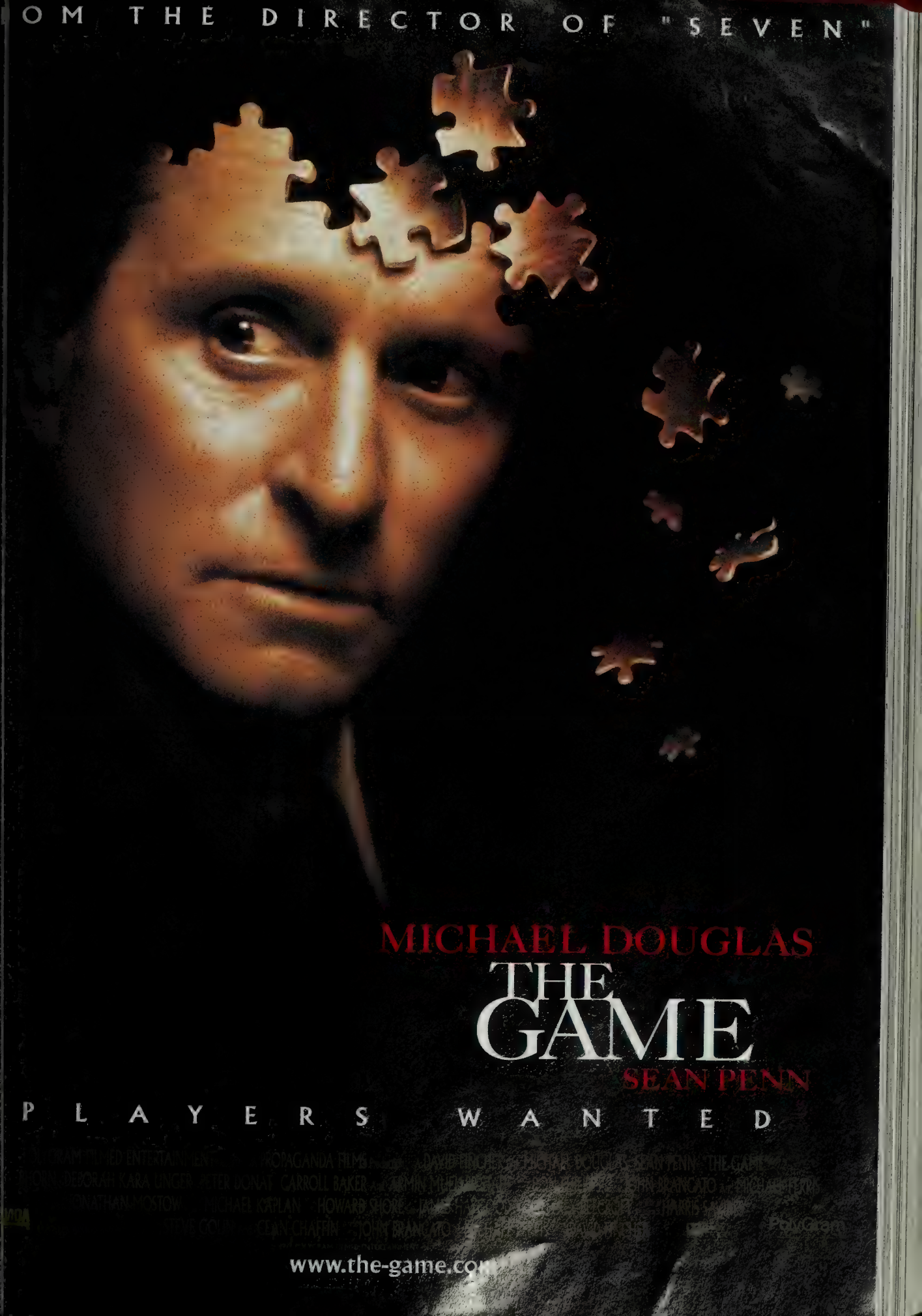
PRINCESS DIANA is the exemplification of the skewed American value system which places wealth, conspicuous consumption, and celebrity above all else.

CHARLOTTE McCOL
White Pine, Tenness

AT THE RISK of sounding like a pedantic opera queen, Dalida, who performed the background music favored by Mario Testino for his Diana photo shoot, was not a "dance diva" in her lifetime. T




*SOFT SELL: The new Princess Diana in an old Catherine Walker, one of many dresses auctioned at Christie's in June. The auction raised $5.76 million for five charities.*


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Cairo-born-of-Italian-parents onetime Miss Egypt was a singer in the French chanson tradition.

CHARLES A. MITCHEM-DIAGO
Washington, D.C.

## Dunne in Black and White

THANK YOU, Dominick Dunne, for opening your magnificent scrapbooks and giving us a nostalgic, wish-we-had-been-there look into a golden era in "The Best of Times" [July].

Good times come to an end, but how profound to have the foresight to understand this and capture the essence of those times in a simple, eloquent manner.

Looking at Dunne's pictures, I can hear the music, the lovely chatter, and taste the champagne.

BARBRA ZUANICH-FRIEDMAN
Woodland Hills, California

IN 1951, my husband, Gordon MacRae, and I were informed by his outgoing, outspoken boss, Jack L. Warner: "Hey, Muscles—time for you to pay for a party." Warner's secretary arrived with a list and a staff—to move around our newly acquired antiques, erect the tent, and order food, wine, music, flowers—and presented my husband with the bill.

At first I was stunned, then swept along by the drama of it all. At 22, I was lady of the manor—the mother of three, overseer of two nannies, a crazy cook, a fabulous maid, and a snarling secretary.

When the decorations were almost done, I added this fillip: "Why don't we spray all the magnolia trees gold!"

Would I have changed the carefree 50s, the spendthrift 60s? Not a jot or a tittle. Nor the evening clothes gathering dust in a California warehouse, nor the hours of lessons—golf, tennis, fly-fishing, fencing.

It was a time of good manners, good music, good writers.

SHEILA STEPHENS MACRAE
Hollywood, Florida

DOMINICK DUNNE'S simple, but always elegant and proper, prose transported me to his black-and-white ball for some moments, and it was wonderful, just as he said it was.

SHARON T. EVERETT
Washington, Virginia

"THE BEST OF TIMES" brought tears to my eyes. It was like a Hollywood fantasy. I will probably never live in Hollywood or be a jet-setter in Manhattan, so t only thing that I can do is read articles good as this one and dream of what must have been like to be part of it a Mr. Dunne, you are so lucky to have h such experiences, and although you kn it wouldn't last forever, how wonderful all must have been while it was happe ing. Most of us can only dream.

DEBRAH G
Belmont, Massachus

NEVER READ ANY of Mr. Dunne's a cles on O.J. Who has the time? T world's full of tragedy. But what a pi of work "The Best of Times" is. Do inick, your sincerity and sentimental make me want to go through my *Vanity Fair*s and read those article was so ready to disregard.

SONIA DHU
Calgary, Alb

## Artist of the Absurd

I WAS SO PLEASED to read Christop Hitchens's article on William He Robinson ["Machine Dreams," July am a great admirer of Robinson's—I o three of his earlier drawings and f them charming. But he did not and co not "rival Beardsley." No one ever wi

MELINDA GIORDA
Los Angeles, Calif

## The Line Man

THANKS FOR the great article on K Haring ["Kid Haring," by Ingrid Sis July], who was with us for too sho time. His work has touched me un the work of any other artist and wil ways be with me: I have his rad baby tattooed on my left arm.

JEFF MOSTEL
San Diego, Calif

KEITH HARING was extremely gene to groups that served children. In late 80s, he donated his time and ta to design a poster for the Books Kids Foundation. Poster sales cont to this day and have enabled the fou tion to grow and flourish.

ROCCO A. ST
New York, New

I FEEL STRONGLY that this piece is of the finest articles ever written Keith. Ingrid Sischy perfectly capt the humanity of the artist and w very sensitively about Keith's fa

Liz Claiborne




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# Letters



*DARING HARING*
*The late Keith Haring, who started as a street artist and who is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Whitney Museum, at his store, the Pop Shop, in New York City.*

Nevertheless, she cut no corners in her assessment of his sexuality as a driving and defining force in his life. Her insights into his art are astonishingly and refreshingly informed and considered.

Ingrid's honesty and integrity shine on the printed page. I thank you for having the wisdom and heart to publish this remarkable article.

JULIA GRUEN
Executive director
The Keith Haring Foundation Inc.
New York, New York

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT such an artistic gem could have come down from this little corner of Pennsylvania Dutch land?

ELIZABETH ÜBER
Kutztown, Pennsylvania

## The Fran Connection

THE BLACK-AND-WHITE ISSUE [July] was great. I loved "Fran Lebowitz on Money." This is why I subscribe.

DIANE ADAMS
Syracuse, New York

THANK YOU, thank you, thank you for Fran Lebowitz. Her perspective is so clear, original, and unvarnished, it was the literary equivalent of a fresh breeze, or perhaps a slap in the face.

DAVID PASTEELNICK
Garfield, New Jersey

IF FRAN LEBOWITZ can't imagine eve needing an emergency $50,000, she migh consider the cost of heart bypass or lun surgery, a likely legacy of her love affai with cigarettes.

MAX SHAPIR
Los Angeles, Californi

BRAVO on the piece by Fran Lebowitz It was witty, insightful, and a joy t read. I would love to see a monthl piece by her. But that would probabl cause her to receive a number of thos irritating phone calls she so desperatel tries to avoid.

TRICIA PIRL
Daytona Beach, Florid

I HAVE JUST FINISHED "Fran Lebowit on Money" and had some good laugh as well as insights into how the State have gone awry. Through her humor sh tackles some obvious inequities, wit brilliantly subtle solutions.

ELLE PYN
Stanfordville, New Yo

AFTER A LONG TIME wrestling wi this idea of money, I have come to th simplest possible solution to all ou problems: outlaw the stuff.

I knew a man, once, who spent all da talking about how he loved his job at th sewage-treatment plant. It wasn't dir to him. He loved all the mechanic problems and the machinery; he woul have done this without a paycheck—h hours a day, seven days a week. The must be tens of thousands of people lik him to do all the stuff most of us don want to do. As for the rest, it will be a tomated sooner or later.

PATRICK PORTE
Ferndale, Californ

IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE to read an thing by Fran Lebowitz, and her r marks about money were no exceptio I was very puzzled, however, by the i troductory sentence, which reads part, "different from you and she." Th grammatical error was so blatant, I wo dered if it was supposed to be funny.

EVELYN ROWAT MARC
Toronto, Onta

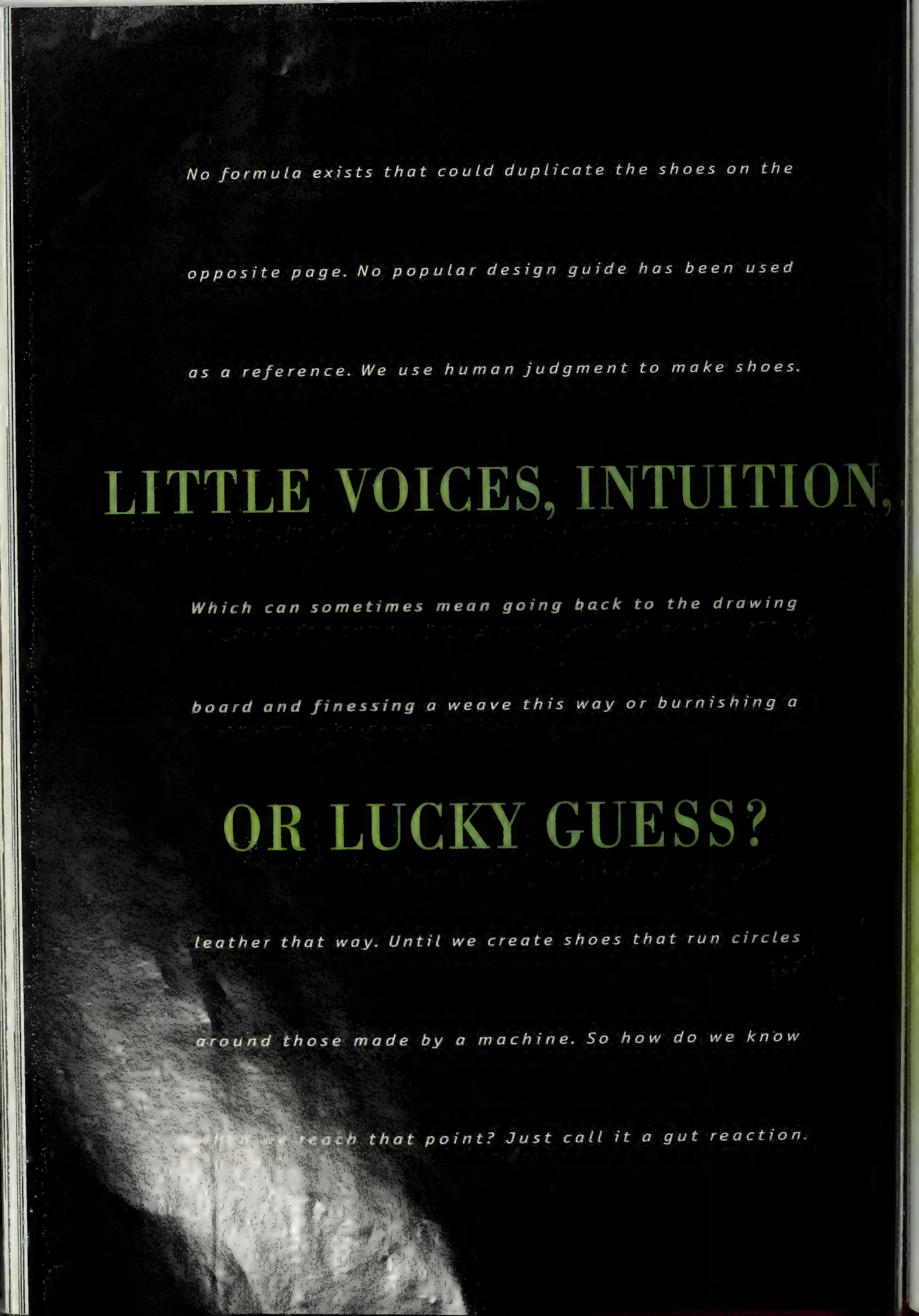
*EDITOR'S NOTE: See "Whoa, Canada!" abo*

IN HER PERCEPTIVE ESSAY Fran Leb witz makes a distinction between bei broke and being poor, including hers in the first group.

I am a freelance writer (and a wa ress on weekends), making about $1,3 a month. I am 35 CONTINUED ON PAGE




1. *Inflatable flower bed*
2. *Motorola cell phone (usually attached to ear)*
3. *Classic edition backgammon set*
4. *TVs galore*
5. *Vanity (circa 1930)*
6. *Sony boom box*
7. *Clothes & shoes (Versace, Gucci, Keds)*
8. *Claw-foot bathtub*
9. *Silver candelabra*
10. *Pointy wall ornament*
11. *Yamaha Wave Blaster*
12. *Master's Pizza ("the works, please")*
13. *Exercise gear (mandatory for pizza lovers)*
14. *Funky old lamp*
15. *"Noodles" dog stuff (pooper-scooper, et al.)*
16. *Sunscreen SPF#8-80 (always practice safe sun)*



No formula exists that could duplicate the shoes on the opposite page. No popular design guide has been used as a reference. We use human judgment to make shoes.

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*Love, Jack* restores the cherished image of Kennedy as a man filled with a love of life, passion, and tenderness—reminding us that sometimes the greatest love stories are spun not in fiction, but in real life.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112 and single, with a roommate. I have a master's degree in cinema studies, and I don't have health insurance.

I used to think this was a temporary condition—I was writing a screenplay that was going to better my financial health. But two years ago I stopped writing the screenplay, and about a year ago I stopped talking about it.

My question is, isn't being broke (as in "I didn't get my break yet") a temporary situation, whereas being poor is a permanent one? And if so, am I broke, or am I poor? And when did I become one or the other: When I was no longer in my 20s? When I graduated from university? When I ran out of excuses?

Granted, I've been hungry only between meals. Does that mean I don't qualify for poor?

YAEL SHUV
New York, New York

OUR COUNTRY needs more thinkers like Fran Lebowitz. Has she ever considered running for president?

P. J. NAGY
Cleveland, Ohio

## Good Knight

LOVED HILARY KNIGHT'S illustrations of Le Cirque 2000 ["The Big Top," by Matt Tyrnauer, July]. They brought back delightful memories of being a fan of Eloise's.

KATHRYN WELDS
San Francisco, California

THANK YOU for the humorous and delightful work of Hilary Knight. May we have more, please?

SHIRLEY HARRISON
Mississauga, Ontario

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Please see "Kay and Eloise," by Marie Brenner [December 1996], for an update on Kay Thompson, author of* Eloise, *complete with a new Hilary Knight illustration.*

## 21st Century Fox

MY VOTE for the Murdoch heir ["Murdoch Blood, Murdoch Empire," by Sarah Lyall, July] most ethically equipped to move the corporation into the 21st century goes to the youngest son, James. While his sister, Elisabeth, rigidly maintains the modernist viewpoint that "obviously one person has to be in charge and his brother, Lachlan, follows th maze, James, with a renegade's ingenuit creates his own record label and offe the postmodern vision that "there's a l of room in the company for all of us."

CYNTHIA MART
Denver, Colora

YOUR BLAST at San Luis Obispo a at former KSBY news anchor Ri Martel, in the tasteless, fawning tri ute to great wealth and power as pi sonified by Rupert Murdoch's daug ter, was reminiscent of how Elisabe Murdoch trampled through this ar like a clumsy bull in a room full delicate broadcasting equipment, dis garding station employees and viewe Whoever saw Rick Martel as a "T Baxter" type missed by 180 degre He was almost universally consider a very mature, professional, and ingr tiating newsman, and as recently May 1997, even though no longer the air, he finished first in a newspap poll as the most attractive male p sonality in the country. The statio ratings did not decline greatly af Martel's departure only because it h a near monopoly in its market, a somehow enough high-quality perso nel escaped the wildly wielded ax this abusive intruder. The fact that s sold out at a profit tells only that c economic system can at times yield tremely unjust results.

JOHN E. CHAPPEL
San Luis Obispo, Califo

*CORRECTION: "Mr. Sunday Night," by N Tosches, contained two errors, the result of in rect information supplied by the Sullivan archi George M. Cohan Jr., not George M. Cohan, a the Glenn Miller Orchestra, not Glenn Mi performed on* The Ed Sullivan Show.

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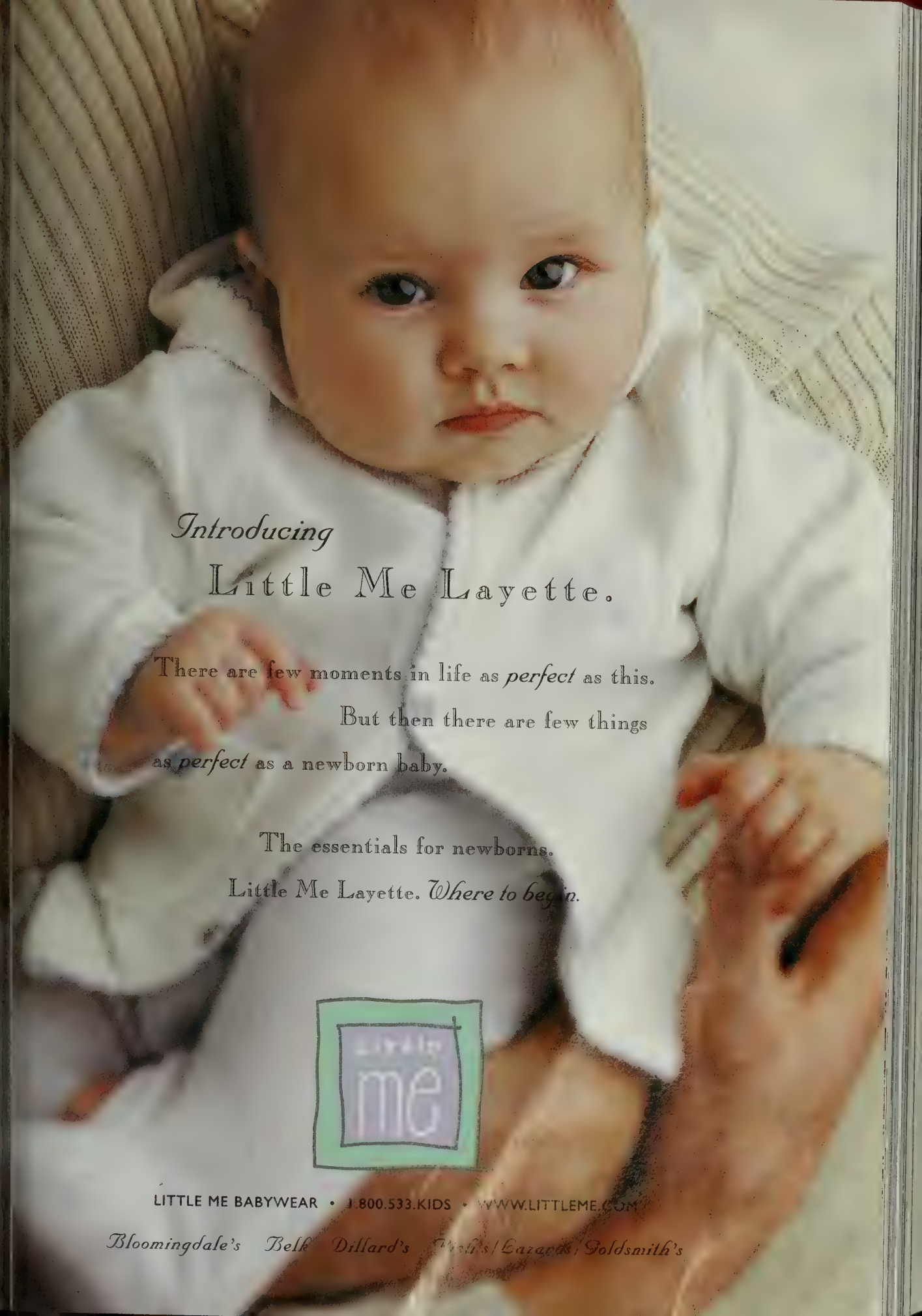

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Christopher Hitchens

# TARNISHED CROWN

## The Queen being upstaged by a dashing new prime minister, the auction of Princess Diana's frocks, and the publication of Kitty Kelley's scandal-packed book—all are signs that the sun may be setting on the British monarchy



IT'S NOT EASY BEING QUEEN. At the State Opening of Parliament last May, Queen Elizabeth took a backseat to the popular, newly elected prime minister, Tony Blair.

About once a week, I find myself drawn into an argument about the British monarchy. I am an English republican, and my opponents, as often as not, are American royalists. But not even this piquancy makes the arguments any less predictable. Would you really rather have a boring old president? What about the magic and the fairy tale? Isn't the royal family good for tourism? Wouldn't Britain be a dull backwater without the Windsors? These and other routines have worn as smooth as an old 78-r.p.m. music disc, with about as many cracks and bumps and hisses. What people don't realize is that, without anyone's taking any particular notice of the fact, Britain has already become a republic. We live in the first, tentative days of post-monarchism.

Here are the three most recent proofs. On May 14, there was the traditional "pomp and circumstance" of the State Opening of Parliament. This is the wildly tradition-infested moment, beloved of American tourists and London-based hacks, in which the Queen reads a speech from the throne in order to give permission for her subjects to debate legislation. (She uses the charming phrase "My Government," just as the British employ the Royal Mail to send their letters, and are defended by the Royal Air Force from foreign foes, and get their money from the Royal Mint. But, as the great 19th-century critic William Cobbett once mordantly observed, by some magic it's the Royal Mint and the National Debt.) Her Majesty arrived in a gilded coach drawn by horses. Meanwhile, the new prime minister, Tony Blair, and his barrister wife, Cherie, dismounted from their official car and walked the remaining distance to Parliament. The next day's press showed the adoring crowds and the Union Jacks being deployed for the new, "vibrant" presidential couple, while the Queen looked gray and wrinkled and bespectacled, and faintly absurd in a crown, as she peered at the paper she had been


miu miu

# "At the Hong Kong handover Prince Charles looked like a monkey on a stick."

given to read. This was a genuine upstaging, by democratic Britain, of traditional Britain. It simply would not have been tried by any previous prime minister, nor applauded by any previous mass audience. The intention of the new government is to give autonomy to Scotland and Wales and try for a final settlement in Northern Ireland, which makes the whole definition of Britain as a monarchy or "United Kingdom" rather iffy. Another mandate of the Labourites is to abolish the right of hereditary peers to vote in the House of Lords. If enacted, this would mean that the House of Windsor—of all dysfunctional families—was the only family in the "kingdom" to enjoy political privilege as a right of birth. It sharply raises the inescapable question: If heredity is an obviously absurd way to pick lawmakers, how can it be justified in the case of a single person as Head of State, Head of the Church, and Commander in Chief of the armed forces? (The Queen, if you like this sort of detail, is the only colonel of a British regiment to be married to another colonel.)

A second republican moment occurred a few weeks later in New York, when Diana Spencer—the Artiste Formerly Known as H.R.H. Princess of Wales—held a sale of her frocks. This charitable triumph followed closely upon her astonishingly successful world tour urging the banning of land mines. You may take Diana or leave her. All I can tell you is that she laughed prettily on the one occasion we were properly introduced. For all I know, she may laugh prettily at everything that is said to her. But she actually laughed prettily when I said: "We republicans must stick together." She has done more, even if only by accident, to undermine the idea of "the succession" than I could ever have done by trying. Indeed, by her devotion to her children, she has put the whole idea of "[illegible]" into doubt. The Queen retaliated last November by issuing a royal warrant removing Diana's name from the prayers employed in the Sunday services of the Church of England. Where once the faithful were enjoined to pray for the heir apparent and his spouse, they now had to intone only the dismal words "For Charles, Prince of Wales." I daresay he can do with any solitary intercession. This is what you get, he may gloomily reflect, when you found a royal house, and a national church, on the divorce-centered family values of Henry VIII. But these are deep waters. For now, the point to keep your eye on is that the only "magical" and "charismatic" member of the supposedly magical and charismatic royal family is not, for real purposes, a member of that family anymore, or at all.



**POWER TO THE PEOPLE: Surrounded by adoring crowds, Prime Minister Tony Blair and his wife, Cherie, leave Downing Street for the State Opening of Parliament.**

The third republican moment lies in the immediate future. Kitty Kelley's book *The Royals,* which extracted many millions from Time Warner, is due out in late September. As Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip celebrate 50 years of matrimony, they will unwrap the Golden Wedding surprise of all time. We all feel ourselves jaded by scandal and disclosure about the Windsors. At least I think we do. What could possibly improve on the "Squidgy" tape or the "Tampax" files? But I have spent some quality time tracing Ms. Kelley's footsteps. I badgered some people in her lawyer's office in London (the only city in the world where there are no plans to publish the book). I have eyewitness testimony to her entering Kensington Palace—residence of Princess Margaret—guards notwithstanding. Also to her embracing royal biographer Lady Longford in the National Gallery. I know that she was invited to the dinner of the republican "Common Sense" club, a regular conclave of Establishment anti-monarchists held in the rather fine L'Etoile restaurant, and I also know that she was the first person ever invited who was permitted to take notes.

How much should I mind if Ms. Kelley discloses that it took embarrassing sessions of artificial insemination to produce the present Queen and her sister, Margaret? (The then King, it was always whispered, was "not heir-conditioned.") Only a person who cared about bloodlines and heredity could care, surely, about that or about the allegation that the Queen Mother—our beloved Queen Mum—was born on the wrong side of the blanket, product of an illicit union between the Earl of Strathmore and a lowly housemaid. Is it possible that Ms. Kelley possesses evidence of this same Queen Mum's love letters to another chap? Can it really be the case that the Duchess of York—"Fergie" to you—was treated for addiction to a substance other than diet pills? Prince Philip's occasional wanderings from the matrimonial paddock are not denied even by his staunchest defenders, but what of his tear-stained farewell gifts to the woman he abandoned for the "dowdy" Princess Elizabeth and the chance of a royal match? How the hell—this was the talk of the Fleet Street bars—did Ms. Kelley get hold of memos from Nigel Dempster, courtier-journalist extraordinaire, telling his own publishers to deep-six the memos on virginity testing for the royal princesses? Was Prince Edward's backstage name truly "Dockyard Doris"? (I had always been told it was "Barbara.") Tales of Princess Margaret's offhand chauvinism are easy

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# "The maintenance of the monarchy has become a form of human sacrifice."

to come by, but signed and sealed depositions from the Princess of Wales, in the lawsuit she brought against the yellow press for printing pictures of her private moments in the exercise studio, are a much more rare commodity. I thought I was cynical enough, but a few miles spent walking behind Kitty Kelley's investigative shoes, and gleaning what I could of the harvest to come, left me feeling, my dear, positively *drained.*



**ROYAL TROUBLE: Straight off the plane from his calamitous Munich meeting with Hitler, Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain and his wife, center, were greeted by King George and Queen Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother), on the balcony of Buckingham Palace, September 30, 1938.**

It used to be that the British people happily kept two sets of books, as it were. In one book—the book containing fragrant pressed flowers and national keepsakes—the Queen Mother was the radiant grandma and the woman who had braved Hitler's blitz by staying at the King's side in Buckingham Palace during the "dark days." In the other book, you could read if you chose about how she and the same King had welcomed Neville Chamberlain straight from the plane back from Munich, and invited him onto the balcony of that same Buckingham Palace in order to give a royal stamp of approval to appeasement *before* Chamberlain went to Parliament to face the condemnation of the Labour Party and Winston Churchill. I have pictures of this moment on my wall. It has been weakly described by Establishment historian John Grigg as "the most unconstitutional act by a British Sovereign in the present century."

Or again, you could know if you chose that Katherine and Nerissa Bowes-Lyon, two cousins of the current Queen's and nieces of the Queen Mother's, had been secretly confined in a mental hospital three years after Munich. The exact nature of their mental incapacity is still a secret but was certainly not terminal. Nonetheless, false news of their deaths was announced in *Burke's Peerage,* almanac of British genealogy, in 1965. [illegible] e not dead, and their covert incarceration lasted a quarter-century after th[illegible] airbrushed from the family tree. [illegible] writing about this years ago, th[illegible] people would take the news placidly enough—as if it were true but as if it made no difference. It was a bit like talking to victims of the Kennedy "dynasty" cult in the United States, and telling them about the lobotomization of the missing sister by Joseph Kennedy Sr. They heard, but they didn't listen.

The period of double bookkeeping is effectively over (as it is, I hope and suspect, for the Kennedys too). An accumulation of shabby stories, about everything from family nightmares to tax evasion, has descended upon "the royals" just at the moment when their hereditary "line" has run out of genes and just at the time when social and institutional changes make them more of a grit than a lubricant in the machinery of politics. What is the unspoken obstacle that prevents reform of the Lords, inhibits British integration into Europe (with its Convention on Human Rights), and blocks the demand for self-government for Scotland, Wales, and Ireland? The obstacle is the principle and practice of the Royal Prerogative, whereby British people are subjects, not citizens, and whereby they have no written rights or formal constitution, and whereby their country itself is named after a dynasty. The supreme political body in the realm, made up of specially sworn members of both houses, is an unelected group quaintly titled the Queen's Privy Council. (It might not sound so quaint if it were called by its proper English name, which would be the Secret Council.) A republic could not possibly make a greater hash of matters than this.

You can have scandals, enjoyable or sordid. You can have a constitutional impasse. And you can have a crisis in the succession, whereby nobody believes that the actual "next in line" is up to the "job." But you cannot have any two of these at once, let alone all three. No longer is the onus on the republicans to prove their case. It's the monarchists who have to answer the question: What happens when the Queen drops off the twig? Prince Charles, who has gone stale well before his time (he looked, at the Hong Kong handover, like a monkey on a stick), would be King of about 10 percent of the population and of nobody who was his own age. He would also awaken his own church's archaic neurosis concerning royal divorce and awaken it twice if he married Camilla Parker Bowles, faithless ex-wife of Silver Stick in Waiting. His sons are too young and have not been raised for the "job," and must have heard their father say, which he did on prime-time television, that he never loved their mother. (I always thought "fairy tale" was exactly the right term for that marriage.)

The glory has departed. As Thomas Paine, the great English republican and moral author of the Declaration of Independence, phrased it, the monarchy has become "something kept behind a curtain, about which there is a great deal of bustle and fuss, and a wonderful air of seeming solemnity; but when, by any accident, the curtain happens to open, and the company see what it is, they burst into laughter." Or, one might add, into tears. Prince Philip's threatened lawsuit against Kitty Kelley will not prevent her book from being circulated widely among the disloyal subjects. The prevention of publication is proof of weakness, CONTINUED ON PAGE 12


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# "What could possibly improve on the "Squidgy" tape or the "Tampax" files?"



**STANDING ON CEREMONY**
**On June 14, Queen Elizabeth celebrated her official birthday—though not her actual birthday, which is April 21—surrounded by royal family and friends, from left, Prince Edward, Princess Michael of Kent, Lady Gabriella Windsor, Prince Philip, Grand Duke Jean of Luxembourg, the Queen Mother, the Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Kent, and Prince Charles.**

DAVID THOMSON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126 not strength.

The saloon-bar standby "Whaddaya want? President Thatcher?" has worn desperately thin. Never mind that President Mary Robinson and President Richard von Weizsäcker and President Václav Havel and President Nelson Mandela have recently set a standard that few presidents and no monarchs could rival. Presidency can give you George Washington (who refused a crown) or Richard Nixon (who was caught trying one on). But monarchy, by its reliance on heredity, guarantees absurdity and recurrent succession crises. In Britain, it has reached a pass where it simply has to be replaced in one way or another.

Look at young Prince William. He seems like a nice boy. Who, knowing what they now know, would want to see him sequestered in the gloomy, loveless world of the Hanoverian court, compelled to exhaust his youth in the task of waiting for somebody to die? The maintenance of the monarchy has become a form of human sacrifice. But, just as peers, who are now barred by law from running for office, will be free to do so when their privileges are removed, so the Windsors will be emancipated when their subjects outgrow them. Indeed, one of them might make a very good president . . .

I hate the tourist trade, which has turned large tracts of beautiful England into a mediocre royalist theme park, so I don't give a damn if it suffers. But I resent the insulting suggestion that the British have nothing else to offer foreign visitors, and nothing else in which to take pride. Here is my proposal: In Westminster Abbey there are two shrines. One is the burial place of a long line of monarchs, many of them in their lifetimes either deplorably spattered with blood or regrettably flecked with drool. The other is Poets' Corner, with its plaques and busts and window dedicated to imperishable writers. English and Anglo-Irish literature has a splendor and continuity that make the royals look shabby. (And many of its greatest lights—Milton, Blake, Wordsworth, Burns, Shelley, Wilde, Joyce, Hazlitt, Orwell—were republicans. So are most of the contemporary British writers worthy of the name.) Merely shift the Abbey's center of gravity. Make the national letters the object of pride and reverence, and of course debate and disputation. Take the visitors there, and the schoolchildren too. Tell them the story. By that time, with any luck, the bishops will no longer be sitting in the House of Lords or enjoying state patronage, so there will be more room in the Abbey for the essentials.

The British have a great republican tradition. They lead, for all practical purposes, republican lives. Their society is increasingly multicultural within and increasingly European without. They feel less and less need for what Thomas Jefferson called "the false glare which surrounds kingly government." Some years ago, there was a hugely successful book called *Dreams About H.M. the Queen.* In its pages, ordinary subjects confirmed that they often had vivid dreams about a sudden encounter with royalty. It was all very touching, and confirmed the role of monarchy in the national fantasy life. But the book contained a warning. The dream, it cautioned, is not about the Queen. It is about you. In recent years, so my friends tell me, royal dreams have been tapering off and becoming less intense. And people are waking in surprise, to find that the ghosts have fled and that their dreams have turned democratic. □



**PLAYBOY FUNNY** Comedian Bill Maher embraces a 90s version of Hugh Hefner's bachelor-pad philosophy.

# MAHER'S ATTACKS

## Bill Maher, host of ABC's surprise hit, the celebrity-as-pundit gabfest *Politically Incorrect*, is Carson without the rigid control, Clooney without the apologies, Hefner without the mansion

President Clinton's call for a yearlong "dialogue" on race is proof that in a democracy such as ours, everyone's opinion is equally sought, equally valid, and equally pointless. You may not want to hear what I have to say, and I may not want to hear what you have to say, but together as Americans there's no issue we can't gum to death. Only with the frank and open exchange of blather can we get Jesse Jackson off our case. *Politically Incorrect,* hosted by Bill Maher—actor, author (*True Story,* a novel, 1994), and stand-up comic—is a forum founded on the same open-exchange principle, but with a more exclusive membership. Premiering on cable's Comedy Central in 1993, *P.I.* brings together celebrity pundits to discuss current events, with no pesky emphasis put on actual knowledge. Set against a Roman-coliseum backdrop of broken columns and plastic vines (not a nurturing environment), *Politically Incorrect* offers the opportunity of seeing "name" performers and politicians pried loose from their handlers and forced to fend for themselves. When the mix works and the incongruities jibe, it's like that great moment on *SCTV* when Count Floyd said, "The kid from *Deliverance* makes a good point . . . " When it doesn't, everyone sits there with heavy hands, in mutual paralysis. On one episode, Martin Amis, embarked on a whirlwind tour to suppress excitement for his novel *The Information,* could be seen taking astral leave of his body as Maher asked the panel to discuss the dilemma "Who should you save from a fire—a newborn infant or Colin Powell?" Despite its human statues and Pinteresque pauses, *P.I.* created enough excitement to make it the top-rated show on Comedy Central.

Then, in 1996, two major moves shook the faithful. First, the show moved from New York to Los Angeles, where Maher has a home. Internet kibitzers worried that the show risked losing its caustic bite by leaving the world headquarters of wise-guy mouth for a city where betrayal floats behind a bland smile and a yoga body-glow. To abandon the asphalt of Jimmy Breslin and *Law & Order* for the space-cadet academy of *Saved by the Bell* and *Baywatch* smacked of showbiz sellout. The second move was even CONTINUED ON PAGE 143



STYLED BY DANIEL ADEL

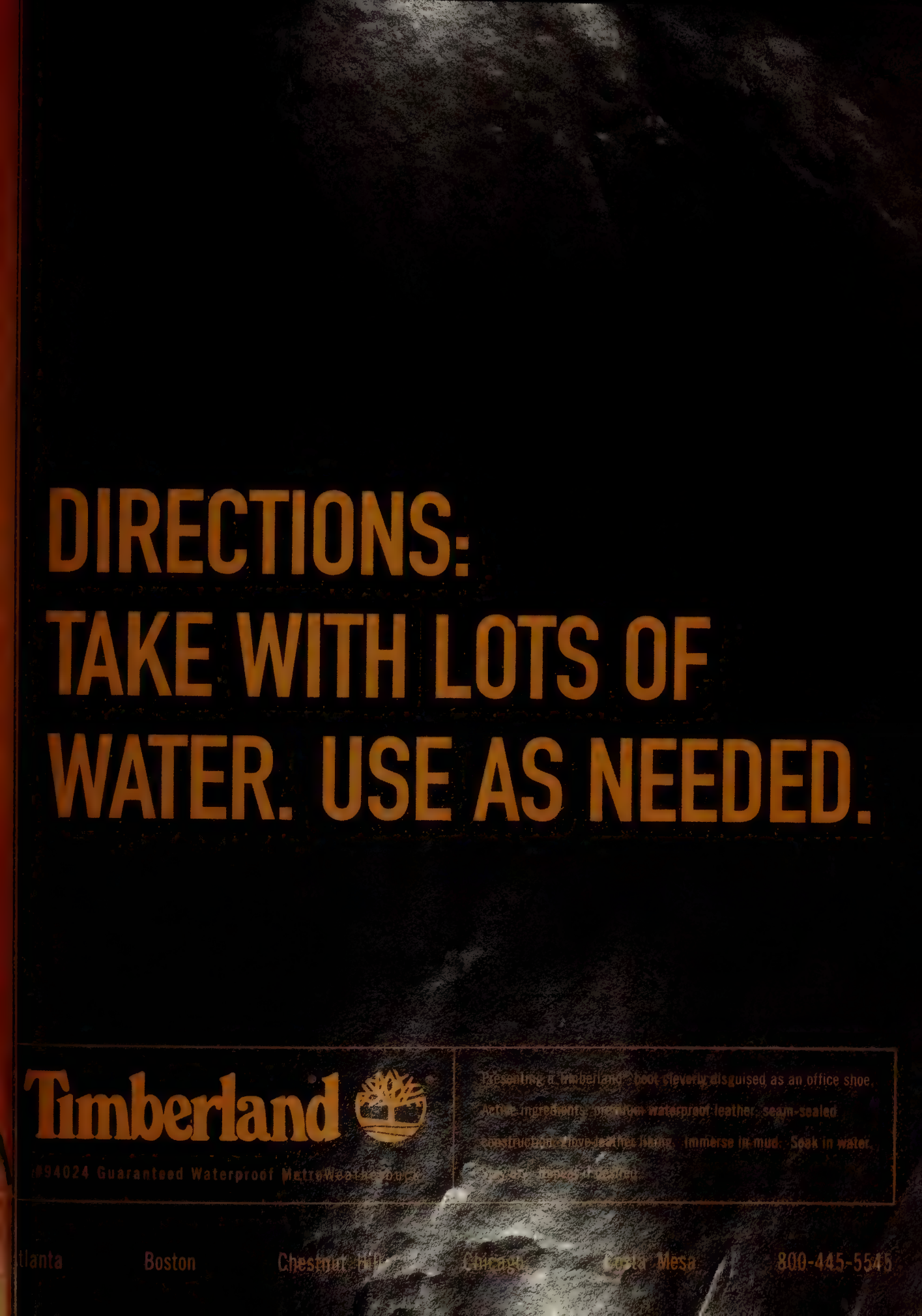


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132 more upmarket. *Politically Incorrect* was summoned to the majors: ABC offered Maher the opportunity to take his show to the network, where it would follow Ted Koppel's *Nightline,* a berth that would offer *P.I.* potentially both more prominence and prestige. Potential doesn't always pan out. It wasn't self-evident that *P.I.* and *Nightline* would prove a smooth fit: Maher himself thought the two shows might not mesh, *Nightline*'s constituency being more serious and (my word, not his) hierarchical. For *Nightline* is the supreme policy-wonk Rolodex of the Eastern Establishment cognitive elite, where the experts are kept in Señor Wences boxes until Ted bids them speak. Inside-the-Beltway gas emitters like James Glassman, a *Washington Post* columnist and the host of CNN's Sunday *Capital Gang,* were among those most scornful of *P.I.*'s amateur opinionizing. Glassman, who appeared on the show in 1993, told *U.S. News & World Report* that he didn't appreciate playing the stooge. "The purpose was to focus on Bill what's-his-name—Maher?—to showcase his wit. He certainly wasn't interested in what I had to say." After *Nightline,* would *Politically Incorrect*'s talking heads look like shrunken heads by comparison?





**DROLL MODELS: From sets to mannerisms, Bill Maher takes inspiration from talk-show gods of the past. *From top left:* original *Tonight* host Steve Allen, 1955; Dick Cavett, circa 1973; Johnny Carson hosting *Tonight,* circa 1974; and Jack Paar, here with guest Jonathan Winters in 1963.**

And then there was the *Zeitgeist* element. The Vulcan death grip of Political Correctness had loosened since the show's debut in 1993. Although P.C. is still entrenched in the culture, finding a permanent clubhouse in the academic journals, the selection committees of arts panels, and the stale newsrooms of metropolitan dailies, it seemed less like a rising dragon than a dying quail. If anything, being un-P.C. could be a career boon, as witness the publicity bonus Don Imus received after making the president and the First Lady fume. With the eroding of left-right hostilities, the dominant impulse of the 90s aims toward an amoebic consensual politics in which problem solving takes precedence over ideological orthodoxy. Even on *Crossfire,* the combatants can't work up the old hothead froth. With the feel-good factors of a rising stock market, lowering unemployment, and general peace, *Politically Incorrect* seemed to have less gruel on which to feed. Turned out, everyone's qualms were for naught—*Politically Incorrect* has not merely survived, but prevailed. It has established a solid niche for itself after *Nightline,* seen its audience and revenues increase (*Variety* called it "the main propellor of growth" in late-night ad sales), and eaten into the second half of the *Late Show with David Letterman.* ABC gave *P.I.* a vote of confidence in July by running it live in prime time. It's true that, by settling on the West Coast, *P.I.* has cut back on word whizzes such as Fran Lebowitz, Lynn Snowden, and the comedian Marc Maron, and is now more likely to saddle us with local produce like lawyer Susan Estrich, who ornately vomits all her answers, and MTV "personalities" whose 15 minutes of fame seem to expire before our eyes. Yet the show can't be said to have gone sugary. If anything, it has more sit-down swagger than before.



"Together as Americans there's no issue we can't gum to death."

The key to the show's success is not what's new and hip about it, but what's old and abrasive. "My show is retro," Bill Maher told *Playboy.* Although Maher models himself on Johnny Carson, from the solid encasement of his torso to the way he hushes his lips with his trigger finger and rises on his heels after a punch line, the show itself is pre-Carson in its sensibility. As brilliant as Carson was, his *Tonight Show* was a rigidly controlled entertainment biodome; ever vigilant, Johnny would zap the first flare of controversy with an ice beam from his Aqua Velva eyes. *Politically Incorrect* is a throwback to the shooting rapids of talk shows hosted by Jack Paar, Steve Allen, Dick Cavett, David Susskind, and even Merv Griffin in his New York days, back when producers didn't feel every segment had to be plastered wall-to-wall with scripted comedy bits. When VH1 broadcasts reruns of Cavett's ABC show, psychedelic time capsules which feature interviews with Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and the Jefferson Airplane, it's startling to see how unguarded and eye-level it all was. It was before every celebrity became his own product placement—even the rock gods seem accessible. The debate over the war in Vietnam and the civil-rights movement made 60s and early-70s talk shows more tense and crackly than they've been before or since. I can recall hecklers jeering the journalist I. F. Stone from the Cavett audience, a Susskind panel on Radical Chic that was ready to hang Tom Wolfe in effigy. Now talk-show guests make news not from what they say but from how they behave, as witness Farrah Fawcett's flameout on Letterman, where she flapped like a bird struck by an airliner.

*Politically Incorrect* is one of the few spots on TV where there are true spontaneous combusts. Sometimes the spat is intramural, as when Chevy Chase complained about the mindless effect of TV, and producer Steven Bochco (*L.A. Law, NYPD Blue*) shot back, "I've seen a lot of your movies and most of them are crap. . . . Your movies have zero social redeeming value." (Maher later had to restrain Chase from leaving the studio—it was like placating a bear.) Most of the outbursts, however, cut along liberal-conservative lines: Sandra Bernhard spitting at the rabid right-winger John Lofton ("I wanted to go to my room," recalls journalist Bill Zehme, who was also on


(may I cut in?)

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the panel); Chris Rock calling Laura Ingraham a "bitch"; Harvey Fierstein exploding at Michael Reagan, "Fuck you and fuck your father!" over President Reagan's AIDS policy (a curse that was edited out from the broadcast). Ironically, it's usually the liberals, who otherwise pride themselves on the power of persuasion in the face of ignorant prejudice, who personalize the debate and lash out, casting their opponents as morally defective. When Tom Fitton, a hapless yuppie conservative, argued that Africa had imploded since the end of colonialism, the comedian Jon Stewart said, "What happened to you as a child that makes you like this? Who took your lunch money?"

This *ad hominem* approach is also a throwback to earlier TV. When William F. Buckley Jr. first appeared on the scene in the early 60s, a square hipster and clean-cut fop whose silver-tongued phrasing resonated like a jazz vibraphone, all-heart liberals such as Jack Paar could only shake their heads and wonder. After Buckley's appearance on his show, in 1962, a controversial visit which resulted in a flurry of telegrams and a phone call from President Kennedy, Paar said, "What I can't stand is that these people when they talk they have no feeling of humanity—they just don't seem to care about people." Liberals still view themselves as people-persons, with a monopoly on mensch-hood.

The lumps some conservatives have taken on *P.I.* have led others to accuse Maher of slanting his show. Andrew Stuttaford wrote in the *National Review,* "Whatever its claims, *Politically Incorrect* still plays by the Left's rules." Despite Maher's iconoclasm, the comic is a closet lockstep liberal, Stuttaford contended. "Mr. Maher favors the death penalty, but is also pro-choice and pro–gun control. He will tell risqué jokes, call female [illegible] politics; but at [illegible] fans, [illegible] compared [illegible] *tional Review* we grant this [illegible] seen no evidence [illegible] in Maher's handling [illegible] lects scalps from all denom[illegible] favoritism expresses itself [illegible] er rapport with fellow [illegible] Seinfeld and Larry Mill[illegible]

par conservative performance on *P.I.*—the flat champagne of Arianna Huffington, the homespun dumb-cluck utterances of Celeste Greig (a heavily accented Republican Dr. Ruth type whose solution to rape is "cut the penis"), the one-note talking points of the leggy neutron-blonde Laura Ingraham clones—is the product of a self-inflicted lobotomy. It reflects the larger brain drain of the conservative movement, which can't count on even Rush Limbaugh to rouse the choir. They're all punched out. Bill Clinton's marshmallow persona has absorbed their every blow, leaving no imprint, and their arm-weariness has migrated to their heads. So they sit and sulk.

Bill Maher's politics aren't bleeding-heart liberal, they're throbbing-boner libertarian. According to an article in *U.S. News & World Report,* Maher was an English major at Cornell whose favorite book was *Heart of Darkness,* yet he confesses that he hasn't read a book in years, and that his "shelves feature not Conrad but bound volumes of *Playboy.*" Bound volumes of *Playboy*! Now, there's class with a capital *K*. The library defines the man. For Bill Maher is the last of the *Playboy* philosophers, a bachelor-pad neo-retro surveyor of human folly. He aspires to the velvet smoking jacket and pipe. Like Hugh Hefner's Playboy Philosophy, an epicurean manifesto published in endless installments in *Playboy* as a response to the shiny-utensil puritanism of the Eisenhower era, Maher proudly stands on his hind legs for individual freedom in the private sphere (pro-porn) and prudent restraint in the public sphere (pro–gun control). Or as he proclaimed in a *Politically Incorrect* intro, "Now, I'm not recommending excessive drinking, illegal drugs, and fast women—although they've always worked for me—but isn't America all about at least having the choice?"

Individual choice—that's what it's all about. And some choices are more individual than others. *Entertainment Weekly* reported that Maher has been ru[illegible]d to swing solo on the set of his [illegible]sturbating in his dressing room [illegible]broadcast, a regular Alexander [illegible]ock first, then duck). It's a [illegible]halfheartedly acknowledges. [illegible]sure I have," he told the [illegible]ouldn't say it's a ritual. I [illegible]been horny and had to relieve ourselves, but it's not like 'Oh, it's 5:10, I don't want to be disturbed for the next 8½ minutes.'" One showbiz legend making the rounds is that Maher's faithful partner during these interludes is an airline pillow. Is it a different pillow each time, or a "special" pillow? Any particular airline? And what becomes of the pillow? Are there tongs big enough to carry it away? . . . Maher is also said to use abusive language about and toward women, referring to them by their body parts. He either has intimacy issues or is, as one former guest phrased it for me, "a pre-eminent jerk."

*I'm sick of people saying they're sick of the [O.J.] trial. It's like saying you don't masturbate. OK, but you're really missing something good.*

—Bill Maher, "20 Questions," *Playboy* (October 1995).

When Hefner began pecking the Playboy Philosophy at the typewriter in the royal self-exile of the Huysmans-like chamber of his mansion in Chicago, swigging Pepsi in his bathrobe and keeping a vampire's hours, Enlightenment dandies like him still believed in criminal rehabilitation, racial harmony, and the eradication of poverty—in the perfectibility of man. There was no Original Sin, no evil, only ancient taboos and entrenched mental errors. Repression and irrational fear were blocking us from our rightful inheritance as free beings. Once we rid ourselves of Judeo-Christian hang-

## "*Politically Incorrect* is pre-Carson in its sensibility."

ups and grooved unto each other in fleshly delight, we would become rational instruments of joy—citizen-swingers, capable of mixing the perfect martini and keeping the next-door neighbor's wife purring as the talk turns to Dag Hammarskjöld and the challenges facing the U.N. All Americans would become what John Updike's 60s characters wished they could be—sophisticated philanderers, with no old religion to ruin the fun.

In the decades since Hefner formulated his philosophy, the dream of a better America through orgasm has lost its satin sheen. Guilt-free promiscuity didn't transform everyone into nymphs and satyrs, but resulted in busted marriages and dazed, questing offspring (Poster Child: Katie Roiphe). Drugs didn't usher an army of angels through the doors of perception, but sent Hendrix, Joplin,

Jim Morrison, Lenny Bruce, and lots of lesser-knowns into the morgue or out of their minds. Love beads and peace signs accessorized the sick vibes of Altamont and the Manson family. Crude, unbridled self-expression led to the needy narcissism of the Me Decade and eventually to Tom Arnold getting his own sitcom. Hedonism today isn't Hef holding forth in the hot tub, it's Charlie Sheen bouncing senseless off rock-candy mountains of silicone.

Maher has witnessed this human debris and has no illusions. His work as a comedian is based on the premise that Man (and by Man, I mean "most white guys") is not a sun-blessed creature evolving toward perfection, but an incorrigible spud whose sneaky nature and base appetites haven't changed since Chaucer, Rabelais, and Shakespeare's Falstaff. In *Seinfeld* terms, we are all Newman: avidly up to no good. Maher's pleasure principle is based on private choice, not part of a progressive social package. His is a tough-love hedonism that refuses to be guilt-tripped, to use a 60s term, by moans and groans on behalf of those less fortunate or able. He who wins the catbird seat has earned sole occupancy. Maher believes that in an imperfect world you've got to cut your losses. (Or as guest Dennis Miller put it, thin the herd.) So where the *Playboy* platform is anti-capital-punishment, Maher is pro, breezily observing after the Oklahoma-bombing sentence was delivered, "Tim McVeigh bought the farm, he is gonna fry." When panelist Julianne Malveaux argued that it would be much crueler to leave McVeigh languishing behind bars for life, Maher mentioned that mass murderer Richard Speck partied hearty in prison, dressing in women's clothes and doing drugs. "He was having better nights than I have," Jon Stewart complained.

*When we elected Bill Clinton, we knew what we were getting: a talented politician who took a big bite out of life—all parts of life. . . . Those who continue to whine about President Sex Machine should just shut up.*

—Bill Maher, opening monologue, *Politically Incorrect* (May 6, 1994).

While his mannerisms mimic Johnny Carson's, Bill Maher expresses a deeper affinity in his *P.I.* monologues. He has assumed the characteristics of the presidency that has defined his show, and morphed into a junior, compact Bill Clinton. Both are playboys at heart. (In another monologue, Maher said, "The man is president, after all, and if he can't get some decent tail, what hope is there for the rest of us?") Both are pro-capital-punishment, pro-choice, post-traditional-liberalism, take-responsibility types. The difference is one of personal outreach. Clinton's core ambition is clothed in soft, Elvis-y, mother-coddled flesh. Politics for him is more than power, it's a love mission. In an essay entitled "Moist Eyes—From Rousseau to Clinton" in *The Public Interest* (Summer 1997), the political scientist Clifford Orwin posits a continuum from the cult of compassion and sincerity created by Jean-Jacques Rousseau—"Rousseau was the first to teach that we need be embarrassed neither to display our sufferings nor to witness such displays by others"—to the sensitive-guy bathos of Clinton, who transmits his liberalism bodily, conducting the healing process one hug at a time.

No one will accuse Maher of milking sentiment with moist eyes. His eyes are dry and unsparing. His heart is a tough nut to crack, except in the case of animal rights—"No more hunting, no more killing animals or mistreating them, period," he told *Playboy*. Clinton, all appetite, is oral, Maher anal. Maher's tight fix on himself works to his benefit on *P.I.* Since the comedy of our era is essentially anal-sadistic (the best example being *The Larry Sanders Show*—last season's celebrity roast for Larry was *La Grande Bouffe* of anal humor), Maher not only is in sync with such hostility but expresses and embodies a Clinton-without-apologies—a Clinton unbound. His motto might be "Feel your own damned pain." When a guest solemnly invoked the slain children of the Oklahoma bombing, Maher said sarcastically, "Oh, stop with the babies. I know, I know . . . " And he was tonally right—the guest was using Dead Children as a rhetorical device. On another show, the novelist and travel writer Paul Theroux, whose suave prose has always curved like a blade to a pointed sneer, espoused the hope that the execution of Timothy McVeigh would make him a martyr. "Yeah, make him a martyr. Then when all these people come out of the woodwork saying, 'What did you do to Tim?'—machine-gun them." Maher had finally met his misanthropic match.

Bill Maher has grown in office on *Politically Incorrect,* or at least settled into the chair. When he was on Comedy Central, he tended to hold sitting filibusters and dictate the course of the conversation; more secure now (success smooths a lot of creases), he lets the guests have some to-and-fro without elbowing in to remind them who's the star. His sly confidence becomes even more apparent when you compare *Politically Incorrect* with programs that try to copy its success. CNBC's Charles Grodin recently rejiggered his talk show to a floating-panel concept (some guests in the studio, some via satellite), and the result is static and grim, like watching a hostage situation unfold among the formerly famous. (To paraphrase Sartre, Hell is other has-beens.) MSNBC has brought forth a litter of puppy pundits, who seem to be modeling sweaters for the J. Crew catalogue as they huddle around a table and fill dead air with deader air. Only Maher has kept the electricity going. It'd be nice if he were a nicer person, but unlike Jay Leno, he never campaigned to be our pal. As a fellow comic said of Maher. "If you can come into your own, even if it's despicable, it's part of the journey." □

"Even on *Crossfire,* they can't work up the old hothead froth."



**SQUAWKING HEADS: Bill Maher, center, chairs a typically eclectic *Politically Incorrect* panel—from left, Fox News chief Roger Ailes, MTV's Kennedy, actor Tom Arnold, and political consultant Bob Beckel.**

LARRY BUSACCA


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SPLIT DECISION? New York's First Couple, Rudy Giuliani and Donna Hanover, in 1993. Four years later, their mysterious marriage is the biggest unreported story in New York.

# THE GHOST AND MR. GIULIANI

## New York City's newspapers and TV stations knew that the marriage of Rudy Giuliani and Donna Hanover was in trouble and that the mayor's wife was AWOL. Why didn't the public?

**BY JENNET CONANT**

It was Friday [illegible] night last December should [illegible] been one of the happiest of Donna Hanover's life, a chance to escape her role as First Lady of New York and enjoy the [illegible] publicity of a Hollywood [illegible] ing. At 46, she was not only a popular New York TV reporter, she was also a late-blooming actress celebrating her well-received performance as evangelist [illegible] Stapleton in *The People vs.* [illegible] controversial Miloš For- [illegible] new, softer haircut and a short skirt that showed off her figure, Hanover had never looked better.

She had invited members of the media to the after-party thrown by *George* magazine. Dan Rather, Norman Mailer, and Regis Philbin were among the 75 celebrities filling Sony's Madison Av-



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enue screening room, which had been transformed into a Christmas scene replete with tiny silvered trees. John Kennedy Jr. congratulated the First Lady for proving that it's never too late to become a movie star.

Conspicuously absent from the festivities was Hanover's husband, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. His deputy mayor Randy Mastro later said the couple had "made a joint decision" that Giuliani would not attend, because he didn't want to upstage his wife. In fact, Giuliani and Hanover—she'd already dropped "Giuliani" from her surname—appeared to be avoiding each other, as suggested by Hanover's brief speech that night, in which she thanked her agents and publicist for "helping me get through these last two difficult years."

The next week, Hanover passed on the mayor's Christmas party for city workers, even though her name was on the invitation. That same week, she skipped the opportunity to introduce her husband at the annual holiday mixer for the City Hall press corps at Gracie Mansion. And when the mayoral Christmas cards went out, Hanover's name was missing.

Hanover later bowed out of the annual Inner Circle show, in which the mayor and the media roast each other with musical numbers. One skit that night parodied the tirade by Jane Fonda (Mrs. Ted Turner), who had attacked Hanover for carrying water for her boss, Rupert Murdoch, in the city's cable-TV wars. "I noticed you've dropped the 'Giuliani,'" said the Fonda character. To which the Hanover look-alike responded, "Wouldn't you?"

What if the wife of a powerful big-city mayor begins publicly snubbing her husband on the eve of his bid for a second term? What if she skips his staff birthday party, as well as his most recent major fund-raiser? What if she stops using his name and informs friends and colleagues that she will not be contributing in any way to his re-election campaign—even though taxpayers are footing the bill for her housing, food, transportation, and four-person staff?

Is it news? Anywhere, it seems, but in New York, where [illegible] immensely popular mayor has all but silenced [illegible] New York press corps through pure intimidation. Even members of the mayor's own staff are questioning the objectivity and independence of the local media, which seems content to sit on the marriage story until it's broken elsewhere. Insiders make the point that in New York the presses are owned by businessmen with substantial real-estate interests—and they concede that Giuliani is notoriously vindictive.

It has been a summer of scandals and sensational stories about sexual and marital misbehavior. In Washington, President Clinton is still fending off charges of sexual harassment from Paula Jones; in Boston, Congressman Joe Kennedy is running for governor while attempting to control the damage done by his ex-wife's tell-all book.

For two years, rumors about the 53-year-old mayor's close relationship with his controversial 32-year-old communications director, Cristyne Lategano and their late-night dinners at Jim McMullen's and Frank's, two of Giuliani's favorite restaurants—have been the talk of New York's media and political circles. Gossip columns make coy insinuations about the goings-on at Gracie Mansion, where Lategano is rumored to have usurped Hanover at every turn; one item even suggested that Hanover had decamped to the Beresford, an apartment building across Central Park from the mayor's residence. Virtually every publication in the city has devoted time and resources to checking the status of the Giulianis' marriage. Neighborhood residents joke about all the nights that reporters have spent camped out in Carl Schurz Park, which surrounds Gracie Mansion, trying to determine the truth about where the First Lady sleeps. (Hanover's friends maintain that the most she has ever done is spend the occasional night at a friend's house.)

The situation is so out of hand that when word spread last fall that Hanover had returned to 444 East 86th Street, the modern high-rise where the Giulianis still own their pre-mayoral apartment, droves of reporters descended on the building. Tenants were pestered about Hanover, and the uniformed doorman says he had to call the police to have a *Daily News* crew removed from the lobby. "What is this—a Princess Di and Charles thing?" he asks. "Are they supposed to have split?"

**"Thank you," Hanover said last December to her agents and publicist, for "helping me get through these last two difficult years."**



**HANOVER THE TROPHY: Giuliani presents an award to Hanover at the New York State Broadcasters conference in 1988. Hanover was then a popular New York TV anchor; Giuliani was contemplating his first mayoral campaign.**

This year, the divorce hysteria reached an absurd apotheosis of sorts on the morning of March 4, when Giuliani's office accidentally sent out an advisory that the mayor would be making a "personal announcement" at 11 A.M. Reporters and editors all over town scrambled to prepare their stories on the "Big D." An hour later, an amended version went out—reporters were advised to expect a "personnel" announcement. In late June, when the *Daily News* reported that *Vanity Fair* was working on this article, it triggered a chain of events that put the media on red alert that an "affair story" was about to break; it also put intense pressure on the mayor's office to issue a public statement about the Giuliani marriage.

"It's pretty clear from everything I've written what's going on here," says Leonard Levitt, a veteran reporter at *Newsday*, which has published some of

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the most daring reports on the nature of Giuliani's relationship with Lategano, noting the way it has exacerbated relations between City Hall and the Police Department and alienated many of Giuliani's best advisers. Levitt has reported on, among other things: a Sunday afternoon when Giuliani and Lategano went clothes shopping; a hidden passageway at City Hall that connects her basement office directly to his; and an evening when Lategano danced on the bar at a popular nightspot called Hogs & Heifers, where she "pulled her bra off through her sleeve."





**GRACIE UNDER PRESSURE** ***Above,*** **the First Couple relaxing in Puerto Rico with Caroline and Andrew on November 11, 1993–a week after Giuliani's mayoral victory.** ***Right,*** **Gracie Mansion, where Hanover and Giuliani now dine separately.**

But that's about the extent of the reporting on the mayor's marriage—an odd circumstance, given that New York is home to seven brutally competitive local newscasts, three major tabloids, *The New York Times,* two weekly magazines, the insurgent *Village Voice,* and the media-obsessed *New York Observer.* With Giuliani remaining ahead of Democratic challenger Ruth Messenger—at least 10 points by midsummer—he seems a shoo-in for re-election. Even his political foes acknowledge that Giuliani has upheld his campaign pledges to improve city services, clean up the streets, and, above all, reduce the crime rate—which is now at a 27-year low. Giuliani is also credited with nursing New York's once flagging economy into its current upswing. By and large, he seems firmly in control of a city that was widely thought ungovernable only a few years ago.

Details about the mayor's domestic drama would not pose a major threat to his job, but still the media remains curiously silent. "If you crossed out 'Giuliani' and put in 'Clinton,' this would all be in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post,* chapter and verse, and the week after that *Time* and *Newsweek,*" says John Miller, a reporter at WNBC in New York. Miller worked as New York police commissioner William Bratton's deputy commissioner for public information for little more than a year before being forced out by Giuliani, who has proved adept at keeping unflattering news out of the media through sheer intimidation. "They've [illegible] reporters. The way they did this [illegible] if you printed anything you couldn't swear to on a stack of Bibles, they'd call up and scream at the owner. It's scared a lot of people."

**"If you crossed out 'Giuliani' and put in 'Clinton,'" says WNBC's John Miller, "this would all be in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post.*"**

[illegible] police source accurately [illegible] of the situation. "The New York [illegible] corps—the elite of the elite—are the cowardly lions in this story," the source says. "They allowed the story to be shaped by the mayor's office. . . . This is a real indictment of the New York press corps."

In 1982, when Giuliani met Hanover, he was an ambitious associate attorney general in Washington and a rising star on President Reagan's drug task force; she was a pretty California blonde with degrees from Stanford and the Columbia School of Journalism and a promising career as a television anchor in Miami. They were set up on a blind date by Michael Shaheen, another Justice Department official. Donna Hanover, whose maiden name is Kofnovec, had been divorced from writer Stanley Hanover. She was initially wary because Giuliani had his secretary make the call. At the time, he was separated from his first wife, Regina Peruggi. The rocky, childless 14-year marriage had been marred by his workaholism and several separations. During the final separation, in the early 80s, Giuliani was considered a highly eligible bachelor in Washington.

But three weeks after meeting Hanover, Giuliani told her he was in love. Six weeks later, he proposed. In 1984, they were married in a Catholic church. (Giuliani had his first marriage annulled, saying he mistakenly thought Peruggi was his third cousin—a claim at least one relative disputes. Peruggi, who is Giuliani's second cousin, went on to become president of Marymount Manhattan College.)

By then Giuliani had been named U.S. attorney in New York and was on his way to becoming one of the toughest, most self-aggrandizing prosecutors in New York history. The conviction of arbitrage king Ivan Boesky, the skillful use of federal racketeering laws against the Mafia, aggressive campaigns against stock fraud—all made headlines and burnished his image as a kind of modern-day Eliot Ness. Meanwhile, an adoring press tended to gloss over his reputation for beating other law-enforcement agencies to press conferences, engaging in vitriolic verbal attacks on critics, and picking on small prey for sheer publicity value.

When Giuliani first ran for mayor, in 1989, the photogenic Hanover was credited with humanizing the candidate's image as a coldhearted enforcer. (She "de-

TOP, BY LAURA MAGRUDER. BOTTOM, BY KEN SAWCHUK

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frosts him every time she giggles," one reporter later observed.) Television ads showed Giuliani romping in Central Park with her and their three-year-old son, Andrew. An anchor at WPIX-TV, Hanover was as energetic and ambitious as her husband, and they struck those around them then as a good match. "They were absolutely in love," says a close friend, adding, "Rudy was very much a devoted dad then."

But he was an unsuccessful candidate, having lost to David Dinkins by a slim 2 percent margin. It was a bitter defeat for Giuliani, who had confided to his college sweetheart his greatest ambition—to become the first Italian-American president of the United States. He bided his time at two law firms.

When Giuliani decided to run again in 1993, Hanover played an even more prominent role. In a marked departure from his first campaign, the macho, crime-busting candidate now often responded to criticism through his charismatic wife, who was always by his side on the campaign trail. She was part of his inner circle, along with a close friend from Giuliani's undergraduate days at Manhattan College, Peter Powers, who would become deputy mayor; David Garth, his campaign manager; and Richard Bryers, his communications director. He depended on Hanover, an experienced journalist, to help him handle the media. When Giuliani taped an important Barbara Walters interview after he had taken office, Hanover called the shots. "She was running the show," recalls an ABC assistant producer, "coaching him to smile more and interrupting the taping and calling over the makeup people when she thought the sweat was appearing on his brow."

Hanover stepped up her presence at City Hall. By now she had two children—daughter Caroline had been born in 1989—and Hanover was juggling the increasing demands of being a mother and a political wife. While she continued to work [illegible] for the Food Network and teaching a course in journalism at New York University she [illegible] her career. "She [illegible] be her own person, [illegible] elected and before [illegible] trouble," says a close [illegible] league. "Whatever she [illegible] wife, it has hurt her career [illegible] has helped it."

In the first months after Giuliani took office, Hanover often attended high-level meetings at City Hall. But according to a number of Giuliani's former staff members, Hanover's role was soon diminished by the rapid rise of mayoral spokeswoman Cristyne Lategano, who had become, at the very least, the mayor's closest friend and confidante. The 28-year-old Rutgers graduate had worked for Maryland congresswoman Helen Delich Bentley and, before that, on the 1992 Bush campaign. She had been hired by Bryers as his assistant during the mayoral race. When Bryers abruptly decided to return to Washington after the election, Lategano became press secretary while they looked for a new communications director.

Although Lategano was hardly qualified to be a government spokesperson, she had the one quality the mayor valued above all—loyalty. According to former staffers, she openly idolized him. During the campaign she proved herself to be indefatigable, enthusiastic, and hardworking. Giuliani was not overly concerned about her ability to communicate with the press, in part because he intended to do all the communicating himself. So Lategano was given the title of press secretary, if not the salary: Giuliani knocked the position's pay down to $77,000.

**"Lategano is the Eve Harrington of New York politics," says a former mayoral aide.**

Lategano was young, inexperienced, and in over her head. Only weeks into the job, the press office was in chaos. Reporters were howling about her incompetence, ignorance, arrogance, and rudeness. They were enraged at the way she ripped into them over any statement she did not like or deem sufficiently flattering to the mayor. Many members of Giuliani's own cabinet thought she was a mistake and suggested replacing her—or, at the very least, getting her a boss.

"I did not think she was qualified to be the press secretary, and my opinion [illegible] changed," says Garth, who interviewed [illegible] experienced candidates [illegible] months—only to have [illegible] turn down. Garth remigrated with the mayor over Lategano a number of times, but by late fall it was Garth, a key architect of Giuliani's election, who had left. "I told him what I felt—it wasn't an acrimonious thing," says Garth, who would comment only on the record. "I don't want to work anywhere I'm not comfortable. I don't want to get involved in situations where the lines aren't clear. I have no problems with Rudy. I'll vote for him."

Aside from the attacks on her competence and personality, Lategano had been named in a City Hall scandal involving staffers who had received rent reductions from William Koeppel, a wealthy developer and Giuliani campaign contributor. The "Hotel Koeppel" scandal prompted nasty headlines. It turned out that Lategano, who'd briefly dated Koeppel in 1993, had accepted a number of expensive gifts from him; now her conduct was being reviewed by the city's Department of Investigations, which turned the case over to the Conflict of Interest Board.

Several papers were working on stories about Lategano, and the situation was so sensitive that by July 1994, she took a week's vacation. The press office, already dysfunctional, was now virtually disabled. Peter Powers brought in Jacqueline Barnathan, a former television producer, as a deputy press secretary. The mayor went along with Powers in order to mollify the cabinet members who were pushing him to hire a seasoned communications director.

Under siege on all fronts, Lategano found any excuse to be out of the press office; instead, she spent most of her time traveling with Giuliani in "the ice-cream truck," the white Chevy Suburban with blacked-out windows Giuliani uses to get around the city. Lategano appeared to have discovered that her survival depended on her proximity to power, and she was always by the mayor's side. She was intensely ambitious, and in the heady first days of the administration would talk admiringly of Mary Matalin, George Bush's skilled adviser and spokeswoman; one day Lategano hoped to run Jack Kemp's campaign for presidency. But for now she was entirely focused on her boss and their mutual enemies.

"They were together 20 out of 24 hours a day," says a former aide, who often spotted Giuliani and Lategano huddling in the Gracie Mansion library well after midnight. "She brought out the

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worst in him—the anger at his opponents. She had a tendency to play into his worst instincts and paranoid impulses." According to a high-level police source, whenever Giuliani "went ballistic" over a critical newspaper story, Lategano "would get him riled up about Bratton and deflect the anger away from her."

"She could crank him up," says John Miller, who grew close to Lategano when he went to work in Bratton's press office. Still, Miller defends Lategano as an intense, driven foot soldier along the lines of the Holly Hunter character in *Broadcast News*. "She's not a bitch," says Miller, "but her role model is an autocratic, totally insecure, paranoid guy who can't control his own anger. Had she worked for Koch or Cuomo, she would have developed into a perfectly fine press person. She is one of those rare people who can work 23 hours a day, and reflects the leadership of her role model. The trouble is her role model is Captain Queeg instead of Admiral Nelson."

Miller's view is charitable, considering the part Lategano played in getting him fired—and in exacerbating tensions between Giuliani and Bratton, which eventually led to the popular police commissioner's resignation. Miller and Lategano forged a close friendship beginning in the spring of 1994; their collegiality helped bridge what Miller calls the "trust gap" between City Hall and the Police Department, thus making both their jobs easier. Crime was down, Bratton and the mayor were on a roll—and, for the time being, sharing the limelight.

Lategano, however, was not so sanguine. Miller says job stress often caused her to burst into tears at her desk or in a restaurant; she complained that everyone was out to get her, that they were blaming all the bad press and spin problems on her. By lending her a shoulder to cry on, Miller believed, he could advance his own cause and that of the mayor, to whom quick access to City Hall was vital. Unfortunately, he failed to anticipate the mayor's possessiveness toward Lategano—or what extraordinary measures he would take to protect a perceived rival.

During her first year at City Hall, Lategano had a personal life of her own. She fell hard for Joe Rose, a handsome, wealthy lawyer who was chairman of the City Planning Commission and is now married. When Rose proved elusive, she briefly dated *Daily News* reporter Michael Lewittes. As Lategano's office hours grew longer, she began hanging out at Elaine's with Miller—whom, colleagues believe, she used to make Rose jealous.

While it is widely rumored that Miller and Lategano were dating, he says they were merely "good friends" who shared the same crazy work schedule. "We were seen together a lot," he says, shrugging. "We went to dinner together, we went drinking together at Elaine's, we ran together and trained for the marathon together. I would pick her up in the morning and drop her off at night. When you do that, people talk and I can't stop them from doing that."

**"She brought out the worst in him," a former Giuliani aide says of Lategano. "She had a tendency to play into his worst impulses."**



**FIRST LADY IN WAITING? The mayor's reviled spokeswoman, Cristyne Lategano, at her desk in March 1994—seven months before her alleged affair with Giuliani is said to have begun.**

Rumors intensified after an infamous embrace in the City Hall rotunda on December 23, 1994. Lategano ran up to Miller and jumped into his arms, wrapping her legs around him; he playfully [illegible] und twice in the air before [illegible]er down. Miller says it was simply a high-spirited farewell before the [illegible]ys the mayor, who later went "nuts [illegible] occasion, Miller [illegible] a rage after [illegible]d Miller had

City Hall insiders claim Lategano knew exactly what she was doing and used Miller to solidify her own position by stoking the mayor's jealousy. "She proceeded to egg on Rudy's anger, concentrating on the Rudy-Bratton rivalry," says a former aide. "She told the mayor all about Bratton's private polling and growing popularity—all the talk between her and John. . . . She's the Eve Harrington of New York politics."

The situation only heightened tensions between Bratton and Giuliani. Their rivalry had grown so intense that when the mayor learned that the 150th-anniversary parade for the Police Department was scheduled to take place on Bratton's birthday—a New York paper called the festivities "Bratton's Bash"—he canceled the event.

By January, the hostilities had escalated to an all-out war. The mayor's office informed Miller he was never to deal directly with Lategano in the future. (Dinners at Elaine's were also forbidden to the mayor's staff—it was a Bratton-Miller stronghold.) Then, according to Miller, Giuliani tried to fire him, but couldn't, because he was part of Bratton's staff; instead, the mayor's office announced that Bratton's press office was overstaffed and needed to be cut. "I was told to transfer half my staff, and then I was told to transfer all of my staff," says Miller. "Bratton's reaction was 'We're all quitting. He's not going to tell me to transfer people in my Police Department. I run the shop over here.'" In the end, Miller fell on his sword to spare his boss. He resigned on February 10. Just over a year later, two months after Bratton was dubbed "One Good Apple" on the cover of *Time*, he too would be squeezed out.

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pened (and perhaps to spite Garth and his other critics), Giuliani promoted Lategano to communications director and gave her a large raise (to $103,000) and a prime office—the one adjoining his in the basement of City Hall. In January 1996, her salary would be raised to $124,000.

Lategano's rapid ascent sparked a firestorm of rumors and speculation at City Hall. "It was an unnatural relationship," says a former Giuliani staff member. "And I mean by that not normal or professional, in that her value to the mayor clearly went beyond her qualifications or expertise. They were very chummy, intimate. They touched in a way you wouldn't normally touch a co-worker."

By March 1995 the mayor's relationship with Lategano had become more visible; stories began circulating about the extraordinary amount of time they spent alone together—the private Saturday-morning meetings, the late-night dinners at McMullen's. The relationship had reportedly developed during the difficult months in the fall of '94, when Giuliani made the most important and controversial decision of his career: to back Democrat Mario Cuomo for governor over the Republican candidate, George Pataki. Giuliani was already a major Republican star, and had had his eye on Alfonse D'Amato's Senate seat. On October 24, he announced he was coming out for Cuomo.

"I attended a dinner party at which I saw vividly Cristyne's great value to the mayor," says legal consultant Wendeen Eolis, a friend and adviser to Giuliani for more than 15 years. "Her loyalty was evident. She had bonded with him and seemed to provide enormous support at a time when many people, including friends and political colleagues, were critical of his de[illegible]"

When Giuliani sta[illegible]ed campaigning for Republican candi[illegible]tes around the country, he and Latega[illegible] together to political even[illegible] city. Several of the for[illegible] viewed for this story [illegible] tober 1994, during a se[illegible] and weekend campaign trips [illegible] gia, Michigan, and Massachusetts, mayor's relationship with Lategano became intimate. Later that winter, Giuliani's security detail heard an extra pair of footsteps in his bedroom one afternoon. Giuliani assured the guards that he was fine, adding, "It's just Cristyne."



LEGAL AIDE
By 1995, Giuliani and Lategano (right, at a parade in Brooklyn) were inseparable. They traveled together on business and often dined together late at night. Frustrated colleagues complained that she was feeding him flawed, self-serving advice.



**"They touched in a way you wouldn't normally touch a co-worker," a former mayoral staff member says of Giuliani and Lategano.**

By then everyone in the mayor's office felt tension between Hanover and Lategano. At a high-level cabinet meeting in November 1994, Peter Powers spearheaded one more drive to persuade Giuliani to hire a competent communications director. This time Han[illegible]ver joined Powers, and Giuliani re[illegible]ly promised to take it under con[illegible]. Meantime, the First Lady re[illegible] made it clear she never wanted to be in the same place as Lategano, [illegible]wo were never scheduled to [illegible] the same political events. If [illegible] made a last-minute appear[illegible]ategano would disappear. One day, when it was suddenly announced that Hanover would be attending a speech her husband was giving at the Wharton Club, Lategano bolted out of the van at an intersection, mumbling, "I gotta go, I gotta go."

There were also increasing signs of strain within the Giulianis' marriage. Hanover was attending fewer and fewer events, and then stopped altogether. After a flurry of rumors, she would briefly reemerge. Husband and wife were reportedly eating almost all their meals separately, with the mayor dining alone or with Lategano. Screaming fights were occasionally overheard by aides working at Gracie Mansion over the weekend. "Behind closed doors, she would rip his head off," says a former employee. "She was not afraid of him. She wore the pants in private."

On Father's Day 1995, incensed that Giuliani had gone to work instead of staying home with his family, Hanover apparently headed down to City Hall. The mayor's aides reportedly corralled her in an office and said Giuliani was in a meeting. When the mayor finally emerged, Hanover was reportedly in a rage. For several on the mayor's staff, this became the unofficial breaking point.

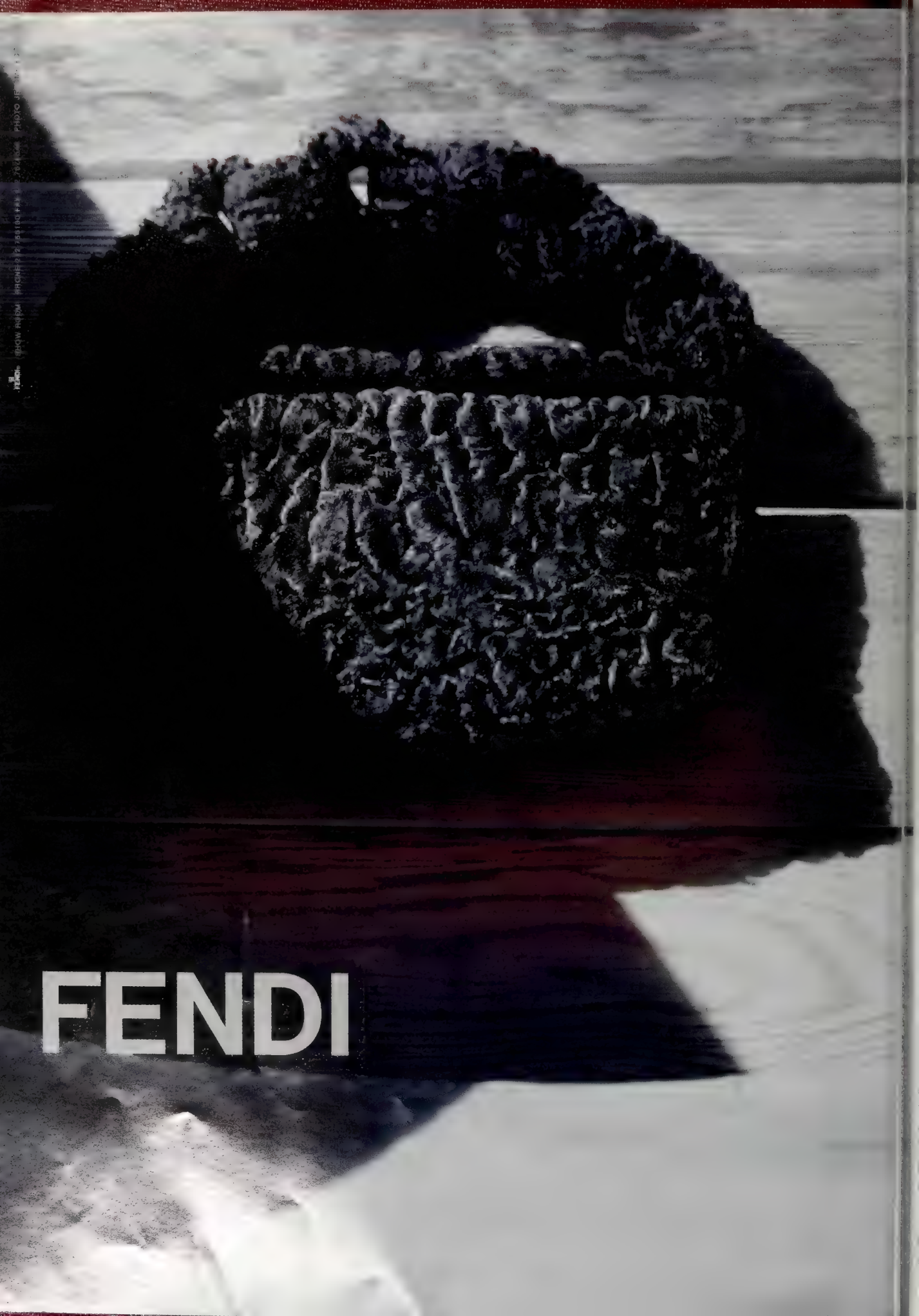
Hanover was CONTINUED ON PAGE 169

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164 bothered less by the rumors of her husband's infidelity than by the way Lategano had usurped her position, according to City Hall insiders. She had always played a key role at the mayor's office and now she was being frozen out. Hanover was in the embarrassing position of living at Gracie Mansion and being totally uninformed about the city government. To some, it appeared that Giuliani was punishing her for pressing him to get rid of Lategano.

By July, rumors had it that someone was going to break the affair story. When WCBS attempted to reach Giuliani for comment on a story about the stalled municipal government, the mayor was incommunicado. "There were no photo ops, and city commissioners couldn't see him," recalls Jerry Nachman, who ran WCBS at the time. "They were literally in Def Con Two mode."

It looked as if it was all going to come to a head in September 1995, when *New York* magazine ran a cover story about Lategano headlined THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MAYOR. The story, by contributing editor Craig Horowitz, reported that tabloids had been hinting at an "extra-professional relationship" between the mayor and his sharp-tongued spokeswoman, then followed the claim with a raft of denials. The mayor's office said the rumors were sexism at its worst. And Lategano denied the charge, calling it "vicious, false, hurtful, insulting, degrading, demeaning."

Days later, Lategano reportedly planted a story in the *New York Post*'s "Page Six" gossip column that identified several sources for the cover story including Wendeen Eolis, who had left Giuliani and became first assistant to Governor Pataki for a year. Less than a week after the *Post* item appeared, the *Daily News* began reporting a story revealing that Lategano, among others, was behind the item—but the article was never published.

"The only comments I made for the *New York* story were those that were attributed directly to me as on-the-record quotes," says Eolis, all of whose quotes in this article are on the record. "If Cristyne was behind the 'Page Six' story, it was an unfortunate escapade. The item was unbecoming to Cristyne's position and was unworthy of a mayor who has contributed significantly to my life and all New Yorkers."

Normally, the *New York* story would have provided the local papers with a journalistic "fig leaf"—the editorial justification they needed to rush out with their own stories about the nature of the mayor's relationship with Lategano. But the *New York* story was met with resounding silence. Dominic Carter, a young reporter for the fledgling NY1 cable news network, confronted the mayor about the rumors. At a crowded news conference in Suffolk County, Giuliani excoriated Carter for crossing the line.

"If you had any decency, you wouldn't ask that question," Giuliani said. "But your profession has sunk to such a low level of decency that you feel compelled to ask that question." After ranting for another minute or so, Giuliani flatly denied the rumors, saying, "No, I'm not, but it's really outrageous that you ask it." Reporters peppered Giuliani with questions about his terrible relations with the press until one of his aides cut them off.

"I had heard the rumors for months and I thought that it was relevant," says Carter, who received mixed feedback from his colleagues after the press conference. He emphasizes that he never would have pursued the story if he had not been able to independently confirm the rumors with his own sources. "When he portrays his image as that of a family-values mayor and his conduct is to the contrary, it's an issue," he says, adding that, in light of Hanover's disappearance from the campaign trail, he feels "fully vindicated."

**Giuliani was "literally in Def Con Two mode" after the affair rumors began circulating, says former *New York Post* editor Jerry Nachman.**

Since then, City Hall reporters have been tripping over one another in their race to be second. At a going-away party for Time Warner new-media editor Paul Sagan in late December of last year, word quickly spread that the Giulianis had split and that the *Daily News* was going with the story. This caused a stampede of reporters out the door, including Joyce Purnick of *The New York Times*.

The *Daily News* article never appeared. According to the story circulating in the City Hall pressroom, Giuliani called *Daily News* publisher Mortimer Zuckerman to say that Hanover had returned by the week's end, everything was fine, end of story. Literally. *Daily News* managing editor Arthur Browne denies the story. "No such thing ever took place," he snaps. "Nothing remotely like that."

In February, after City Hall refused to provide Hanover's schedule, the *Daily News* resurrected a column called the "Donna Watch." The paper filed a Freedom of Information request for her schedule, and nasty items began to appear in print. *Daily News* stories have noted that the First Lady's four-person staff costs the city $165,000 a year, and that she was chauffeured to her Fox job by a "Police Department–paid driver." Others have made sport of Hanover's Gracie Mansion lunches with media and Hollywood figures, and her acting career, which has largely included bit parts in films such as *Ransom*.

Then again, Hanover is hardly the first political wife with her own career ambitions—a point noted only by an out-of-town paper, the *Los Angeles Times*. In March, reporter Josh Getlin wrote a long feature headlined RING AROUND THE RUMORS. "New York press hounds are hot on a story that can't be verified—that the mayor's marriage has gone south. But it's the first lady who's being scorched." In the article, Browne defended the "Donna Watch" and said that Hanover "refused to answer our questions, so it's a story. It's basic newspaper journalism." Then again, a much larger story was still going unreported.

From a journalistic point of view, perhaps the most interesting mayoral story was *The New York Times*'s much-anticipated profile of Hanover last December. The story, titled "The First Lady Moves Away from Dutiful Wife Role," purports to be simply about Hanover's renewed emphasis on her career; in fact, it is a study in double entendres and cleverly coded messages about "having a life of her own"—all guaranteed to communicate to other reporters and alert readers that there is more going on here than meets the eye. But there is no indication in the article that reporter Elisabeth Bumiller ever directly asked Hanover about the marital rumors or her alleged complicity in

maintaining a united front while using City Hall staff and connections to foster a postdivorce career.

Nevertheless, *Times* reporters proudly took credit for reporting the news of the Giulianis' "separation," if only for those skilled at reading between the lines. "We have a very important and standard rule about the publication of anonymous, pejorative statements," says *Times* Washington-bureau chief Michael Oreskes, who ran the paper's "Metro" section at the time. Oreskes adds, "We can't just assume everything about a public person's life is fair game, because it isn't and shouldn't be."



**STAGE WIFE: Hanover, who curtailed her journalistic career after Giuliani's election, on-air at the Food Network in 1994 and on-screen with Woody Harrelson in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, in which she played evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton.**



Days after *V.F.*'s interview with Oreskes, *Times* columnist Maureen Dowd asked Giuliani "about the stories suggesting that his marriage will not last past the election." Giuliani responded, "You have to have part of your life that's private." Giuliani and Lategano turned down *V.F.*'s request for an interview.

A week after *Vanity Fair*'s request for [illegible] also declined [illegible] Donna Hanover [illegible] the [illegible] meeting [illegible]

*York* that she would not be participating in any televised campaign ads. A spokeswoman said, "It was Donna's decision, but I have no idea why she made it."

The one-paragraph *New York* item earned the magazine's new editor, Caroline Miller, a sternly worded reproof from the mayor. Miller, who had a previously scheduled meeting with Giuliani that Monday morning to discuss the magazine's coverage of his administration, says the mayor was "forceful" in making his point. "We agreed to disagree about some things, including the merits of gossip columns," she adds.

The next day, July 1, the First Lady gave a brief phone interview to Bumiller at the *Times*. "Moving to quell speculation about the state of her marriage, Hanover said her decision had nothing to do with her relationship with Mr. Giuliani," Bumiller wrote. The article also quoted Hanover's spokesperson as saying that the First Lady "declined political activities to avoid any perceived conflict of interest in my profession."

**"We can't just assume everything about a public person's life is fair game," says Michael Oreskes of *The New York Times*, "because it isn't and shouldn't be."**

The *Times* article did not take issue with this statement, even though Hanover has *never* been allowed to cover anything resembling hard news while her husband has been in office. Which is why she's been employed as a feature correspondent on *Good Day New York*, as an evening anchor on the Food Network, and as celebrity interviewer for *Good Housekeeping*.

This isn't the first time Hanover and Giuliani have tangled with the press. During his unsuccessful 1989 campaign, when Hanover was working as an anchor at WPIX-TV, she ran afoul of [illegible] when she tried to cover politics while campaigning for her husband. The station's management ruled she could not do both, but before the matter was resolved, she went on maternity leave. She then appeared in commercials for her husband while still on the station's payroll. This landed her in hot water again. During his 1993 campaign, Hanover worked at the Food Network. (It seems likely that *Good Day New York* will grant her a leave of absence before the election.)

All in all, though, the couple has enjoyed a relatively easy ride in the media—in part because of the mayor's success and popularity, in part because of his wrath. "The difference between this administration and any administration I have ever known is that they don't sue for peace," says Jerry Nachman, the former WCBS news director. Before that, he was editor of the *New York Post*, and he has felt the mayor's fury more than once. "This is a very vindictive mayor. They call, they yell, they declare war. It's endless. The people in Room 9—the pressroom at City Hall—know they can't get these stories in the paper, not with this kind of mayor and two very friendly, somewhat flaccid publishers."

Most reporters and former City Hall employees interviewed for this story echo Nachman's claim that publishers have gone easy on Giuliani out of financial necessity. Rupert Murdoch, the conservative Australian media mogul who owns the *Post*, has enlisted the mayor's support in his fight to break Time Warner's lock on the multibillion-dollar cable market in New York; Mortimer Zuckerman, the wealthy developer who owns the *Daily News*, also had Giuliani on his side during his ill-fated attempt to build a huge office-and-retail center at the site of the New York Coliseum. "A former publisher told me [this] last summer," Nachman recalls. "'As a guy and a newspaperman, I can't stand him. As a father and a real-estate developer, I want him to stay mayor forever.'"

Murdoch's stake in Giuliani's reelection is so strong that the *Post* is regarded as the mayor's house organ. Murdoch also signs Hanover's checks at *Good Day New York*, which airs on his local Fox station. "Check their tax returns," says Leonard Levitt of *Newsday*, which is owned by the Times Mirror Company,

TOP BY LISA QUINONES

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an organization with no vested interest in Giuliani. "A fifth of their income is being paid by [Murdoch]. For that he's getting pretty good value for his investment."

"The press office at City Hall has done a tremendous job of controlling the news—there's no news but good news," says Hank Sheinkopf, a veteran political operative. He argues that Giuliani's carefully constructed media image could come back to haunt him. "He has positioned himself as the moral defender of the people, as the King of Good—first as prosecutor and then as mayor—and anyone who criticizes him should be ashamed. But if [the romantic rumors are] true, they put a chink in his armor."

Then again, some City Hall insiders aren't so sure that Giuliani's private life deserves such scrutiny. Past mayors, they note, have allegedly carried on affairs that weren't covered by the media. "Everybody's going around saying, 'Why don't they write about this?' Write what?" says David Garth. "It's not like the president, who is facing someone who is taking him to court. No one's doing that here. I don't think anybody's happy about seeing two people we think of as nice and decent who may be going through something that is all too familiar."

There is also the matter of the mayor's immense popularity in New York. "All four papers are going to endorse him editorially," says former mayor Ed Koch, a Democrat who supports Giuliani even though he "deplores" his character. "They believe Giuliani's policies are superior and that four more years of Giuliani will be better for the city. They're laying off him because they love the city."

Giuliani's admirers say that if the mayor has intimidated the rabid New York press, more power to him. "As long as he's doing an excellent job as mayor, the rest is incidental," adds Garth, whose hatred of reporters is legendary. "His job is to get the best press he can, and if he has to bang a few heads to do [illegible]. If you guys don't like it [illegible] to take it."

[illegible] says a recently departed aide, who blames Lategano for exiling their best staff members. "It was amazing how many enemies she made unnecessarily. She was just relentlessly awful to people all the time."

The controversy has been particularly hard on Peter Powers, a respected figure who had been one of Giuliani's most trusted advisers until Lategano entered the picture. Powers resigned as deputy mayor last summer but maintained a relationship with Giuliani until May. He declined to be interviewed for this article—except to confirm that he would not be rejoining the administration in the second term.



**NO LONGER EYE TO EYE: Giuliani and Hanover managed to smile at the 1996 Crystal Apple Awards at Gracie Mansion. But it was a year of fights, recriminations, and swirling rumors in the media.**

"When the smoke clears," John Miller says of the mayor's relationship with Lategano, "I'm dead, Garth is dead, Bratton is dead, Powers is dead, Donna is dead. . . . You look at this pile of bodies and Cristyne's still standing."

How this might impact a second Giuliani term is now a matter of lively debate, and every few weeks there is another flurry of rumors and coy items in the gossip columns. While it is generally believed that the Giulianis will announce an official separation after the election, former City Hall insiders caution that the mayor has a hard time letting go. From his point of view, it's been said, there probably isn't anything wrong with his marriage that can't be [illegible]ed. It is Hanover who is reportedly [illegible]y to call it quits. Once the *New York* magazine piece appeared, it seems, Hanover became less forgiving—probably because of the humiliation she worried her children would suffer.

There is every reason to believe that Hanover's detachment from her husband and his campaign is motivated not so much by professional propriety as personal necessity, and that it is simply the first step toward a public announcement of their separation. As any divorce lawyer will tell you, most people put off separating until after the Christmas holidays—and most politicians file in November.

**"Donna really loved being First Lady," says a former aide. "She realizes how perilous it is to walk away from it all."**

Meantime, Hanover has turned a devastating situation to her advantage. By keeping the press at bay, she has bought herself the time she needs to carve out an independent life. ("Donna really loved being First Lady," says a former aide. "She realizes how perilous it is to walk away from it all.") She has effectively used the office of the First Lady to reinvent herself in her mid-40s as an actress and socialite, forever networking in the media, the theater, and Hollywood. She is even being considered for a role in the film adaptation of the hit musical *Chicago,* starring Madonna. She's up for the part of Mary Sunshine, the sob-sister reporter.

In terms of public opinion, perhaps the one thing Rudolph Giuliani wants most to avoid is taking any action now that might make him look like a hypocrite later, such as volunteering any testimonials about his happy home life. As long as no one raises the issue of his integrity—or his alleged affair with Lategano—there's no problem. If, in the coming weeks, it is quietly revealed that the mayor and his wife have been living separate lives for some time, it could smooth the way for any subsequent revelations. In political terms, it's called "plausible deniability." □

JOSEPH A. ROSEN

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**DREAM WEAVER**
With a just-signed DreamWorks deal and her next film, *Impact*, already in pre-production, Leder is contemplating new directions. She is pictured on location on the "New York Street" at Warner's Burbank studios.

# SPIELBERG'S CHOICE

DreamWorks' long-awaited first movie, *The Peacemaker*, a Russian-nukes thriller starring George Clooney and Nicole Kidman, was directed by a woman who had never made a feature film before. What has Mimi Leder got that inspired Steven Spielberg to put $50 million and DreamWorks' reputation in her hands?

## BY KIM MASTERS

After seeing *The Peacemaker*, DreamWorks' slick, muscular thriller, you might imag- Leder, d

who steal Russian nukes shoots suspensefully from the steppes of the former Soviet Union to New York by way of the Balkans and has a lot more brains—and crackle—than your average action movie. But *The Peacemaker* is not what you might consider a "femi- work. DreamWorks partner Jef- tzenberg observes, "You look at Mimi Leder and say, 'There's a disconnect here.' You're not going to say, 'This woman, this movie. I get it.'"

Leder is as unprepossessing as any Valley mom—perhaps because she is a Valley mom. She's married with an 11-year-old daughter, who has a tiny part in *The Peacemaker*. She's middling in height, weight, and hair length. Yet Leder enjoys

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

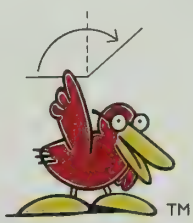
# DUCK LOGIC.

Ducks think differently than you or I. They would never forget a birthday. They have, to my knowledge, never sponsored a negative political ad. They avoid talk shows like the plague. They dance in the rain and take great pains to not walk around the puddles. They observe human folly with detached amusement. They waddle in the face of convention.

If there was ever a face that needed some waddling, some disdain, some flying into, it's convention. Also, its bubbles burst, its notions re-conceived, its rules flaunted. That's Duck Logic.

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Ducks were designed in God's own wind tunnel. They eschew adornments that would make their dynamics any less aero. The resulting Duck Logic tells us that wind noise isn't the result of wind. It's a result of those that resist the wind: outside rearview mirrors, windshield wipers, hoods. So engineers tested and retested Catera at up to 125 mph over and over again. Partially to optimize hood, wiper and mirror designs against wind




noise. And partially, because it's fun to test things at 125 mph.

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No discussion of Duck Logic would be complete without music. It's a little-known fact that ducks fly in the midst of commercial radio waves, allowing them perfect, distortion-free sound, a boon to their migratory travels. (They plan flight lanes carefully, to circumvent the broadcast signals of shock jocks and talk radio.) Duck Logic knows the virtue of clear sound on long trips. It led to the design of an optional sound system with computer programs to create a three-dimensional picture of how sound would behave in a Catera. Partially because great sound would be fun. And partially, because it would be a lot of fun. (Duck Logic is no prisoner to logic.)

Duck Logic sneers at the mundane, scoffs at the expected, waddles and flies in the face of convention and then, way over its head. Duck Logic begets Catera: luxury that's fun, the Caddy that zigs. The ducks would be proud.

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one distinction that eludes even non-Valley matrons: she's on Spielberg's List.

"Her camera had wings." That's how Steven Spielberg describes Leder's work on *ER,* the television series he co-produces. As early as the show's first season, the mogul-filmmaker says, he could always spot Leder's dailies. "I would spend 10 minutes watching a rough cut and say, 'This one belongs to Mimi Leder.'"

That explains why this Emmy-winning veteran of TV's *China Beach, Crime Story,* and *L.A. Law* (where she made her directorial debut) was entrusted with a $50 million budget; the care and feeding of George Clooney and Nicole Kidman; and the first film to be released under DreamWorks' midnight-blue banner. Leder, who was the first woman to graduate from the American Film Institute's conservatory, had never directed a big-screen feature. "It was actually quite a bit of pressure," she says, acknowledging the expectations of DreamWorks founders Katzenberg, Spielberg, and David Geffen (not to mention their uncharitable rivals). "I decided to approach it as I would approach anything—scene by scene, shot by shot." The alternative? "Paraly[illegible]

DreamWorks had shopped the script (which is based on reporting done by Leslie and Alexander Cockburn for *Van[illegible]air*) to a number of se[illegible]





**LEDING LADY**
**"Mimi'll say, 'Sure, George, that's a good idea,' and then do exactly what she wanted all along," says *Peacemaker* star George Clooney, who is pictured with Leder during filming, *above. Right,* in a scene from the film, Colonel Thomas Devoe (Clooney) and Dr. Julia Kelly (Nicole Kidman) are rescued from a near-fatal terrorist attack.**

(who almost walked off *The Saint* to do it). All ultimately passed. Then Spielberg put his foot down—in Leder's direction. "Everybody said, '*Wow,* this is a big movie. Can she handle this?'" Katzenberg says. "And Steven said, 'Yeah.'" Leder claims that Spielberg fought for her "tooth and nail," but in his case one or the other suffices.

Among those he had to convince was Leder herself. "He called and said, 'I've got a huge action picture that spans four countries and I think you're a great action director,'" Leder remembers. "I said, 'What do you mean *action* director? I direct drama.'" But Spielberg had seen those *ER* episodes. "She would always have a signature moment," he says. "There was always more emotional intensity inside the drama." And Leder had a knack for enlivening potentially static scenes. "There's a lot of stuff going on with Mimi that gets expressed through the camera itself," explains producer Walter Parkes.

**"Her camera had wings," says Steven Spielberg. "There was always more emotional intensity inside the drama."**

Of course, once the movie got rolling, Leder found out what she had gotten into. "Little did I know," she says, "how it would be to make a movie entirely on location in Eastern Europe and New York City." There was an international crew speaking several differ[illegible]nt languages; production meetings were c[illegible]nducted with the help of interpreters. Pre-production had been rushed (DreamWo[illegible]s wanted to get its first project going), and as filming began in New York, the script hadn't jelled.

Pre-production was doubly trying because her beloved father—an independent filmmaker who had introduced his daughter to her craft—was dying of lung cancer. "She would say, 'I don't know what to do,'" Clooney remembers, "but he would have killed her if she hadn't jumped all over this opportunity."

There was considerable anxiety over the film's tone. Clooney, among others, worried that it would be humorless, too somber. Spielberg, however, preferred the vérité style of Costa-Gavras's *Z.* Leder also favored a straightforward, action approach. But with the script fluid, Clooney says, "everyone kind of started adding things in." As Leder pared away some of the jokes, the cast started to get nervous. "There was no real way of telling what kind of movie we were making," Clooney says.

Back in Los Angeles, rumors started to swirl that the picture was in trouble. "That production was like a simmering teapot that never really boiled over," says Parkes. "But it could have." Mark Johnson, the producer of *Donnie Brasco,* jetted to Slovakia for a six-week uncredited assist. Meanwhile, Leder remained almost abnormally calm. "I never thought we were in bad shape," she says. Outwardly gentle and, as they say in Hollywood, "good with talent," Leder has underpinnings of steel. "Mimi's very good at that kind of passive-aggressive thing," Clooney says. "She'll say, 'Sure, George, that's a good idea,' and then do exactly what she wanted all along."

Leder, who has just signed a new deal with DreamWorks, had wanted to follow *The Peacemaker* with a picture called *Sentimental Journey,* based on her parents' lives. Leder envisioned a family affair, with her brother drafting the script and her sister doing the casting. But Spielberg handed her another mega-project, tentatively titled *Impact,* about a comet menacing the earth. Morgan Freeman, co-starring with Téa Leoni and Robert Duvall, is set to play the president of the United States. Once again, it's the high wire: the studio is trying to hold the budget at around $75 million, and Spielberg was originally scheduled to direct himself. This time, even the unflappable Leder appears to feel some heat. "This was his movie and he gave it to me," she marvels. "Yikes." □

BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS BY MYLES ARONOWITZ

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**HARRY IN THE NIGHT** Harold Ickes braves the Whitewater rapids at a 1994 hearing. He may testify later on Clinton's fund-raising and his own alleged actions. *Inset:* Clinton, April 1995, with Ickes, then White House deputy chief of staff, and Bruce Lindsey, deputy White House counsel.

# SEDUCED AND ABANDONED

## Deputy Chief of Staff Harold Ickes supervised the White House fund-raising machine until he was brutally dumped after the president's re-election. Now Ickes has handed over his files to congressional investigators, revealing the president's price tag and showing that the ultimate Clinton loyalist is a very angry man

**BY JUDY BACHRACH**

Young Harold "is a quiet baby," the late Harold LeClair Ickes, Franklin Roosevelt's secretary of the interior, wrote approvingly of his son. Apparently he is not going to [illegible] sleep [illegible]

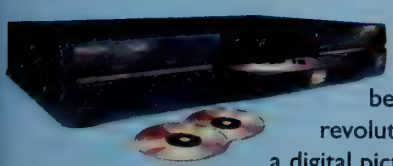
hearts or lose them in the service of the powerful. Harold Ickes, Clinton's White House warrior, was somewhere between the two. He was an old-school liberal with unbending beliefs. Until recently, he never lost sight of them.

The newest chapter in the tale of Ickes the Younger begins with Mr. William [illegible] of Richardson, Texas, a mysterious character whose stories don't always add up. Morgan, who wears [illegible]4,000 handmade alligator boots, says he has amassed a considerable fortune in real estate and through the selling of old bonds. Like so many men of his type, he apparently believes in the value of friends in high places. To him, the Democratic and Republican Parties are "money machines." He has a broad, unnuanced view of how Washington operates.

Morgan's dialogue sounds as inflated as his income. "You can add a few more multis to that," he advises when

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIK FREELAND



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asked if he can accurately be described as a multimillionaire. On other subjects, he is equally colorful.

Last October, Morgan found himself facing an enviable situation. A bond deal he was closing could, he anticipated, leave him as much as $300 million richer. His worry, premature as it turns out, was taxes.

"I had a heck of a tax problem," he says proudly. "So what would you do? You'd do what I did. What any good American would do." By which the Texan means that he decided to make a huge tax-deductible contribution, a $55 million write-off. And he wanted to lay that money where he thought it would do him the most good—on the steps of the Clinton White House. In return, Morgan wanted access to the members of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System, who he believes regulate some of his bond transactions. "Now do you see why I was interested in trying to help the current White House out? Who do you think appoints the governors of the Federal Reserve?"

"The president of the United States," I say.

"I think you're right," says Bill Morgan. "I wanted to meet some of these Federal Reserve people. That was my motivation, pure and simple." Later he adds, "Why not try to endear yourself to the parties involved?

"It's a marvelous thing to be able to pick where your tax dollars go." That's what Bill Morgan believes. But on at least one point, he is confused. Two experts, including one at the Fed, say it has little or no influence over the kind of specialty bonds that Morgan was trying to sell. On other matters, as we will see, Morgan is better informed.

At the time of Morgan's entry onto the scene, Harold Ickes was President Clinton's controversial deputy chief of staff. An old-school Wasp, he [illegible] flow [illegible]

He was flinty and notoriously crude, but he had remained impassioned, an idealist. By the time Ickes got wind of Morgan's generosity, he had weathered three years of fastidious, but often disastrous, service to the president. Within the White House he was admired, loathed, lusted after, denounced, and feared. That was the way he liked it. But now he was also tired. Ickes had been beleaguered by the administration's troubles and his battles with his rival, master strategist Dick Morris, who had shifted Clinton toward the right and toward re-election. Now Morris was vanquished, and Ickes expected to be named chief of staff. No one doubted his loyalty. He seemed to truly believe in Bill Clinton, or at least in his political skills. "Harold made a fatal mistake with Bill Clinton—he fell in love with him," says a friend who watched it all.

The decline of Ickes began just days before the presidential election. On the night of October 22, 1996, at a campaign fund-raising dinner in Miami, the president was approached by a man he had never heard of, R. Warren Med- [illegible] a colleague of Morgan's. "My as- [illegible] has $5 million he is prepared [illegible] to your campaign," Meddoff had written on a business card he handed to Bill Clinton. The president was far from affronted, according to Meddoff. "Let me have another one of those cards for my staff," he requested.

It was apparently Ickes that Clinton had in mind. Meddoff says that in the days that followed the Miami contact he made repeated calls to Ickes in his White House office about the proposed contribution. "Ickes and I spoke between 10 and 20 times, and some of those calls lasted maybe 10 to 15 minutes," Meddoff explains from his Florida home.

"The reality is that this $5 million donation was just the first installment of what we had to offer," says Meddoff.

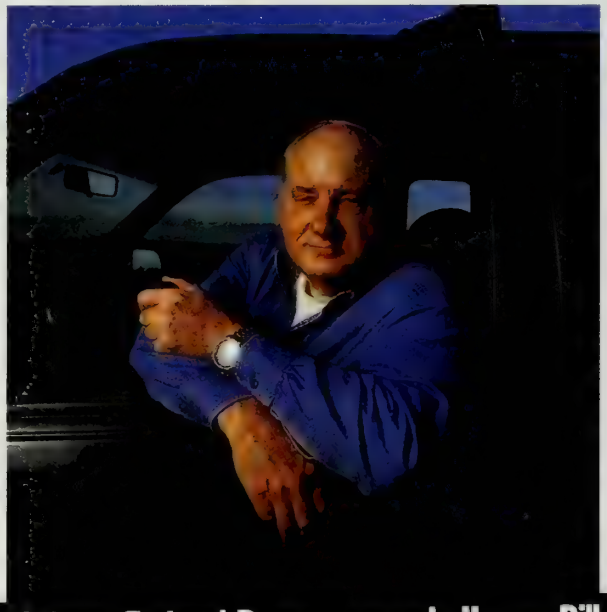
Ickes' own meticulous notes verify the fact that the two men were discussing a contribution of $55 million, the amount Morgan needed to write off. "Even more than Liggett & Myers gives," boasts Morgan, referring to the embattled tobacco company. In fact, in its entire history, the Democratic National Committee has never received a single gift as large as $5 million—much less 10 times that amount.

The problem was that contributions made to the obviously partisan D.N.C. are not tax-deductible. And Morgan wasn't willing to sacrifice his tax write-off even if it earned him presidential favor. "I told Meddoff I don't give a flip about the Democratic Party or the Republican Party. I couldn't give a flip about Ickes. All I care about is getting a tax deduction, as any good citizen should." He stops. "My goal is Bill Morgan, and Bill Morgan had a tax problem."

Meddoff says he explained to Ickes "the concerns of Mr. Morgan for a tax-favorable basis." After two days, the easy tempo of the talks grew more animated. "Ickes suddenly said he had immediate needs for money," says Meddoff. "That the Democratic campaign had immediate needs in Texas. It was incredible, the rush they demanded. Harold's the one who kept hitting

**THE FACE OF OPTIMISM**

**Texan William Morgan was looking for a tax write-off on income that hadn't come through yet. He thought the White House could help.**



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY TURNER

**"I wanted to meet some of these Federal Reserve people," says Bill Morgan. "Why not try to endear yourself? It's a marvelous thing to be able to pick where your tax dollars go."**

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the button. He said, 'We need it *now, now, now!*'"

Ickes had gone into overdrive.

On the morning of October 31, Meddoff received a fax sent by Ickes from the White House. The three-page missive began: "If possible, it would be greatly appreciated if the following amounts can be wired to the designated banks." Included was a list provided by Ickes of five bank accounts—complete with their numbers—into which, it was suggested, more than a million dollars of Morgan's money should be transferred.

Two D.N.C. bank accounts were among those listed. The others belonged to liberal, but not openly partisan, political groups to which contributions are tax-deductible. One of the organizations, Vote Now '96, was a group closely tied to the White House; its mandate was to get out the minority vote. Gary A. Barron, its executive director, was deputy treasurer of the D.N.C. for three years under the late Ron Brown, who served as Clinton's secretary of commerce during the president's first term.

Meddoff promptly sent a copy of the fax to Morgan.

Within hours of sending that fax, Ickes seems to have realized that he made a major error. A seasoned attorney, he ought to have been aware that a top White House official should not be counseling citizens on tax breaks or how to circumnavigate laws governing campaign contributions. He would also receive word from Donald Fowler, who then headed the D.N.C., that the millions would not be accepted by his organization. Fowler and another top D.N.C. official had talked to Meddoff and attempted, unsuccessfully, to investigate their would-be benefactors. "I don't think any of us trusted Meddoff," says a knowledgeable source. "No one knew who he was." At the time, the D.N.C. was under attack for some of its fund-raising practices. Certain officials wondered if they were being set up.

"Five hours later [after the original transmission], Ickes calls, tells me I should shred the memorandum," says Meddoff. He recalls that the deputy chief of staff's voice was low and carefully modulated. Meddoff says that he greeted the suggestion to shred with sarcasm. "Right, Harold. I'm going right over to my shredder and destroy it right now. He *believed* me! He said, 'Fine.'"

Ickes has claimed that he never ordered the document destroyed, but Morgan reports that Meddoff told him of the shredding order within "30 minutes." Morgan knew that trouble was brewing. He worried that a law had been broken. "If I shredded, I would be an accessory after the fact."

"Well, Warren, we know what we gotta do now," said Morgan.

"Right! We put that fax in our files," replied Meddoff.

"I remember the Watergate hearings," Meddoff says now. "I remember Irancontra. Let me put it to you this way. After that conversation with Ickes, I thought I'd just witnessed someone taping the door to the D.N.C."

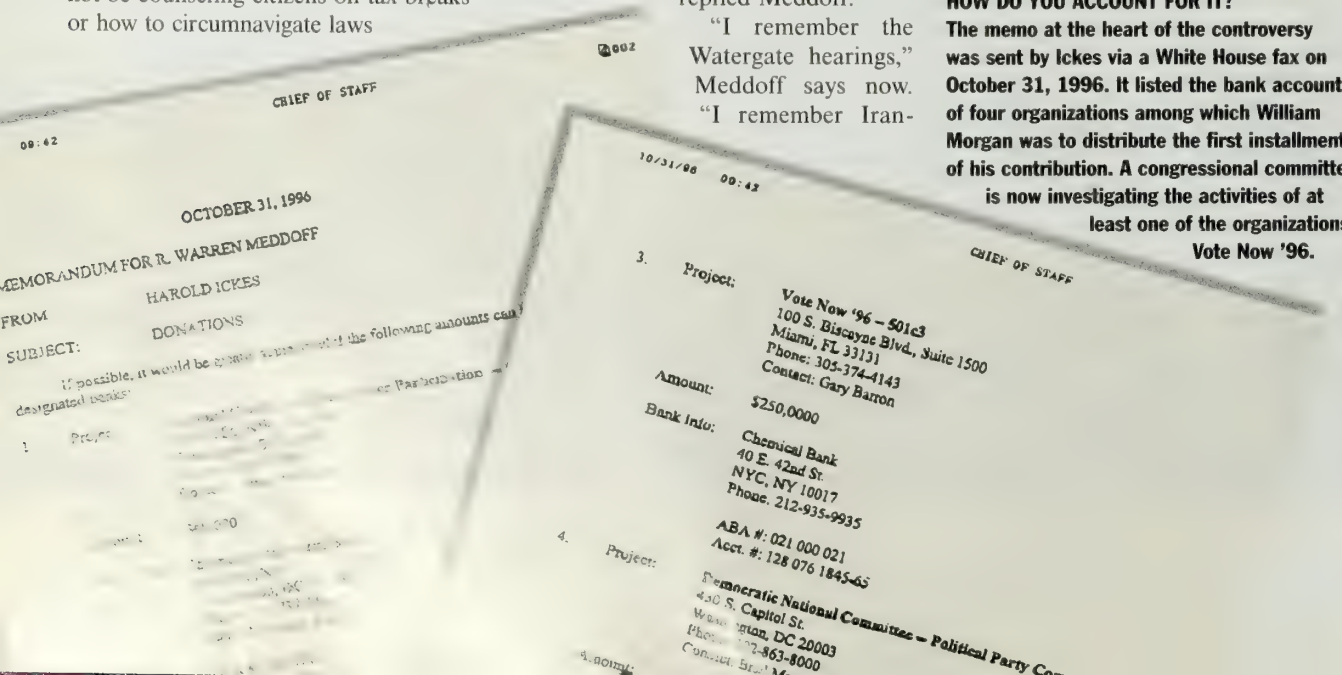
In the meantime, Morgan was still waiting for payment on his bond sale. In an attempt to push the deal through, he faxed Ickes' memo to the prospective buyers of his bonds. "Look," he told them in an effort to expedite a first payment, "I got the White House calling." Later he adds, "If Ickes could have just made one phone call to the Federal Reserve, saying, 'What can we do to help?,' that would have made the deal."

Because of Harold Ickes' fax, the Office of Special Counsel is now investigating the former deputy chief of staff's possible violation of the Hatch Act, which forbids federal officials on government premises to solicit money. A criminal violation is punishable by up to three years in prison.

In March, both Meddoff and Morgan testified about Ickes' actions before a grand jury convened by the Justice Department. Two legislative-committee chairmen, Representative Dan Burton and Senator Fred Thompson, are currently reviewing Ickes' files. The Thompson committee is even interested in the operative's pre–White House past. And Vote Now '96, its charitable status im-

**"Five hours later, Ickes calls, tells me I should shred the memo," says Meddoff. "Right, Harold,"**

**Meddoff says he replied, "I'm going right over to my shredder. He *believed* me!"**


CHIEF OF STAFF

09:42

OCTOBER 31, 1996

MEMORANDUM FOR R. WARREN MEDDOFF

FROM HAROLD ICKES

SUBJECT: DONATIONS

If possible, it would be greatly appreciated if the following amounts can be wired to the designated banks:

1. Project:

002

10/31/96 09:43

CHIEF OF STAFF

3. Project: Vote Now '96 – 501c3
100 S. Biscayne Blvd., Suite 1500
Miami, FL 33131
Phone: 305-374-4143
Contact: Gary Barron

Amount: $250,0000

Bank Info: Chemical Bank
40 E. 42nd St.
NYC, NY 10017
Phone. 212-935-9935

ABA #: 021 000 021
Acct. #: 128 076 1845-65

4. Project: Democratic National Committee – Political Party Co...
430 S. Capitol St.
Washington, DC 20003
Phone: 202-863-8000

**HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR IT?**

**The memo at the heart of the controversy was sent by Ickes via a White House fax on October 31, 1996. It listed the bank accounts of four organizations among which William Morgan was to distribute the first installment of his contribution. A congressional committee is now investigating the activities of at least one of the organizations, Vote Now '96.**

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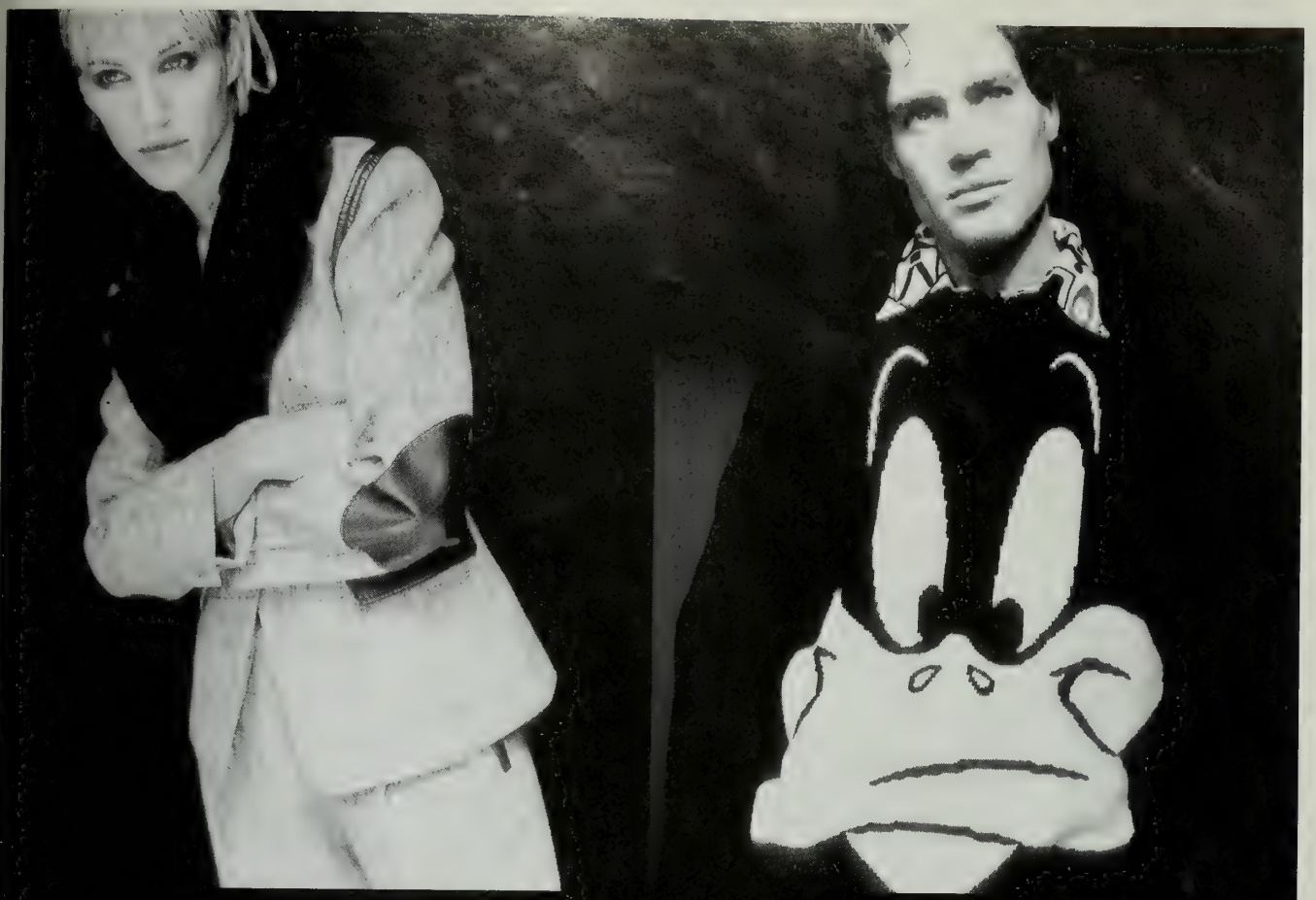

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pugned, has recently had its files subpoenaed by the Justice Department. When asked whether the committee is investigating activities of Vote Now '96, a knowledgeable Senate-committee source replies, "We're looking into that."

Last February, when the story of the fax broke, Harold Ickes' reaction was characteristic—profane and regretful. Speaking to a reporter from the *Los Angeles Times,* he mocked the media's disingenuous attitude toward the realities of fund-raising. He claimed that as far back as 1968, when he worked for Eugene McCarthy's failed presidential campaign, he "handed out money, large sums of money, on Election Day. It was never reported. Now you got to report everything."

*What* money did Ickes hand out in '68? I ask Barbara Handman, a former McCarthy fund-raiser and veteran New York Democrat. Handman also happens to be Ickes' mother-in-law. There is a moment of silence. "I have no idea who Harold was handing out money to on Election Day," she finally replies. "I have no idea."

"There's some large Greek thing going on now," she adds. "Because Harold, to me, he has a kind of honesty. And large principles which are inflexible. And for him to be buffeted about by these little pygmies—who aren't a *tenth* of what he is! Harold is someone who is so pure, so outside the language and knowledge and recognition of everybody else." Another pause. "Tough and sharp. But pure."

In 1994, when Ickes returned to Washington, the city of his childhood, it was with few illusions. "It's a hard city that is to a great extent mesmerized with status and power," he told me then. "If you have it, it's one thing; if you don't, you're in a diffe."

He had status and power then, they had been a long time coming. volatile legend in New York politics, Ickes had spent years in the outfield, building his reputation for unassailable, brutal force. Having served as counsel during then New York mayor David Dinkins's campaign, Ickes was summoned to testify in 1990 when there was a question of whether a stock transfer Dinkins had made to his son had been backdated. Ickes' testimony was such a source of controversy that, according to one tabloid account, the Brooklyn U.S. attorney had considered charging him with perjury. Ickes had stood firm, invoking attorney-client privilege, putting himself in the line of fire for the sake of his candidate. (Ickes has insisted that he cooperated fully with the grand jury.)

At the time of Ickes' arrival in the capital city that tenacity looked appealing. Whitewater and its attendant scandals were earning increasing attention, and the First Couple's controversial health-care-reform package needed shepherding on Capitol Hill. Ickes, who knew little of Arkansas or real estate and whose idea of health care was equally limited, was a pro who could take the heat.

He was, briefly, the man his father intended him to become. Staffers marveled at his skimpy trouser legs, which rode high over the single pair of shoes he owned. ("I only have one pair of feet," he would reflect.) "In a world which sometimes seems to put a premium on cool operatives, Harold was the opposite, and I really respected that," recalls Roger Altman, then a top Treasury aide. George Stephanopoulos and Dee Dee Myers, both now departed from the administration, also found him a welcome addition, a sign that control would imminently be imposed.

Ickes started in high gear; even by White House standards his work-hours were all-consuming, extending through late nights and too many weekends. His office nourishment (peanut butter smeared on Ritz crackers) was unvarying. His skin quickly took on the pallor of long-term prisoners.

His daughter, Charlotte, only eight years old then, had been so unhappy at the prospect of moving to Washington that she had begged her father to "call Bill and tell him you're not taking the job." His wife, Laura Handman, an attorney specializing in First Amendment issues, who has represented *Vanity Fair,* among others, felt out of place after the move. Once in Washington she realized, as her mother says, "If you're not part of the company, you're out of it." She was often alone.

The couple shared similar pedigrees, and were linked politically, if not always temperamentally. They had met when Laura was around 29 at one of Barbara Handman's dinner parties, where Manhattan liberals mingle with themselves. Laura hoped to become a federal judge, like her friend Kimba Wood.

Ickes was a labor lawyer at the time,

**BABY TALK**

**Harold Ickes at an inaugural ball in 1993 with his wife, Laura Handman, an attorney specializing in First Amendment issues, and their daughter, Charlotte. When Ickes was offered the position of Clinton's deputy chief of staff, Charlotte begged him to "call Bill and tell him you're not taking the job."**



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

**Harold Ickes' nourishment in the White House (peanut butter smeared on Ritz crackers) was unvarying. His skin quickly took on the pallor of long-term prisoners.**

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a reserved stalk of a man with a high strung air of expectancy. He was unnerved when his girlfriend insisted on becoming a bride. But he told friends that, at the age of 44, he was "tired of fucking around." The wedding was held, fittingly, in the New York town house that had once been the home of F.D.R., his formidable mother, and Eleanor. Within two years, Laura was pregnant with Charlotte. It was her sister who accompanied her to Lamaze classes.

At the White House, Ickes was attended by Janice Enright, who had worked for him for years in his Long Island law firm. She could handle Ickes, and he took some handling. Former C.I.A. director John Deutch, then serving as an undersecretary of defense, remembers trying to approach Ickes. "I used to admire you at Sidwell," he told Clinton's powerful aide, reminding him that the two had attended the same private school as teenagers. "I don't have time to chat with people I knew at Sidwell!" Ickes snapped.

"I didn't think it was funny at the time," says Deutch, "but Harold has mental discipline, and I admire that."

A political insider says, "I think Harold's relationship with people is not one where he tries to get along with them—unless they are above him." Clinton, obviously, qualified. He swiftly became the focus of Ickes' life. There was more at work here than raw opportunism. "Of all the political figures I've worked with and for, he's one of the most extraordinary," Ickes told me seven months after coming to Washington. "In terms of his political instincts, the breadth of his mind, and his intellectual curiosity, I can't think of another who combines all those skills in the magnitude he does."

Old Manhattan friends who recalled Ickes' dedication to less conservative Democrats such as Jesse Jackson and Ted Kennedy were amazed, even unnerved, by the depth [illegible] Labor leader Victor [illegible] many wary liberal Democrats, [illegible] among them. He asked *the* question "Harold, is Clinton really one of us?"

Ickes replied, "Look around. Who is?"

In fact, Ickes knew that Clinton was not a traditional liberal. But he was dazzled by the Arkansas governor's political skills. They had first encountered each other during the anti-war days. The relationship deepened through Hillary Clinton, who was close to Manhattan attorney Susan Thomases, Ickes' old live-in girlfriend, with whom he remains on affectionate terms.

"Harold's made an industry of turning lovers into best friends," one friend explains.

"Sooner or later Ickes' rage will destroy him, just like my arrogance in part destroyed me," says Dick Morris, Clinton's former political adviser. "He's a man possessed." Morris takes a careful swallow of a soft drink. "You ask what Ickes was for Clinton—I think Clinton has a very virtuous self-image. He feels himself to be a very good person. . . . I think Clinton took everything bad about him and put it in one place: Harold.

"Whenever there was anything that he thought required ruthlessness or vengeance or sharp elbows and sharp knees or, frankly, skulduggery—he would give it to Harold." Morris insists upon that word. "Skulduggery. It's not my place to be throwing accusations around. I'm not going to amplify that."

A waning light falls in Morris's Manhattan apartment, which is dominated by a variety of bristling greens, chartreuse nudging leaf and mint. Morris's mirthless smile is reflected in a cut-glass mirror shaped like a heart.

Clinton's Svengali, the man who replaced Harold Ickes as the president's man, succeeded where Harold Ickes failed, tilting the presidential profile toward a more marketable centrist position. But, like Ickes, Morris is also in exile, manacled now by scandal and derision.

To this day, Morris believes that Ickes—vengeful and desperate after Morris sandbagged both his status in the White House and Clinton's liberal ideology—leaked to the media the news that Morris had fathered a prostitute's illegitimate child. Morris says he learned this from a *Washington Post* reporter, a source he trusts. The war between the battling Ickes and Morris split apart the Executive Mansion.

"I think Morris thinks Harold is a prick," says a White House staffer, neatly summarizing the relationship.

"I want all of this on the record," Morris says. "Harold, when I got there, ran a reign of terror in the White House. He controlled everything and was constantly working at moving his people in and everybody else out. And he had many White House staffers absolutely terrified.

"And he had three assignments from the president: manage Whitewater, manage health care, and get a Democratic Congress re-elected. He was not successful at any of those. So my arrival was, of course, a very direct repudiation of him and that level of control."

By 1995, Morris had muscled into Ickes' turf, grabbing a fair portion of the re-election effort and, some would say, a large chunk of Clinton's soul. Morris took charge of the media, the message, and Clinton's attitude adjustment. Ickes got the Bill and Hillary schedule, the black-tie dinners and donors, the D.N.C., and the money, which became his obsession, his road back.

Ickes' papers, 2,400 pages which he placed in the hands of an investigating congressional committee, seem to confirm the administration's maniacal attention to the fiscal: Coffees with the president: $400,000. First Lady's latest task: help raise $5 million. Al Gore's duties: raise $10 million.

"Remember, Harold did go from thinking he was running the world to finding out he was just running the trains," explains a campaign insider. Ickes, this man says, was admirably suited to the task. "The president recognized that Dick was brilliant and Harold is cruel. He knew Dick was like the tide, had to be controlled. So Harold's role was to torture Dick. Oh, Harold would complain about Morris spending too much on the media campaign; he'd bird-dog the buys. Anyone running a campaign does that, but he enjoyed the cruel part."

Dick Morris elaborates: "Two of my

**"Harold ran a reign of terror in the White House," Morris says. "He was constantly working at moving his people in and everybody else out. He had many staffers absolutely terrified."**

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colleagues were negotiating with Harold on our compensation for the campaign, and he was so furious over a relatively minor disagreement that he slammed the door so hard that workmen had to come in and repair it. Not just the door, but the frame itself. It splintered."

These rages grew legendary. Once when Ickes lit into D.N.C. chairman Donald Fowler over campaign expenditures, his language was so abusive that Fowler, an old friend until that moment, stalked out of the Map Room. He returned five minutes later. ("See, that was Fowler's big mistake," a Democratic operative tells me with a chuckle. "You don't walk back into the room. Then Harold knows he's got you!")

Behind Ickes' anger, there was disappointment over his diminished power. There he was, a sprint away from the Oval Office, but Morris was outgunning him. This became apparent in the fall of 1995 when, in a well-attended strategy meeting, Morris demanded an early, three-month run of commercials that would cost the Democrats $10 million.

"A total waste!" snapped Ickes. "No one will remember them by the election."

"I think this is important," said Al Gore, who didn't have much use for Ickes. The commercials ran.

"Harold's never been a big-picture person," explains one insider. "And the Big Guy understood that. So Harold became the traffic cop."

More than anything, the Ickes files contradict Clinton's insistence that his White House has remained far removed from cash concerns. Donations of more than $600,000 from the Chinese exporter Charles Yah
abroad) to Clinton's defense fund
be returned: "Don't report names if
are returned," wrote the deputy chief of staff. When Stanley Shuman (one of the Clinton guests who slept in the Lincoln Bedroom) had an upcoming birthday, Ickes was asked to wangle a congratulatory phone call out of the president. "I hate to tell you this, but we did this all the time," says Terry McAuliffe, the chairman of the re-election campaign.

Within this morass of tiny details and immense sums, certain warning signs were ignored or lost. The mysterious Commerce Department employee John Huang, for instance—the man who turned out to have a knack for raising all those questionable millions —was interviewed, at Clinton's behest, by Ickes in late 1995, and then promptly sent on his way to the D.N.C., where he received the unusual title of finance vice-chairman.

Indeed, it was Ickes who spoke to D.N.C. finance chairman Marvin Rosen about employing Huang—astonishing, when you consider that several months earlier Ickes had reportedly been warned about the eager fund-raiser by White House counsel Jane Sherburne, his good friend. Ickes, who suffers from a famously bad memory, had apparently simply forgotten the caution.

"Who is John Huang?" the deputy chief of staff, a feverish notetaker, scribbled just last October, one year after that fateful interview. "$250,000—last week returned it—Korean company—illegal . . . slipped through cracks . . . does he have a job at Lippo?"

All his life, Ickes has managed to undermine his own sizable attainments. Inside the White House, he was at long last a player, admired by some—but so harsh and ill-considered were his outbursts that he also developed a pack of unnecessary enemies. "All the conflict around here comes from one man," Morris recalls Erskine Bowles, a courtly southerner who was Ickes' fellow deputy chief of staff, telling him. But there were reasons behind Ickes' fury, which often remained close to the surface. His job went directly against his very nature:

"See, Harold had the role of enforcer—he delivered a lot of bad news to constitutent groups like the unions, and was very effective in that, I admit," reports a campaign insider. His other job—controlling the flow of contributions—was equally painful: "He didn't like money," says Terry McAuliffe.

In the span of a year, Ickes had become what another campaign insider calls "the bagman for Dick and the president." Eventually, he and Morris stopped speaking altogether, and poor Doug Sosnik, White House political director, discovered that he was supposed to be their go-between.

"That was perhaps one of my functions," Sosnik sighs. Inside the White House, the scent of roses drifts in from the garden. We are seated along the gleaming mahogany table of the Roosevelt Room. Behind Sosnik is a small relief of F.D.R., and an early-20th-century American bronze: a hunched buffalo, its head lowered, ringed by wolves.

"The old curmudgeon," as the late Harold LeClair Ickes was known, was an abrasive politician who was an early supporter of civil rights. He was also the lonely prophet who in the



**DOLLAR BILL**

***Below:*** **President Clinton, whose notes on fund-raising memos (*left*) confirm his fiscal interest, addresses a group of Asian business leaders in Washington on October 6, 1994.**

**In the span of a year, Ickes had become what one campaign insider calls "the bagman for Dick Morris and the president." Eventually, he and Morris stopped speaking.**

BOTTOM BY JEFFREY MARKOWITZ


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30s viewed the rise of Nazism with disturbing clarity.

In his private life, he was a devout philanderer, quite unburdened by guilt. "She knew that she was licked," he wrote when his first wife attempted suicide after discovering one of his infidelities. Before that he'd been a troubled youth who had once seriously contemplated shooting his own hard-drinking father.

At the age of 64, after his first wife died in a car accident, he wed beautiful Jane Dahlman. The couple lived happily on a farm in Olney, Maryland. Young Harold arrived a year later. The son grew up worshiping his red-haired mother, whom he called "Maw" or "Jane."

About his father, who died when Harold was 12, Ickes was always more ambivalent. "I didn't see much of him during the week," he told me. "I do not have vivid memories of my father. It's my understanding—I'd have to check his biography—that he had patented a dahlia. And we had a big vegetable garden, at least half an acre. And he insisted that the corn be picked only 15 minutes before we put it into the water."

By the time he left the Sidwell Friends School, young Harold was in full rebellion. To his mother's horror, instead of heading straight to college, he spent three years as a cowboy out West. After graduating from Stanford, he became a civil-rights volunteer.

Driving through the Louisiana countryside in the mid-60s with a few black colleagues, Ickes was stopped by a group of armed whites. Sensing trouble and fearing that his friends might be murdered, he asked them to go get help. In an act of heroism, he faced the aggressors alone. They beat him so badly he ultimately lost a kidney. For many years, Ickes suffered from nar[illegible]; he would doze [illegible] If he took the prescri[illegible] would remain sleepless night. As the years passed, he known for ferociousness and langu[illegible] of monumental vulgarity.

By 1972, politics was his life; campaign dates had come to define his existence. Recalling his mother's death, he began, "It was in the middle of the Muskie campaign . . . " Jane Ickes passed away unexpectedly, in her sleep. "Lucky for her," he told me. "She'd always feared dying. But it was very hard on those who were left, let me tell you."

One night in spring 1973, Ickes was working late at Herman Badillo's mayoralty-campaign headquarters on West 57th Street. During the course of the evening, the young worker's teeth managed to find their way into the leg of the press secretary, James Vlasto. "One big bite, I can assure you" is how Vlasto described the wound. Ickes was actually brawling with Badillo's campaign manager, and Vlasto, believing "he was going to do serious damage," managed to get in the middle. Armed cops appeared. Only Badillo, a forgiving man with a doomed candidacy, was lighthearted. "Growing up in Puerto Rico, I've seen fights before."

By the late 70s, Ickes was vigorously promoting his quick-draw image. At a liberal-packed Fire Island party, one guest remembers, Ickes was sizzling with rage and, reaching into one of his long cowboy boots, whipped out a knife to illustrate a point.

Harold said, 'I have a perfect right to carry one of these fucking things around if I want to,'" recalls the witness. "It was like he was demonstrating a new toy," David Alpern, of *Newsweek*'s radio division and another party guest, thought at the time.

Ickes was by then a lawyer at Meyer, Suozzi, English & Klein, a Long Island firm with Democratic ties. More important, he was also an expert on the mass of arcane party rules which can make or break a candidacy. By this time his friendship with the brash young Bill Clinton had intensified. Ickes remarked on Clinton's grace as the ambitious governor pumped hands and charmed residents of Little Italy. Here at last was a winning candidate—Ickes' ticket out of the liberal desert, his passport to the very center of things.

**"Washington," says Harold Ickes, "is a hard city that is mesmerized with status and power. If you have it, it's one thing; if you don't, you're in a different league."**



**SON BURN**

***Above, left:*** **Postmaster General James Farley, Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, Assistant Secretary of State R. W. Moore, and President Franklin Delano Roosevelt travel in 1936 to the dedication of the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia.** ***Right:*** **the younger Harold Ickes, 1957, in a picture taken from the yearbook of the Sidwell Friends School in Washington.**

Specifically, Ickes brought Clinton the backing of East Coast liberals who had been singularly unimpressed by the southerner. Ickes had worked a long line of local and presidential campaigns, in the process amassing I.O.U.'s from Ted Kennedy, Walter Mondale, Dinkins, Badillo, Jackson. When Ickes took over Clinton's difficult 1992 New York campaign, he dropped his alliances into his new boss's ample lap like so many gold coins.

There was, naturally, every reason to believe that the minute Clinton swept into the Oval Office he would summon Harold Ickes. This did not happen. For eight years Ickes had represented Local 100 of the Hotel Employees and Restaurant Employees International Union. In 1992, a civil racketeering suit was filed against the union, which, prosecutors claimed, was controlled by members of John Gotti's Gambino crime family. (This segment of Ickes' career is currently being reviewed by Senate investigators.) Although Ickes and his law firm were never charged with anything, his White House job was on hold. For a year he sat in New York. "My life," CONTINUED ON PAGE 199



Simon Doonan, executive vice president and creative director of Barneys New York, is genius incarnate. Responsible for publicity, advertising, display and store design, Simon encourages a creative "frenzy." A character unto himself, he dresses Barneys windows—with wit, surprise and beauty. In fact, they often stop traffic. Simon offers this advice: "Avoid being naff at all costs, unless you feel like it. If in doubt, exaggerate and wave your arms about." Simon wears the TAG Heuer S/el Chronograph with black dial, $2,300.

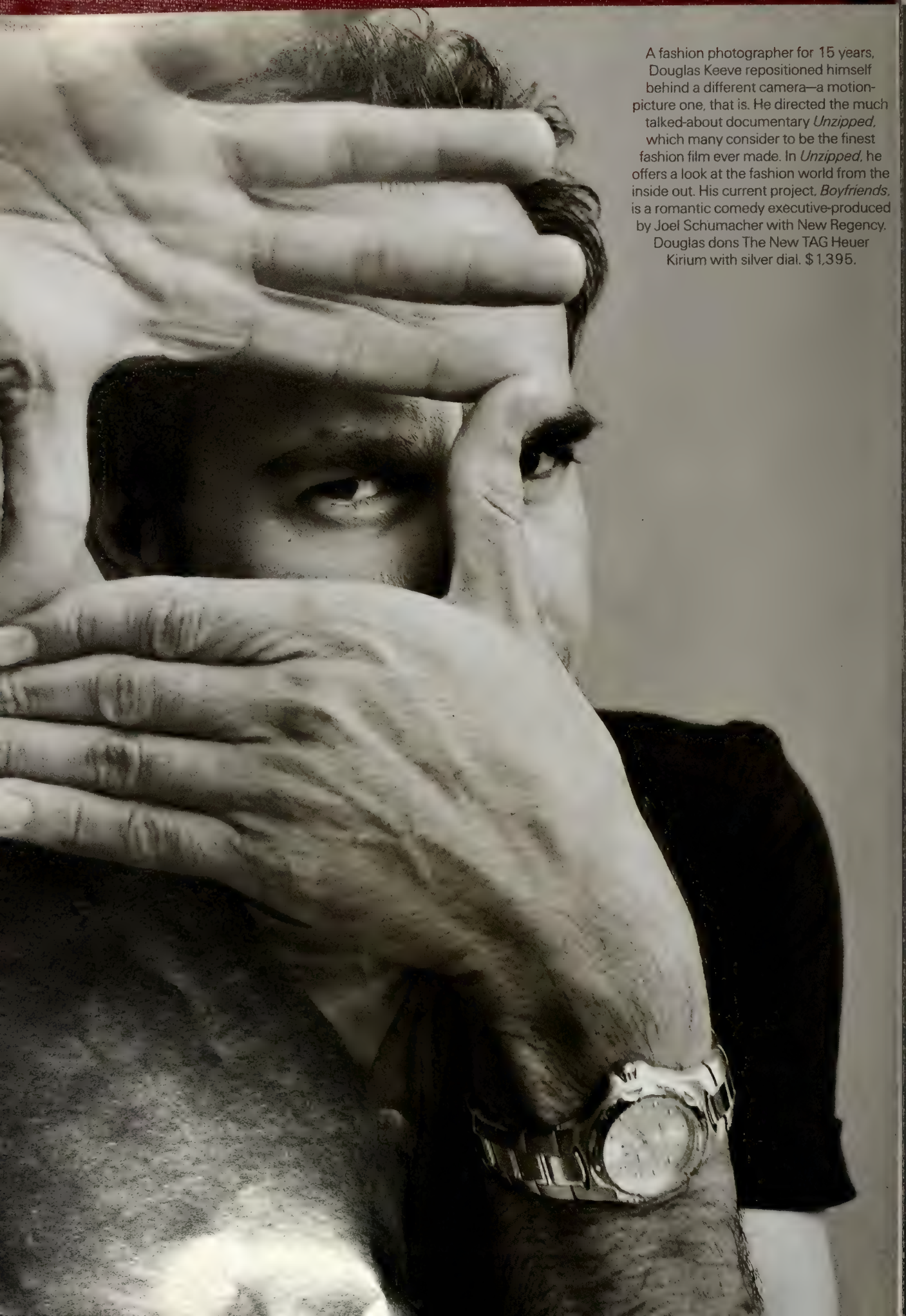
# BIG TIME

## THE FORCE BEHIND FASHION

TAG Heuer celebrates six creative forces who are redefining fashion today. Their behind-the-scenes contributions resonate well beyond New York's Seventh Avenue. Offbeat and whimsical, this section artfully captures each one's true spirit. Setting their sights high and their watches ahead, they choose TAG Heuer for its sense of style and individuality.







A fashion photographer for 15 years, Douglas Keeve repositioned himself behind a different camera—a motion-picture one, that is. He directed the much talked-about documentary *Unzipped*, which many consider to be the finest fashion film ever made. In *Unzipped*, he offers a look at the fashion world from the inside out. His current project, *Boyfriends*, is a romantic comedy executive-produced by Joel Schumacher with New Regency. Douglas dons The New TAG Heuer Kirium with silver dial. $1,395.



Accomplished makeup artist Kevyn Aucoin cites his younger sister as his first client, when he was 11 years old. Today he regularly makes up the faces of Julia Roberts, Tina Turner and Courtney Love. In 1994, he authored the best-selling book *The Art of Makeup*, and his forthcoming book *Making Faces*, is due out in October. Kevyn is the first and only makeup artist to win the coveted CFDA award. He says, "Every time we say no to something or someone simply because they're different, we lose the opportunity to grow and to learn more about ourselves." Kevyn is wearing The New TAG Heuer Formula 1 Chronograph with orange dial. $895.


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 192 he was reported to have said, "is over."

When it appeared that Harold Ickes could once again be of use to Bill Clinton and he was reclaimed and brought to Washington, a friend of Ickes' asked her pal a question about the president. "When is he going to make a decision about Bosnia?" she wondered.

"The only time Clinton ever made a quick decision," came the sorrowful reply from the deputy chief of staff, "was about me."

The depth of Harold Ickes' loyalty to Bill Clinton was palpable during the Whitewater hearings when Ickes served as the main White House antagonist to Senator Alfonse D'Amato, the chairman of the banking committee, who led the charge against the president. "Harold approached it with such a bulldog mentality!" says an admiring partisan. "The only one who did; the rest of 'em were sucking up to the committee." To this day, D'Amato believes it was Ickes who was behind the compilation into a book (dutifully passed out to the media) of anti-D'Amato clippings—"The Ethics Sampler," as one White House insider called it.

"It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out that D'Amato was an issue and that the strategy we would be smart to adopt would be to discredit D'Amato," an Ickes ally says with a mild shrug. "It *was* personal."

Last year D'Amato got his own back when his people referred possible perjury charges against Ickes (relating to his Whitewater testimony) to the independent counsel's office. "I think you're taking a real chance with the law," says Michael Chertoff, who led the interrogations, "when you answer a question in a narrow and perhaps unrealistic way."

But among Senate staffers there is a distinct measure of awe when Ickes' name is mentioned. "You had the feeling that most of those Clinton-administration guys who testifed may have hidden the facts, obfuscated, even lied maybe—but they were *amateurs,*" says one impressed observer. "Not Harold, though. Harold's a pro. Boy, if looks could kill, his eyes would have ripped you apart."

In the service of Clinton, Ickes abandoned caution, forfeited large sums of money (his Washington attorney is the $475-an-hour Robert Bennett), and helped sell out his own beliefs. In other words, everything that had sustained




VANITY FAIR AGENDA

## TICKET TO SHOP

Since 1988, Macy's Passport has raised over $4.5 million for AIDS research and patient care through multimedia fashion show extravaganzas and in-store promotions. This September, Vanity Fair is proud to be a sponsor of Passport In-Store, an exciting day of special events and customer savings. Stay tuned for more information on events featuring Borghese, Calvin Klein, Liz Claiborne, Paco Rabanne and more . . . Passport In-Store events are scheduled as follows:

**Macy's Union Square**
San Francisco, California
Saturday, September 20th
10:00 AM - 8:00 PM

**Macy's Beverly Center**
Los Angeles, California
Saturday, September 27th
10:00 AM - 8:00 PM

In addition to the in-store events, the Passport fashion shows take place at Fort Mason Center in San Francisco, September 17th, 18th and 19th and at the Barker Hangar in Santa Monica on September 26th. After the Passport fashion shows, join Vanity Fair and Hennessy cognac at the Cast and Crew Parties.

For Passport ticket information, call 800.334.6158.

## TALBOTS

Vanity Fair and Talbots invite you to a special exhibit featuring memorable photographs from the pages of Vanity Fair. The week long display begins on Saturday, September 6th at the Talbots store located at 525 Madison Avenue, New York City.

## LISTEN UP!

Come see the dashing and daringly new Audi A6 at the Janus Jazz Aspen Labor Day Festival in Snowmass Colorado. The 1998 Audi A6 will be featured from August 29 - September 1. Scheduled to appear at this year's festival are **Los Lobos, Chuck Berry, Joan Osborne, Ziggy Marley, and the Neville Brothers**, among others. For VIP tickets and general information, call (970) 920-4996.

## FASHION FORWARD

Vanity Fair invites you to learn the "a's, bebe's and c's" of style at the launch of the new bebe Fall '97 collection. While there, enjoy informal modeling, cocktails and a special gift-with-purchase. For information and reservations, call 212.675.2406.

bebe
Thursday, September 4th
1127 Third Avenue (at 66th street)
New York City • 6:00 - 8:00PM

## CAROLEE

Please join Macy's and Vanity Fair in celebrating the 25th anniversary of Carolee. Meet Carolee, preview her newest fashion jewelry collection for Fall '97 during an accessories workshop, and view a special exhibit of Carolee's designs — "25 Women Celebrate 25 Years." Please note, a percentage of sales generated during the 25th anniversary celebration will be donated to the Breast Cancer Research Foundation.

Wednesday, September 24th • 1:00 PM
Macy's Herald Square • Main Floor
New York City

him throughout his long and difficult career. One top White House aide says, "A lot of what we did in the last several years weren't things Harold would have wanted done. Things like Harold's walking the line on the president's signing the welfare bill." He adds, "Things that may have disgusted him." A long pause. "Harold was a loyal staff guy."

Too loyal, other staffers thought. Among them, according to informed insiders, was George Stephanopoulos. Clinton's departing senior adviser attempted to persuade his friend to follow him through the exit door. Ickes, certain that he was to be promoted to chief of staff, ignored the advice.

"George saw it coming," says a former White House aide. "But Harold wasn't hearing it. I think because there's a part of him always trying to live up to the old man's reputation. . . . See, one of the things that saves you from a broken heart is understanding who Bill Clinton is and what he might do. One of his weaknesses is he travels light. He's with you as long as he's with you. He really liked Harold but believed that as chief of staff he might become a liability."

Last October, two White House insiders say, Ickes discovered from Chief of Staff Leon Panetta that he was not about to step into his shoes. Then he found out who was: Erskine Bowles. This was conveyed to him on Election Night as Ickes sat watching CNN inside the presidential suite in Little Rock. Three days later, he would learn from *The Wall Street Journal* that Bowles had made his coming contingent on Ickes' exit. He never thought he'd be looking for a job after January 20, Ickes told a friend, with considerable

It might have been in Clinton's interest to have kept Ickes close at hand. Several options had been considered earlier. "On ident that it would to become calls Dick Mo ing to get Harold House.

Initially, Clinton seemed intrigued: "I think he'd really enjoy having his father's old job."

But, for Al D'Amato's scourge, an unapologetic liberal who had helped lead a triumphant presidential campaign, a Senate confirmation hearing was out of the question. Equally problematic: those massive campaign contributions from strangers, foreigners, and friends were, by the time of Clinton's victory, under heavy scrutiny. A few weeks before the inauguration, which he dutifully coordinated, Ickes began to pack and label his possessions. He was very angry. Such "callous treatment" as he had received, he told friends, was "unwarranted and undeserved."

Weeks later, when the ousted aide handed over his 2,400 pages of White House notes to congressional investigators, Clinton finally felt Harold's pain. Explicitly detailed, blazing with Clin- s eager scrawl, these documents— White House aides had no idea pirited out of his office—showed esident with a price tag.

"How did you feel about handing all this over?" asked a close friend who knew that Ickes was whisking papers out of the White House.

"I felt very comfortable about it," came the reply.

"Harold Ickes is the Inspector Clouseau of fund-raising," snipes William Morgan, the Texan who thought he had tax trouble. "I hope you print that." The Texan is annoyed. His bond deal, his $300 million dream, has completely fallen apart.

When Ickes had needed money, Morgan was expected to produce more than a million dollars from a deal that hadn't yet materialized. And almost half was nondeductible! Even more ludicrous to Morgan: "They wanted me to donate to Defeat Proposition 209 in California." The Texan is still fuming over the idea that he would give money to support a group in favor of affirmative action. "I hate affirmative action," he says. "I didn't like most of those organizations he put on that fax."

Gary Barron, of Vote Now '96, says he can't understand why his name or his group's bank-account number was included in Ickes' fax.

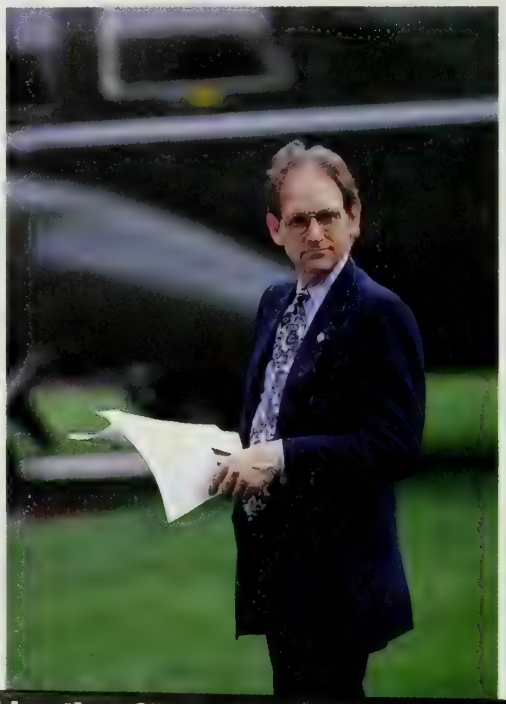
"Harold never told me he was going to do it!" Barron snaps.

There is no immediate end in sight for Harold Ickes' ordeal. He has joined the "other league" he once spoke about, the group without status or power. Last seen coordinating activities for the White House at the G-8 conference in Denver, Ickes, who will have spent an estimated $125,000 in legal expenses before he is through testifying, has reportedly started a lobbying group. "I get the sense he wants to stay in Washington—and that surprised me, too—but Harold is not a guy who wants to look like he's driven out of a place," says a close friend.

Bob Bennett's comment about his client is: "When all is said and done, it will be clear Mr. Ickes violated no laws and regulations." But there are deeper levels here than one man's technical guilt or innocence. Much more has been extinguished here than a political career. □

**HEART ATTACK**

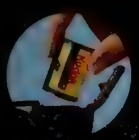
**Harold Ickes on the lawn of the White House in June 1995. "Harold made a fatal mistake with Bill Clinton," remarks a former White House staffer. "He fell in love with him."**



ROBERT TRIPPETT

**"Whenever there was anything that Clinton thought required ruthlessness or vengeance or sharp elbows or, frankly, skulduggery—he would give it to Harold," says Dick Morris.**

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***UNDERWORLD* DON**
**DeLillo's new novel may not be his masterpiece, but it's a brilliant book grounded in the Bronx of his youth. The author is photographed on East 182nd Street, where he used to play as a boy.**

# DELILLO'S HOME RUN

Don DeLillo's sprawling, brainy new novel explores the landscape of his Italian-American childhood, when the '51 Dodgers-Giants game made baseball history. At 832 pages, *Underworld* is this fall's big book, in every sense of the word

**BY DAVID KAMP**

uses exponentially more brain than most of us. This would explain how, in his books, he is able to pile on sentence after sentence of note-perfect description, such as his appraisal of a home videotape as having "the jostled sort of noneventness that marks the family product." This would explain why he seems to be playing with the pinochle deck of words: "sough," "hawser," "riverine," "inchmeal." This would explain how he is able to sustain an 832-page novel that hasn't so much a plot as an aggregation of recurring, chronologically shuffled mini-plots

BY NIGEL PARRY




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VANITY FAIR AGENDA

# Tee Time

**Baume & Mercier,** master watchmakers since 1830, presents the NY Chapter NFL Alumni Charity Golf Classic on September 22, 1997. The tournament, co-sponsored by Taylor Made, Frederic Goodman Fine Jewelers, London Jewelers and Lux Bond & Green Jewelers, will take place at the Montclair Golf Club, in Montclair, New Jersey.

Event highlights include foursomes hosted by celebrity NFL captains and the Baume & Mercier "Million Dollar Shoot-Out." In addition, a host of special prizes will be awarded: a grand prize trip to the "Super Bowl of Golf," Baume & Mercier Hampton watches and Taylor Made golf clubs.

Ticket price for the NY Chapter NFL Alumni Charity Golf Classic is $750. Proceeds will benefit a number of children's charities. For ticket information call 609.767.0505.

Availability is limited.

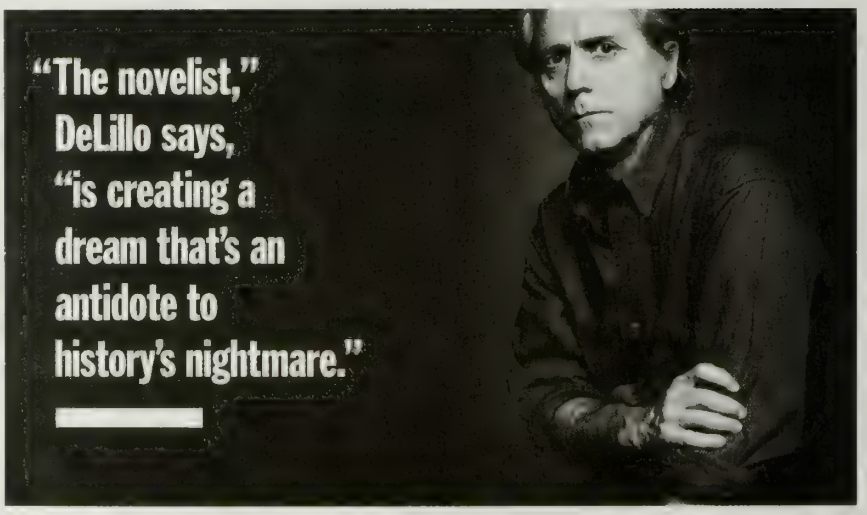
# PLYMOUTH DRIVES FASHION

Nothing defines your personal style more than the vehicle you drive. Stop by to see the latest looks in stylish vehicles at Plymouth Place, Plymouth's interactive mall display featuring the newest Plymouth lineup including the Neon, Breeze and Voyager. While there, enjoy an informal modeling presentation from Mary's Fall/Winter 1997 collection, and a special performance by the musicians from

Plymouth Place
The Village at Corte Madera
Corte Madera, California
Thursday, August 21st
5:30 PM

about subjects as disparate as garbage, infidelity, heroin, the Cold War, urban blight, Lenny Bruce, graffiti, the art market, and the World Wide Web—all somehow refracted through the most famous baseball playoff in history, the '51 Dodgers-Giants game in which Bobby Thomson hit his pennant-clinching homer, the Shot Heard 'Round the World.

The new novel is *Underworld,* to be published by Scribner this October after months of eager anticipation in the literary world. The book is strewn with elements of past DeLillo works—*Libra*'s fixation on the Kennedy assassination, *Mao II*'s stadium crowds, *White Noise*'s toxic waste—but it's also the first book of the 60-year-old author's career to draw heavily from his own background as an Italian-American who grew up in the Bronx in the 50s. "I've done things backwards, no doubt," DeLillo says. "As a first-generation American, I started out wanting to embrace the larger culture—it's not an accident that my first novel [published in 1971] was called *Americana.* But at some point I realized that if I wanted to go back to the Bronx of the 1950s, I'd have to deal with things I hadn't dealt with, like ethnic identity."



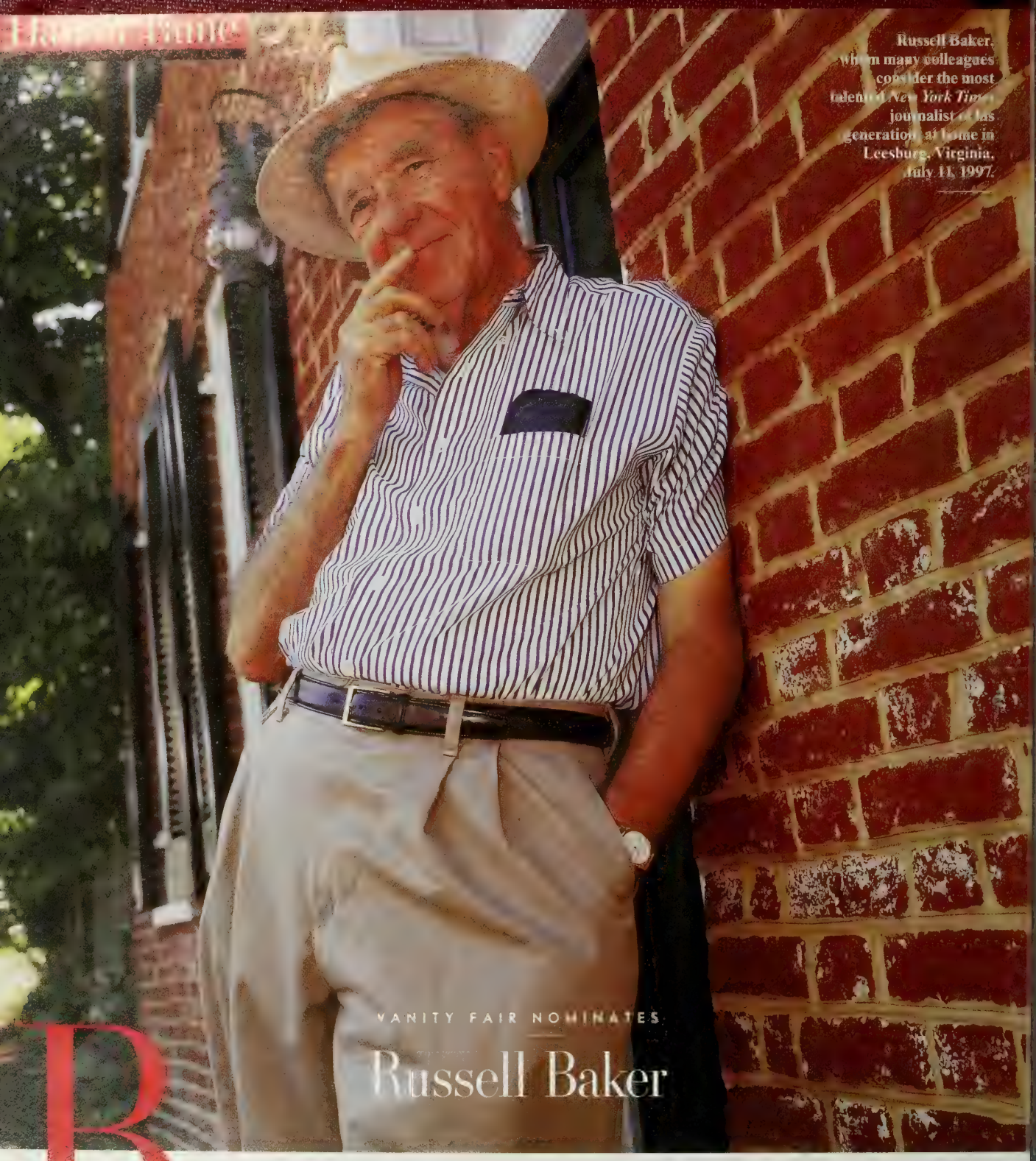

**WRITE NOISE: DeLillo has written this year's most celebrated novel, and the book doesn't even hit stores until October 3—the anniversary of Bobby Thomson's famous homer.**

*Underworld*'s origins lie in a novella DeLillo started six years ago about the Dodgers-Giants game, "Pafko at the Wall," published to ecstatic response in *Harper's* in 1992. The author derived so much pleasure from writing the story, he says, "that it compelled itself to extend into time and space." Perhaps he chose not to develop the most thoroughly realized characters them, jabbery, fictive nk Sinatra, Jackie Gleason, and Toots Shor, plus a wholly invented character named Cotter Martin, a Harlem kid who'd sneaked into the Polo Grounds to watch the game—but instead fixed on a nameless figure, a Bronx teenager listening to the game on the radio. This boy became Nick Shay, *Underworld*'s protagonist, in his adult life an executive with a waste-management firm; "Pafko at the Wall," in somewhat altered form, became *Underworld*'s prologue.

*Underworld* represents DeLillo's happiest creative experience, in that its Bronx scenes unlocked long-dormant memories whose fluid rush allowed him to write "in a looser vein, not as controlled as *Mao II* and *Libra.*" This is not to say that the novel is sentimental. As usual, every page brims with portent, and DeLillo makes you work hard. There are difficult, experimental passages that read like demented fugues of Nick Shay's internal thoughts, with phrases tossed out, responded to, then repeated, then re-responded to. There are also purely exhilarating moments of invention, such as a sequence in which DeLillo creates not just a "lost" Sergei Eisenstein film called *Unterwelt,* but also the middlebrow Manhattanite frenzy surrounding it: "a nice, tight hysteria" over a "movie you probably never heard of until the *Times* did a Sunday piece."

The sheer bulk and breadth of *Underworld* will intimidate a lot of people into thinking it's Don DeLillo's masterwork. It isn't. It is what DeLillo says it is, "a large novel leading in a number of dimensions"—a strange, sprawling double album of a book, widely varied in pace and texture, mostly satisfying, occasionally staggering, cumulatively a joy. □


VERSACE COUTURE
ATLANTA, PHIPPS PLAZA • ORLANDO, POINTE ORLANDO • DALLAS, THE GALLERIA



Russell Baker, whom many colleagues consider the most talented *New York Times* journalist of his generation, at home in Leesburg, Virginia, July 11, 1997.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

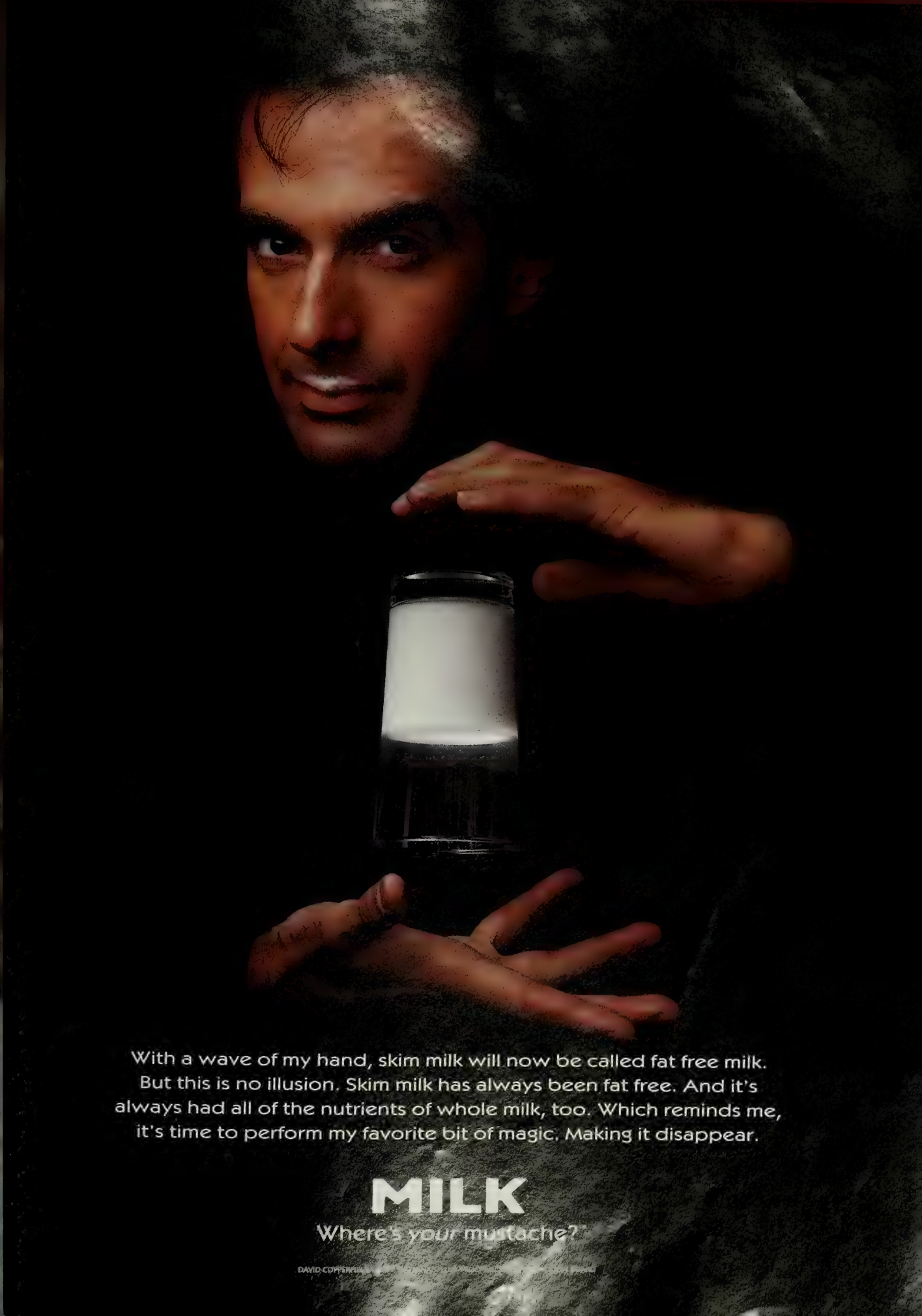
# Russell Baker

BECAUSE he is simply the most talented *New York Times* journalist of one and quite possibly two generations, and his column in the *Times* has been a national treasure for the last 35 years. BECAUSE long ago he looked at his own paper and said that it was time to change the definition of news, that what the *Times* and most other papers published could be called "olds instead of news—it's mostly thing[illegible]E he embodies the virtues of the Depression and World War II; indeed, [illegible] his childhood, *Growing Up*, [illegible] USE he is in [illegible] he espouses in his writing. BECAUSE he is a man of elegance and civility, both famously generous and scrupulously self-skeptical. BECAUSE no matter how successful he has become, he is still something of a puritan at heart. (He told me a few years ago, on the eve of purchasing a new car, "I refuse to pay more for a car than I did for my first house.") BECAUSE, although there is a certain melancholy streak to him, he remains a wonderful friend and dinner companion—usually, it should be noted, even better in the second part of the evening, after he's consumed several glasses of red wine. BECAUSE, in the end, even though he has always disliked the word "icon," he quietly and gracefully is one.

—DAVID HALBERSTAM



PH BY JONATHAN BECKER


With a wave of my hand, skim milk will now be called fat free milk.
But this is no illusion. Skim milk has always been fat free. And it's
always had all of the nutrients of whole milk, too. Which reminds me,
it's time to perform my favorite bit of magic. Making it disappear.
MILK
Where's your mustache?
DAVID COPPERFIELD



THE LAST ROUNDUP
T.C. Thorstenson at the memorial service for his third wife, the former Margaret Lesher, in Walnut Creek, California, May 21, 1997. *Inset,* the *Contra Costa Times,* one of the papers Margaret inherited from her second husband, Dean Lesher, who left her an estate worth an estimated $360 million.

# THE MYSTERY OF BARTLETT LAKE

## T.C. Thorstenson rode into Margaret Lesher's life on a 2,500-pound buffalo, and six months later the wealthy, widowed California socialite married the handsome cowboy. Ever since Lesher's body was found at the bottom of a lake in May, her friends and family have been debating whether Thorstenson murdered her

**BY BRYAN BURROUGH**

*Near Marysville, California, May 21, 1996.*

The rain was already coming down hard as the five dozen trail riders, wranglers, and scouts gathered in a field of amber prairie grasses off Smartville Road that afternoon. The cattle, 160 head of rangy longhorns, were growing restless, lowing and scraping in their corral. The trail boss, Lee Rosser, a veteran cowboy with a strawberry-blond mustache, glanced up past the brim of his buff-colored Stetson at the darkening skies. It didn't look good. The plan for this, the third annual Twin City Slickers Cattle Drive, which would last five days, was [illegible] the [illegible]

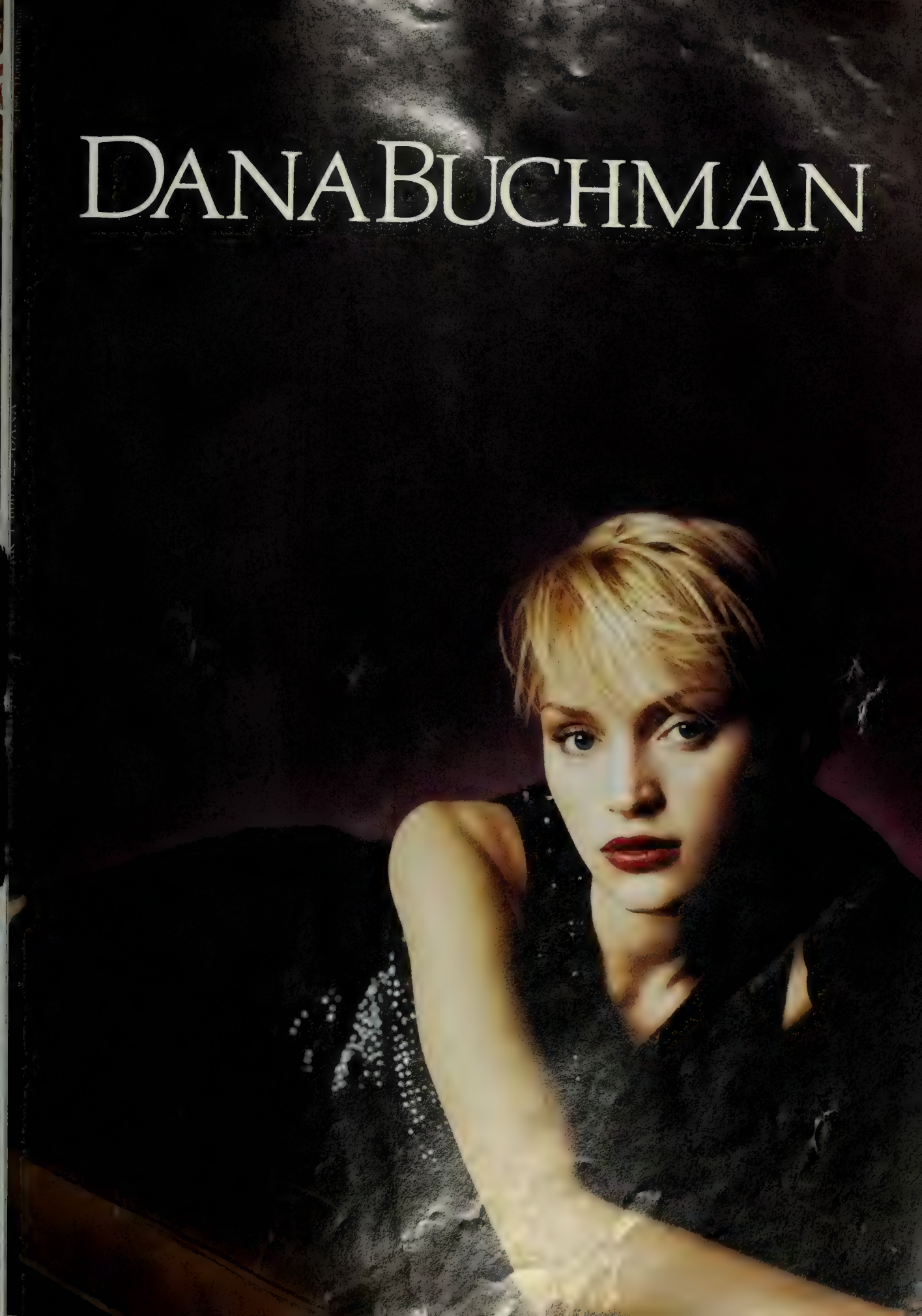
ery of Beale Air Force Base, down into the old 49er goldfields along the Yuba River, and then straight into the heart of Marysville, a town of 13,000, an hour north of Sacramento. There they would rumble past crowds of cheering townspeople and into the rodeo grounds.

Rosser's wranglers gave the greenhorn trail riders, who had paid $400 to $500 apiece and traveled from as far as Chicago, a lesson on the basics of cattle driving, the best ways to rope, herd, and generally make it to Marysville in one piece. "We told 'em a lot about cattle psychology, which is not too complicated," remembers Rosser. "If [the cattle]'re looking this way, they're probably headin' this way."

As the wind whipped up, Margaret Lesher spurred her Paso Fino, a superi-

TOP, BY DAN ROSENSTRAUCH

# DANA BUCHMAN



or Spanish breed of horse. Lesner had driven up from her estate in Contra Costa County, which encompasses the sprawling suburbs east of Oakland and Berkeley, with her groom Estel "E.L." Mclelland. A striking blonde with a vivacious personality, Lesher was 64, but she looked at least 10 years younger. Her husband of 20 years, Dean S. Lesher, the publisher of the *Contra Costa Times* and 27 other small California newspapers, had died three years earlier.

Lesher was very stylish, very wealthy—estimates put her fortune at $200 million—and very lonely. A devout Christian who attempted to fill the void in her life with Bible passages, Prozac, and grief therapy, she had confided to friends that she longed to find a Christian cowboy to keep her warm at night. And who knew? Maybe on this trail ride she would find one.

The trail riders were supposed to pitch their tents by the corral that night and start the drive the next morning, but as the rain beat down, Rosser realized the ground was becoming too muddy to camp on. Reluctantly he ordered everyone to dismount, jump into a waiting convoy of cars and trucks, and head to his family's Flying U Ranch. Once everyone had dried off, they joined a V.I.P. barbecue the Rosser family was holding for local politicians, rodeo organizers, and volunteers. Inside the ranch's cavernous baby-blue barn they dined on grilled steaks and potato salad and listened to country music. Long accustomed to such shindigs, Lesher, wearing a brightly colored, sequined western-style blouse, fit right in.

The chitchat ebbed when the entertainment began. Into the night air charged a massive, 2,500-pound buffalo, fully six and a half feet high at its shoulders. Atop it straddled a cowboy who, to the guests' amazed delight, rode the buffalo like a horse, turning it in circles, then making it first go down on its knees, then lie on its side. The high point of the 20-minute show came when the cowboy rode the buffalo up a steep ramp onto the roof of a long, shocking-pink trailer and there made the animal spin like a top.

Down in the barn Margaret Lesher stood transfixed. The following month she was sponsoring a charity event in Contra Costa County, and the cowboy's act, she felt, would be the perfect entertainment. "When I saw that buffalo," Lesher told a local magazine months later, "I thought, 'Go, girl, go!' "

But as later events would suggest, it wasn't the buffalo that caught Lesher's eye. It was the cowboy, a muscular 39-year-old named Collin "T.C." Thorstenson, who sported forearms as thick as ham steaks and a butt as hard and round as an apple. Lesher cut a beeline through the crowd and struck up a conversation with the cowboy.

**"When I saw that buffalo," said Margaret Lesher, "I thought, 'Go, girl, go!'" But it wasn't the buffalo that caught Lesher's eye. It was the cowboy.**





**ANIMAL ATTRACTION**
***Above,* T.C. Thorstenson atop his trained buffalo Harvey Wallbanger.**
***Right,* Margaret in 1995, a former Miss Peach Queen who never gave up her trademark Golden Peach lip gloss. Called the Jacqueline Onassis of [illegible] by the beholder, a true love, Christmas [illegible] and the promise of [illegible]**

*Bartlett Lake, 25 miles northeast of Phoenix, one year later (May 14, 1997).*

The call came in to the Maricopa County Sheriff's Office just before sunrise, at 5:11 A.M. The man was using a radiotelephone and his first words were garbled. "I woke up about 3:30," he said. "I'm looking for my wife and my boat and they're both gone. I don't know. She wouldn't have left. I don't know where she's at. I've been down to the marina looking there, looking at the other marina. She's not, she's got to be here somewhere. But she's gone."

"O.K.," the dispatcher said. "So the boat's out on the water somewhere?"

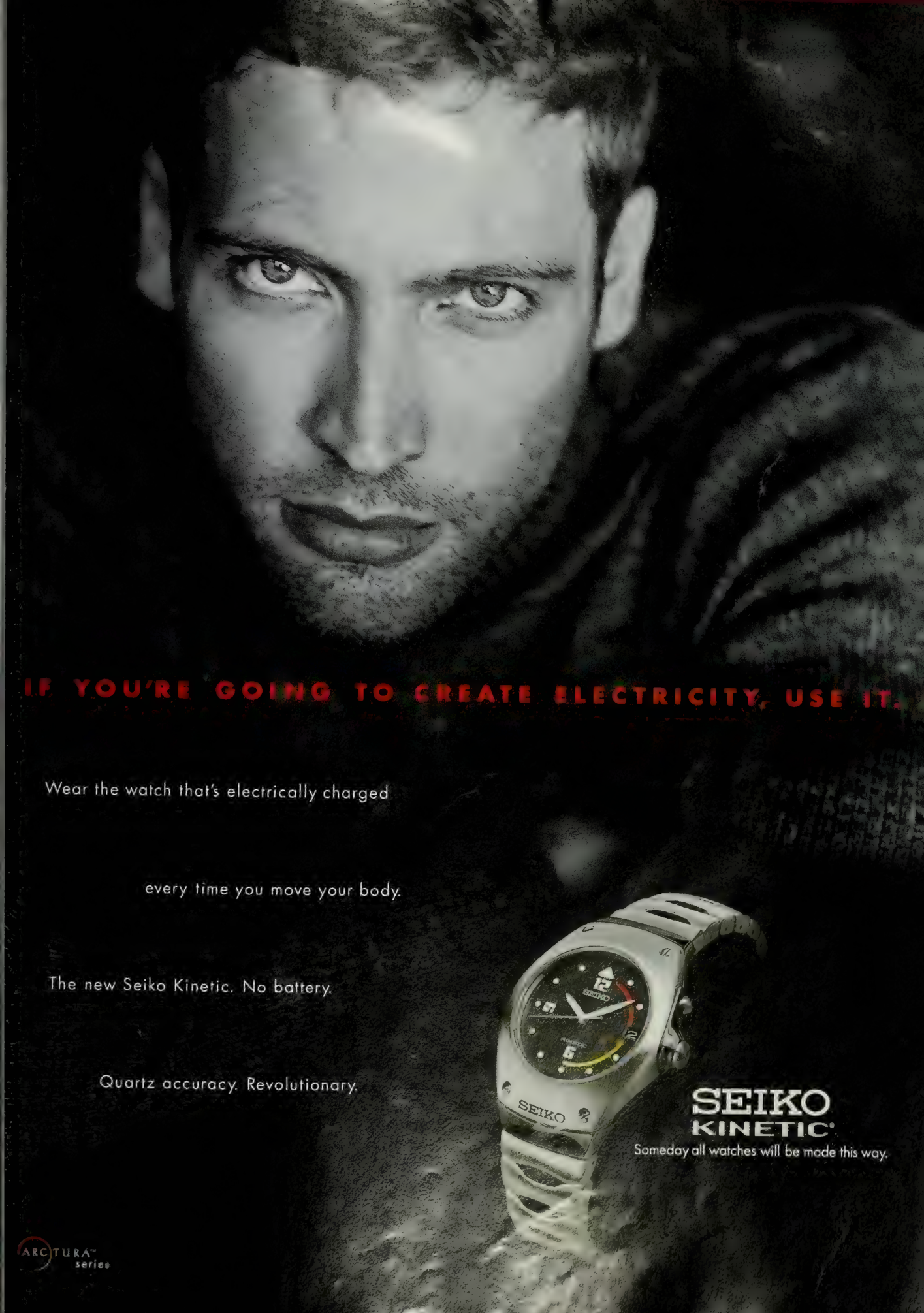
"It's not where we docked it," the man said. "Her and the boat are both gone."

"O.K. We'll have a deputy started out there. What's your name, sir?"

"Thorstenson."

Bartlett Lake is a slash of electric blue across the brown hills just north of Phoenix, a baking desert haven for weekend boaters and fishermen. Rhonda Converse, a deputy with the sheriff's department's lake patrol, found T.C. Thorstenson standing beside the red emergency-phone box on a low rise overlooking the public boat ramp. Thorstenson explained that his wife of six months, the former Margaret Lesher, had disappeared during the night while the couple was camping on a remote wedge of

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scrub called Quarry Point. After driving up from their new home in Scottsdale, Thorstenson said, they had gone to sleep around 10:30. But when he woke at 3:30, Thorstenson continued, he found both his wife and their new 14-foot jet boat missing. He had walked up and down the shoreline for half an hour shouting her name—Thorstenson called Lesher "Margee"—and checked at two nearby marinas, but there was no sign of her.

Converse and Thorstenson were soon joined by a crowd of sheriff's deputies and investigators and a search-and-rescue team. A helicopter was brought in, and a few minutes after eight it spotted the jet boat, resting against the shore two and a half miles from the campsite. On the boat's seat, deputies found the sweater Lesher had gone to sleep in, and, on the floor, her blue jeans and a flashlight.

By midafternoon, as deputies combed the brush at Quarry Point and low-flying helicopters criss-crossed the lake basin, there was no other sign of her. Then, just before four, came a radio call from the news helicopter operated by Channel 12, the local NBC affiliate. They had spotted something. Within minutes divers were in the water off Quarry Point. There, in 8 feet of water, 25 feet from shore, they found the body of Margaret Lesher, clad only in bra and panties, on the muddy lake bottom.

At first glance the mysterious drowning of Margaret Lesher, a woman so prominent in San Francisco's eastern suburbs she has been called the Jacqueline Onassis of the East Bay, showed every sign of becoming a classic American media spectacle: A lonely, fabulously wealthy widow suddenly marries a trailer-park cowboy and six months later turns up dead in a remote desert reservoir. In swooped *Hard Copy*, followed by the *Today* show, *The New York Times*, and hordes of local reporters in Phoenix and San Francisco. When it was discovered that one of Thorstenson's previous wives had three [illegible] against him for beating her, the arc of the story line seemed predetermined: Thorstenson, the greedy, wife-beating husband, would be hauled off in handcuffs, charged with murder, and [illegible] then have his [illegible] in a book or two [illegible]

starring Barbara Eden and Clint Black.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the casting couch. At Lesher's memorial service, one of her four adult daughters, Wendi Alves, disclosed that the family stood wholeheartedly behind Thorstenson. Alves said she had received a spiritual message from her dead mother saying the good-looking cowboy hadn't harmed her. Then, two weeks after Lesher's death, Arizona authorities ruled the death a drowning. There was, announced Philip Keen, the Maricopa County medical examiner, no physical evidence suggesting foul play. Other than a slight abrasion on her forehead, where Lesher's body had presumably brushed against the lake bottom, there was not a single bruise or wound that could not be explained. Moreover, her blood-alcohol level was .10, the minimum legal level to be considered drunk.

**"If T.C. did it, I'd be driving the first stake through his heart, honey. If he didn't, I'd hate to see people ruining his life."**

In the first week of July, Sheriff Joe Arpaio held a press conference clearing Thorstenson of any wrongdoing. "If the question is, Am I 100 percent sure [of Thorstenson's innocence], I'm never 100 percent sure of anything," Arpaio told reporters. "But we feel rather confident that it was an accidental death."

The end of the official investigation disturbed many of those who knew Margaret Lesher best. A few, including her housekeeper, her minister, and her personal assistant were troubled enough to launch their own informal investigation. Others, including several family members, said they were satisfied with the sheriff's findings. "In anybody's mind, it's suspicious," muses Vicky Grinnell, Lesher's decorator and friend during her brief time in Scottsdale. "It's still very suspicious. [But] I've never felt like T.C. did it. I've been very supportive of him. It was dark, she'd been drinking, and she must have gotten lost."

"If he did it, I'd be driving the first stake through his heart, honey," growls Sylvia Manning, Lesher's half-sister, who runs a small gymnastics business in Victoria, Texas. "If he didn't, I hate to see people ruining his life."

What really did happen that warm, starry night in the Arizona desert? "We may never know for sure," concedes Sheriff Arpaio.

Late on a cool summer evening, the mansion on Sally Ann Road is quiet. A breeze blows through the seven giant oak trees that ring the circular driveway. Above, wispy clouds slide across a sliver of crescent moon. The upstairs windows are ablaze with light, but no one can be seen inside. Down in the driveway, the shadows suddenly move as a security guard makes his presence known, shifting his weight and muffling a cough.

Margaret hated nights like this. She seldom slept well, dozing maybe three or four hours before dawn. In the empty years after Dean Lesher's death, she usually stayed alone in her elaborate bedroom, with its three cavernous walk-in closets, and repeatedly called the answering machine in the mansion's office to leave messages for her assistant, Jenny Shields, to pick up in the morning. If she needed plane reservations, she called Jenny. If she needed to schedule a time to see Kathy the dog groomer, or Debbie the personal trainer, or her friend Amy Tan, the writer, she called Jenny. If she needed a tube of lipstick or a new comb, she called Jenny. Mostly, it seemed, she just needed someone to talk to, even if it was a machine. Many mornings last year, when Jenny and her mother, Linda, pulled up at 7:55 A.M., they would see Margaret peering out her bedroom window in anticipation. When Jenny, a bright-eyed 20-year-old, walked into the cottage that served as the office, the first thing she usually did was tally the 30 or more messages Margaret had left her the previous night.

Though Margaret had four daughters from her first marriage, and three stepchildren from her second, the Shieldses formed her surrogate family here in Orinda, one of Contra Costa County's more exclusive enclaves. Jim Shields, Jenny's father, the gentle, 50-year-old pastor of a church in nearby Concord, was Margaret's closest adviser; he and Margaret discussed every important decision she made. Jenny's sister, Lori, had previously


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served as Margaret's bookkeeper, and still lived with her husband in an apartment over by the stables. Jim's wife, Linda, a lean, sinewy woman with a ready smile, was Margaret's housekeeper and closest female friend, someone on whose shoulder Margaret could and often did cry.

There was something childlike about Margaret, the Shields family felt. She wore Chanel suits, but left piles of laundry four feet high. Despite the fact that Linda Shields was 17 years younger than her employer, "I was like Margaret's mother," she sighs. "She said that. I cared about her, probably more than she [cared about herself]."





**MY PLACE OR YOURS? Margaret Lesher's estate in Orinda, California. *Inset,* T.C. in his hometown, McLaughlin, South Dakota. As a boy he raised pet buffalo, one of which later killed his father.**

Most mornings, Jenny walked over to the kitchen around nine and met Margaret to plan the day. Jenny, a slim brunette who was planning to be married, would often plop into the older woman's lap. Margaret treated her like a daughter, and loved chatting about the upcoming wedding. Her enthusiasm was tinged with sadness, though—she desperately wanted to be in love again herself.

Margaret would often break from her morning discussions in the kitchen with Jenny to pray. She was amazing. She could quote dozens of Bible verses off the top of her head. Jenny, a pastor's daughter, was in awe of her. Afterward they would go upstairs to Margaret's bedroom, where Margaret would throw off what she was wearing and walk around naked as she assembled her outfit for the day. She had a good body for a 64-year-old woman, thanks in large part to generous helpings of liposuction. If Margaret was on close terms with God, she worshiped at the altar of cosmetic surgery. Long, vertical scars stretched down both sides of her rib cage where she had had breast-reduction surgery in the early years of her marriage to Dean [illegible] her.

"Jenny, look at your hands," Margaret would say, taking her assistant's flawless young fingers in her grasp. "Mine will look like that n[illegible]"

Margaret was remarkably [illegible] about her surgical improvements, [illegible]

**"Margaret really missed being with a man. She craved it, the attention she gave a man, and the attention that she got from a man."**

point detailing each and every one on a television interview show she hosted on the local Christian station, which Dean Lesher had backed financially. "She thought there was no limit to what we could achieve," recalls her plastic surgeon Brunno Ristow. Even in the last month of her life, Margaret was having liposuction done on her thighs and the removed fat injected into her face and hands to fill in wrinkles.

"Linda, I can't find my shoes!" Margaret would holler as she scurried around the bedroom, her hair up in a clip. The dressing process would drag on and on as she broke to take calls on her cell phone or sit Jenny in front of a mirror to redo Jenny's makeup. Usually by noon, having dabbed on her trademark Golden Peach lip gloss, Margaret was out of the house, driving down the hill toward the trendy shops of Lafayette in her sleek burgundy Jaguar Vanden Plas. Her first stop was often her thrice-weekly chiropractor's appointment. Afterward she would cruise down Mt. Diablo Boulevard to the Robert Jenson Salon, where she sat for her regular manicure and confided in her hairdresser Michael Simons. Simons, one of Margaret's closest confidants, is a power in his own right in Contra Costa County, a one-time I. Magnin vice president who has a consulting business arranging major social functions and promoting them in the San Francisco gossip columns.

"Look at these eyes! Look at these eyes!" Margaret would lament after a late evening, pointing to the little bags beneath her lids. She and Simons had a funny, bitchy style of chitchat that allowed him to tease the older woman about her many foibles. When Margaret started in on her regular theme of finding a Christian cowboy, Simons would cut her off. "Margaret, you don't want a Christian cowboy," he told her. "You just want a cowboy!" Privately, Simons was growing deeply worried, as were several of Margaret's close friends. She was vulnerable, achingly vulnerable.

The money, the homes, the cars—Margaret had come a long way from the little house on the northern outskirts of San Antonio where she had started life as the daughter of a butcher at the local A&P grocery store. She was born Margaret Louise Lisco on May 4, 1932; her father was killed in an auto accident when she was a month old. Her mother remarried, to a man named Jerry Welch, who moved the family to the tiny Texas Hill Country town of

TOP, BY KEN GUTMAKER; BOTTOM BY SARAH LEEN

Stonewall to open a general store when Margaret was 14. Cute, with light-brown hair and a figure that looked great in a swimsuit, she was crowned Miss Peach Queen at a local beauty pageant at 18. After graduating from St. Mary's, the Catholic high school in nearby Fredericksburg, Margaret moved back to San Antonio, where she was employed briefly as a dancer on a local television show.

She was working as a flight attendant when she met and married Bill Ryan, an executive with Pacific Bell in California. They settled in Salinas, but in later years moved often. Margaret, known as Maggie Ryan at this point, raised four daughters while occasionally selling wigs and carpeting on the side to earn money. Her *Ozzie and Harriet* lifestyle came to a crashing halt when Ryan, apparently in the grip of a midlife crisis, announced that she and the girls were too much responsibility and that he needed a break from the marriage. When he later wanted to return, Margaret wouldn't take him back. They divorced in 1969.

Margaret landed in Contra Costa County as an unmarried mother of four. It was a tough time. She took a job selling dresses at the Feminique boutique in the Sunvalley Mall in Concord. An upbeat, hardworking woman, she soon got a job doing public-relations work for the Holiday Inn in Concord, and began dating John Nejedly, a state senator and former Contra Costa district attorney. He had three children of his own, but when she signaled her readiness for marriage, Nejedly got cold feet. The next thing he knew a friend called to say Margaret had been seen at intimate dinners with Nejedly's sworn enemy, the most powerful man in Contra Costa County, Dean Lesher.

Dean Lesher, the Harvard-trained attorney who would transform Maggie Ryan into the Queen of the East Bay, had been the publisher of a small newspaper in the central-California town of Merced in 1947 when he heard of a faltering paper for sale in tiny Walnut Creek, 20 miles east of San Francisco. Chartering a small biplane, he flew over the area and saw that the intersection of two major roads made it a natural spot for the Bay Area's suburbs to expand. He was right, and Walnut Creek's little paper, renamed the *Contra Costa Times*, became the horse Lesher would ride to dominance of the county as it experienced its postwar boom. By 1970, with more than a dozen small papers scattered across the county, Lesher emerged as an all-powerful Huey Long–like figure, using his papers to promote growth at almost any cost. "Dean was like a strict, caring father who treated Contra Costa as his fragile only child," the *Contra Costa Times* wrote after Margaret's death. "He had a hand in everything from freeway placement to who won political office. At one time, he simultaneously was the most hated, most feared and the most loved man in the county."

**"Even if you kill me," a former girlfriend of Thorstenson's with a trust fund said to him, "you wouldn't get anything. Everything goes to my kids."**

In person Lesher was a squat, portly man whose renowned tightfistedness made him deeply unpopular in his own newsrooms. Editors dreaded being called upstairs to his second-floor office, which was decorated with Remington bronzes and western paintings. The papers themselves were highly profitable but not highly thought of. *Sacramento Bee* publisher C. K. McClatchy once called them "the worst papers in America. . . . News coverage is skimpy and inconsistent. The primary purpose of those newspapers is to be ever-faithful cash cows for the owners." That they were. By the early 1990s Dean Lesher was by one count the fourth-richest man in California.

He began courting Maggie Ryan shortly after the death of his first wife. As Margaret told friends, she was initially ambivalent about Lesher. She enjoyed telling the story of how, after four years as a divorced single mother, she had fallen to her knees and prayed for a big, strong man to come along and take care of her. "But I was not prepared for Dean Lesher," she once told a local reporter. "He proposed three times, and I asked God, 'Are you sure you know what you're doing?' "

The problem was: Dean Lesher was just plain *old*. Margaret was 39; he was 70. But Lesher was very rich and very persistent, and somehow Margaret found it in her heart to fall in love with him. She was, in fact, for the duration of their 20-year marriage, absolutely devoted to Lesher. Their 1973 wedding made her the de facto first lady of Contra Costa County, a role in which she was initially uneasy but eventually thrived. As she became involved with the newspapers and local charities, the two biggest changes friends noticed were a newfound bossiness—she could be abrupt with Lesher's employees—and a blossoming commitment to her evangelical Christian faith. She wrote Christian songs and poems, and, to the amusement of reporters in the *Times*'s newsroom, recorded a Christian album. "We would sit around at parties and smoke pot or drink, put on this record and just laugh ourselves into asthma attacks," remembers Ray Tessler, a former *Contra Costa Times* reporter now at the *Los Angeles Times*.

The Leshers acquired two vacation retreats near Lake Tahoe, but the Orinda estate was Margaret's showcase; it featured an elegant Japanese tea garden, a corral for her horses, and towering fir trees through which Margaret threaded silvery lights. Margaret channeled much of her energy into Christian endeavors, hosting her television show and building a wide network of Christian friends. "We had long talks on the phone and prayed together," recalls Roosevelt Grier, the former Los Angeles Ram lineman, now a minister. "She was an incredible woman, always doing things for people. Her door was always open."

By the late 1980s much of Margaret's time was spent caring for her aging husband. On weekend trips to friends' homes she took along a recreational vehicle outfitted with the medical equipment he needed. Shortly before he died at the age of 90, in 1993, she threw a second wedding ceremony, in which the couple, Margaret in white, Lesher in a wheelchair, restated their vows. Not

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long after, she brought in one of the evangelists from Channel 42 to kneel beside Lesher's deathbed and attempt to get the dying man to give himself to Jesus Christ. At first he didn't respond. Then, bowing one last time to his wife's wishes, Dean Lesher dedicated himself to Christ. Two days later he was dead.

Dean Lesher's death left Margaret despondent. Afterward there was an ugly scene when one of Dean's daughters demanded a larger cut of the estate—$30 million more, by one estimate—but the matter was settled in Margaret's favor. In a rare bit of good cheer, Margaret walked into Michael Simons's salon one morning and slapped down a copy of an article that reported her windfall. "I think I got more than Jackie O!" she announced playfully.

But at home alone, especially at night, despair enveloped Margaret like a shroud. She attended grief-therapy sessions and began taking Prozac. The balls and benefits lost their sheen. She sighed whenever it was time to throw another one, calling them "dog-and-pony shows." Her decision to sell Lesher Communications to Knight-Ridder for $360 million robbed her of her best chance at meaningful diversions. She tried to lose herself in the work of the Dean and Margaret Lesher Foundation, which the Leshers had endowed with $31 million, but it was no use. "It was really rough on her," says Jim Shields. "Dean gave her a sense of purpose, of what she was supposed to do. When he died, she lost that sense of purpose." As a woman, Linda Shields saw something her husband didn't. "She really missed Dean, missed being with a man," she says. "She craved it, the attention she gave a man, and the attention that she got from a man."

In 1994, Margaret's mood brightened when she began dating Joe Caruso, a 39-year-old Orinda police officer. At first, sensitive to the disparity in their ages and incomes, she introduced Caruso as her bodyguard. Gradually they began going out publicly, took trips to Hawaii and New York, and, after buying a new motorboat together, enjoyed boating excursions. "Margaret was passionate about Joe," recalls Michael Simons. "She was truly in love with him. She had found the man of her dreams. I heard about Joe night and day—night and day." Eventually, though, Margaret began to complain that Caruso had canceled dates and "stopped calling." At the time, Caruso was recovering from a divorce, but friends also suspected that Margaret's affections could be suffocating. So addicted to her cell phone that she carried around little baggies full of extra batteries, she would call Caruso several times a day. The two reunited in 1995, but by early 1996 Margaret was again complaining that Caruso's interest was waning.

Simons, tiring of listening to Margaret pine for her lost love, made an outrageous suggestion in mid-1996. If part of the problem was that Caruso felt insecure about Margaret's money, he said, why not give him some of his own? "Write him out a big ol' check and stick it in the back of his tight jeans," Simons said.

To his surprise, Margaret took out her cell phone, called her accountant, and instructed him to write the check. Three days later she told Simons she had given Caruso the sum of one million dollars. ("It was half that," Caruso asserts in an interview.)

According to people in Margaret's inner circle, Caruso took the money but soon ended the affair anyway, leaving Margaret more depressed than ever. "Margaret was desperate to get married," says Simons. "She was very, very lonely. When Joe was out of the picture she was a mess. She was frantic."

It was in that state of mind, in May 1996, that Margaret went on the fateful trail ride in Marysville, where on a rainy evening in a drafty livestock barn she thought she met the cowboy she had been waiting for.

The Cotton Lane RV Park sits on as desolate a stretch of desert as you're likely to find west of Phoenix. A dozen or so ratty trailers litter the rough dirt lot a stone's throw from Interstate 10. Across the highway sits a prison. Since leaving his tiny hometown in South Dakota after high school, Collin "T.C." Thorstenson had led a nomadic existence, wandering from rodeo to county fair to horse track to wherever he could rustle up a show—Montana, Texas, California, Illinois. But it was here, on this patch of dirt in the town of Goodyear, that in recent years he began hanging his hat between shows.

When the sun set over the White Tank Mountains, Thorstenson would drive into Phoenix to dance and swill beers at country-western bars. It was in 1990 at an upscale club named HandleBar J that he met Lauralee Shekels, a trim horsewoman then in her mid-30s. A divorcée with two children, she said she lived off a trust fund her father, a founding executive with the giant Control Data Corporation, had set up for her. Shekels immediately took to the handsome, hard-partying Thorstenson, but was surprised when he seemed to fall

**"Dean Lesher proposed three times, and I asked God, 'Are you sure you know what you're doing?'" remembered Margaret.**




**BAD NEWS AND BLIND FAITH** Margaret with Dean Lesher, 30 years her senior, at home in Orinda, 1989. He was a tightfisted entrepreneur who decorated his office with Remington bronzes and whose newspapers were once called "the worst in America." During their marriage she recorded an album of religious songs.

LISA EVANS

even harder for her. "He wanted to get married almost right away. . . . Within a month," she remembers. "I said 'No' I don't know how many times."

As Shekels tells it, there ensued a stormy, on-again, off-again affair that ultimately culminated in their engagement in 1992. The main problem was his inability to remain faithful. She frequently found him with other women, she says, but Thorstenson always explained the woman away as his assistant or a friend. "He couldn't stay away from younger women—he was running around with 20-year-olds," she remembers. "I guess I was stupid, and believed he loved me. [But] every city he went to, he had not just one but a couple [of girlfriends]."

Shekels says they also fought over her money. Thorstenson pestered her to buy him a ranch in Wyoming or Texas, and showed an unflagging interest in her trust fund. This, Shekels says, climaxed in a huge fight in which she told him that no matter what happened he would never be a beneficiary. "Even if you kill me," Shekels says she told him, "you wouldn't get anything. Everything goes to my kids. You wouldn't get a dime."

The day after, when Thorstenson refused to return her calls, Shekels says she drove out to his trailer. It was then, she says, that he said he had "changed [his] mind" and didn't want to get married. (Thorstenson's attorney, Larry Debus, declined to comment on Shekels's story.)

Thorstenson grew up on his family's ranch outside McLaughlin, South Dakota, in Corson County, half of whose 5,000 or so residents are Native Americans living on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation. The western edge of South Dakota may seem like the middle of nowhere, but it's the epicenter of America's buffalo culture; fully 70 percent of the world's bison can be found within a 400-mile radius of McLaughlin.

As kids, Thorstenson and his brother, Craig, raised several buffalo, and after high school, Thorstenson went out on the regional rodeo circuit as a curiosity act, racing one of his buffalo against horses and winning. When poachers killed a mother buffalo on the family ranch, he raised one of the orphaned calves, named him Harvey Wallbanger, and trained him to do tricks.

It was brutal, dangerous work. Buffalo are belligerent animals, a point tragically driven home in the early 90s when one of Thorstenson's animals killed his father, Calvin; according to Merle Lofgren, editor of the *McLaughlin Messenger,* Calvin Thorstenson and a ranch hand were driving the buffalo through a gate when the animal suddenly turned and charged, tossing Calvin high into the air. Still, by the mid-1980s, T.C. Thorstenson was making a decent living as one of the country's handful of trained-buffalo acts, performing at rodeos and county fairs across the West. He had a knack for publicity, even earning a mention in *National Geographic* magazine in 1994.

Quiet around strangers, with a faint resemblance to the director John Sayles and the powerful physique necessary to wrestle one-ton bison, Thorstenson was always a magnet for women. Lee Rosser of the Flying U Ranch says Thorstenson could often be found hanging out with the rodeo "groupies." Kathi Thorstenson—who would become his wife after his first marriage, to a high-school sweetheart, failed—spied him in a pair of tight blue jeans at a cowboy bar in Gillette, Wyoming, in 1983. They married three years later and settled in a small house near Rozet, Wyoming.

**"I felt that Margaret had done what she shouldn't have done," her pastor remembers thinking following her marriage to T.C.**

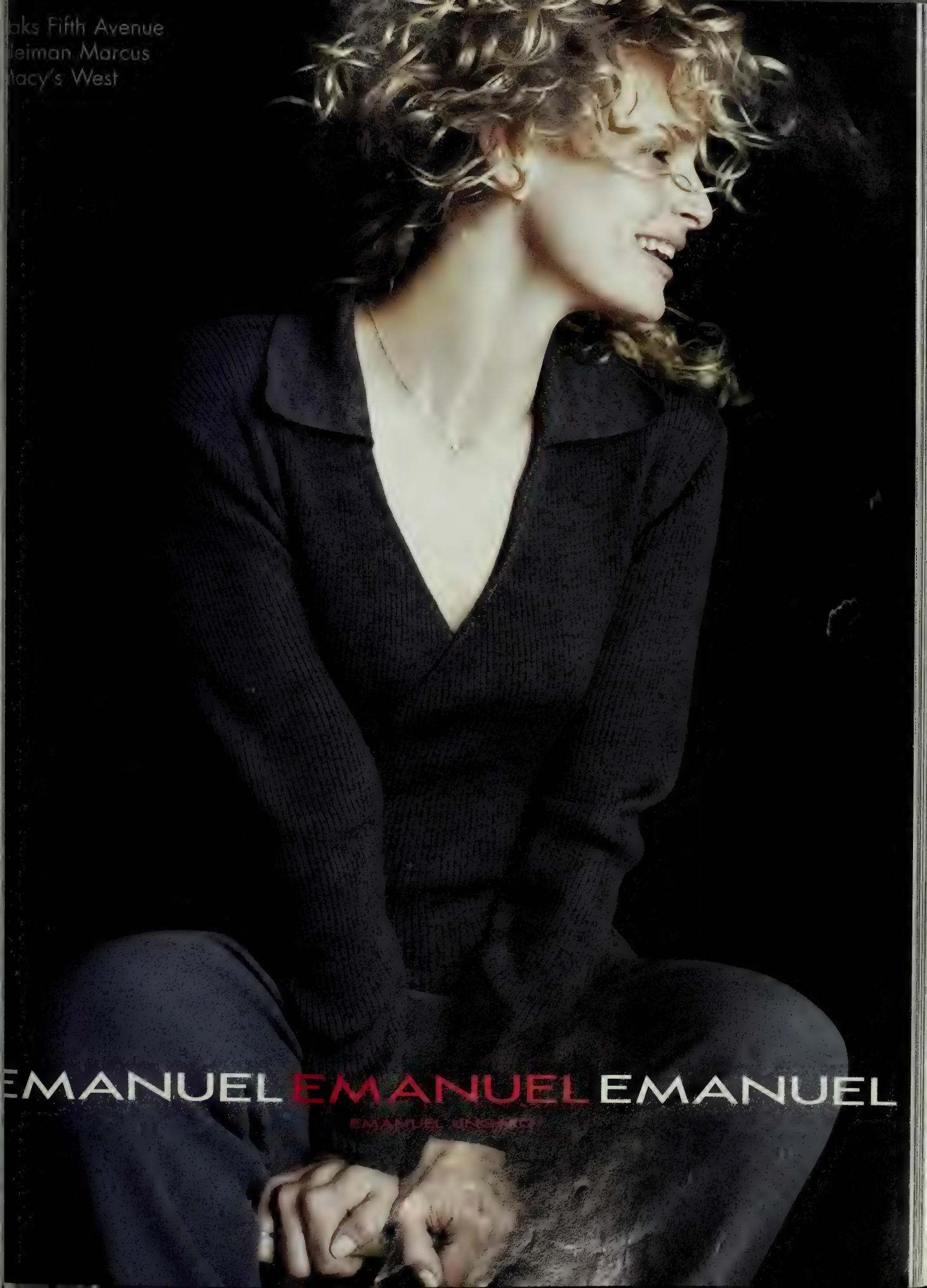
On three occasions between 1987 and 1990, Kathi Thorstenson filed complaints with local authorities that her husband had beaten her. She later told reporters that on one of these occasions the beating was so severe that her neck was broken, requiring corrective surgery. In the second incident, she told police, Thorstenson had tied her up with a dog leash. On all three occasions, Kathi Thorstenson refused to press charges. (Debus denies Thorstenson beat his former wife; of her neck injuries he says, "She fell off a horse.") The couple divorced in 1992; by that date Thorstenson had relocated to Arizona.

By early 1996, Thorstenson was doing well enough to buy a small ranch in Pecan Gap, Texas, northeast of Dallas, which the local tax assessor values at just under $200,000. But even as his act drew wider attention, his reviews were decidedly mixed. Some rodeo organizers speak highly of Thorstenson; others won't hire him. "He's really what we call in our business a brushhound, a fellow who's not very polished," says Bud Kerby of the Bar T Rodeo in Chester, Utah. Kerby first saw Thorstenson's act in Las Vegas in 1995, when Thorstenson had begun augmenting Harvey's act with an "Indian buffalo hunt," in which he put on war paint and head feathers to chase his buffalo with a horse and what was billed as a trained wolf. "It was a terrible act," recalls Kerby. "The buffalo part was not too bad, but the wolf part, it was *really* bad. The horse wasn't trained and the wolf wasn't broke, [and] was completely out of control."

"When I hired him [in 1995], I had people who told me I had made a mistake, and they were sure right," says T. R. "Flip" Harmon, the veteran president of the Days of '47 rodeo in Salt Lake City. Several cowboys angrily complained to Harmon that Thorstenson was using a "shock collar" to train his wolf and was taking even more drastic measures to train his horse. "He was using a BB gun, which is against our regulations," remembers Harmon. "I confronted him, and then I took that act right out," Harmon continues. "This is very, very, very unusual. It's the very first guy I've ever had to do this to because of cruelty to animals. And this is my 37th year [supervising the rodeo]."

Harmon says he lodged a complaint with the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association in Colorado Springs, which began an investigation. "We had several people watch him, but he knew [it] at that juncture," a P.R.C.A. official says. "I had just really started to try and find out more when this thing [with Margaret Lesher] happened to him." (Larry Debus says he is unaware of the allegations.)

Though Margaret met Thorstenson at the Marysville trail ride in May, it wasn't until mid-August that he visited her in Orinda, on his way to perform at the California State Fair in Sacramento. Margaret, always eager


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for houseguests, was thrilled. After parking the trailer and the buffalo at a friend's ranch, Thorstenson and one of his assistants arrived at the mansion and, to Linda Shields's dismay, made themselves comfortable. "Jim, that guy in the Indian outfit is going to spend the night here," Linda told her husband over the phone. The next morning Margaret announced she was going with Thorstenson to Sacramento. When she returned, she was bubbly in a way Linda hadn't seen in some time. Linda wanted to be happy for her, but she smelled trouble.

In the ensuing weeks Thorstenson phoned often and sent flowers. The relationship advanced from the casual-dating stage when Margaret accepted an invitation to visit Thorstenson's Texas ranch. After she returned, Margaret told Jenny, in luxurious detail, about an evening they had spent country-dancing at a bar. Afterward, tired and sweaty, they had driven out onto a back road, where Thorstenson stopped the truck and made love to Margaret in the cool night air. After returning from Texas, Margaret took to dressing in Thorstenson's western style—tight blue jeans and cowboy boots, albeit $8,000 alligator-hide boots—and tooling around in a new Humvee. Uneasy over how her friends would react, however, Margaret told almost no one about Thorstenson.

Jim Shields, who shared his wife's concerns about the relationship, had several long talks with Margaret about Thorstenson's intentions.

"It's just a friendship," Margaret insisted.

"As long as it's a friendship where you're having fun, it's fine," Shields counseled. "But go slow. There's no hurry here."

Margaret repeatedly promised Shields that she [illegible] to progress [illegible] the pastor's [illegible] stenson [illegible] mansion, spending [illegible] October at Margaret's side. On a trip to Las Vegas, Margaret bought Thorstenson a Rolex watch and a closetful of western clothes. When the matter of Thorstenson's career came up, Margaret assured the Shieldses he was well-off and came from a prominent South Dakota ranching family.






**RHINESTONE COWBOY** Margaret and T.C. (astride Harvey) at the party celebrating their marriage on Valentine's Day 1997. Guests dined under a giant tent, at tables featuring centerpieces of gold cowboy boots. *Inset:* the party invitation.

**Thorstenson delayed dinner at his wedding party by riding Harvey through the front door and giving an impromptu show in the marble foyer.**

Thorstenson was well groomed and polite, calling most women "darlin'," but Jenny Shields couldn't bring herself to trust him. It was her fiancé, Dean, [illegible] who took an active dislike to [illegible]. At one point Jenny and [illegible]er, Lori, were in Margaret's [illegible] baking cookies when Thorstenson came down the stairs after a workout, dressed in only a skimpy pair of sweaty gym shorts. "His wiener was holding up his shorts," Dean recalls in wonderment. "I looked at him, thinking, What the hell are you doing? You're almost naked! The whole time he kept looking at Jen and at Jen's sister." The two men locked eyes for a good 5 or 10 seconds. Dean's look was a clear warning to the cowboy to stay away from the Shields girls. Thorstenson's stare, as Dean interpreted it, said he would look at anyone he damn well pleased. Afterward, Dean pleaded with Jenny to avoid being alone in the house with Thorstenson. (Debus was unavailable for comment on this.)

In October, Margaret announced that she and Thorstenson were planning a Hawaiian vacation. Again, Jim sat Margaret down and made her promise she wouldn't go forward without consulting him. When Margaret returned to the mansion on November 12, she took the phone into another room to have a conversation Linda couldn't hear. "I think something is going on," Linda told her husband that evening when she returned home. Jim got a bad feeling. "I felt that she'd done what she shouldn't have done," he remembers. Just then Margaret called and broke the news. She had gotten married.

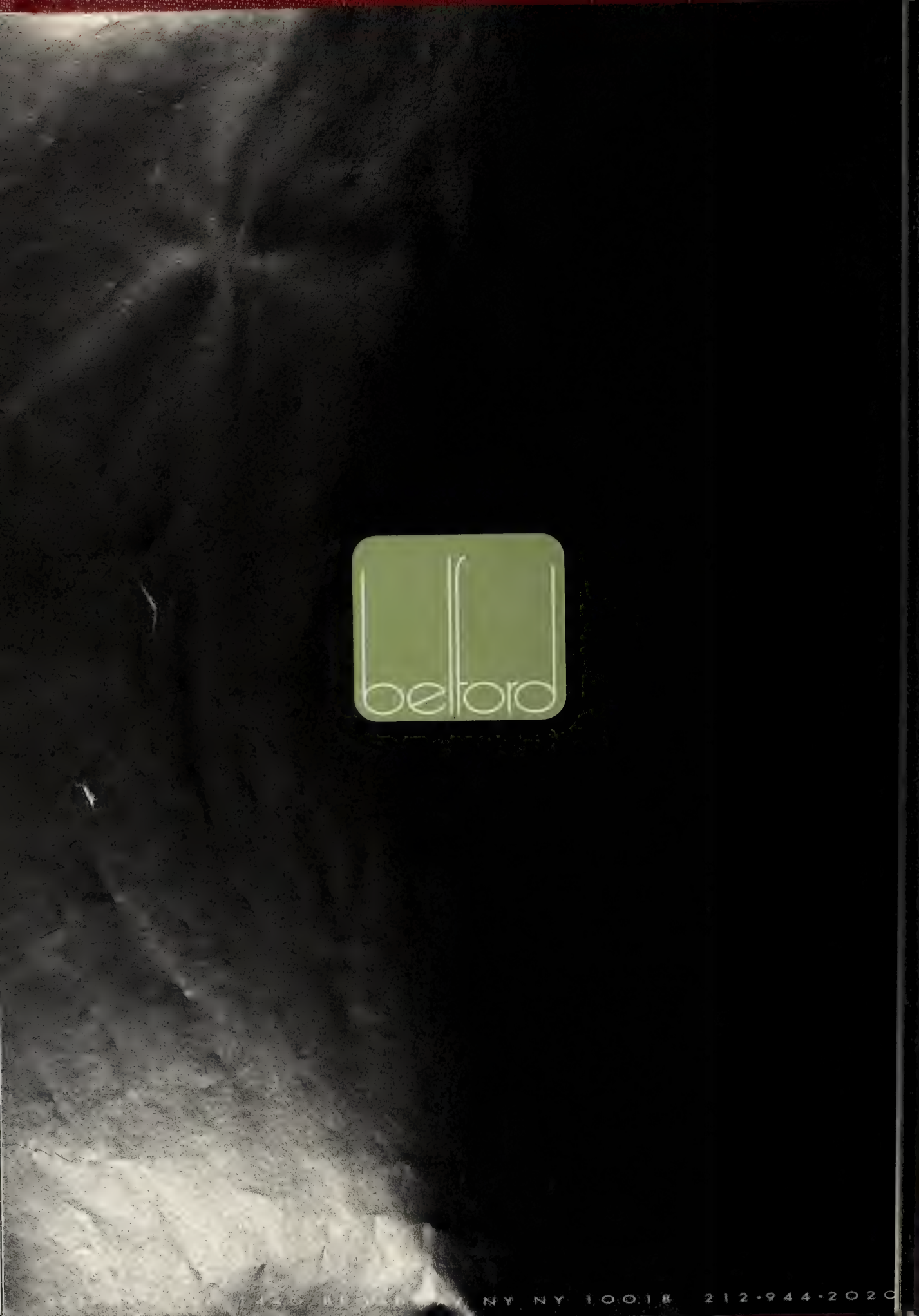
"Are you happy for me?" she asked.

Jim didn't know what to say. "If this truly makes you happy, I'm happy for you," he told her. "But I'm shocked that you didn't tell me before." Afterward the pastor broke down and cried.

"I'm sorry, I'm just so shocked, I can't be happy for you," Jenny told Margaret the next morning.

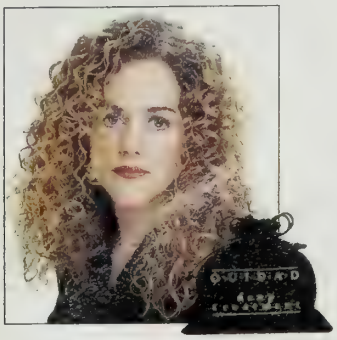
As Margaret told the story, Thorstenson had made his marriage proposal a take-it-or-leave-it proposition. Gazing into her eyes one evening in Hawaii, he proposed marriage, but added that it was the one and only time he would ever ask. (Debus says Thorstenson has no recollection of this stipulation.) Margaret, caught up in the moment, said yes. The ceremony took place in a flower-filled hotel room. The next night, Margaret told the Shieldses, she woke up in what she CONTINUED ON PAGE 233


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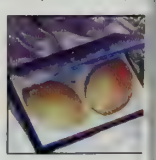






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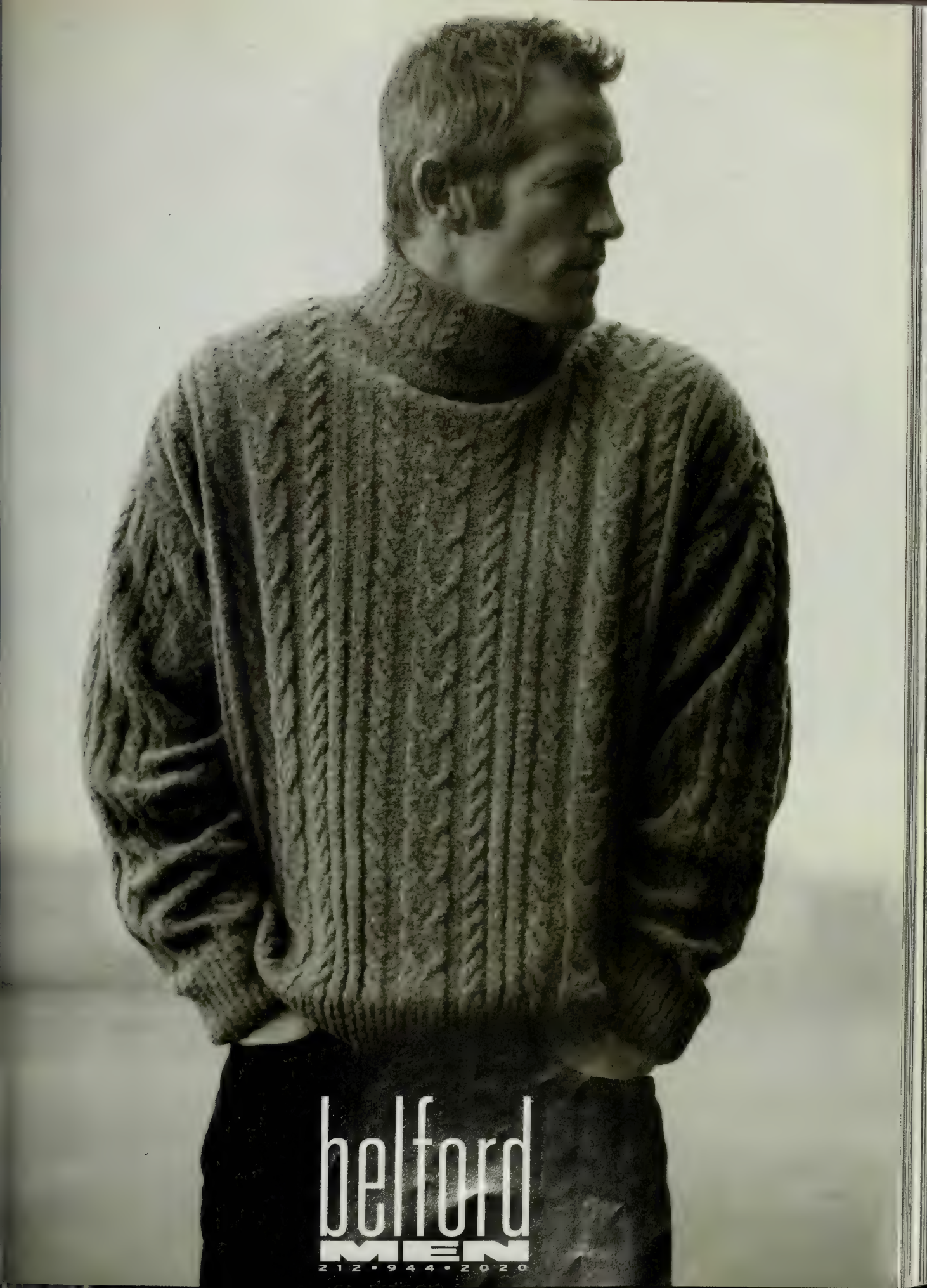


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 224 called "stark terror," finally hit by the realization of what she had done. "I married a 40-year-old man I don't even know," she explained. "I just kept thinking, What have you done?" Near panic, Margaret had telephoned her daughter Trisha in San Antonio. But Trisha, far from being alarmed, calmed her mother.

"Trisha said he was a gift from God and not to worry about it," recalls a member of Margaret's inner circle. "After that, Margaret was fine with it. She said T.C. was a gift from God. [When we heard that] we just sat there saying, 'Oh, Trisha, what are you saying?'" (Trisha doesn't recall using the words "gift from God.")

One night, not long after returning from Hawaii, Thorstenson sprang a second surprise on his new wife. He wanted to buy a ranch in Arizona. The Orinda house was Dean's, he said; he wanted one they could call their own. Already, Thorstenson had begun calling her "Margee" in a conscious effort to distance her from her earlier life. And, Thorstenson said, he had a place in mind: a sprawling, $1.7 million stone ranch house with a barn and several acres of corrals in north Scottsdale. At first Margaret resisted, but she gave in when she saw how much it meant to Thorstenson. The only hang-up came when Margaret learned that Thorstenson had put his name alone on the title. "Margaret was so hurt by that, you just can't believe it," says a close friend. "She made him change it." ("It never happened," says Debus.)

Jim Shields opposed the move to Arizona. "She would say, 'We love each other,'" Shields recalls. "And I would say, 'You can't love each other. You don't even know each other. Love comes from time and growing together.' At that point she'd always change the argument: She'd say, 'But I like him . . . and it can grow.'"

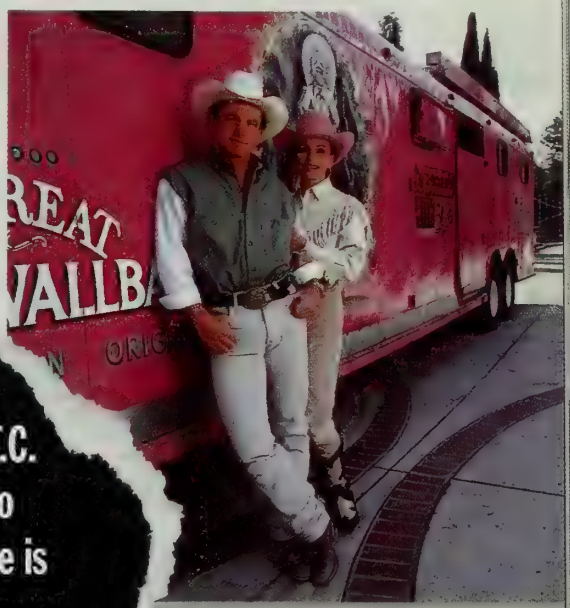
Margaret had not announced her marriage publicly, but news of it finally broke in a *San Francisco Chronicle* gossip column the first week of January. Margaret belatedly announced a wedding reception for Valentine's Day at the Orinda estate and plunged into preparations with Michael Simons. It was the kind of evening Margaret was famous for: 122 guests, including Amy Tan and Tony La Russa, the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, dining on pork and garlic mashed potatoes under a giant tent on the front terrace. Each table featured as a centerpiece a pair of gold-painted cowboy boots studded with 180 red rhinestones. Dinner was slightly delayed when Thorstenson rode Harvey through the front door and gave an impromptu show in the black-and-white marble foyer, eliciting cheers from the guests.

The real spectacle, though, came in private, when, according to two of Margaret's former employees, she presented Thorstenson with his wedding gift: a wire transfer for $3 million. (Debus denies this.) If Thorstenson gave Margaret a wedding gift, no one saw it. Margaret also bought her new husband a new trailer for his buffalo and horses, along with a shocking-pink semitruck, adorned with zigzagging neon lines, to pull it. (Debus says they bought it together.) "She thought the more toys she bought him, the happier T.C. would be," says a close friend.

**"Margaret wanted to kiss and cuddle and stuff, and T.C. didn't like that. He talked to me all the time, saying, 'She is driving me insane.'"**

After the party the newlyweds began settling into the new house in Scottsdale. Margaret launched into an extensive remodeling in a style she thought Thorstenson would like. "The whole house was done very, very western—cowboy western, not Santa Fe or California western—very, very cowboy," remembers Vicky Grinnell, the decorator who helped Margaret find such items as a leather-framed mirror adorned with longhorns. They had ordered his-and-her trees to plant in the yard, and Thorstenson chipped in a sign he liked: BUFFALO XING. The *pièce de résistance* was a $195,000 pair of bronze buffalo Margaret commissioned. A deliveryman bringing in the $6,000 pool table was amazed at the spread. "Does buffalo work pay this well?" he asked Thorstenson. The cowboy just smiled.

Away from the spotlight, the Shields family felt, the marriage was already encountering difficulties. Once in Scottsdale, Thorstenson left on a series of trips, to rodeos, to Texas to check on his ranch, to Minnesota to see his 18-year-old son, Cody. Margaret stayed home, alone and unhappy. "She was a fish out of water here in Scottsdale, because she didn't know anyone," says Grinnell. "She really needed a friend."



**THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'**
**Margaret and T.C. beside Harvey's trailer, April 1997. At T.C.'s urging, the couple bought a $1.7 million ranch home with a barn and corrals in Scottsdale, and redecorated it "very, very cowboy."**

At every juncture Margaret looked for excuses to go home to Orinda. After one trip back, she returned to Scottsdale to find a number of extra miles on her Rolls-Royce. According to a close family friend, Margaret confronted Thorstenson, who confessed that he and some friends had used the car to visit strip bars. (Debus was unavailable for comment on this.) After that, Margaret made a point of keeping her car keys with her. She was starting to grow uneasy at the amount of money Thorstenson was spending. When Jenny came across a check Margaret had written him for $10,000 for unspecified "household expenses"—but had never mentioned—she sent it to a local bank

ANNE HAMERSKY

to have Margaret's handwriting checked. (The bank confirmed her signature.)

To several relatives, as well as such friends as Rosie Grier, Margaret said she was very happy. The Shields family thought differently. On April 20, Jenny and Jim flew to Scottsdale to visit Margaret, who had begged them to come down, on the pretense of wanting help with some paperwork. They both knew she was just lonely.

On their last night in Arizona, while Thorstenson was off tending to the buffalo, the Shieldses sipped coffee with Margaret, who took the opportunity to spill out her misery. She missed her friends, she said. And she was uncomfortable with Thorstenson's friends, three hard-looking ranch hands who seemed to shadow them everywhere they went. She and Thorstenson rarely had sex anymore, she moaned, joking that she thought her husband must be having a homosexual affair with one of the ranch hands. He had to be getting sex somewhere.

"Margaret, if you had to do this all over again, would you do it?" Jenny asked.

Margaret was growing teary. "No," she said






**THE BREAKUP OF OUR CAMP**
***Right,* Margaret Thorstenson with her pastor, Jim Shields, in the jet boat the Thorstensons later took on the fatal camping trip. *Below,* the aid station where T.C. called for help after Margaret disappeared.**

**"The phone was very staticky when we talked.... I don't really know what Margaret said.... But I am positive she was scared."**

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says Thorstenson complained incessantly about Margaret and went to increasingly excessive lengths to avoid spending time with her, for instance, "losing" her on one of their nightly bicycle rides. "He called me from a pay phone and I picked him up and we went to a titty bar," says Kosta. "Whenever she around, she always wanted to kiss and stuff, and he didn't said] she was a horny old talked to me all the time, ae'" (Larry Debus says

ended up granting a single, brief interview for free, during which he revealed nothing that would incriminate Thorstenson. Then he went into hiding, where he is trying to write a book on the case. Kosta says in an interview with *Vanity Fair* that he knows where Thorstenson was getting sex—from a young girlfriend he visited regularly and once brought to the ranch itself for a loud bout of athletic sex when Margaret was away.

"We had a saying, kind of a joke. T.C. would say, 'I need to go get feed,'" says Kosta. "He would take three to five hours to 'get feed' when it should've taken a few minutes. He was [really] going over to the girlfriend's house to get laid." (Larry Debus denies Thorstenson had a mistress.) Kosta

there was no tension in the marriage: "These two were like little kids in love.")

Yet, according to Kosta, Thorstenson was considering a divorce, and was consulting with a Texas attorney at the time of Margaret's death. Margaret had similar concerns. In the weeks before her death, she talked several times with her old boyfriend John Nejedly, the former Contra Costa district attorney. Since Dean Lesher's death she had taken to calling Nejedly from time to time, but in those last conversations before her death, the talks took on a sharply different tone. "She had some misgivings about [the marriage]," says Nejedly.

By this time Margaret appears to have made a startling discovery: the existence of Kathi Thorstenson. T.C. had never mentioned his second wife. Some of Margaret's friends suggest that Nejedly, in an effort to poke into Thorstenson's background, may have uncovered the marriage. Nejedly won't confirm or deny it. And it's unclear whether she confronted Thorstenson with her discovery. Whatever the case, Margaret, who had long championed battered-women's causes in Contra Costa County, apparently did not learn of Kathi Thorstenson's allegations of wife beating.

On Sunday, May 4, after returning to Scottsdale from a quick trip to the Texas ranch, Margaret turned 65, and enjoyed a quiet birthday celebration with Jeff Kosta; Thorstenson had given her a new horse but, according to Kosta, remained in Texas for her birthday. The next morning she flew back to Orinda for a trustees' meeting for the foundation, then met with her attorney Keith Schiller to pick up a proposed "postnuptial" agreement that would sharply limit Thorstenson's benefits in a divorce. Both Schiller and Jim Shields had been urging Margaret to finalize the agreement for some time, but, according to Jeff Kosta, Thorstenson had repeatedly put off Margaret's requests that he sign it, and had avoided traveling to Orinda because the papers were there.

When Margaret returned to Scottsdale that Wednesday, she brought the agreement and presented it to Thorstenson. According to Kosta and the Shields family, he refused to sign. "They got into an


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argument over it; it was pretty tense," says Kosta. "He pretty much said, 'We'll deal with this later.'" Jim Shields got angry. "If the guy won't sign this, you get on a plane and come home," he told Margaret. (Debus says he's never heard of any postnuptial agreement.)

Thorstenson later told reporters that he and Margaret had taken their first, brief camping trip the following Sunday, Mother's Day, and that Margaret had enjoyed it. Several people close to Margaret, however, gave conflicting accounts of an incident that day which later attracted the attention of investigators. As Linda Shields understood what Margaret told her in a Monday-morning phone call, Thorstenson had taken her on a ride in their Jeep on a winding desert road. At one point, Margaret had bent down to tie her shoe. As she fixed her laces, she claimed, Thorstenson started fiddling with her seat belt. She quickly sat upright as he sharply turned the steering wheel. Had she not held on to her seat belt, Margaret insisted, she would have been flung from the Jeep.

"The phone was very staticky when we talked," says Linda. "The seat-belt thing, I don't really know what she said. I can't be positive. But I am positive she was scared. She was afraid of her husband." Linda wanted to know more, but she says Margaret abruptly ended the conversation, saying, "Someone's coming in, I gotta go." Their talk deeply worried Linda. "I was sick to my stomach all day," she says.

Sheriff's investigators later discounted this conversation after talking to Margaret's daughter Trisha, who said her mother didn't mention the incident to her in a call later that day. Jeff Kosta downplayed the incident as well, saying that Margaret had called Thorstenson "my hero" for saving her from falling from the Jeep. Whatever the case, Margaret had settled down by noon on Monday. When Vicky Grinnell arrived around then, Margaret was lying on the floor exercising with her trainer and joking about the incident.

The next day, Tuesday, was the fourth anniversary of Dean Lesher's death. Jenny spoke with Margaret by phone several times. Thorstenson later told investigators that the idea to leave on an impromptu camping trip late that afternoon had been Margaret's. If so, she failed to mention it to Jenny, in whom she confided the tiniest details of each day.

"Jenny, go buy me some orange spice tea," Margaret instructed her assistant in a call placed at about 5:15 P.M. "Buy six packs for Orinda, six packs for Scottsdale, and overnight it to me."

"O.K.," Jenny replied. It was the last time Jenny spoke to her boss.

Jeff Kosta says that Margaret was excited about the trip. Late on Tuesday afternoon, Kosta and Margaret waited in the driveway for Thorstenson to appear. Unbeknownst to Margaret, Kosta claims, Thorstenson had spent the afternoon "getting feed" with his girlfriend. When he finally returned around seven, the couple loaded the new gear into their pickup truck, hitched up the jet boat, and headed north toward Bartlett Lake, arriving shortly before sunset. They slid the boat into the water at the boat ramp, then split up to meet at their campsite at Quarry Point, Thorstenson driving the truck, Margaret taking the boat. After tying the boat's mooring line to a rock, they pitched camp away from the water, lit a campfire, and unrolled their sleeping bags. With dinner Thorstenson drank beer while Margaret sipped champagne. Thorstenson emphasized that neither drank much and certainly couldn't have been considered drunk. At one point, Thorstenson volunteered, he walked over to a group of four fishermen camped nearby and asked them to turn down their music. He said the couple turned in about 10:30.

**"I wish it would have been me that drowned and not her," says T.C. "Some people are hunting for something that isn't there. They're trying to make it a witch-hunt."**

Thorstenson said he woke at 3:30 to find that Margaret wasn't in her sleeping bag. Thinking she might have gone to the truck to sleep, he looked for her there in vain. He said he walked up and down the shoreline calling his wife's name for 20 or 30 minutes, to no avail. It was at that point, he said, that he noticed the boat was missing. He checked the fishermen's campsite, but they were gone. Now growing seriously worried, Thorstenson said, he decided to load their gear into the truck and find help. He drove back to the road and headed for the marina, where he called from the sheriff's aid station.

The next morning, as helicopters hovered low over Bartlett Lake looking for Margaret's body, Jenny Shields left a series of messages on the answering machine in Scottsdale. "Margaret, where are you? I'm worried about you," she told the machine. "Don't do this to me."

After sitting in the aid station all day, Thorstenson emerged to identify Margaret's body by her scars. He told sheriff's investigators he had no idea what had happened, but speculated that Margaret had awakened during the night to check on the boat. She must have clambered in and somehow found herself adrift, then decided to remove her clothes and swim back to shore.

A team of investigators fanned out to check his story, flying to the Bay Area to interview Margaret's family and friends and to Montana to see Kathi Thorstenson. As newspapers in California and Arizona splashed the story across their front pages, investigators emphasized that they were not conducting a murder inquiry, and that Thorstenson was not considered a suspect.

A week later, nearly 500 people appeared at the Dean Lesher Regional Center for the Arts to file past Margaret's body. Dressed in a St. John white knit suit with silver threads and buttons, and holding a prayer book and a tiny cross made of gold nuggets, she lay in a casket surrounded by flowers; a team led by Michael Simons had done her hair and makeup. Thorstenson showed up wearing black Levi's and a black hat, and told a reporter, "We were really happy, especially the last two weeks. . . . I'm just tired of being grilled, first by the authorities, then by the press. They've been twisting everything around. They shouldn't say things




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without knowing the facts." One of Margaret's daughters, Wendi Alves, proclaimed the family's support for Thorstenson, and told of hearing her mother's voice from beyond the grave. "She is so happy, so joyous," said Alves. "It's wonderful, it's such a comfort, to know your mother is at peace and is having such a great time."

Privately, the Shields family was aghast at the daughters' comments. They began combing through Margaret's phone and expense records, looking for anything that might give them a clue as to what happened. A month later, when Jim and Linda Shields first spoke with me at a Starbucks in downtown Lafayette, they said they still hadn't fully revealed their suspicions to the daughters. "Why go where you're not wanted?" Linda asked. "They seem so supportive of him, I certainly don't feel it's my role to—"

"And with good reason," Jim interjected. "The girls do not know what we know."

The week before, in fact, Margaret's daughters, brushing aside Kathi Thorstenson's allegations of abuse, had publicly backed his right to perform his buffalo act at a long-scheduled benefit for Margaret's favorite charity, Battered Women's Alternatives. Not until days before the show was his appearance canceled.

Ten minutes into the second quarter of the football game at the San Jose Arena, when the woeful San Jose SaberCats manage their first touchdown, the buffalo charges onto the field. Thorstenson, attired in white hat, shaggy chaps, and a green SaberCats football jersey, guides the giant creature out to midfield, swinging a pair of knotted orange T-shirts, which he ultimately tosses into the crowd. There are a few whoops and hollers; no one, as team officials feared, boos. At halftime Thorstenson returns and runs through Harvey's tricks—backing up, sliding sideways, lying down. For the finale the animal tries to put all four hooves atop a small metal pedestal but repeatedly misses, once knocking it over, twice slipping off. Thorstenson nails the trick on the fourth try and triumphantly circles the field, waving his hat and smiling broadly, the smell of buffalo perspiration trailing faintly in his wa

Before the game, Thorstenson gives no indication he is annoyed by the small pack of reporters and photographers who have come to cover his return to buffalo riding, just 26 days after Margaret's body was dragged from Bartlett Lake. In Arizona the news has broken that he has stopped cooperating with investigators and declined to take a polygraph test. When a reporter from a Phoenix television crew, standing on top of a pickup truck to film his arrival, shouts, "T.C., what about the polygraph?" he smiles and yells back, "Let me take care of business first." When a trio of photographers make their way back to his pink semi to snap a few pictures, he obliges them with a little beefcake, peeling off his white T-shirt and changing into the football jersey. Over dinner in the pressroom he shares a few words with a reporter from the *Contra Costa Times* and smiles when the other reporters are mentioned. "I've always wanted publicity, but never like this. I'm sure Margaret would have wanted publicity for me, but never like this," he says with a little laugh.

**"I've always wanted publicity, but never like this," says T.C. "I'm sure Margaret would have wanted publicity for me, but never like this . . . "**



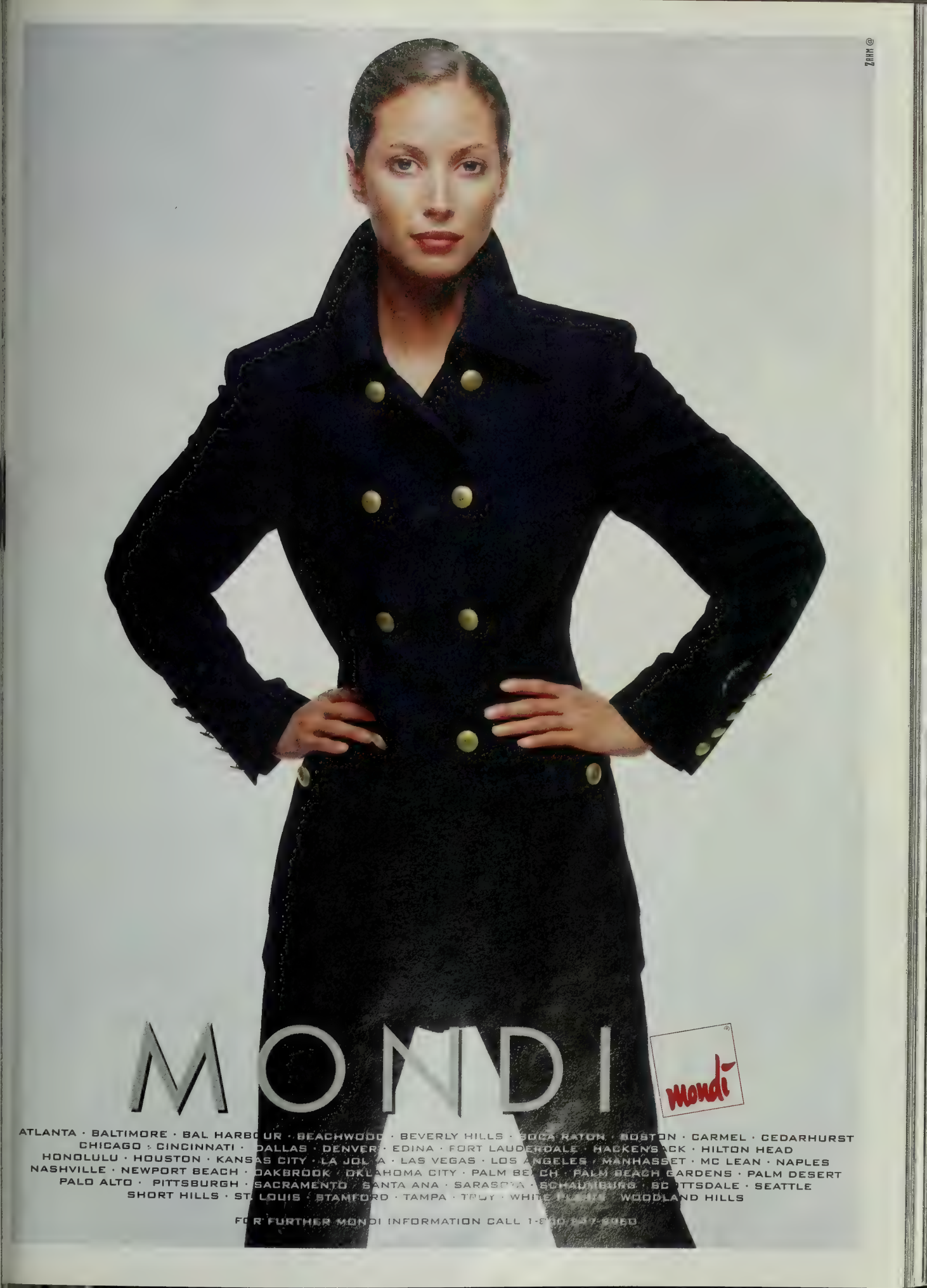
**SOLO IN A BOLO**

**T.C. atop Harvey Wallbanger in the rodeo ring just weeks after Margaret's death. A charity event benefiting battered women recently canceled his act after learning of wife-beating allegations.**

A week later I reach him at his Scottsdale home. Thorstenson declines to be interviewed in person, citing his lawyer's advice. But over the telephone, in [illegible] I wish it would have been me who drowned and not her. An accident is an accident. Some people are hunting for something that isn't there. They're trying to make it a witch-hunt. They should stick to the facts, what is on paper." In their private talks, Jeff Kosta says, Thorstenson has consistently denied any involvement in Margaret's death.

"A lot of people may be saying [it's murder], but it don't mean anything," says Sheriff Joe Arpaio, leaning back at his desk in downtown Phoenix three weeks before his press conference clearing Thorstenson. "If someone out there wants to write a *Columbo* story, they'll want to say there's some mystery here. As of now, we have no evidence to indicate foul play is involved. You gotta go by physical evidence. And, quite frankly we're not going nowhere."

Just how much money Thorstenson will receive from Margaret's estate is a matter of considerable speculation. According to several people familiar with Margaret's will, he may inherit as much as $5 million—but not if Margaret's daughters or the estate's trustees, including Jim Shields, can stop the payout. By mid-July the trustees had hired a detective to investigate Margaret's death, as had Roxanne Gibson, one of Margaret's daughters. Speculating that Thorstenson may have omitted mention of his second wife on his marriage certificate, the trustees have explored whether they can have the union with Margaret annulled. Friends say that Thorstenson, meanwhile, is already laying plans to spend some of his newfound wealth. According to Jeff Kosta, he is scouting locations in the Phoenix area where he can open his own strip bar—a contention his attorney denies. □


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# Vanities



## CROWE ACTIVE

**Name and occupation:** Russell Crowe, actor. **Provenance:** Australia. **Age:** 33.
**Frightened audiences in:** *Romper Stomper* (playing a deranged skinhead) and *Virtuosity* (playing an even more deranged serial killer). **Soon to be playing the good guy in:** *L. A. Confidential*, with Kim Basinger, and *Breaking Up*, with Salma Hayek. **Have you forsaken the outback for Hollywood?** "I've got a little property out in the bush with horses and cows and chickens and stuff like that." **That makes for quite a commute:** "I'm very privileged. I just get on the plane and go to work, but I also know where I come from." **Are there characters or roles you aspire to play?** "When I was younger I wanted to play Molière or Shakespeare," but with the big onslaught of Shakespeare in the last few years in the cinema, I've lost interest. I think it's a real waste of energy to covet things." **Speaking of coveting, how about Kim Basinger?** "How *about* Kim Basinger! Kim is just a phenomenal actress. We treated each other with a great deal of respect and affection."

STYLED BY JEFFREY HILL; HAIR BY [illegible]; MAKE-UP BY [illegible]; SHOT BY ALVIN KLEIN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE




Abercrombie & Fitch





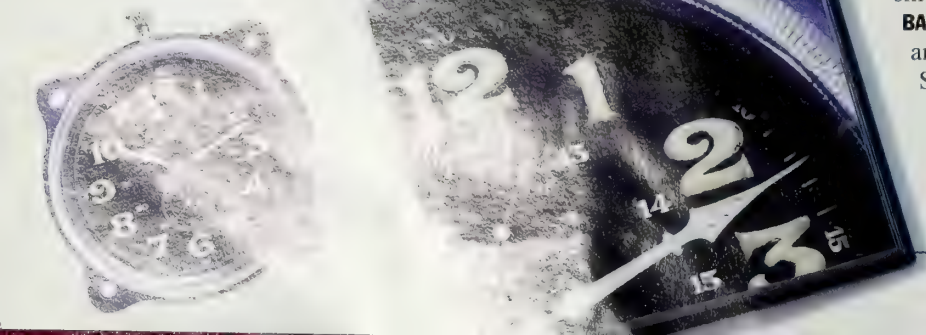

From top: *a poster advertising British Railways designed by Abram Games, 1951; fashion illustrator Gordon Conway captures the Jazz Age, 1924; watchmaker TAG Heuer's dashboard chronograph for automobiles and airplanes, circa 1930.*

## Hot Type

**ANTHONY LUKAS'S** engaging true-crime thriller, *Big Trouble* (Simon & Schuster), finished shortly before his June death, spins the wheel of time back to the turn-of-the-century murder of a former Idaho governor, embroiling legendary dick Pinkerton James McParlan and Clarence Darrow, defender of the great unwashed.

Also this month: In *TAG Heuer: Mastering Time* (Assouline), **GISBERT L. BRUNNER** records with jewel-like precision the work of the luxury European watchmaker. **WILL SELF'S** *Great Apes* (Grove) is a fur-flying satire of Swiftian proportions in which all London has been transformed into a planet of the apes. The masterful short stories in **DEBORAH EISENBERG'S** *All Around Atlantis* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) focus on troubled souls loosed from their moorings. A little boy dukes it out with comic-book foes like pirates, Martians, and mountain lions in **JULES FEIFFER'S** picture book, *Meanwhile . . .* (HarperCollins). Crown **SANDRA TSING LOH** the acerbic queen of the Crate & Barrel crowd—her witty novel, *If You Lived Here, You'd Be Home by Now* (Riverhead), stars a parade of irony-afflicted, insuranceless Gen-Xers who dream of hitting the big time in L.A. or at least owning a sofa. An eccentric writer flees her familiar middle-class life in the venerable **MARGARET DRABBLE'S** enchanting novel *The Witch of Exmoor* (Harcourt Brace). Baby-boomers, reach for your wallets: **BILL GEIST'S** *The Big Five-Oh!* (Morrow) is a riotous look at boomer bummers such as the urge to own a motorcycle, being the oldest person at a concert, and—horror of horrors—buying relaxed-fit jeans. *On History* (New Press) collects the best essays of eminent British historian **ERIC HOBSBAWM. EDMUND WHITE'S** *The Farewell Symphony* (Knopf) is the final installment in his elegiac autobiographical trilogy. W. C. Fields, the peerless comic and outlandish self-mythologizer, comes to life in **SIMON LOUVISH'S** *Man on the Flying Trapeze* (Norton). In *Gordon Conway: Fashioning a New Woman* (University of Texas), **RAYE VIRGINIA ALLEN** etches the history of the Jazz Age *Vanity Fair* illustrator who captured the heat and elegance of flapper-era beauties. **ANDREW** and **LESLIE COCKBURN** reveal the potential dangers of the former Soviet Union's nuclear stockpile in *One Point Safe* (Anchor). A mother and daughter take a revealing road trip through the 1950s South in **SUSAN THAMES'S** poignant first novel, *I'll Be Home Late Tonight* (Villard). **MARTIN KNELMAN'S** *Laughing on the Outside* (St. Martin's) celebrates the genius of the late Canadian funnyman John Candy. **DENIS JOHNSON'S** *Already Dead* (HarperCollins) features a Faulknerian tapestry of outsiders, misfits, and lowlifes. Artist **DAMIEN HIRST,** renowned for floating expired creatures in formaldehyde, opens up his head in *I Want to Spend the Rest of My Life Everywhere, with Everyone, One to One, Always, Forever, Now* (Monacelli). It's an ad, ad, ad, ad world: **DAVID BERNSTEIN'S** *Advertising Outdoors* (Phaidon) celebrates the ingenuity of billboards from Roman murals shilling wine to Times Square billboards selling smokes, sex, and sin. And, finally, **SEALE BALLINGER** beatifies the spitfires, jezebels, and steel magnolias of the New and Old South in *Hell's Belles* (Conari Press), which includes honorary southern belle Truman Capote's bon mot "I don't care what anybody says about me as long as it isn't true." Amen!

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL



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*Roald Dahl, 1984; bottom, Ralph Steadman's rendition of Gipsy House, in Buckinghamshire, where Dahl wrote his stories*

HORST TAPPE

# Welcome to the Dahl House

## Roald and the giant feat: an illustrated treasury for all time

It's a fact that must be faced by every mom and pop. There comes that awful day when innocence is somehow lost and the Berenstain Bears just won't cut it. Say a moist farewell to your freckle-faced boy and your pigtailed *cherubina.* They may or may not favor you with a glance and a wave over the shoulder as they cross the enchanted frontier into Dahl-land. (Though, if you learn to be very, *very* good, you may get them back. But the Pied Piper will have had them in his thrall, and it will show.)

Those searching for a map of the Piper's domain may rummage with profit through a new compendium. *The Roald Dahl Treasury*—out next month from Viking—teaches grown-ups to lip-read and then lisp the names of Willy Wonka, Matilda, and the Oompa-Loompas. Of course, they can't be expected to understand everything at first. But the exercise is worthwhile for instilling character and curiosity. In *The BFG* (Big Friendly Giant), the child is urged to acquaint himself with a book called *Nicholas Nickleby,* by an author named "Dahl's Chickens." And, just as you can't have the pathos of Smike without the cruelty of Wackford Squeers, so you can't appreciate Dahl unless you have a taste for the grotesque as well as the innocent. A weakness for puns and wordplays is a help, too.

The "treasury" is abundantly illustrated, by, among others, Ralph Steadman, who has been striving to get in touch with his inner Dahl for many a year. Lurking amidst the old favorites like Veruca Salt and the Minpins are shards of unpublished letters, verse, and memorabilia. If it were by any other author, it could be described as a book for all the family. As it is, we have here one of the most advanced manuals in the arduous process of parent rearing.

—CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS




GUCCI














GUCCI

# Night-Table Reading



**Matt Drudge,**
*editor of the on-line* Drudge Report:
The Strange Death of Vincent Foster:
An Investigation, *by Christopher Ruddy (Free Press).*
*"Ruddy, with the tenacity of a pit bull,*
*reviews the forensic evidence in the Foster case.*
*Hard-boiled and all wrong for the*
*times, Ruddy is completely refreshing in his fight*
*against authority."*



**Paul Thomas Anderson,**
*screenwriter, director:*
Learned Pigs
and Fireproof Women,
*by Ricky Jay (Warner).*
*"My friend's encyclopedia*
*of freaks, anomalies, and Matthew Buchinger,*
*the 29-inch man with no feet, no thighs, no arms,*
*but an incredible calligraphic skill."*




**Michael Jackson,**
*radio talk-show host:*
The Time Bind,
*by Arlie Hochschild*
*(Henry Holt).*
*"It's a scary portrait of how*
*quality time at home now has to be scheduled*
*like an office appointment, and our families are being*
*shortchanged. Fortunately, Hochschild has some*
*solid advice, as well as a lot of warnings."*



**Fiona Apple,**
*musician:*
Journal of a Solitude,
*by May Sarton (Norton).*
*"I read it on the road,*
*and for someone who feels*
*crazy all the time,*
*it was comforting."*



Work of the Art Artists Jake and Dinos Chapman

# Brothers in Arts

They are the Chapman brothers, Jake, 30, and Dinos, 35—the latest British rude boys to unleash their brand of aesthetic terrorism on the art world. Last year they got London going with "Chapmanworld," an ambitious installation of their trademark Freud-meets-Frankenstein tableaux: scenes from a demented Disneyland of the unconscious, populated by mangled mannequins adorned with hyperrealistic adult genitalia erupting from the most unlikely places.

From sex to death. The next phase of the brothers' evolution will be "Six Feet Under," opening at the Gagosian Gallery in New York this September. "The show is going to be a mass grave," says Jake. "There'll be grass and trees and lots of mutated figures looking down into a pit." Asked what response he wants from the viewer, he replies, "Vomit. No, laughter. And then vomit. Money. No—I don't know." Despite their provocateur pose, something serious is happening here; the work is deeply disquieting. The Chapmans are mucking around in the mind's swampy sewer, pulling out primal imaginings and unarticulated nightmares. The psychobiology of their terrifying figures makes for meaty mutations that go bump and grind in the night.

—A. M. HOMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-LUC HERVÉ; ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



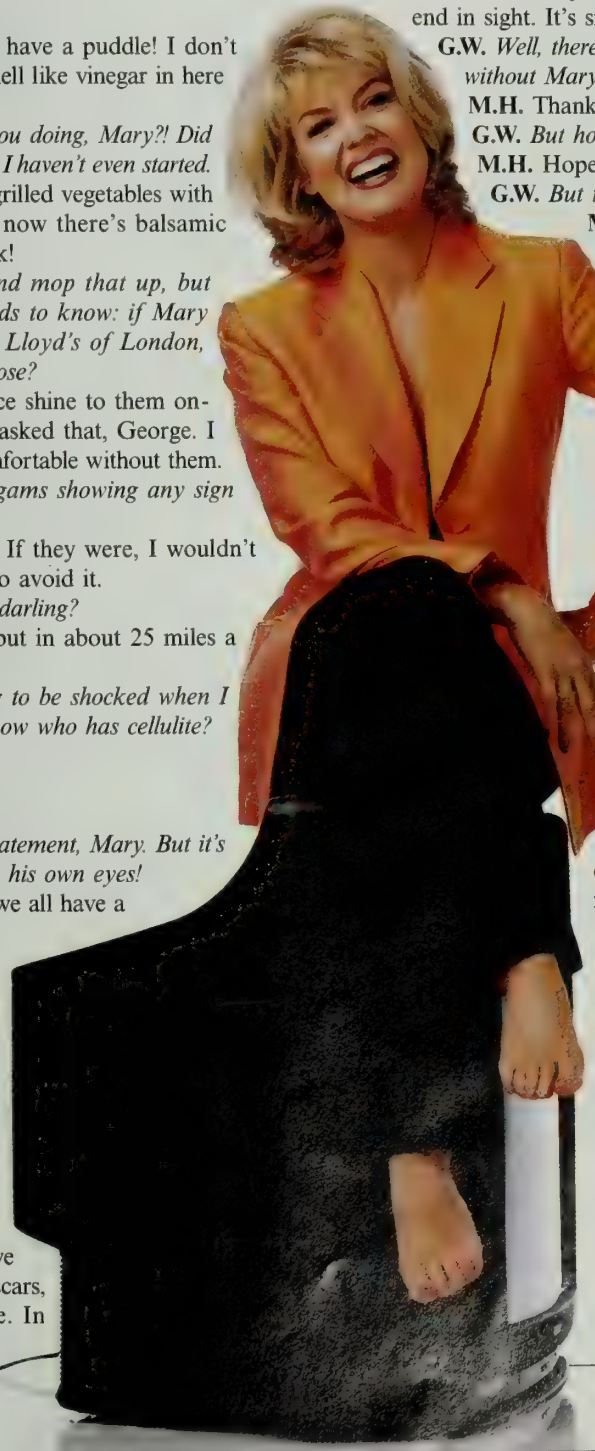
# VESTIMENTA

DAVIS FOR MEN: CHICAGO  SEBASTIAN'S CLOSET: ATLANTA & DALLAS

# Queen of Harts

## Mary Hart is the small screen's great survivor

When Mary Hart started as the co-host of *Entertainment Tonight* in 1982, there were only three networks and *Dallas* was king. Now, in the era of six networks and $150 million movies, Hart continues to be the bright face of Hollywood hype on TV. GEORGE WAYNE checks in with *E.T.*'s queen, and asks how she has remained, seemingly, the happiest woman on the air.



**Mary Hart:** Oh my God! I have a puddle! I don't believe this. It's going to smell like vinegar in here for days!

**George Wayne:** *What are you doing, Mary?! Did you spill your lunch already? I haven't even started.*

**M.H.** I was going to have grilled vegetables with balsamic vinaigrette. And now there's balsamic vinaigrette all over the desk!

**G.W.** *Well, Mary, relax and mop that up, but right off the bat, G.W. needs to know: if Mary Hart's legs are insured by Lloyd's of London, why does she wear panty hose?*

**M.H.** Well, they have a nice shine to them on-camera. I have never been asked that, George. I don't think I would feel comfortable without them.

**G.W.** *Tell G.W., are those gams showing any sign of cellulite?*

**M.H.** [*Long pause.*] Gosh! If they were, I wouldn't admit it! I work too hard to avoid it.

**G.W.** *How do you do that, darling?*

**M.H.** On the treadmill. I put in about 25 miles a week on my treadmill.

**G.W.** *You're probably going to be shocked when I tell you this. But do you know who has cellulite?*

**M.H.** Who?!

**G.W.** *Daryl Hannah!*

**M.H.** No!

**G.W.** *Yup! It's a shocking statement, Mary. But it's true! G.W. witnessed it with his own eyes!*

**M.H.** Well, George, don't we all have a little bit? Women all have some. It's a bummer.

**G.W.** *We all have flaws, darling. What's it like being driven to work every day? Meeting all the biggest Hollywood stars in the galaxy? Going to your job on that legendary Paramount lot?*

**M.H.** I get carsick in the back of a limousine, so I drive a Suburban. But, for the Oscars, I do arrive in a limousine. In full regalia—the security guard, the jewels, the long gown.

**G.W.** *But it must be a fabulous feeling to have such a fabulous job!*

**M.H.** I have the best job in the business.

**G.W.** *And how does Mary feel when a younger, prettier face makes her way onto the screen?*

**M.H.** I think I'm philosophical about it, George. My feeling is, there is life beyond television. It has never been my plan to live out all of my days on TV. At this point there is no end in sight. It's simply not an issue right now.

**G.W.** *Well, there is certainly no* Entertainment Tonight *without Mary Hart.*

**M.H.** Thanks, George.

**G.W.** *But how fake is Mary Hart?*

**M.H.** Hopefully not too, if at all.

**G.W.** *But there has to be some fakeness.*

**M.H.** Well, I think there are certain days when I feel a little sorry for myself, or I'm PMS-y, but I'm not going to let that show on-camera. When I drive through those gates I'm a girl from South Dakota who wanted to get into show business, so I have to remind myself—it's a good Christian ethic, I guess—to be thankful every day.

**G.W.** *Do you get a lot of psycho fan mail?*

**M.H.** Definitely. There are strange people out there, but I just try to be sensible about it. It's sad, but the F.B.I. says: Do not sign or respond to fan mail, and do not sign photos and send them out. Because it takes just that one person to misinterpret.

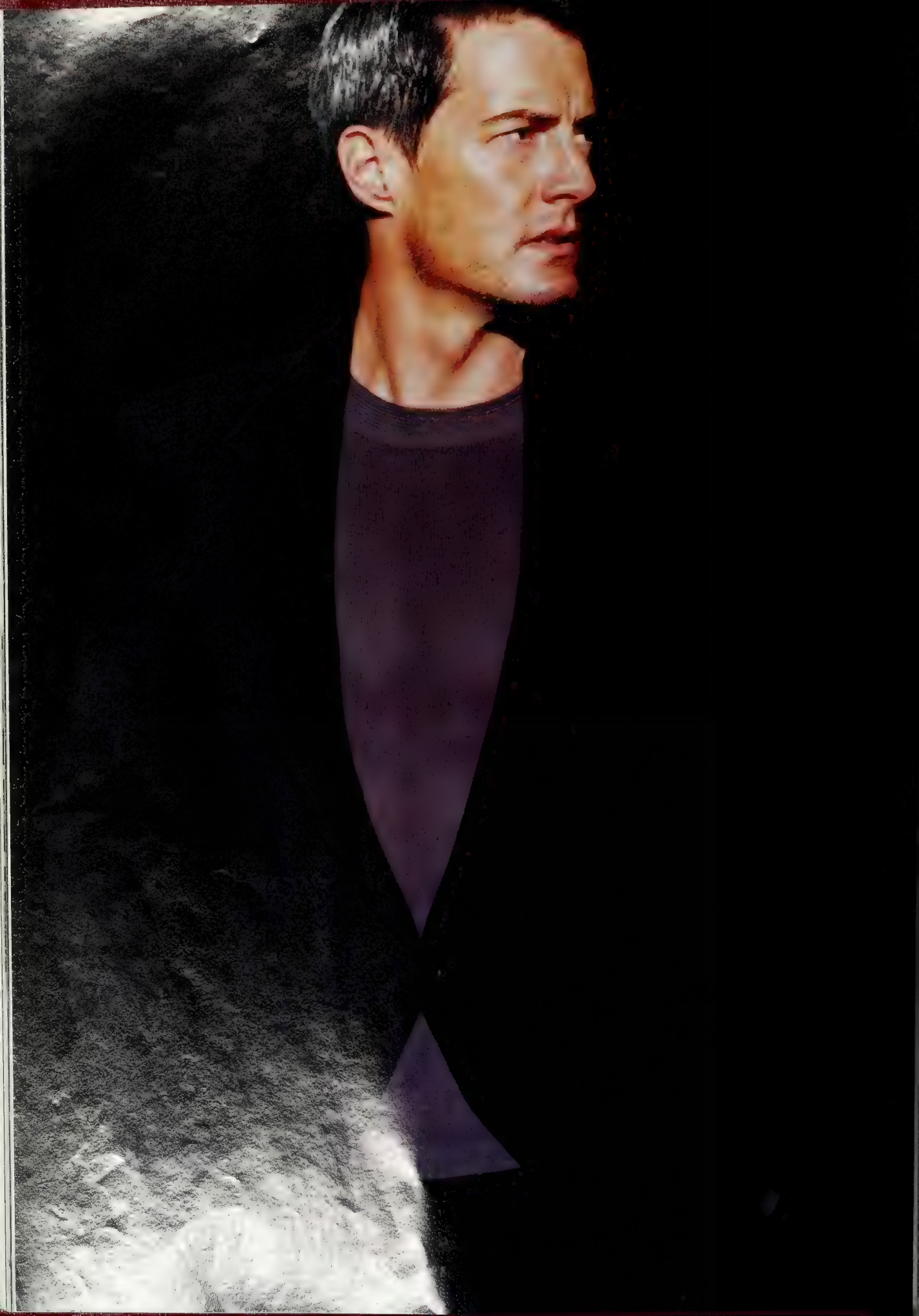
**G.W.** *What's the first job you ever held in your life?*

**M.H.** Well, cleaning the rest rooms when I was in high school. I went to boarding school in South Dakota while my parents were living in Sweden.

**G.W.** *G.W. has a vision for Mary Hart in 2004: you will be holed up glamorously in the Bahamas, living off the mega-royalties from your best-selling infomercials!*

**M.H.** That's interesting, George! I haven't done any of those yet. But I could think of worse things to do.

GWENDOLEN CATES. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE




DONNAKARAN
NEWYORK

DOUGH
PERFECTION

"Renée has already turned down big studio movies—and they were offering her seven figures," says *Whole Wide World*'s director, Dan Ireland.



# Running with the Stars

When she melted Tom Cruise's heart in *Jerry Maguire*, Renée Zellweger staked her claim to star status after just three years in Hollywood. As the 28-year-old Texas sensation measures herself against legends such as Faye Dunaway and Shirley MacLaine, KEVIN SESSUMS finds Zellweger bringing both head and heart to her next role, opposite Tim Roth, in a psychological thriller directed by her boyfriend, Josh Pate, and his twin brother, Jonas



Renée Zellweger picks me up in her black Volkswagen Jetta and speeds down Sunset Boulevard toward Hollywood and Vine. We're on our way to see Faye Dunaway as Maria Callas in *Master Class* at U.C.L.A.'s Doolittle Theater. It is Dunaway's first performance of the play in Hollywood after an extensive American tour, and I have arranged for us to visit her backstage afterward. Just as Dunaway staked her claim for movie stardom by capturing Warren Beatty's heart in *Bonnie and Clyde,* Zellweger, 30 years later, did the same thing by capturing Tom Cruise's in *Jerry Maguire.*

"This is the first play I've ever seen," Zellweger says, chewing her gum and working the Volkswagen's clutch with her spike-heeled sandal. "Never had the opportunity. It wasn't something that happened—you know, Faye Dunaway coming through Katy," she continues, naming her small Texas hometown. I look around the interior of the Volkswagen in an attempt to disguise my shock at such an admission, and realize she's cleaned it up since our visit yesterday. All the dog hair has been vacuumed out and the varied debris hidden away in the trunk, along with the Spalding basketball she keeps back there in case she spots the rare occurrence of a pickup game going on in West Hollywood, where she, the perfect little point guard, lives in a tiny apartment above a garage. Instead of her beloved and shedding pet, Dylan, a collie-Labrador mix, the [illegible] white roses Zellweger has brought along to [illegible] herself [illegible] up Ru[illegible] wore a pair of cut[illegible] sweatpants, a shrunk[illegible] posed just enough of her belly butto[illegible] old sneakers, and not a speck of makeup. Tonight, however, her lipstick is perfectly applied and her lithe body has been expertly squeezed into an Alaïa-like long dress.

"Do you know anything about Maria Callas?" I ask.

"I know she died the same year as Elvis."

It's time, I decide, to change the subject from the Texan's cultural heritage.

So: How does she plan to navigate, as Dunaway has had to, the question of aging in this town? "For me, I'll be fine," she says, gunning the engine and shooting through a yellow light. "To me there is nothing more beautiful than a woman who ages—No! I won't use that word! There's nothing more beautiful than a woman who embraces her maturity and the respect that comes along with it. I'm not looking forward to the experience myself on that level, because the emphasis here is for the female to be young, to be *fresh,*" she continues, pronouncing the word as if she were referring to a vegetable she doesn't want to eat.

We pull into a parking lot just north of Hollywood Boulevard, but our walk up Vine toward the theater is slowed by Zellweger's displeasure at having strapped herself into those spike-heeled sandals. "This girl stuff sucks," she says, gingerly stepping on the names of the stars in the sidewalk—Mae West, Charlie Tuna, the Three Stooges, Ava Gardner. Atop Art Linkletter, she stops and adjusts a strap.

"Lively. Dedicated. Friendly" is actor Tim Roth's succinct reply when I ask him for a description of Zellweger, who co-stars with him in the upcoming psychological thriller tentatively called *Liar,* written and directed by the Pate twins, Josh and Jonas. Zellweger plays a prostitute—a role that has become part of the professional hazing that Hollywood seems to put most of its actresses through. (In another new film, director Boaz Yakin's *A Price Below Rubies,* the 28-year-old really proves her mettle. Co-starring with *ER*'s Julianna Margulies, Zellweger must [illegible] her Texas mannerisms as she [illegible] Hasidic Jewish woman who [illegible] in modern Manhattan.)

"What about her little-girl moxie?" I ask Roth. "She's got a sweetness-and-swagger way about her."

"A lot of that is a defense," he says. "Renée is a *grown woman.* But it's kind of nerve-racking being around the film industry, at the best of times."

In the decades between Faye Dunaway's first taste of stardom and Zellweger's, the "art" of moviemaking has devolved in inverse proportion to the technical wizardry that is possible today. Every aspect has grown louder, dumber, lewder. Ironically, though, the female palette has remained the same. Back in that world of Fayes and Fondas and Julie Christies, there was always a Mia—gamine, for sure, but boss enough to bop the chairman of the board. Now, in a world of Umas and Kidmans and Emma Thompsons, here is this young woman with an even odder name—a pixie, perhaps, but one who can handle a pickax. Zellweger is, in fact, the newest version of America's sweetheart, proving just how far we've come since Mary Pickford, who won her first Oscar for 1929's *Coquette.* There is nothing coquettish about Ms. Zellweger; such a term only embarrasses her. She's modernly accessible. "America's sweetheart!" she exclaims. "It sounds as if I should be riding on a float in the Rose Bowl parade. My goodness. I wouldn't think about myself that way at all."

"While Renée is beautiful, she doesn't come on as a strong knockout," says one of *Jerry Maguire*'s producers, Laurence Mark. "She has this great Everywoman quality."

"I was looking for the spirit of Shirley MacLaine in *The Apartment* when I was casting the role of Dorothy Boyd," says *Jerry Maguire*'s writer and director, Cameron Crowe. "We talked about Shirley MacLaine a lot," reiterates writer and director James L. Brooks, who served as lead producer of *Jerry Maguire.* Brooks, whose past creations include *Terms of Endearment, Broadcast News,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* was very involved in the casting and editing. "We wanted that kind of spirit and rawness. That rawness Renée had with Tom caused an amazing alchemy," he tells me from the set of his upcoming film, *Old Friends.* "She brought the audience *into* the movie."

"When we screened it for the first time, I got broadsided by Renée's per-

**RARE BIRDS**

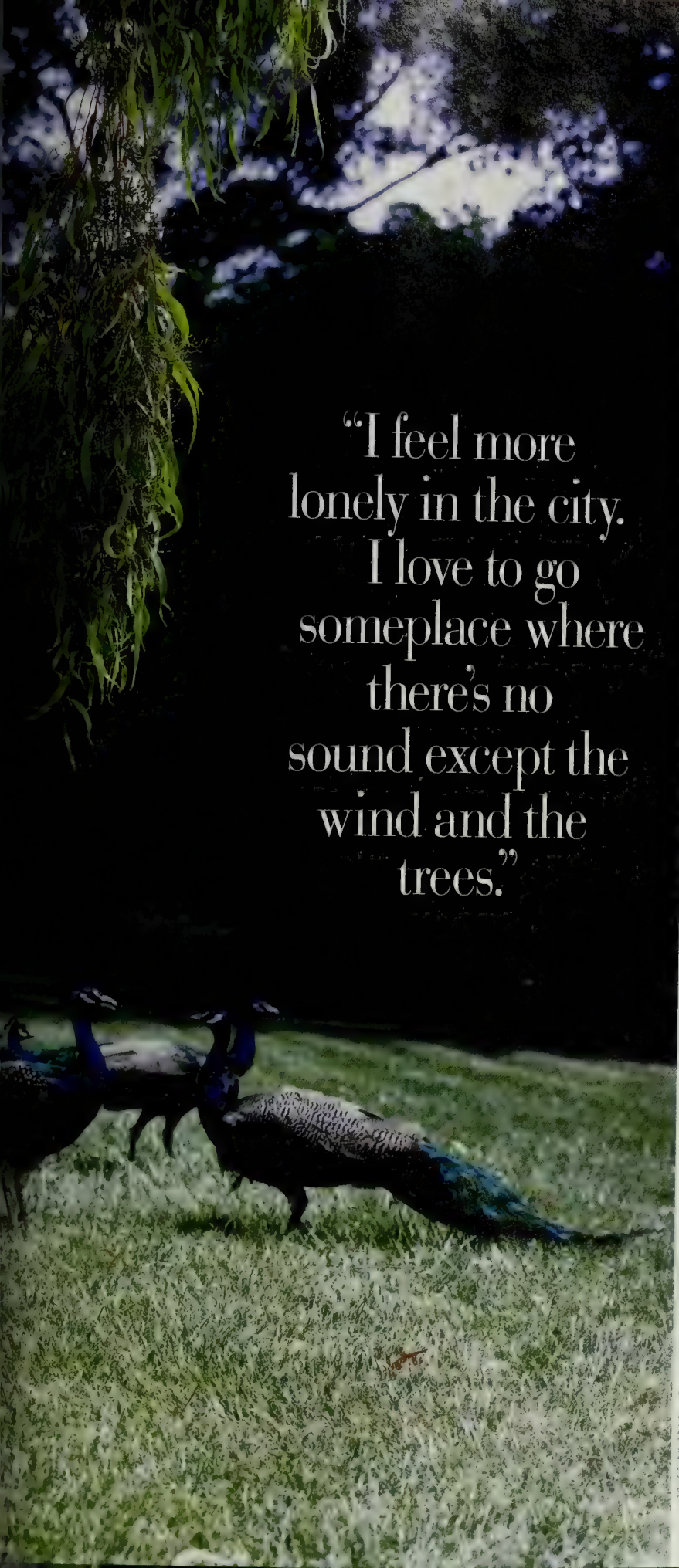
"That rawness Renée had with Tom Cruise caused an amazing alchemy," says *Jerry Maguire*'s lead producer, James L. Brooks.





DON'T WA! K A

"I stood up—there wer
in the screening room—an
'I would like to make an anno
Renée Zellweger!'" says Camero
director of *Jerry Maguire*.




DRESS BY PRADA. DIAMOND CLIPS AND BRACELETS BY FRED LEIGHTON. SHOES FROM PALACE COSTUME, L.A. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

formance," admits Crowe. "She made me cry. I stood up—there were only four editors in the room—and said, 'I would like to make an announcement now: Renée Zellweger!' . . . Something I realized in the editing room was how truly and refreshingly lacking in technique Renée is. . . . We did some extra shots later, and I was curious to have some different versions of her 'You had me at hello' line. I always saw it as something offhanded, but Renée did it differently. I wanted it more like Shirley MacLaine saying, 'Shut up and deal.' Tom was there off-camera, doing the whole speech about 'You complete me.' Renée did about 15 different takes. Finally I had the one that I wanted. I saw her go into the fake kitchen, sit down, and basically shudder. Tom came in and saw her sitting there. He was leaving for the day, but smiled and said, 'Renée, just think, we'll be together forever.' He gave her this great wave goodbye. And she *fell apart.*"

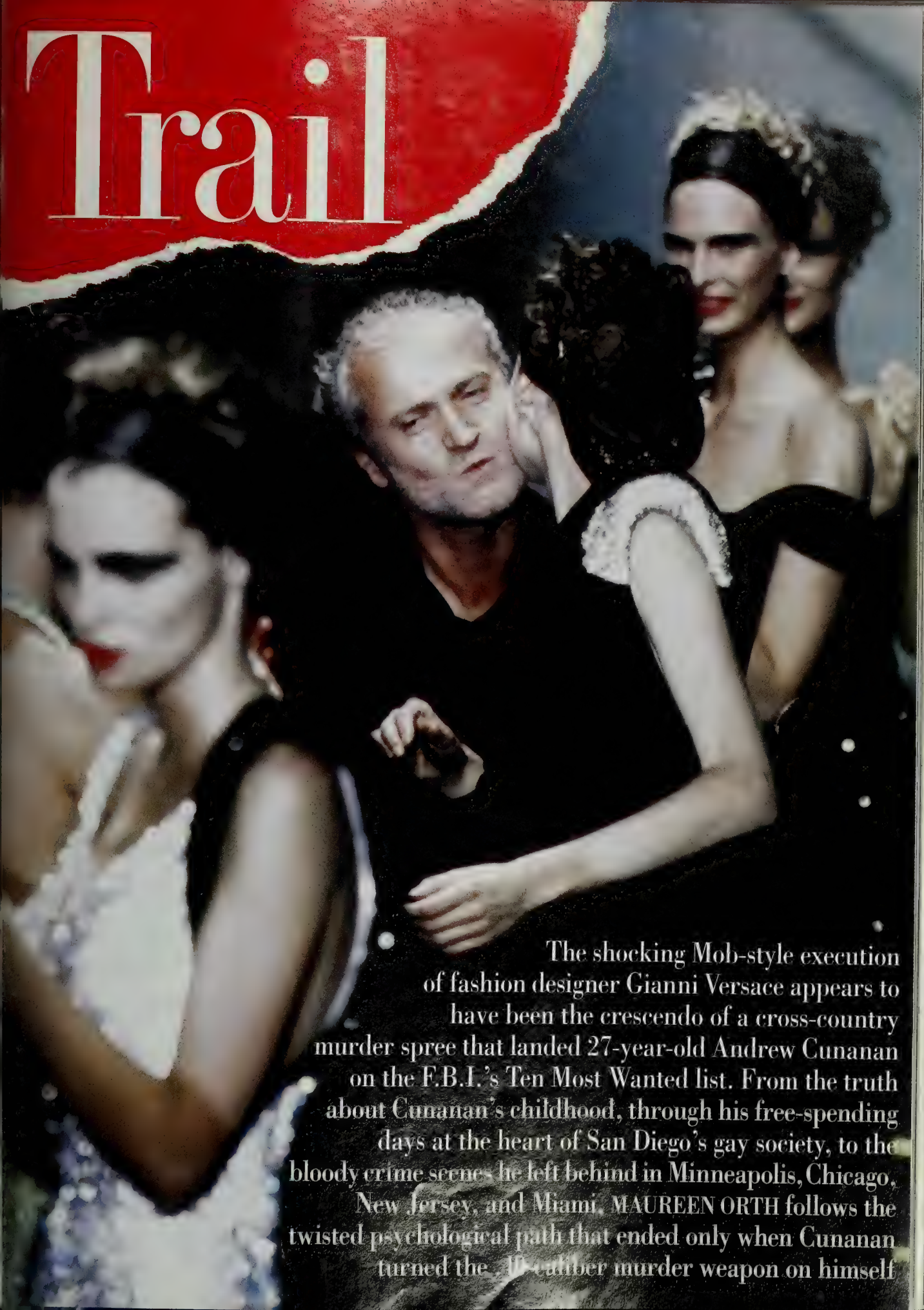
After appearing in three films back in Austin while attending the University of Texas—*Love and a .45, Dazed and Confused,* and *The Return of the Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (the last two with her classmate Matthew McConaughey)—Zellweger moved to Los Angeles. Within 18 months of arriving, she got her first starring role, opposite Vincent D'Onofrio in *The Whole Wide World,* the critically acclaimed film biography of the pulp-fiction writer Robert E. Howard, who created Conan the Barbarian. In the film, she played Novalyne Price, the young Texas schoolteacher who was the object of the writer's sweet, crazed affection. Her performance—steely, sexy, surefooted—got Hollywood buzzing, and she was one of the first actresses casting director Gail Levin called in to read for Crowe. After putting her through four auditions and a screen test, the director was still not convinced that she was the correct choice. It was during one of Cruise's costume checks that she nailed the part for herself. At her screen test, in which she and Cruise were doing the scene where he goes to her house drunk after being fired from his job, Crowe had Cruise CONTINUED ON PAGE 320

# The Killer's



**THE UNUSUAL SUSPECT**
Andrew Cunanan, accused of committing five murders before killing himself on July 23, poses with a young acquaintance in San Diego in 1995. *Opposite*, Gianni Versace—whom Cunanan is alleged to have gunned down in front of his Miami mansion on July 15—surrounded by models after showing his last collection, at the 1997–98 autumn-winter couture show in Paris nine days earlier.

# Trail



The shocking Mob-style execution of fashion designer Gianni Versace appears to have been the crescendo of a cross-country murder spree that landed 27-year-old Andrew Cunanan on the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list. From the truth about Cunanan's childhood, through his free-spending days at the heart of San Diego's gay society, to the bloody crime scenes he left behind in Minneapolis, Chicago, New Jersey, and Miami, MAUREEN ORTH follows the twisted psychological path that ended only when Cunanan turned the .40-caliber murder weapon on himself

In Miami's pagan, over-the-top South Beach, particularly among the large gay contingent, Gianni Versace had been a tanned, adored idol. Now the emperor lay dead, gunned down almost Mob-style on the steps of his lavish Mediterranean villa, shot in the head and face in broad daylight. The prime suspect, dressed in nondescript shorts and a baseball cap, came in close for the kill and then coolly walked away along Ocean Drive. He knew very well that the act of murdering Versace, the Calabrian-born designer whose flamboyant clothes virtually defined "hot," who tarted up the likes of Princess Diana and Elizabeth Hurley but whose gowns also made Madonna and Courtney Love more elegant, would instantly catapult him to where he had always fantasized being: at the center of worldwide attention.

Until recently, Andrew Cunanan, 27, was just a gay gigolo down on his luck in San Diego. A voracious reader with a reported genius-level I.Q., he coveted the lifestyles of the rich and famous. He tracked possible sugar daddies with care and would say with a pout that he didn't know whether to fly to New York or Paris for dinner. He could describe the texture and delicacy of the blowfish he claimed to have eaten at an $850 Japanese lunch. Or he could say of a work of art what year it had been painted, who had owned it through the centuries, what churches it had hung in. His [illegible] was biting, his memory pho[illegible]tory is a singular [illegible]

W[illegible]t he [illegible] raved th[illegible] [illegible]. [illegible], [illegible]

pinnacle that provided him with the celebrity he had always sought: he became America's most wanted fugitive. More than a dozen law-enforcement bodies, including the F.B.I., were seeking to question him not only about Versace's murder but also about four others that took place between April 27 and May 9. The sadistic savagery of those crimes reverberated throughout America's gay communities.

Two of Cunanan's alleged victims, Jeffrey Trail, 28, and David Madson, 33, looked as if they had walked off a Kellogg's Corn Flakes box: from upright, loving, midwestern families, they were intelligent, handsome, and well liked. Cunanan considered Trail, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, to be his best friend, and referred to him as "my brother." Madson, a rising architect, was the great unrequited love of Cunanan's life. Although they had broken up in the spring of 1996, Cunanan still kept Madson's picture taped to his refrigerator door.

The third victim, esteemed in Chicago political and social circles, was much older and very rich, a type Cunanan was known to research carefully. Real-estate tycoon Lee Miglin, 75, also professed to have been happily married for 38 years. The Miglin family has vociferously denied that Lee or his 25-year-old son, Duke, a fledgling actor in Hollywood who has a bit part in this summer's *Air Force One,* ever met Cunanan.

The fourth dead man, William Reese, a 45-year-old caretaker of a Civil War cemetery in New Jersey with a wife and son, is considered by clinicians who study serial killers a "functional homicide." Unlike the other victims, Reese was probably murdered simply for his 1995 red Chevrolet pickup truck. Trail, Madson, and Miglin, however, carried the personal signature of what criminologists call a "pathological, sadistic sexual offender."

The killer's trail ended on July 23, when a caretaker checking on an unoccupied houseboat anchored off Collins Avenue, less than three miles north of Versace's mansion, discovered someone inside and heard a shot. He immediately notified police, who moved [illegible] team and lobbed tear gas [illegible] houseboat. It took more than [illegible] police to announce that they had finally found the body of Andrew Cunanan in a second-floor bedroom. They said that he had shot himself in the mouth and left no suicide note. By hiding in Miami after Versace's murder, Cunanan had broken his usual pattern of picking up a new getaway car and leaving the vehicle tied to a previous killing behind. (Subsequently the F.B.I. revealed that within 48 hours of Versace's murder Cunanan had contacted an associate on the West Coast, asking for help in obtaining a false passport to leave the country.) Yet even as police were searching the houseboat, sightings of the suspected notorious killer who had brazenly taunted police were being called in from New Hampshire and other states. The whole country was on alert. At the time of his death, however, Cunanan had been charged only in the killings of Madson, Reese, and Miglin.

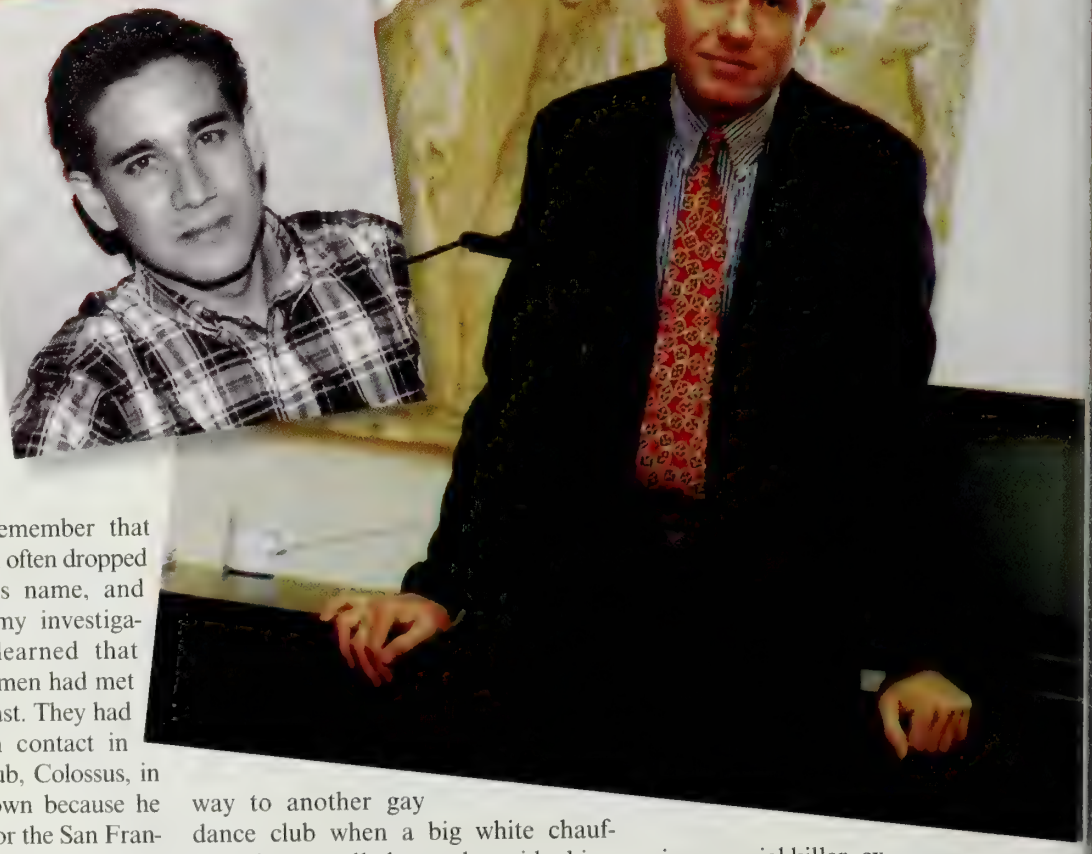
For nearly two months before Versace's murder, I had crisscrossed the country from San Diego and San Francisco to Minneapolis and Washington, D.C., in order to learn the real story of Andrew Cunanan, a chronic liar and consumer of status with an avid appetite for sadomasochistic pornography. "He liked S&M," his former roommate Erik Greenman told me. "He was more the tying-up-and-whips type—just the degradation, not the asphyxiation." The weekend before Cunanan left California for Minnesota, where he probably murdered both Madson and Trail, signs were mounting that he was spiraling out of control. On April 18, Cunanan was in San Francisco and ran into his old friend John Semerau at the Midnight Sun, a gay bar, where he showed him a flyer for an S&M party he was planning to attend the next night. The two later argued. "He grabbed me around the neck so hard he was choking me by his grip," recalls Semerau, who angrily told Cunanan, "'Andrew, you're really hurting me—stop it!' Something had snapped in him. Now I realize the guy was hunting—he was getting the thrill of the hunt, the thrill of the kill. I saw it in his eyes. I saw it in his body. He had stepped over the edge."

"Andrew thought he was Jeff's best friend, but Jeff didn't think Andrew was his."



**ARTFUL DODGER** Andrew Cunanan, sitting aft, with Jeffrey Trail, the Naval Academy graduate he allegedly killed, at the helm, and an unidentified male in the foreground on a trip off the coast of San Diego in 1995.

# The one person who allowed Cunanan his fantasies, if only partially, was David Madson.



FATAL ATTRACTION
David Madson, the second murder victim, whom Cunanan called "the man of my dreams, the man I want to marry," in his Minneapolis loft. *Inset,* Andrew Cunanan at one of his favorite San Diego restaurants, California Cuisine, in 1995.

Friends remember that Cunanan often dropped Versace's name, and during my investigation I learned that the two men had met in the past. They had come in contact in a San Francisco nightclub, Colossus, in 1990; Versace was in town because he had designed costumes for the San Francisco Opera. That night, October 21, an eyewitness recalls, Cunanan was smugly pleased that Versace seemed to recognize him. "I know you," Versace said, wagging a finger in the then 21-year-old's direction. "Lago di Como, no?" And Cunanan replied, "Thank you for remembering, Signor Versace." It is not clear that there really was anything to remember, or that Andrew Cunanan had ever been near Versace's house on Lake Como. During Versace's stay, Cunanan also met Eric Gruenwald, now a Los Angeles lawyer, at Colossus. Cunanan, in the company of a silver-haired gentleman, was still gushing over his [illegible]unter. With characteristic [illegible] Gruenwald recalls [illegible] was wait[illegible]

[illegible] way to another gay dance club when a big white chauffeured car pulled up alongside him. Inside, he claims, were Cunanan, Versace, and San Francisco socialite Harry de Wildt. "Andrew called out, and we had a conversation on the side of the street," Stubblefield says. "It was very Andrew to do that—have the car pull over." Although Stubblefield is certain he saw the three, de Wildt told me the day before Cunanan's suicide, "I categorically deny Mr. Versace, Mr. Cunanan, and I were in the same car. I have never had the pleasure or displeasure of meeting Mr. Cunanan." De Wildt admitted, however, that he had been warned by the F.B.I. to be careful. "Mr. Cunanan's little buddies have been interviewed," he told me, "and they say the two [illegible]ople he most admired in San Fran[illegible]re Mr. Gordon Getty and Mr. [illegible]ildt."

[illegible]e's murder, the words [illegible] Chicago police captain Tom Cronin, a serial-killer expert I had interviewed, rang in my ears: "Down deep inside, the publicity is more sexual to him than anything else. Right after one or two of these homicides, he probably goes to a gay bar in the afternoon when the news comes on and his face is on TV, and he's sitting there drinking a beer and loving it. You hide in plain view."

Antonio D'Amico, Versace's longtime companion, who raced to the door of the Miami mansion within seconds of hearing the gunshots, about 8:45 A.M. on July 15, said he could identify Cunanan as the killer who walked left down Ocean Drive. Other witnesses say the killer then cut left into an alley, then right down another alley, where he was captured on a hotel's security camera. That alley was directly across 13th Street from a four-dollar-a-day municipal parking lot, where witnesses reported see

ing the killer enter and apparently change clothes beside a 1995 red Chevy pickup truck, which proved to be the one that had been stolen from William Reese. It carried stolen South Carolina license plates. A garage attendant told me she had found the ticket for the truck, which showed that it had been parked on the third level since June 10. Drivers pay as they leave, and only after about six weeks does the garage begin to question whether the driver is ever coming back.

That morning, investigators say, Cunanan's discarded clothes were found beside the truck. Among the things found inside were his passport, a personal check, and a pawnshop ticket, which was traced to a gold coin stolen from Lee Miglin's house. Cunanan had pawned it in Miami using his own name and passport for verification. More than that, the pawnshop, as required by law with pawned goods, had submitted the ticket with a thumbprint of Cunanan's to the Miami police a week before Versace was shot. That oversight was just one of many made by diverse authorities in the course of the investigation.

Soon details of Cunanan's whereabouts for the two months following Reese's murder, on May 9, began to emerge. Since May 12 he had been living under an assumed name in a low-rent, pink stucco, north-beachfront residence hotel, the Normandy Plaza, where he paid about $36 a day for a series of rooms. He left the hotel the Saturday before Versace was killed, skipping out on his last day's rent. The night manager, Ramón Gómez, told me that Cunanan had paid in cash and had brought no one to his room. Gómez also said that Cunanan frequently changed his appearance—sometimes his hair would be jet-black, other times almost white, sometimes curly, sometimes straight. "I think he wore wigs."

While at the Normandy Plaza, which is about four miles north of Versace's house, Cunanan continued his practice of buying books and pornographic magazines. His meals were no longer in the three-star category but most often came from a nearby pizza place. He still went out every night, all night, "dressed to the nines," however, and a bartender at the Boardwalk, a north-beach gay hustler bar where young men "go on the block" to strip for older patrons' tips, told me that he had definitely seen Cunanan there. Cunanan also patronized Twist, a more upscale gay bar a few blocks from Versace's mansion. When Versace arrived in town on Thursday, July 10, Cunanan was waiting.

"I've seen him two or three times in the last week," Twist manager Frank Scottolini told me on Thursday, July 17, two days after Versace's murder. Scottolini says he doesn't know why, but for a fleeting second the previous Saturday night, as he glimpsed Cunanan leaving the bar, he was momentarily overwhelmed by a sickening feeling in his stomach. "I turned to the bartender and said, 'There goes the gay serial killer.' Then I dismissed it, like it couldn't be true." Scottolini and other Twist employees now say they are able to identify Cunanan on the bar's surveillance tapes.

Next door to Twist is the 11th Street Diner, where all of South Beach, including celebrities such as Versace, mixes. The 24-hour diner is a favorite gathering spot for South Beach cops and politicians; the Miami Beach Police Department is in the municipal building across the street. "The chief of police is in here every other day," says the bookkeeper, Alexis diBiasio. Andrew Cunanan was seen in the diner too, right under the authorities' noses.

What is striking in tracing Cunanan's life as a fugitive in South Beach is how easily he adapted. He was not unfamiliar with the territory. In 1992, according to a former member of a gay-escort service based in Miami Beach, Cunanan, calling himself "Tony," worked for the service in both Florida and California. "He told me in a letter that he was tired of California," says the former hustler, who claims he met Cunanan in the company of an older doctor from San Bernardino at a Beverly Hills show-business party in 1989. "He said there were too many other young guys there trying to do what he was trying to do." The boss of the escort service, he says, decided to give Cunanan a chance and "referenced" a client to him in California. The boss was so impressed when Cunanan remitted the escort service's 40 percent of the $165-a-night take from California that "he also referenced people to him in Florida." Cunanan worked for the service, according to the former gay escort, in Florida on at least two occasions. "He said he'd go anywhere—Miami Beach, Jacksonville, Orlando."

South Beach, in fact, is a flashier, more tropical and alluring version of the primarily gay Hillcrest area in San Diego, which, until late April, Cunanan called home.

On a Monday night in early June, I visited Hillcrest. It was a busy evening for middle-aged Mexican-American drag queen Nicole Ramirez-Murray. Wearing a red ponytail wig and a green chiffon cocktail dress, Nicole first appeared at the Brass Rail, to introduce "the Dreamgirls," then raced down to the Hole, an outdoor bar with a shower, stage left, to hold forth at the Wet-n-Wild underwear contest. The Hole, across the street from a former Marine Corps recruiting station, gets a raucous crowd of closeted military men, openly out muscle-flexing gym rats, and a few staid elderly gentlemen from the wealthy enclave of La Jolla. They all roared when Nicole said to one shivering contestant, "You look like Andrew." After all, this is the community in which Andrew Cunanan, the big spender with the loud, look-at-me laugh who called himself Andrew DeSilva, cut a wide swath.

"I remember the first time I ever saw Andrew, sitting on that stool," said a tattooed waiter with spiky platinum-dyed hair at the drag show. "He was holding a paper bag stuffed with a big wad of cash, saying, 'I'm going to buy me some drugs and sell me some drugs.'" That would be a typically flamboyant gesture for the young poseur who constantly claimed center stage for himself. "He was like Julie, the cruise director on *The Love Boat,*" said Erik Greenman, a waiter who met Cunanan the night a few years ago when Greenman arrived in San Diego from Oregon. Cunanan functioned as a virtual Welcome Wagon for new boys in town. He promptly introduced Greenman to Tom Eads, a



Slain Naples real-estate mogul Lee Miglio, *left*, killed allegedly by Cunanan and partner Paul Beitler in Chicago about 1991. *Below*, William Reese, the cemetery caretaker presumably killed by Cunanan for his red 1995 Chevy truck last May in New Jersey.





William Reese's red pickup, *below*, is dragged away from a Miami Beach parking garage—where Cunanan is believed to have kept it for a month—by the police on July 15, the day Gianni Versace was murdered. Inside were Cunanan's passport, a personal check, and other incriminating items. Cunanan put stolen South Carolina license plates on the truck to elude police detection.

part-time restaurant manager and student who would be Greenman's lover for the next two years. "He was the glue that held a lot of the community together," Eads told me. He was wearing a pair of Cunanan's black, buckled Ferragamo shoes, which Cunanan had bestowed upon him shortly before he left San Diego on April 25. "Andrew would hobnob with the La Jolla rich and then wear his blazer to the Hole."

Nicole Ramirez-Murray, who also writes a social column, said his mouth had dropped open to hear Andrew discussing Henry Kissinger's role in politics with some big shots at a closeted private party during the 1996 Republican National Convention in San Diego. "He was very knowledgeable. Most young men his age I call 'S and M'—stand and model. . . . He was visible at some parties he certainly shouldn't have been at."

He targeted people he wanted to meet. "Andrew did his homework," said San Diego restaurateur Michael Williams. "He would investigate older, wealthy gay men who didn't have families, and he would place himself in those circles. And that was his living."

Cunanan was last kept with lavish indulgence—in a seaside condominium and a hillside house in La Jolla—by Norman Blachford, a conservative retired mil-

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Jean-Cap-Ferrat in the South of France in June 1996, and they would fly to New York to see Broadway shows.

At Cunanan's reported urging, Blachford had sold his home in Scottsdale, Arizona, and moved into the La Jolla house once owned by Lincoln Aston, a wealthy, older friend of Cunanan's who in 1995 had been bludgeoned to death with a stone obelisk. A "mentally troubled loner" whom Aston had picked up was convicted in California for the crime.

Blachford is a member of Gamma Mu, the extremely private fraternity of about 700 very rich, mostly Republican, and often closeted gay men, which twice a year sponsors posh "fly-ins" to cities around the world. At Gamma Mu's last Washington, D.C., fly-in, two years ago, members were treated to a private party in the Capitol Rotunda and a brunch on the roof of the Kennedy Center. According to one member, "The annual Starlight Ball in D.C. attracts 250 of the highest echelon of closeted Washington."

Through Blachford, Cunanan—as Andrew DeSilva—briefly became a Gamma Mu member, and his contacts in the group afforded him access to a storehouse of privileged information. There are reports that certain members were alerted by the F.B.I. this past June and July to be on the lookout for Cunanan, who was in a position, it was feared, to blackmail them.

Ironically, the spring '97 fly-in occurred in San Diego, just a few weeks

r Cunanan had been named a sus-

in the murders of Trail and Mad-

here is also a large Gamma Mu contingent in the Miami–South Beach–Fort Lauderdale area. Cliff Pettit, the mover and shaker behind Gamma Mu, for example, lives in Fort Lauderdale. He stressed to me that Cunanan was no longer a member, and Art Huskey, a San Diego real-estate agent, told me that he and other members had always assumed that "Andrew was hired to be Mr. Blachford's decorator."

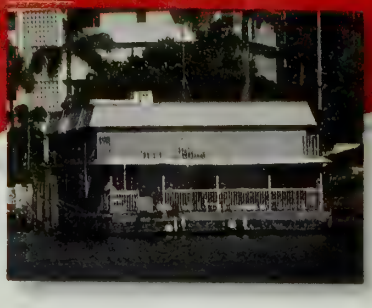
Last summer, Blachford and Cunanan shared a house in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat with Larry Chrysler, a Gamma Mu member from Los Angeles. Cunanan, Chrysler reports, said he was descended from Sephardic Jews and spent his time lying by the pool underlining passages in books, dining at the finest restaurants, and soaking up information "like a sponge." He had an opinion on everything. One night they were discussing the Mamounia, the old landmark hotel in Marrakech. Chrysler recalls, "Andrew said, 'Oh, nobody stays at the Mamounia anymore. It's been redone.' Two weeks later I pick up a magazine in the house, and there in it was the same direct quote about the Mamounia from [Yves Saint Laurent's business partner] Pierre Bergé."

Chrysler found Cunanan "fascinating," if full of "BS." Once, Cunanan came back from the village of Beaulieu with a tiny jar of jam that cost $20. "I never look at any price," he said. "My family never looked at any price."

On their way back from France, Blachford and Cunanan continued the swell life, spending several days in July 1996 in East Hampton as the guests of a wealthy gay couple. They attended parties and dined at the trendy restau-



Gianni Versace's $6.7 million mansion in South Beach, Miami, *left*, in front of which he was slain on July 15. *Below*, the houseboat at 5250 Collins Avenue—the property of Torsten Reineck, a club owner who apparently had not lived there for months—where Cunanan eventually took refuge until a caretaker alerted police about a stranger inside the boat.



Officers gather, *below*, to watch the retrieval of Cunanan's body on July 24. After a four-hour siege the night before, police stormed the houseboat with tear gas and discovered the corpse and a .40-caliber handgun. The authorities announced that Cunanan had died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound.



rant Nick & Toni's. Once again, Cunanan charmed his older companions, but he told stories that made them raise their eyebrows: he said that he had been married to a Jewish woman, and that his father-in-law was the head of the Mossad. "He was young and attractive, entertaining, good company—what's not to like?" said one, who also found him "sad on two levels: He's got a lot going for him, I thought. He doesn't need all this sham. . . . He was also a young man ultimately with no career ambitions in any direction. He pretty much said he was interested in older men for their financial situations. He made no bones about that, and he would say it in front of Norman."

Norman Blachford, however, apparently *did* look at prices, and when Cunanan left him soon after and moved in with Erik Greenman and Tom Eads, he complained that Norman was "too cheap." The least Norman could have done, he said, was give him a Mercedes 500SL, fly first-class, and repaint all the rooms in the La Jolla house. According to Eads, "Andrew said he got tired of all Norman's nickel-and-diming."

Cunanan was astonished that Blachford would let him go.

It immediately becomes apparent that Andrew Cunanan rarely told—or faced—the truth about himself. To friends in San Francisco's Bay Area in the early 90s, for example, Cunanan, then barely 20, said that he had gone to Choate, dropped out of Yale, and transferred to Bennington. In fact, he graduated from La Jolla's private Bishop's School and eventually spent two years at the University of California at San Diego. In Berkeley, Cunanan cultivated a "mussy professor look" older than his years. "He hung around very intelligent, talented people, because he wanted these people to be responsible to *him*," says his close friend from those days Doug Stubblefield. Cunanan was then writing a book about his experiences in the Philippines, his father's native country, which Stubblefield describes as "subtle, poetic, and filled with metaphors."

Even then Cunanan was beginning to set his pattern as a con artist and court jester—to lie, to be glibly authoritative on art, to be witty and entertaining enough to live well without working. His first "patrons" were a young couple with a baby daughter who took him into their beautiful hillside house. Cunanan enjoyed taking their child—his goddaughter—out, and he had a passion for building dollhouses. He subscribed to a magazine on the subject and created a ruined French château complete with blackened windows.

Cunanan had known his patroness, Elizabeth Cote, since junior high school, and he would later spin a tale that he had been married to a Jewish princess and had fathered a daughter, whose pictures he liked to show. He had other stories as well. His father, he said, was a Filipino general close to ousted dictator Ferdinand Marcos, as well as a bisexual with a young lover, whom Andrew resented. "He has a car and I don't," he would tell friends. Cunanan boasted that he had a pilot's license, and that a Filipino senator engaged him occasionally to fly him around in an old rattletrap Cunanan called the "Buddy Holly death plane."

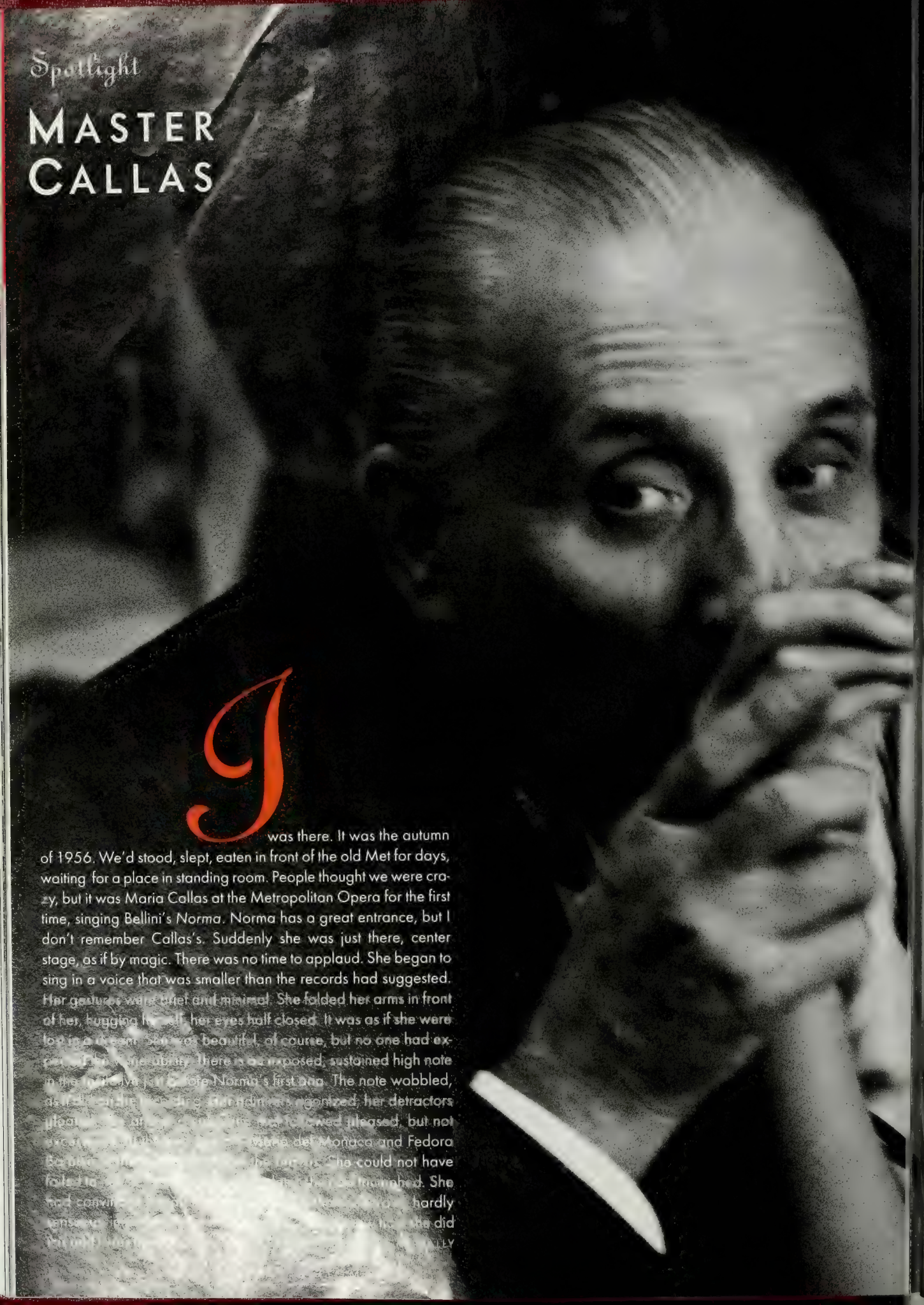
Cunanan was always known as DeSilva in San Diego, and there he told people at times that his father was an Israeli millionaire, at other times that he was a Fifth Avenue aristocrat. He never told the truth: that his father was a navy veteran and a stockbroker from nearby Rancho Bernardo who—as a lawsuit filed by his wife alleges—had been accused of embezzling more than $100,000 and who abandoned his wife and their four children in 1988.

Did Andrew's Italian mother, who lives on public assistance, ever really "spa with Deborah Harry," as her son liked to relate? Hardly. Yet to San Diego friends Andrew portrayed her as the ultimate spoiled Jewish mother, who stayed with his father in an unhappy marriage only so that the children would not lose their vast inheritance. In reality MaryAnn Cunanan is a devout Catholic, a bright but emotionally fragile woman. Cunanan never acknowledged to her or his sisters or his brother what they all knew—that he was gay and lived in a world apart.

Despite their misgivings, Cunanan's friends indulged him in his stories; some still speak fondly of him as an amusing raconteur who insisted on picking up every tab and who would leave a $200 tip after a dinner for eight. "He's still a great friend—I hope he's O.K.," Erik Greenman told me before the Versace murder. "He told me a story about someone he CONTINUED ON PAGE 329

Spotlight

# MASTER CALLAS



I was there. It was the autumn of 1956. We'd stood, slept, eaten in front of the old Met for days, waiting for a place in standing room. People thought we were crazy, but it was Maria Callas at the Metropolitan Opera for the first time, singing Bellini's *Norma*. Norma has a great entrance, but I don't remember Callas's. Suddenly she was just there, center stage, as if by magic. There was no time to applaud. She began to sing in a voice that was smaller than the records had suggested. Her gestures were brief and minimal. She folded her arms in front of her, hugging herself, her eyes half closed. It was as if she were lost in a dream. She was beautiful, of course, but no one had expected [illegible]. There is an exposed, sustained high note in the [illegible] just before Norma's first aria. The note wobbled, as if the singer [illegible]. Her admirers agonized, her detractors gloated [illegible] was relieved, pleased, but not [illegible] Maria del Monaco and Fedora Barbieri [illegible] She could not have failed to [illegible] She had convi[illegible] hardly [illegible] she did [illegible]

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## PRIMA DONNA ASSOLUTA

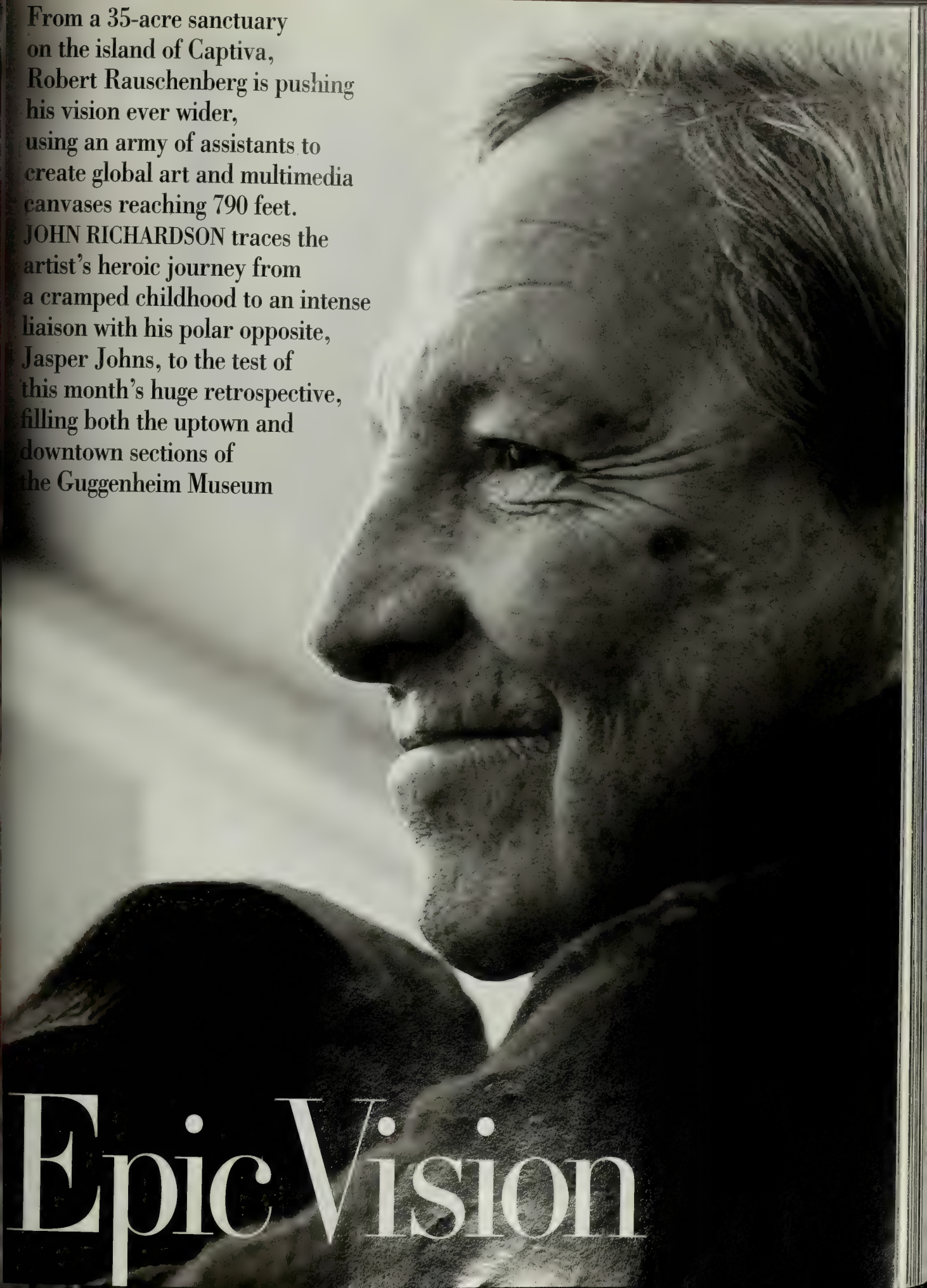
It has now been 20 years since Maria Callas, the legendary soprano who changed modern opera by reviving the 19th-century bel canto works of Bellini and Donizetti, died in seclusion in Paris. She is seen in this previously unpublished photo with her husband, Giovanni Battista Meneghini (who died in 1981), in Manhattan at her Metropolitan Opera debut on October 29, 1956. She sang the title role in Bellini's *Norma*.



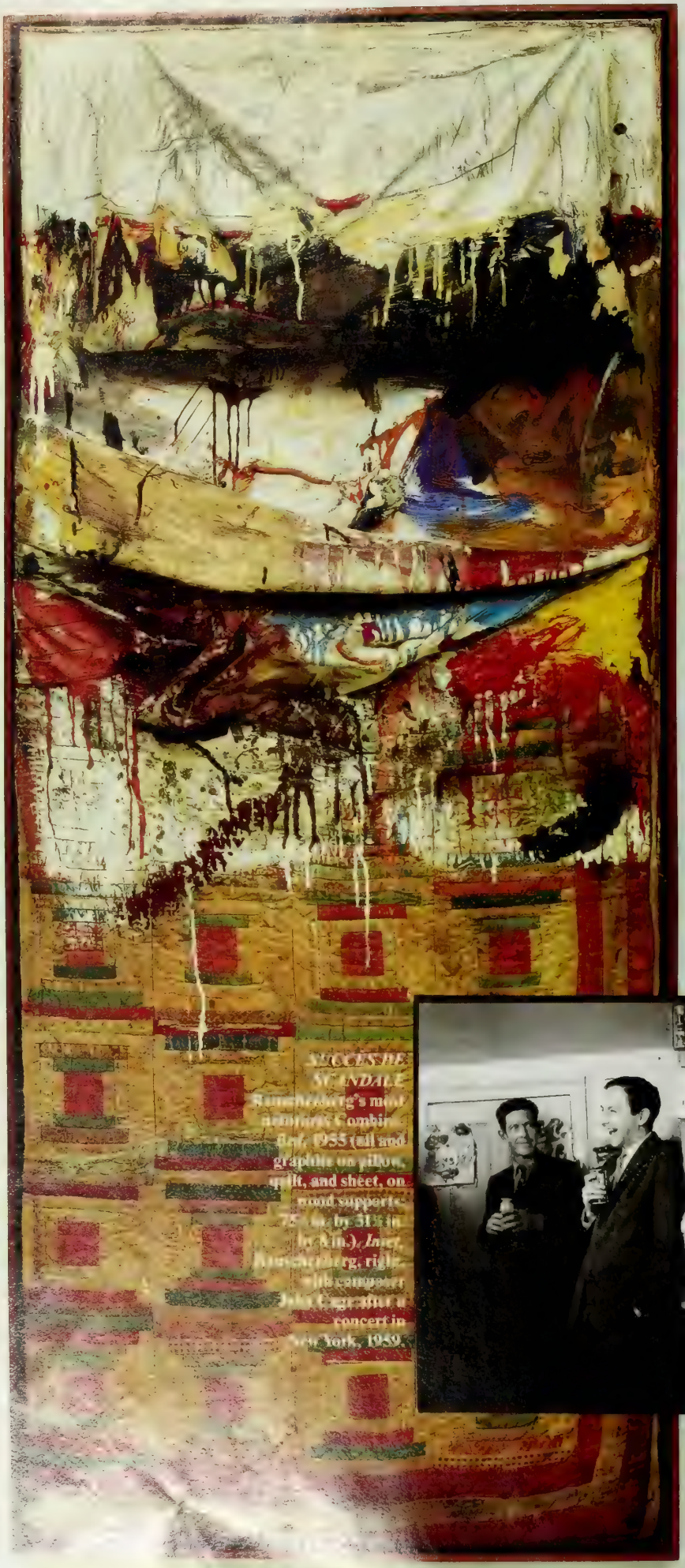
**LIFE IN PROGRESS** A photograph of Rauschenberg's Iris print-transfer process. *Opposite*, Rauschenberg in his Captiva, Florida, studio.

# Rauschenberg's

From a 35-acre sanctuary on the island of Captiva, Robert Rauschenberg is pushing his vision ever wider, using an army of assistants to create global art and multimedia canvases reaching 790 feet. JOHN RICHARDSON traces the artist's heroic journey from a cramped childhood to an intense liaison with his polar opposite, Jasper Johns, to the test of this month's huge retrospective, filling both the uptown and downtown sections of the Guggenheim Museum



# Epic Vision



SUCCESSIVE SCANDALS: Rauschenberg's most ambitious Combine, *Monogram*, 1955–59 (oil and graphite on pillow, quilt, and sheet, on wood supports with tire, by 31⅞ in. by 4 ft. 3 in. by 4 ft. 3 in.). *Inset*, Rauschenberg, right, with composer John Cage during a concert in New York, 1959.

The word that best defines Robert Rauschenberg's achievements as a painter, printmaker, photographer, sculptor, theater designer, performance artist, and technologist is "epic." According to my dictionary, it means "heroic and impressive in quality" and "surpassing the usual or ordinary in scope or size." What better way to describe the only artist of our time who continues to address major themes of worldwide concern without bombast or cant or an aesthetic or political agenda, and who does so by utilizing technology in ever more imaginative and inventive ways? Rauschenberg is a painter of history—the history of now rather than then—and it is in this light that we should approach the mammoth retrospective which is going to fill the uptown and downtown sections of the Guggenheim Museum in New York this month.

For the last 29 years, the artist, who is about to turn 72 but looks as dashing as he did in the 1960s, has lived in seclusion—if a community of eight multifarious assistants can be called seclusion—on Captiva, off the coast of Fort Myers, Florida. Studios full of the latest technological equipment enable him to work on projects that are monumental in concept as well as scale. He has said one of his few unfulfilled dreams is to photograph the world in its entirety, big as life. His only fear is that he might "run out of world."

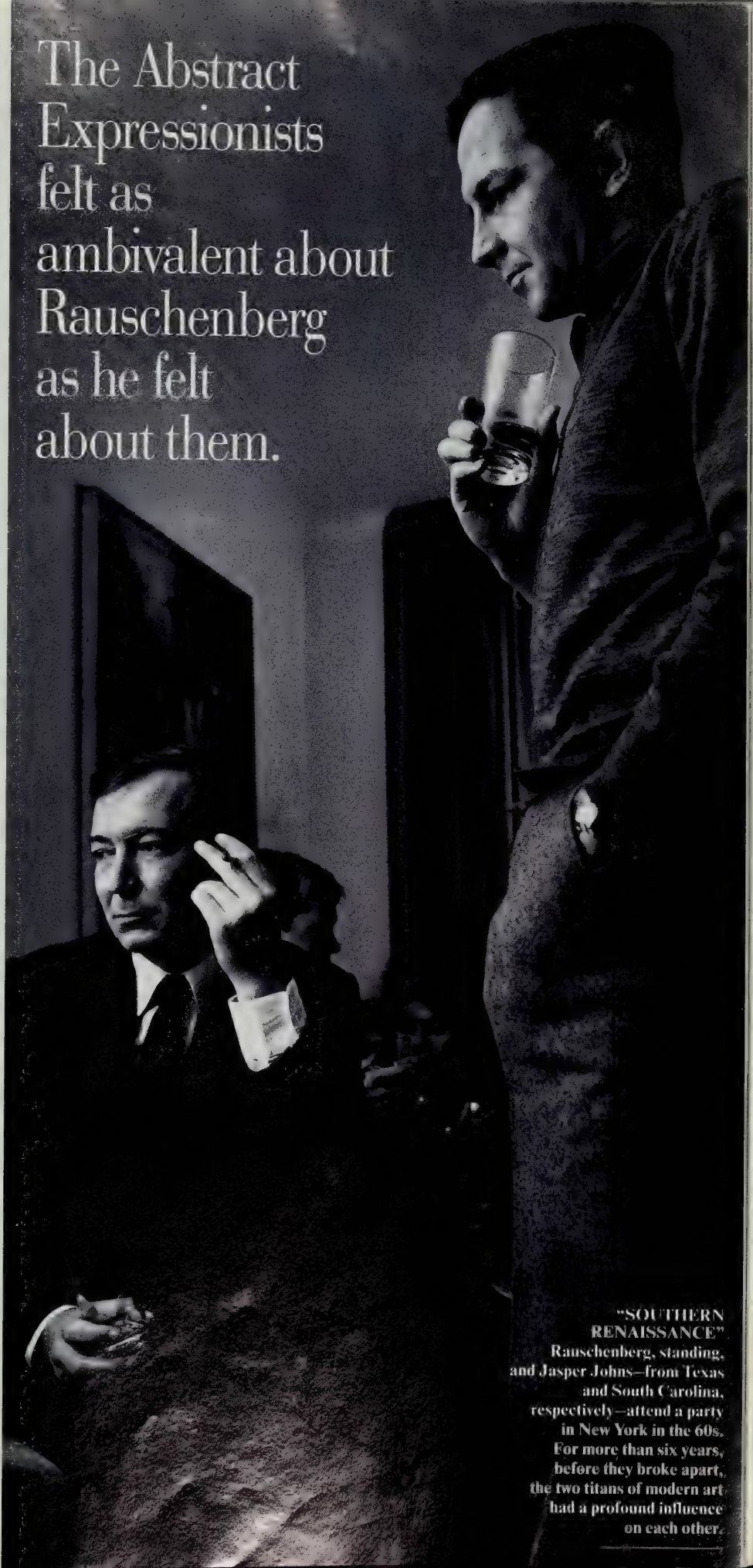
Not having seen Rauschenberg in well over a decade, I flew to Fort Myers. Thanks to a hurricane, I arrived at dawn instead of dusk—a blessing. Eddies of mist veiled the bridges leading to the island, and

the shallow waters of the Gulf of Mexico were as still as a Venetian lagoon. To right and left were distant smudges that might or might not be islands, faint silhouettes of chugging boats, a beacon flashing on and off, seabirds circling in formation. When we reached the first island, Sanibel, the scene became even more like one of Rauschenberg's recent Anagrams. There was a blur of neon, rusty road signs, a construction site coming to life, a hoarding with the lights still on. The hoarding reminded me of this artist's down-to-earth device for brightening the light in a painting: plug an electric bulb into it and switch it on. Soon the lights went off, the sun came up, and I arrived at Rauschenberg's domain.

Given the extent to which his work exploits the messiness of everyday life, the pristine tidiness of his surroundings—spotless white surfaces in vast, sparsely filled spaces—comes as a surprise. Likewise the large TV sets, which are permanently on in every room. Rauschenberg works, eats, and, for all I know, sleeps by their light. TV is like an additional window, which provides him with an unending supply of imagery from the chaotic world outside. But then, as Rauschenberg has said, "Everything I can organize I do, so I am free to work in chaos, spontaneity, and the not yet done." Orderliness even characterizes the cooking that he does so well and so neatly. Over dinner he discussed the upcoming retrospective: more than 400 items, which must make it one of the largest one-man shows ever at the Guggenheim. "My only hesitation about the show," he said, "is that I don't want to betray my achievement by seeming to need the authority and prestige of the Guggenheim, without which these works would never be seen together." A retrospective, he went on to say, should encourage people to see the old work in the light of the new rather than the new in the light of the old. The recent pieces that Rauschenberg showed me have an originality and immediacy, besides a wonderful freshness of technique, which will come as a revelation even to those who think they know his work by heart.

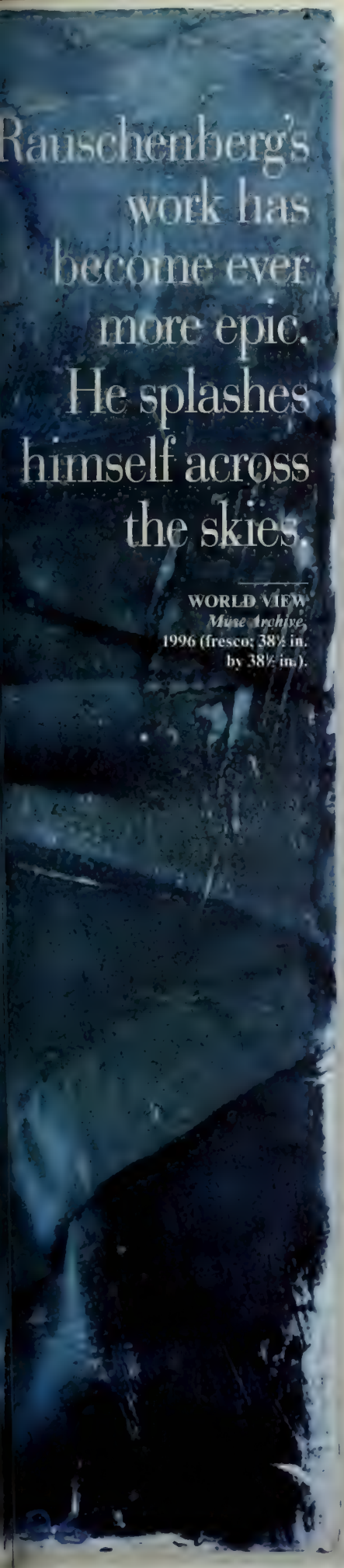
I asked Rauschenberg about the

## The Abstract Expressionists felt as ambivalent about Rauschenberg as he felt about them.



**"SOUTHERN RENAISSANCE"** Rauschenberg, standing, and Jasper Johns—from Texas and South Carolina, respectively—attend a party in New York in the 60s. For more than six years, before they broke apart, the two titans of modern art had a profound influence on each other.






**WORLD VIEW**
*Muse Archive,* 1996 (fresco; 38½ in. by 38½ in.).

prodigious commissions he is rumored to be working on. There are at least three in preparation. For the new concert hall in Seattle, he plans to do a series of monumental decorations. For the revival of the Potsdamer Platz in Berlin—the hub of the city until it was bombed to bits in World War II and then cut in two by the evil Wall—he is doing a sculpture garden to go with the Daimler-Benz building that the innovative Italian architect Renzo Piano has designed. Even more challenging is another collaboration with Renzo Piano: a cathedral in Foggia, about 100 miles east of Naples, to commemorate Padre Pio, the controversial Franciscan priest who died in 1968 and who is revered for having had stigmata and a saintly aura. Today his cult threatens to overtake that of Lourdes. To cater to the massive crowds of pilgrims, the church will have a glass wall about 40 by 150 feet so that people outside can follow the Mass. Rauschenberg says that he is basing his imagery on the Apocalypse and is experimenting with new technological effects. While he is a spiritual man, he is no believer, and he intends to steer clear of overt religious references. "I bet you'll be a Catholic before you finish the project," the Franciscan prior in charge told Rauschenberg. "And I suppose you'll be an artist," he replied.

Rauschenberg is too absorbed by the future to bother about the past. However, he owns to being a quarter Dutch, a quarter German, a quarter Swedish, and a quarter Cherokee. At the same time he is, as a friend says, wholly Texan, with "that big-spirited, funny, crazy, fearless quality that Texans have." He is particularly proud of his Native American blood, and although he never actually knew his Cherokee grandmother, he feels that his closeness to nature and his passion for animals (especially Samoyed dogs) come from her. He was born on October 22, 1925, in Port Arthur, a damp patch of a place a foot or two below sea level on the Gulf of Mexico. He loathed the oil-refinery stink of his hometown. In 1959, when he began his celebrated drawings for Dante's *Inferno,* it is surely no coincidence that he chose oil derricks to evoke Dis, the capital of Hell.

Rauschenberg grew up in a small shotgun house. His father, a hard-working lineman, was nice enough, but so obsessed with hunting (he raised the best bird dogs in the area) that he had little time for a son who hated guns. Likewise, his nice-enough mother was totally wrapped up in her husband and her household chores. Rauschenberg seemingly bears no grudges, but the shortage of affection in his childhood might explain why an atmosphere of communal warmth and the company of devoted assistants are so important to him.

Membership in a fundamentalist sect of the Church of Christ also left its mark. Anything remotely pleasurable, from drinking to card playing, was forbidden. Initially, Rauschenberg thought of being a preacher. However, he loved to dance, and dancing was also condemned by his church. This Draconian attitude engendered a deep distrust of the whole fundamentalist ethic. Nevertheless, he continued to attend church well into his 20s. "Giving that up was a major change in my life," he later said.

A loner in adolescence, Rauschenberg was not much good at sports, not much good at school (except for theatricals), and hopeless at college, where his family sent him to train as a pharmacist. His problem was dyslexia—for a long time undiagnosed. Calvin Tomkins (a biographer to whom anyone writing about the artist is greatly indebted) has described Rauschenberg's expulsion from the University of Texas: "He refused to dissect a live frog in anatomy class. . . . Having had any number of frogs as pets, Rauschenberg was not about to cut one up himself. Just before going to see the dean about it, he released his frog in some bushes. The dean suspended him." Before Rauschenberg could tell his father what he had done, he got his draft notice and joined the navy.

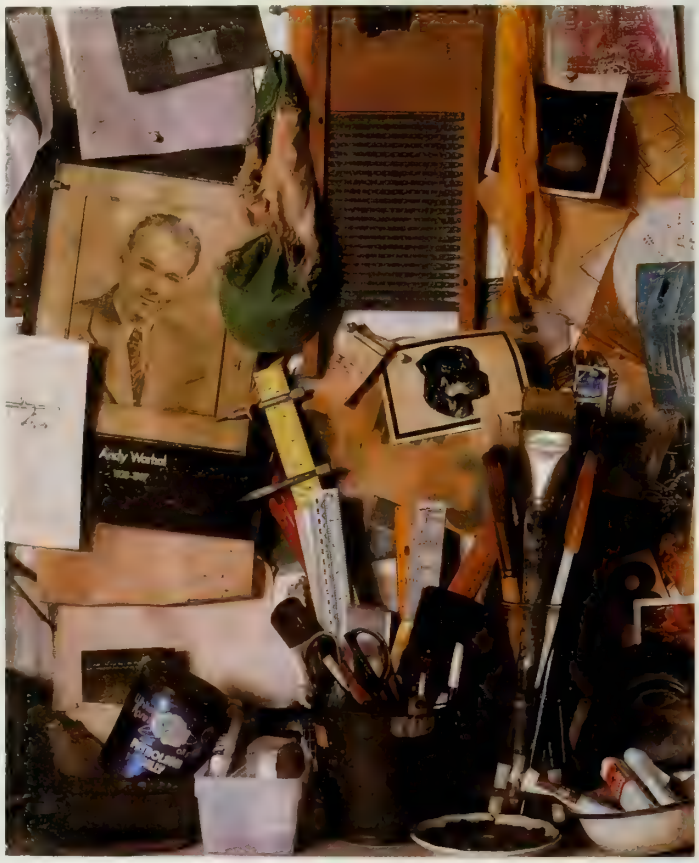
His prowess at drawing portraits endeared Rauschenberg to his fellow sailors. "Somewhere along in there I got hold of a set of oil paints," he told Tomkins. "I started a portrait of a guy, and because the john was the only place with lights on after taps, I sat in there to finish it. When I ran

out of red, I pricked my finger and rubbed it into the skin tone."

By stating that he had no intention of using a gun, Rauschenberg got himself assigned to the hospital corps, where he worked as a nurse, first in a tuberculosis ward, later at Camp Pendleton, near San Diego, helping to rehabilitate maimed servicemen and caring for men suffering from combat psychoses and brain damage. "I was in the repair business," Rauschenberg said. "Every day your heart was torn until you couldn't stand it."

On furlough, Rauschenberg would hitchhike up and down the California coast. Once, he ended up at the Huntington Library in San Marino, and there, in front of the three most hackneyed portraits of the British canon—Gainsborough's *Blue Boy,* Lawrence's *Pinkie,* and Reynolds's *Sarah Siddons as the Tragic Muse*—he had an epiphany. This was the first time he realized what it was that a painter actually did. Maybe he too could become a painter. Had he been more sophisticated, he might have sneered at these corny icons. But Rauschenberg has always been blessed with the incomparable advantage of an innocent eye.

When he was mustered out, Rauschenberg returned to Port Arthur, but his home was not there anymore. Without telling him, his family had moved 120 miles away to Lafayette, Louisiana. Rauschenberg felt that there was no point in remaining with them, so in the spring of 1946 he returned to California, where he worked as a shipping clerk at the Ballerina Bathing Suit factory. Pat Pearman, a young woman who designed bathing suits, befriended him. She found him attractive; she also liked his drawings. "Do you know why you are so unhappy?" she asked him. "You're really an artist." Pearman encouraged Rauschenberg [illegible] on the G.I. Bill. [illegible] he applied to the Kansas City Institute and was accepted.



"MUSE WALL"
Rauschenberg's Captiva bulletin board, where he sticks favorite odds and ends, is located in the print shop, which includes the Little Janis press (named after Janis Joplin).

Around three o'clock one fall morning in 1946, Rauschenberg arrived in Kansas City. There and then, he decided to rid himself of the unpropitious name of Milton, which his family had wished on him. After renaming himself Bob, he felt more like a painter. At the Art Institute he worked hard; he also built film sets, made models, and designed window displays, because he wanted to earn enough money to get himself to Paris to study modern art.

The following October, Rauschenberg made the trip. But the teaching at the Académie Julian in Paris turned out to be so deadly that it hardly mattered that he spoke no French. A sympathetic fellow student from New York, Susan Weil, took him in hand. She knew a great deal more about the practice and history of art than Rauschenberg did. The two of them [illegible]ided that they were better off working on their own. And so they hung out at the Louvre, wandered the streets, and fell in love.

At the end of the summer, Weil returned to the States to enroll at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. Rauschenberg had read about the courses that the legendary Bauhaus alumnus Josef Albers gave there, and decided to accompany her. All that Paris had apparently done for him was liberate him from using paintbrushes. "I was so incredibly excessive," he told Tomkins. "I loved the medium so much I was painting with my hands. . . . What came out were mostly messes . . . really lousy, the ugliest paintings you've ever seen."

In the 23 years of its existence (1933–56), Black Mountain College left its modernist stamp on students of all the arts, including Rauschenberg. Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, Buckminster Fuller, Walter Gropius, and many more taught there at various times, but it was above all Albers—such a rigid purist that he gave classes wearing a white lab coat and gloves—who presided over the art teaching.

Rauschenberg's messiness was anathema to this fiendishly demanding teacher. "I don't think he ever realized it was his discipline I came for," he told Tomkins. "I was Albers's dunce. . . . He'd pick up something of mine and say, 'This is the most stupid thing I have ever seen, I dun't even vant to know who did it.'" Painful as this intimidation was, it worked to Rauschenberg's advantage. Besides discipline and theory, Albers taught his students an old Bauhaus exercise: how to scavenge for *objets trouvés*—that is to say junk—and incorporate them into their work. Rauschenberg was fascinated by this procedure, and continues to use it for his junk-based sculptures, generically known as "Glut."

Unpublished tapes made by his friend Brigid Berlin reveal the lengths to which Rauschenberg CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

# Rauschenberg has always been blessed with the incomparable advantage of an innocent eye.



**CAPTIVA AUDIENCE**
**Rauschenberg on the beach in front of his home on Captiva Island last June.**

Apartment 12E at 993 Park Avenue has remained virtually untouched since Marlene Dietrich left it in 1978. As her Louis XV–style chairs, grand piano, and gold-tipped Brigg cane, among other items, go to auction at Sotheby's, MATT TYRNAUER gets an exclusive tour of the sanctuary where the legendary star made pot-au-feu for friends such as Noël Coward and Orson Welles and lovers including Yul Brynner, Kirk Douglas, and Edward R. Murrow



LIVING ROOM OF A LEGEND

# Dietrich

S BY DAVID SEIDNER


Lived Here

"My mother never wanted to see her reflection during the course of the day," says Maria Riva, the daughter of Marlene Dietrich. "That is why all of the mirrored walls in her apartment were smoked. They were intended to open up the rooms, but they were darkened to make it impossible to see one's pure reflection." When Dietrich, a woman who usually insisted that her preferences be respected, did relent and accept the presence of a clear mirror—one still hangs over the fireplace—she made certain that it was placed high enough not to reflect her face from a less-than-perfect angle. "And she always put a big vase of cut flowers in front of it," according to Riva, "lilies, cabbage roses—whatever sprayed out."

Dietrich, the immortal screen goddess, starred in countless films, including Josef von Sternberg's classics *The Blue Angel, Blonde Venus* (with Cary Grant), and *Shanghai Express,* Billy Wilder's *A Foreign Affair,* and other memorable films, such as *Destry Rides Again* (in which she sang "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have" and co-starred with Jimmy Stewart), *Seven Sinners* (in which she sang "The Man's in the Navy" to John Wayne), and *Judgment at Nuremberg.* She was an icon of limitless elegance and mysterious androgyny, whose unmistakable *Mitteleuropa* voice and hauteur were internationally recognized. Yet she was private, obsessively engaged in the scrupulous maintenance of her face and figure. Dietrich blurred gritty realities with wisps of smoke, golden- [illegible] and later in life, [illegible] "Dietrich [illegible] "[illegible] didn't suit [illegible] and histo[illegible]

lationships with friends and lovers. She was among the greatest of revisionists, and her homes were both stylized settings created to correspond with the image she wished to convey and sweatshops where she slaved long and often painfully to perpetuate her ageless beauty.

No one knows more of the truth about Dietrich than Maria Riva—her one child, her biographer, and the heir to the only real estate that Marlene ever owned, a two-bedroom apartment on the 12th floor of 993 Park Avenue on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, a modest—she liked to say "cozy"—retreat where a woman in swansdown might recline unencumbered with a bottle of Dom Pérignon by her side.

Although Dietrich died in Paris (at the age of 90 in 1992), her New York home was her official residence. She purchased it in 1959 and lived there at the height of her spectacular second career as a live performer—the era when she graced the stages of the world in shimmering Jean Louis gowns, breathed her way through countless renditions of "Falling in Love Again," and bowed (quite carefully—even the slightest motions were rehearsed) after triumphant encores at venues including London's Café de Paris. "This was her base when she was not giving concerts on every continent, living in hotels in Japan, Italy, Mexico, South Africa, Holland, Israel, and Australia," explains Riva, who is putting the contents of her mother's



*"After Yul Brynner had left, she would call me to come over.... She so loved to show off her disheveled bed."*



**BEDROOM EYES**

**Dietrich's boudoir: like other rooms in the apartment, it is paneled in smoked mirrors. One of Marlene's furs is draped on the bed. *Inset:* Dietrich packs suitcases in her living room in 1972. "She traveled with 70 pieces of luggage at least!" says Maria Riva.**

apartment—everything from the works by Corot to Marlene's gold-tipped Brigg cane—up for auction at Sotheby's in November.

Recently, Riva opened Dietrich's lair, which, quite remarkably, has remained unchanged since the star abandoned it for her Paris quarters in 1978. Today, Apartment 12E is filled with a macabre stillness and the musty smell of mothballs mixed with old perfume. This is a place which appears to have been left behind in another time, an era when Western Union came to your door, telephones were dialed with special utensils made to protect carefully enameled fingernails, and phone exchanges began not with numbers but with letters: YUkon 8-0012, in this case.

Lili Marlene was accustomed to Baccarat and Louis Comfort Tiffany glassware wherever she went, but in her own New York apartment she mixed and matched fine things with a massive collection of pilfered ashtrays (she smoked Luckies) from the very best hotels (the Hassler in Rome, the Lancaster in Paris, the Grand Hotel in Stockholm, and the Intercontinental in Geneva). Other telling objects still in the apartment include Dietrich's little Röhm pistol, hidden in a Cartier box, and many other treasures scattered about the generously proportioned rooms: Louis XV–style chairs in the living room, fur wraps and a Chanel suit in the closets, scads of old publicity stills, and a worn notebook from Hermès. Perhaps the greatest pearls are the documents, including letters to Dietrich from her friends and a handwritten copy of Noël Coward's famous 1954 introduction to her show at the Café de Paris. ("We know God made trees, and the birds and the bees, / and the sea for the fishes to swim in. / We are also aware that He has quite a flair / for creating exceptional women. / When Eve said to Adam, 'Stop calling me Madame' / the world became far more ex[illegible] / the modern delusion [illegible] / ques[illegible]

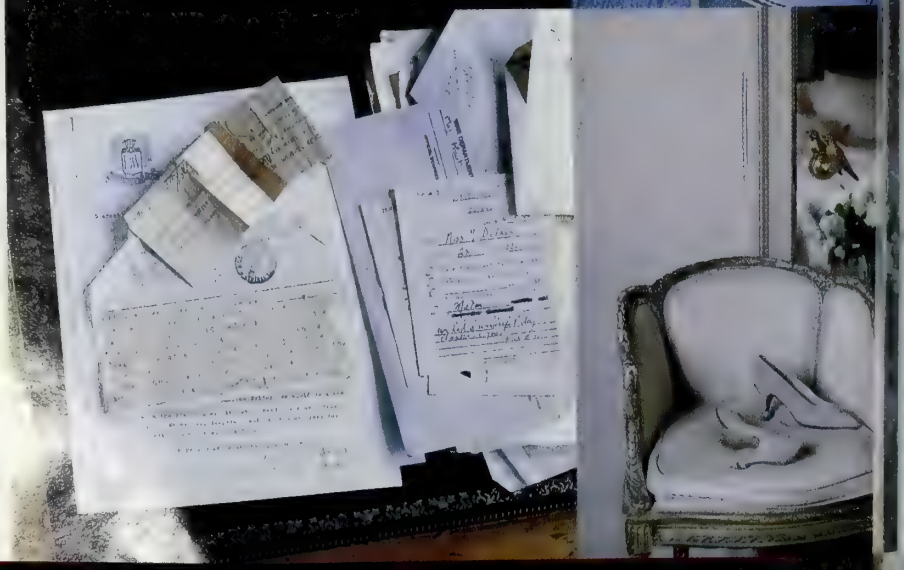
Another [illegible] / son Welles [illegible] / the living-roon[illegible]



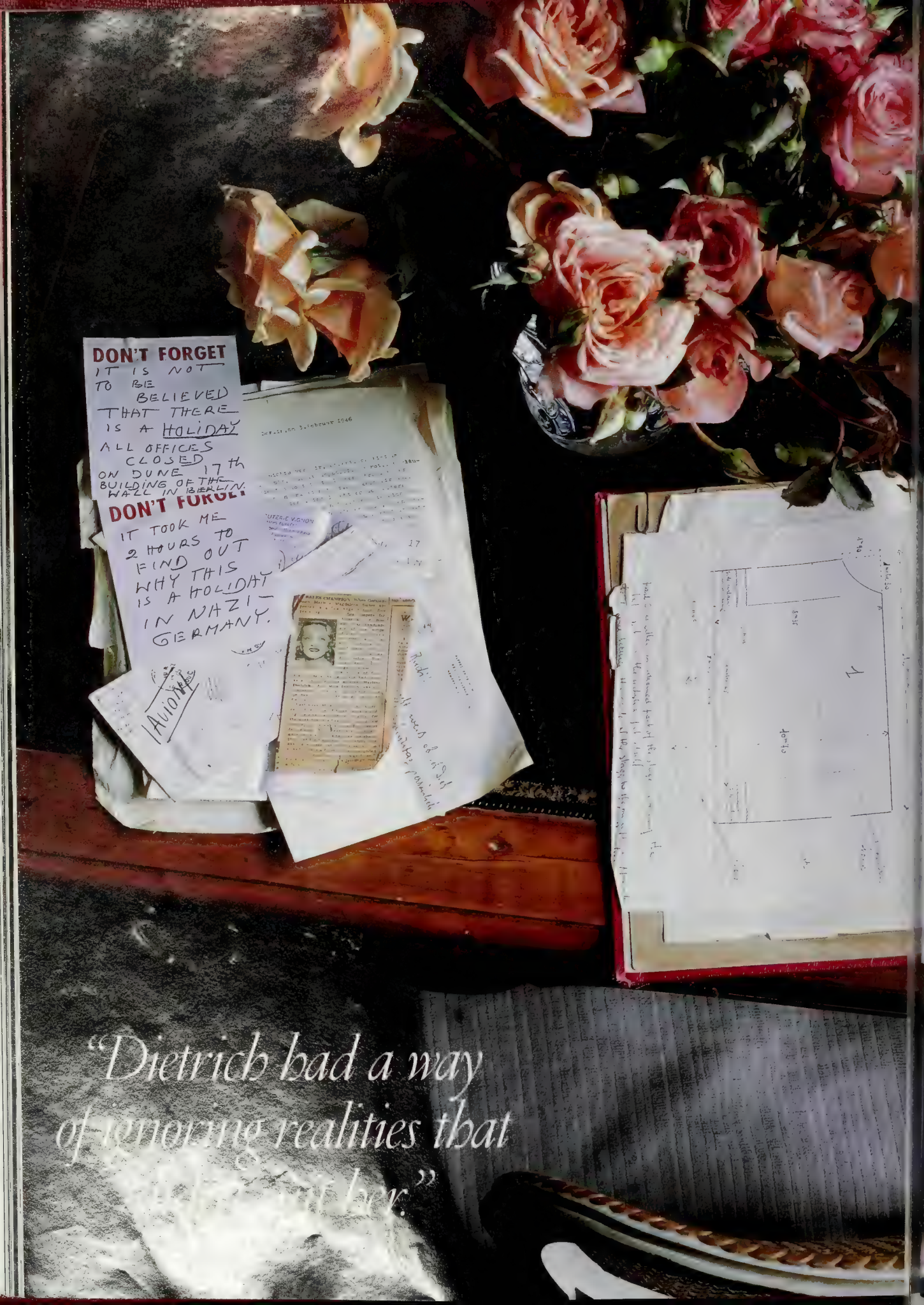
**REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST**

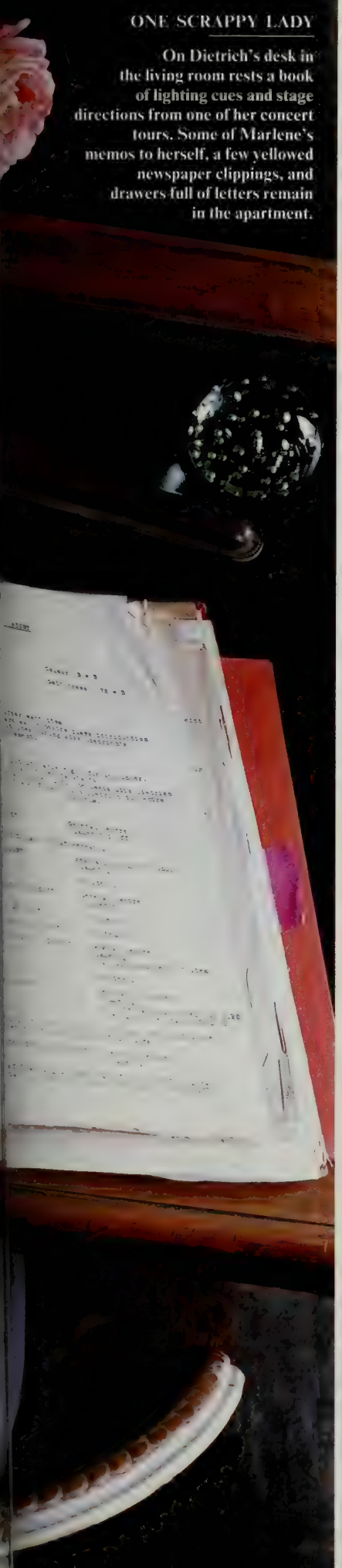
**Dietrich's apartment acts as a shrine to the legendary diva and includes (*clockwise from above*): a drawing by Corot, which hangs above a photograph of Dietrich; an assortment of fan magazines and old records; a letter sent from the Beverly Wilshire Hotel and, above it, other Dietrich documents; a photograph of Maria Riva on a faux-marble table; a leather jewel case for traveling; a note from an admiring W.W. II officer; a black-and-white television with a phonograph stored below and albums, mostly Dietrich's own; a Louis XVI–style chair in front of a painted Italian screen; a letter from Orson Welles; a pair of mauve pumps on a Louis XVI–style chair; Dietrich's correspondence, including cables and hotel messages; white kid gloves, garters, costume pearls, and a wig box; a book of lighting cues from one of her fabled live performances.**






Shadoplay
Modern Screen
PIC
Beverly Wilshire Hotel
9500 Wilshire Boulevard Beverly Hills, California
Dec. 3 '41
Dearest
Got your letter and mailed the thing for Paul.
Don't know what you mean with "working a situation".
Anything I write is the truth and nothing but the truth.
When I say that I have not a penny it is not like other
people using the expression.
It means exactly what I say.
I try at the moment to stand up under it all.
Paul loaned me money and that paid for the most urgent
payments for my Stage Dresses.
The rest loaned to money in order to keep the most urgent
routine things going.
Beyond this I don't know.
Talked to Perry tonight and told him that if Jones does
not come through by tomorrow Friday we would go ahead
with the French Deal because I need the money that
year. We are all desperate and it is a bad year for
Capricorns e.t.c.e.t.c.e.t.c.
Hope you are allright. Love Maria.
ORSON WELLES
Dear Marlene:
— of course it will be
real CHARACTER and not a
personal appearance"...
I know we can
make it something entirely new
and really worth while —
and I cant tell you how
excited I am at the


DON'T FORGET
IT IS NOT
TO BE
BELIEVED
THAT THERE
IS A HOLIDAY
ALL OFFICES
CLOSED
ON JUNE 17 th
BUILDING OF THE
WALL IN BERLIN.
DON'T FORGET
IT TOOK ME
2 HOURS TO
FIND OUT
WHY THIS
IS A HOLIDAY
IN NAZI-
GERMANY.
AVION
"Dietrich had a way of ignoring realities that
were not her."



ONE SCRAPPY LADY

On Dietrich's desk in the living room rests a book of lighting cues and stage directions from one of her concert tours. Some of Marlene's memos to herself, a few yellowed newspaper clippings, and drawers full of letters remain in the apartment.

in his film *Touch of Evil* (he was, ultimately, successful):

Dearest Marlene:

—Of course it will be a real CHARACTER and not a "personal appearance" . . .

I know we can make it something entirely new and really worth while—and I can't tell you how excited I am at the prospect . . . ♡ Orson

According to Riva, when Dietrich was at home between concert tours, she frequently entertained. Chums such as Coward and Burt Bacharach (who was her musical arranger) could often be found at the keyboard of the Blüthner grand piano in the living room, and Riva says "she could slide very easily into hausfrau mode," preparing elaborate meals (pot-au-feu, crawfish, filet mignon, and kidneys were her specialties) in her little *I Love Lucy*–style kitchen.

When she wasn't cooking at the stove, says Riva, Dietrich was most likely to be found heating up the bedroom, where an endless all-star cast of lovers paid homage to her lithe (though somewhat faded) form. Her amorous encounters included trysts with Yul Brynner, Edward R. Murrow, Kirk Douglas, Adlai Stevenson, Harold Arlen, Edith Piaf, Sam Spiegel, Michael Wilding, and Harry Cohn. (Not bad for a grandmother of four who suffered from chronic circulation problems.)

Of those listed, Dietrich spent by far the most time with Brynner, and, as Riva writes in her book, *Marlene Dietrich,* "gloried in Yul's seemingly inexhaustible virility. On matinee days [of *The King and I*], after he had left [the apartment] for the evening performance, she would call me to come over and see 'the bed.' . . . She so loved to show off her disheveled bed, particularly proud of her once-white sheets now smeared with Yul Brynner's body paint that he had been 'too aroused' to take the time to wash off."

With E.M., as she referred to Murrow, there was apparently more smoking than sex. "He smokes even *during*—you know what I mean," Riva says her mother told her. "But he is *so* brilliant—you just have to listen to what he is saying and try not to look down at those thin legs of his sticking out of those funny bloomers."

Dietrich, known for her pronouncements and quirky poems jotted at odd hours ("Isn't it strange: / The legs that made / My rise to glory / Easy, no? Became my downfall / Into misery. Queesy, no?—3 A.M."), once proclaimed the diaphragm to be "the greatest invention since Pan-Cake makeup." She stocked the latter, and perhaps at one time the former, in bulk—along with a shelf of medications, prescribed and otherwise, worthy of a pharmacy. The mirrored nightstand was once crowded with bottles of Butazolidin, phenobarbital, codeine, belladonna, Nembutal, Seconal, Librium, cortisone, and Darvon, as well as a holistic medication called slippery elm. (She liked to wash down her pills with Dom Pérignon, which she believed was an aid to circulation.)

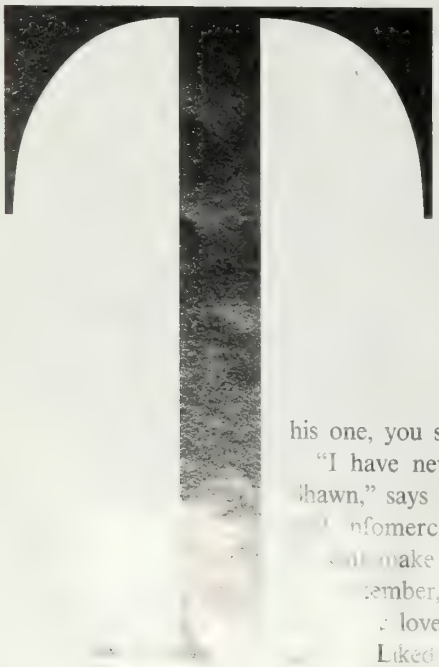
The veteran doormen at 993 say they recall lugging "Miss Dietrich's" baggage upstairs, where she would then spend hours unpacking it herself, carefully replacing the fur-lined suits and Balenciaga dresses in her closets, and laying out her bugle-beaded dresses on a bed in the back room, because they were too heavy to hang. "At one time she owned both apartments on the 12th floor," Riva explains, "but the place across the hall was for her trunks and the other was for her. She was always, always packing and unpacking, and she traveled with 70 pieces of luggage at least!"

"My mother always liked living in hotels," says Riva, who suffered a mild heart attack shortly after my visit. She long ago reconciled herself to being the child of a creature far too complicated to be considered maternal. Her mother, who adored private entrances and quick exits, never really cared much for homes. (In her early days in Hollywood, Josef von Sternberg picked her rented houses.) "This was a very masculine quality that she had," Riva says. "She never felt the need to put down roots. She loved staying in the Beverly Hills Hotel in Los Angeles and the Plaza in New York, so I always found it very uncharacteristic of her—very un-Dietrich of her—to buy an apartment in New York.

"We had always been gypsies anyway." □

# HE'S JUST A GUY WHO CAN'T SAY NO

## Talk-show host Larry King is CNN's biggest star, the mayor of Celebrityville, U.S.A., a man as famous as those he interviews. He is also driven to marry—over and over and over again. With King, at 63, taking a picture-perfect young beauty as his seventh bride, MARJORIE WILLIAMS reveals the source of King's compulsions, and the romantic and financial wreckage he has blithely left behind him



his one, you see, is different.

"I have never been with a person like hawn," says Larry King, about the actress nfomercial entrepreneur with whom ake his seventh trip to the altar tember, "who I like as much as I loved people without liking 'em. Liked people without loving 'em. . . . She's not only beautiful outwardly," he contin ues, "but beautiful inwardly. So I, like, adore her. I wouldn't hurt her for the world. And I've changed with her!"

In person, Larry King is unexpectedly pink From his open shirt collar up to the crest of fin hair that is artfully poufed each morning at Georgetown hair salon, his skin has the too scrubbe

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO



**ALL THE KING'S WOMEN**
"I had just told David Frost . . . 'I'll never marry again,'" Larry King says of meeting 37-year-old Shawn Southwick outside Tiffany's.

rosy softness peculiar to TV stars who go in and out of thick makeup nearly every day. The heavy, square glasses seem less enormous than they do on television, and so do the brown eyes they frame. Peering out from this famous face, placidly friendly, they seem the small eyes of an ordinary man who is hiding inside the wild colors and iconic features of a Larry King costume. On his feet, this noon, are blue suede shoes, two shades darker than a Miami sky.

And here is the amazing thing: King is discussing his impending marriage, to 37-year-old Shawn Southwick, as if it were a genuine surprise. "If you had told me eight months ago, 'You're going to meet someone 26 years younger than you, and might like to have a baby again'—ha ha! I had just told David Frost . . . 'I'll never marry again.'"

He says this as if he were not the only person in America who believed, eight months earlier, that Larry King would never again propose marriage, impulsively, passionately, as he had at least eight times before (counting the two engagements that were made and broken since the end of his last marriage). As if he were not a man whose best friend has observed that he marries so often he has rice scars.

"I mean, what do I need it for?" asks King rhetorically. For excitement, say his friends and former loves. "He's like one of those Vietnam guys who re-ups and re-ups, because they're hooked on the adrenaline of it," says Rama Fox, who was engaged but never married to King. For affirmation. For company. "There's something about Larry that's almost a little poignant," says a Washington woman who has seen him casually over the years. "He's a lonely man."

He is also, according to friends and colleagues, a man of chaotic and boundless needs. "He is a very sweet man, and he is desperate to connect with people," says Tom Farmer, former executive producer of *Larry King Live*. In the view of those who like the 63-year-old King, he is genial, well intentioned, generous to a fault. The worst you can say about their version of Larry King is that there is pathos to him.

Some, however, see a darker Larry King. This is the man who was once arrested for larceny, who scammed loans from banks, who has compulsively deceived the women he loves, who has been the target and the instigator of litigation in four different states, who declared bankruptcy not once but twice.

They are, of course, the same Larry King: the same eager, starving presence that comes live, six nights a week at nine P.M. E.S.T., into America's living rooms. After 40 years in broadcasting—most of them on radio—and 12 years on CNN, King is a bona fide TV star, host of the highest-rated show on his network. Many critics have tried unsuccessfully to put a finger (or lay a glove) on King's appeal; they point to his gruffly ingratiating voice and his ability to project intense interest in his guests and the way he im- rm bath of reassurance and re- columnist Maureen Dowd may have l him "the resort area of s Palm Springs, where celebrity can ccess is final, one of those self-validating miracles of television culture. He has made himself, through sheer desire, the mayor of Celebrityville.

It is not an accident that women move through King's life almost as rapidly as guests move in and out of the chair that faces his across the little desk in CNN's Studio 11C. "All the qualities that make Larry a great interviewer make him really bad husband material," says a close friend. "All the curiosity, the 'Who's the most interesting person in the room, and who's the latest, the newest?'" The man's personality perfectly reflects the demands of the media and the network that made him rich and famous.

It is King's job to elide the gap between hard news and entertainment, to allow CNN—the no-frills network born of Ted Turner's conviction that America could be fed all news, all the time, unembellished by stars and pretty faces—to traffic in our baser appetites. And it isn't easy to dignify the proposition that Sylvester Stallone equals the president of the United States equals Kathie Lee equals Yasser Arafat equals Kato Kaelin equals Ross Perot. It is not easy to insist, day in and day out, that our interest in NAFTA is no more or less ennobling than our interest in the murder of JonBenet Ramsey.

To pull off this trick, it helps to be someone who has only a nodding acquaintance with reality, whose own inner life is as obscure to him as the lunar tides of a distant planet.

Having a conversation with King is like sitting with someone on sodium pentothal. It all comes burbling out, the shallow stream of his consciousness, the most profound feelings of his life followed by the glancing encounters with celebrities, quickly pursued by the well-worn stories of his fabled youth in Brooklyn. "She has no guile," he says of Southwick. "I never met anyone like that. Like, incapable of lying. Don Shula was that way. That's why I respected him so much."

On the air, at lunch in Washington, over breakfast in Beverly Hills, King disgorges famous names with the efficiency of a gumball machine: "Anthony Quinn was on my television show . . . I like Sam Donaldson . . . I remember [Billy] Graham telling me once . . . I know Ben Bradlee . . . Walter Matthau, great guy . . . George Bush told me . . . I flew out to Houston with Elizabeth Dole . . . "

King's show—always a modest hit for CNN—reached a new level of success in the 1992 presidential campaign. After Ross Perot chose King as his confidant, declaring on the show in February of that year his willingness to run for president, *Larry King Live* was suddenly the hottest thing in politics. Once scorned as the lightweight celebrity-monger down the hall from CNN's Washington newsroom, King was learning to play a canny game, in which his political interviews validated the show for more glamorous guests and viewers, and his celebrity side glamorized the show for wing-tipped Washington folks. This year alone, he will make cameo appearances in seven films, affording Hollywood an easy shorthand for a movie character's rise to a certain level of stardom.

But if the show's success relies on its mixture of subjects, King is clearly most excited by the celebrity side. In some essential way, the proximity of fame validates the man who was once Lawrence Harvey Zeiger, of Brooklyn's Bensonhurst. In his 1989 book, about his heart attack and quintuple-bypass surgery, he records the vast number of celebrities who sent him flowers: not only "these incredible orchids from Raymond Burr," but a card and a floral display—*a $200 floral display*—from Frank Sinatra.

King likes his luxuries, but his drive is not really about money. Despite an income of around $4 million a year, he has lived in the same Virginia high-rise, overlooking Washington, D.C., for more than a decade—an apartment friends describe as resembling a hotel suite decorated 10 years ago or "a duplex pad that Sammy Davis Jr. or Peter Lawford could have crashed in."

No, his drive is about attention—of any kind. "The most genuine he is is when he's on the air," says Tom Farmer, who worked with King from 1991 to 1994. "The rest of the time he could be kind of deflated, like a Macy's balloon that is sort of put away between parades. Then, when he gets on the air, that's his oxygen."

"It truly is his only life, the only thing that matters to him," says Chuck Conconi, a Washington journalist who used to be a close friend. "Once, I said to Sharon [Mrs. King from 1976 to 1983] that I didn't know what to get Larry for his birthday. And Sharon said, 'Get him an ON THE AIR sign for his bedroom.'"

Acquaintances describe his behavior at an Election Night party at the home of Washington humorist Mark Russell. When the local TV stations sent crews to film a little color there, King was first in line with a sound bite. "Larry kept running up to be interviewed by anyone who would do it," says another Russell guest. "This guy's on TV every day, and it's *never* enough."

For his first 10 years at CNN, King maintained the national radio show he had started in 1978, which was his first large step toward becoming a household name. Though he cut his radio show from five and a half hours to three in 1987, CNN executives felt strongly that he was spread too thin. "We put in this new contract an amount CONTINUED ON PAGE 325

King and Alene Akins, shown here in 1995, were married twice.

His fifth marriage was to Shawn Lawrence, above in 1992.

With Rama Fox, fiancée but not bride, in 1993.

With Julia Alexander, wife of his sixth marriage, in 1990.

With Angie Dickinson in 1985.

With Deanna Lund, another almost bride, in 1995.

"I wouldn't recognize her if I saw her," King says of his first wife.

With girlfriend Cyndy Garvey in 1996.

With Jo-Ellan Dimitrius, whom he married in 1996.

With Suzanne Childs, on a date in 1995.

With Shawn Southwick, his current fiancée.

With Marlon Brando on CNN in 1994.

# ROCK ON



hilarious bout of verbal shadowboxing that showed he could take an audience into areas they were afraid to go. Rock followed the career-making special with a funny, offbeat, recently renewed talk show, also on HBO, in which he took further risks, pulling cinéma vérité stunts like asking the residents of Howard Beach to sign a petition to rename a local thoroughfare Tupac Shakur Boulevard.

On a roll, Rock has become a one-man multimedia outlet. He has a comedy CD, *Roll with the New* (DreamWorks Records), a gig hosting the MTV Video Music Awards, and a book coming out this fall called *Rock This!* (Hyperion). Unlike so many comedians' books, this one isn't a wispy flight through the land of whimsy. It's closer to a hip sociology primer, with direct hits on such subjects as the difference between white skin-magazines and black ones: "In *Playboy*, the women don't have a blemish on their bodies. In *Players*, the model's got stretch marks from the eight kids she's had, plus the bullet wound from the time she got shot in the ass." Like his heroes Richard Pryor and Sam Kinison, Chris

day is the absence of cynicism or burnt- kles and sasses society from the sideli- ndum of a young Ali. In his exuberance, his

IES WOLCOTT

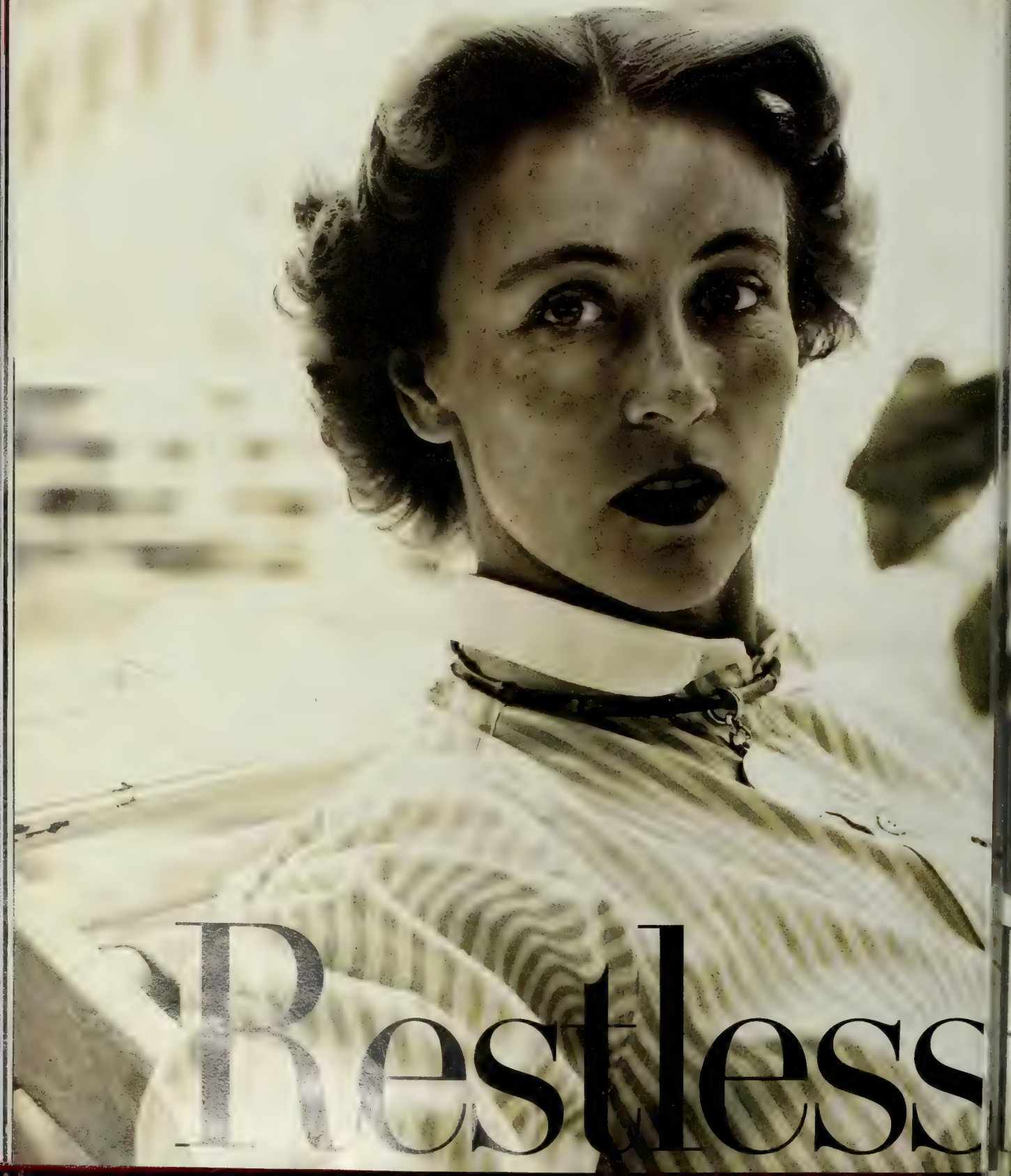
PHOTOGRAPH




**CHRIS ROCK**

He heckles and sasses society from the sidelines with the happy abandon of a young Ali.

Born into one of Boston's first families, Marietta Tree used her brilliance, beauty, and Wasp backbone to move effortlessly from socialite lunches with Babe Paley to meetings with black civil-rights leaders, and, after her second marriage, to Ronald Tree, to become mistress of the legendary English estate Ditchley and hostess to the future Queen Elizabeth. In a new biography, CAROLINE SEEBOHM explores Marietta's lives and loves, including director John Huston and presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson



# Restless



**NOT MISS BOSTON, MISS WORLD**

*Opposite,* Marietta FitzGerald (later Tree) in the 1940s, when she pursued her goals of "parties, people, and politics." *Below,* Adlai Stevenson, who was the Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1952 and '56, made Marietta a member of his inner circle. She is seen here in 1956, when she was head of New York's Volunteers for Stevenson

# Blue Blood

"Perhaps someone will tell me," Frances FitzGerald said at her mother's memorial service in New York on October 4, 1991, "as people so often have, that she was just here, she was dazzling, but she has gone."

Marietta Tree had given them no clue, no sign. "Always look as if you are having a wonderful time," she once advised a school friend. Her death, like so much in her personal life, was a private matter.

In 1981 she had come through a seemingly successful operation to remove a lump from her breast, but nine years later the cancer had returned. On May 4, 1990, without anybody, including Eben Pyne, her current beau, knowing, she had a mastectomy and cheerfully went on with her life. But by Christmas she learned the truth: the operation had been too late. When the doctors recommended further chemotherapy, she consulted her little red calendar. "She couldn't start right away," the oncologist remembered, "because she had an important lunch date."

The only person Marietta allowed into the conspiracy was her elder child, Frankie, her daughter by Desmond FitzGerald, who became her mother's greatest support, and who had found out about the cancer by accident. On one visit to the doctor, Marietta said to Frankie, "I am not sure that I would have done this for *my* mother." Frankie replied, "Don't be silly," but then thought, "My God, she is probably telling the truth."

For the following eight months, Marietta kept her illness secret. There was to be no change in her routine. At a ball she attended that spring, she turned to her companion, Henry Gillespie, and said, "Don't you love New York? It's so stimulating!" When a friend remarked that she seemed thin, she laughed it off. "My dear, my mother was a *stick* at 70." On the rare occasion when she turned down an engagement, she blamed it on "antibiotic poisoning."

Marietta kept up the phone calls, small dinners at Mortimer's, plans for future dates. In late July, friends called, sad that she was missing her usual summer trip to England. "Terribly sorry" was the response from the familiar bright voice on the phone. "At the moment I am laid up, but I expect to be on my feet by Labor Day." A few weeks later, at the age of 74, she was dead.

It was the greatest performance of her career. Marietta had always loved the stage, once confessing, "I had great dreams of becoming a blues singer. I had a picture of myself in a black dress singing in a blue spotlight." The contrast of this image with her background could hardly have been more striking.

Born a Peabody, a name weighted with the authority of religion, education, and Bostonian probity, Marietta, who arrived in 1917, was the eldest child and only daughter of Bishop Malcolm Peabody, whose father, the legendary rector, was the founder of the Groton School. It was not a family rife with entertainers: they leaned toward public service, not the stage.

Filled with ambition and curiosity, Marietta wrestled all her life with the Peabody legacy of emotional distance and parental disapproval. (A 1950s cartoon shows a man talking to his son in a grand Victorian-style living room, hung with family portraits. "I never knew your mother well, son," he says. "You see, she was a Peabody.") Marietta's spirit made the conflict with her family's stiff traditions more apparent. Later, a friend would compare her to Henry James's heroine Isabel Archer, who embraced the world and made her own fate.

At boarding school she wrote an essay using the word "tremense," and when told the word did not exist, she responded, "I don't care. It's exactly the word I want, a combination of tremendous and immense. It's a wonderful word and one day it will be in the dictionary!"

When as a girl Marietta visited her grandparents at Groton, the boys went crazy. "The great excitement at Groton is Marietta," the wife of a trustee reported to her mother. "The whole sixth form tags after her wherever she goes, and somebody gave her . . . money with which she has got a permanent wave."

In the summer of 1938, sailing at the age of 21 with friends round the coast of Maine, Marietta declared that, although her background was respectable and prestigious, she wanted more. "I intend to get power," she announced, "through connection with a man." A year later, she married her first husband, Desmond FitzGerald, who led her out of her Boston upbringing into a sophisticated older circle in New York. Other men would take her nearer her goal, into the worlds of art and film and European aristocracy, and ultimately close to the American presidency.

But if Marietta saw men as her salvation, it was the Peabody women who set her fiercely demanding standards. Both her grandmothers were remarkable personalities. Her mother was arrested and jailed at the age of 72 during a civil-rights demonstration in Florida. Marietta's two daughters became famous in their own right: Frances FitzGerald won a Pulitzer for her book on Vietnam, and Penelope Tree, as a successful model, captured the attention of photographers Richard Avedon and David Bailey.

From an early age, Marietta wanted to make her mark in politics. When she was about seven, she was asked by Bishop William Lawrence what she wanted to be when she grew up. "I think I am going to be a senator." "And how are you going to become a senator?" "I'm going to be elected like everyone else." "And how are you going to manage all by yourself to be a senator?" "Well, I'll get the other boys to help me."

As in many other ventures, she was among the first women to break the thicket of prejudice that surrounded such a male-dominated profession. In the 1940s she helped found the firs

Excerpted from *Marietta Tree*, by Caroline Seebohm, published in October
© 1997 by the a

# In the Rolls after a dance, she wriggled out of her ball gown and into a black dress suitable for a political meeting.



interracial voluntary hospital in New York. She worked with the National Urban League. In 1958 she became a member of the Fair Housing Practices Panel of New York City. In 1959 she was made a commissioner for human rights of the city of New York. For many years she served as chairman of the Citizens Committee for New York City. In 1961, Adlai Stevenson appointed her U.S. representative to the Human Rights Commission at the U.N. (a post that originated with

AFTER *LIFE*

Marietta, at left, with friends, circa 1941. While her husband, Desmond FitzGerald, served in World War II, Marietta took a job as a researcher at *Life,* and by night, at clubs such as El Morocco, she shook New England out of her hair. She also met the likes of Henry Luce, who ran *Time* and *Life.* "I dined out again last night with that researcher of yours," Luce told her boss. *Inset,* Marietta, top, with her friend Dorothy Feinberg at a *Life* picnic, circa 1941.

Eleanor Roosevelt). She also represented the U.S. on the Social Committee of the Economic and Social Council, and on the Trusteeship Council. U.N. diplomats found her very refreshing. "I got to know them by asking questions about their childhood," she said. "As a result . . . I have at least five or six friends in every country of the world. Think of what that means!"

Her Peabody background ensured that she remained humble about her contributions to the world, but as a result her tireless work for civil rights, the disenfranchised, and the urban poor often went unacknowledged—her high-profile party-giving made it easy to write her off as a socialite.

In later years she continued to break down walls and to travel widely. She was a pioneer woman on corporate boards such as those of CBS and Pan Am, and she found new interests and friends and, most important, financial security. "I now read the business pages almost first," she declared in 1982.

After her second husband, Ronald Tree, died in 1976, she did not marry again, in spite of being pursued by ardent suitors right up to the end. "It's so wonderful," she told her brother Sam, "not to have someone tugging your arm at a party wanting to go home."

For those who knew her, it was not just her gaiety and ready enthusiasm but also her positive attitude, loyalty, and energy that make her still so desperately missed.

"She beautifully united two contrasting American traditions," Arthur Schlesinger Jr. said, "a New Yorker in her style, a New Englander in her soul."

Asked once if she would prefer to go to a boring dinner party or stay home and read a good book, she chose without hesitation the dinner party. For Marietta, as Frankie FitzGerald said, "there was no such thing as a boring dinner party." When she entered the room it was "as though she had swallowed a lightbulb," said a friend.

"My entire life was indeed changed by the job," Marietta Tree wrote of her years as a researcher at *Life* magazine. "I would never have become militant in the opening battles for civil rights, never become a shop steward in the C.I.O. [Congress of Industrial Or-




**ALLIED FRONT**

**Guests at the rainy reception following Marietta Peabody's wedding to Desmond FitzGerald on September 2, 1939, listened to news of Hitler's march into Poland. Days earlier, the bride-to-be had hiked with a friend and refused to change her clothes or wash her hair. "This is the last time in my life I can be messy," she explained. *Inset,* two wedding-day telegrams.**

ganizations], never become a Democrat, never known the difference between a Trotskyite and a Stalinist, . . . a paradigm and a paradox, and never fallen in love."

In this unfinished manuscript, the last five words have been crossed out. But the phrase remains on the faded pad, stubborn testimony to 1945, the last year of the war, and John Huston.

Marietta first met the film director in late 1942, while her husband, Desmond FitzGerald, was away in the war. She was seated next to Huston at a dinner party at the '21' Club. "I couldn't think of anything to say," Marietta recalled later, "so I said, 'Are you any relation to Sam Houston?' He thought for a bit. 'Who's Sam Houston?'" It did not matter what was said. They never looked at anyone else the whole evening.

That first night ended equally dramatically. Marietta had felt "perfectly awful" earlier in the day and had taken two pills. But that didn't stop her from sharing bourbon on the rocks and wine with her new friend. At some point great purple welts started appearing all over her face. "John," Marietta said, "I'm getting chicken pox or measles and I must go this very moment." Huston volunteered to take her home. Shortly after, she fainted. Huston remembered, "She got up and one of the first things she said was 'I'm not drunk.'"

Marietta FitzGerald had recently found her place in the working world at *Life,* where she fact-checked political journalists from ex-advisers to Chiang Kai-shek to Henry R. Luce, the legendary founder and editor in chief of *Time, Life,* and *Fortune.* With characteristic zeal she challenged them all.

Desmond was her only problem. But he was generous. FitzGerald had been a lawyer before the war. The allowance he sent her, along with her salary, provided for luxuries that her puritanical Peabody upbringing had not. After work, she would rush home to give a dinner party for foreign visitors or go out with the Warburgs (heirs of the German-Jewish banking dynasty), the Paleys (of CBS fame), or the Astors (whose money was in New York real estate). She found herself at parties with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. She sometimes went dancing at El Morocco four nights a week. Luce often stuck his head in the office of her boss, John K. Jessup, to say, "I dined out again last night with that researcher of yours."





LADY'S MEN

Desmond FitzGerald, in light shorts, visiting Ronald Tree in Barbados in 1946. A year later the latter would replace the former as Marietta's husband. *Below,* director John Huston in the hospital in London in 1952, during the filming of *Moulin Rouge.* He fell in love with Marietta while she was married to FitzGerald. Huston called her "the most beautiful and desirable woman I had ever known."

Not many researchers wore designer clothes to work. But barriers were broken during the war, and Marietta continued to rush from office to nightclub, from "cabbages to kings," as she put it, relishing her freedom. Meanwhile, Desmond was serving with a regiment in the Burma theater.

At 36, John Huston was a cultural hero, thanks to his first feature film, *The Maltese Falcon,* released in 1941. When he met Marietta that night at '21,' he was deeply involved in war work, documenting air battles in the Aleutian Islands. He was also still married to his second wife, Lesley Black, and carrying on a tumultuous affair with actress Olivia de Havilland.

On his brief leaves, he found time for Marietta. He enthralled her with tales of his movies, adventures, childhood, and the brutal scenes of war he had witnessed overseas. All the time, he was falling in love: "I would steal glances at her. The slope of her neck from shoulder to ear; the angle of her jaw, as though drawn by Piero della Francesca."

Marietta tried at first to keep it platonic. "I felt it was very important to be faithful to my husband, or faithful to the man at the front," she declared later.

In April 1945, Black divorced Huston, whose attention to Marietta intensified. Clearly the idea of marriage was firmly in his mind. Marietta had never experienced such physical intensity in a man, and after three years of persistence on his part, she could not resist anymore. "That summer was a time of enchantment," John Huston wrote in his 1980 autobiography, *An Open Book,* nearly 40 years later. "I was alive with the most desirable woman in creation at my side."

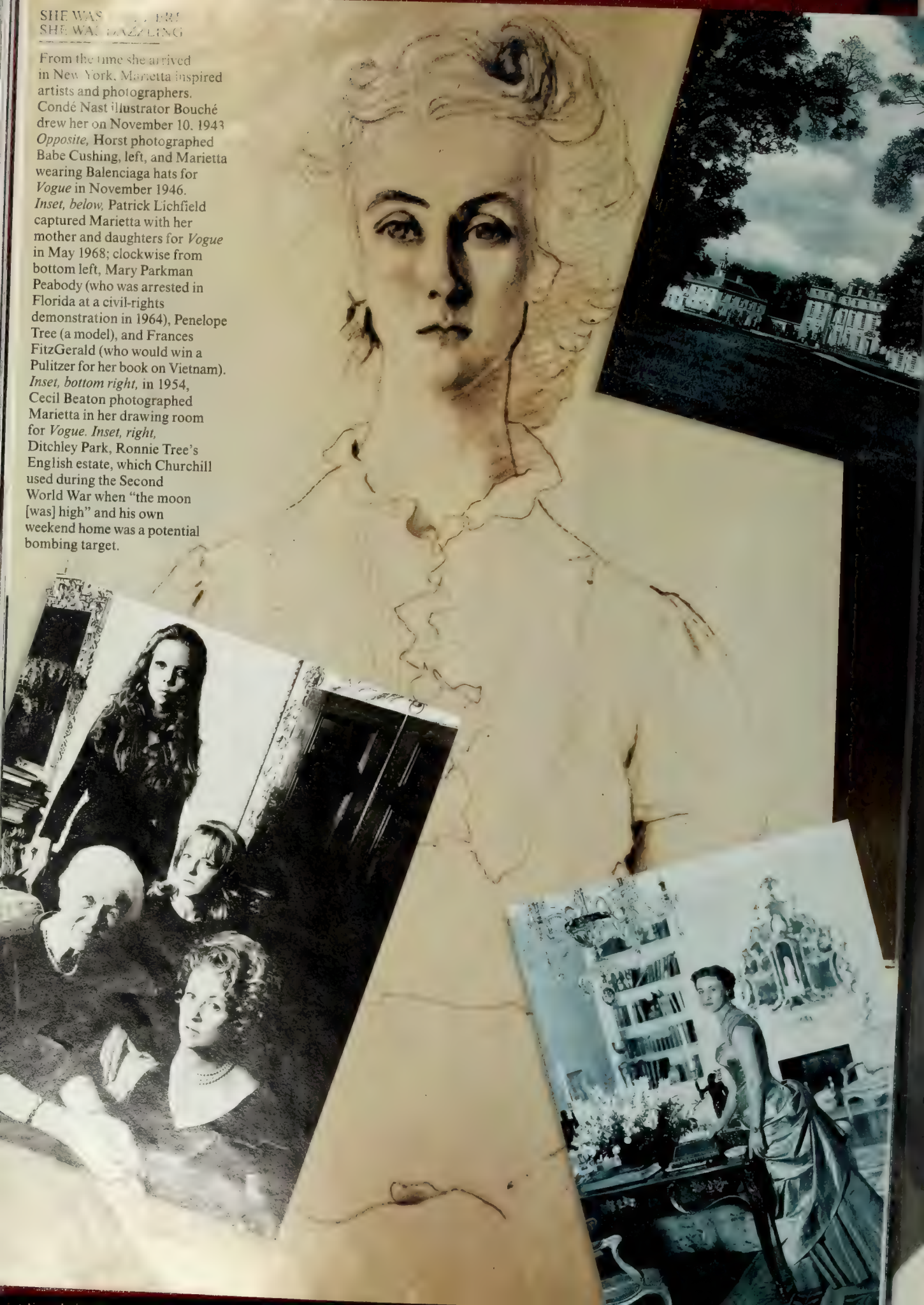
When Marietta worked late into the night helping to put the magazine to bed, Huston waited patiently outside in his army uniform. He encouraged her in her work, discussing politics, art, literature. He taught her what she considered her most important lesson: "That I was not Miss Boston. I was instead Miss World."

He frequently went to her apartment on Park Avenue and made friends with Frankie, who loved him. "He used to tell stories and sing songs, and pay a lot of attention to me," she would recall. "He gave me a toy I still have."

All that summer, at the Warburgs', Marietta and Huston played tennis, rode horses, swam, and loved each other. One morning, on her way out the door to work, Mary Warburg signed a note: "Yours till the bedsprings break." Marietta was mortified. It turned out that the bed she and Huston were sharing

SHE WAS [illegible]
SHE WAS DAZZLING

From the time she arrived in New York, Marietta inspired artists and photographers. Condé Nast illustrator Bouché drew her on November 10, 1943. *Opposite,* Horst photographed Babe Cushing, left, and Marietta wearing Balenciaga hats for *Vogue* in November 1946. *Inset, below,* Patrick Lichfield captured Marietta with her mother and daughters for *Vogue* in May 1968; clockwise from bottom left, Mary Parkman Peabody (who was arrested in Florida at a civil-rights demonstration in 1964), Penelope Tree (a model), and Frances FitzGerald (who would win a Pulitzer for her book on Vietnam). *Inset, bottom right,* in 1954, Cecil Beaton photographed Marietta in her drawing room for *Vogue*. *Inset, right,* Ditchley Park, Ronnie Tree's English estate, which Churchill used during the Second World War when "the moon [was] high" and his own weekend home was a potential bombing target.



While Marietta lay in bed,
Walter Huston stood in front of the
window and sang
"September Song" for her.






ALWAYS CIVIL

Mamie Bradley, with her friend
Mamie Mosley, who helped rouse
[illegible]
[illegible]
Wanda
[illegible]
[illegible]

had collapsed that night. "I was only kissing him good night," she insisted to her friend.

Marietta's dinner parties now regularly featured Huston, who never took his eyes off her. Like him, she was jubilant. "I just went head over heels."

For those last few months in the late summer of 1945, 28-year-old Marietta and Huston had a glorious time together. He made her lighten up, forget her solemn politicking. He would ask her to sing. "Summertime," for instance. "Summertime . . . " she would begin. "Higher," he would command. Out would come "Summertime . . . " a little higher. "Higher still." "Summertime . . . " And up and up, until they collapsed with laughter.

Huston's beloved father, Walter Huston, took to her at once but was anxious about what would happen when her husband came back. "Why, we'll tell him how we feel about each other and he'll give Marietta a divorce and we'll get married," Huston said blithely.

In August 1945, when Marietta returned to New York from the Peabody summer home in Northeast Harbor, Maine, the pace with Huston picked up, but there was an edge of panic. The war was ending and Marietta had finally received word that Desie was coming home.

Friends had heard rumors about John Huston. Her parents wrote to her as though sensing trouble in the marriage, urging her to be affectionate to Desie and to enlarge her family soon. Marietta responded violently:

"I am 28 years old now, and if I haven't learned these obvious things by now, there's no point telling me anything. What I would like every once-in-a-while is a little approval from you both—as a matter of fact, that is what I have wanted all my life from you, and never felt—or certainly rarely felt."

Desmond arrived home from Asia in mid-November 1945. Marietta told him immediately about John Huston. Desie was stunned. He had said goodbye to a wife who was an attentive partner and hostess. He came back to find a woman he hardly recognized. He demanded that she quit her job. Having suffered in a terrible war, he wanted a return to the life they had enjoyed in the past. But, despite Huston, mostly he wanted *her.*

"I didn't hear from her for three days," Huston writes in his autobiography, "then she came to my hotel. I could see that she'd been through an ordeal: her face was drawn and her eyes swollen. Desmond had agreed to give her a divorce but only on condition that she see an analyst and undergo therapy before starting proceedings."

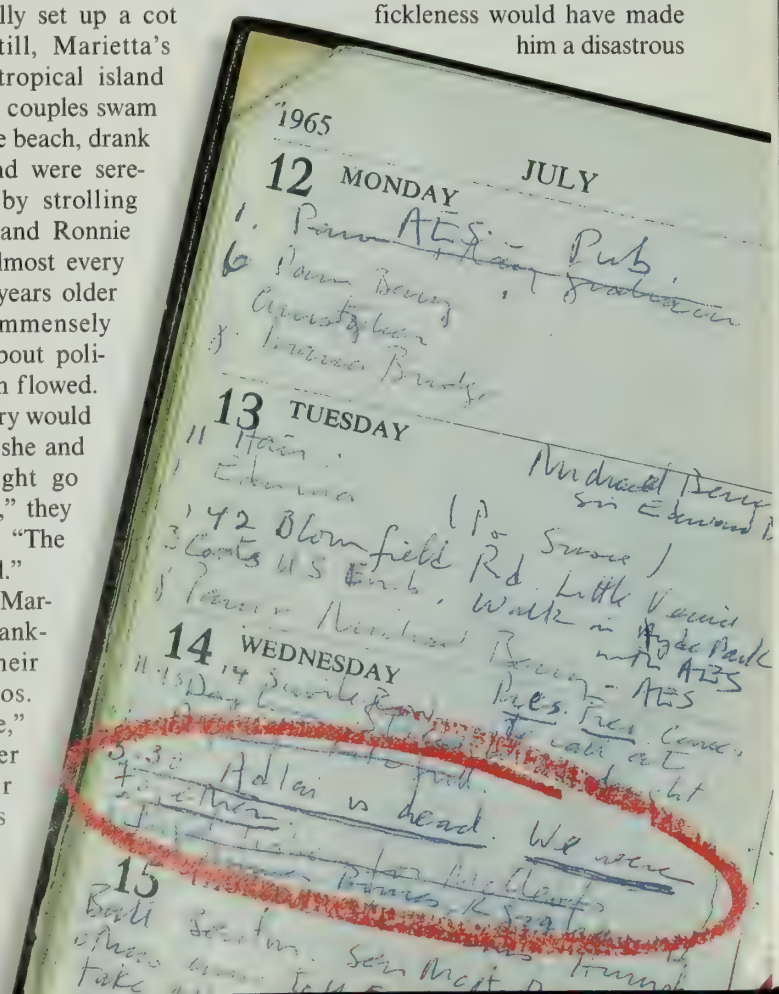
Meanwhile, Huston had been instructed by Mrs. FitzGerald to leave her alone for the time being. He returned to California, living "from one call to another" while working on the script for *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre.* Of course, being Huston, he continued to see other women.

Mary Warburg, also coping with a husband back from the war, invited the FitzGeralds to join them on a vacation. They agreed to visit Ronald Tree, a sophisticated, urbane Anglo-American who lived in England and was well known to many of Marietta's New York friends. He had invited them to stay at Sir Edward Cunard's house in Barbados. Marietta and Desie were not getting along, and argued constantly. From the start of the vacation, Desie slept on the floor, until Ronnie tactfully set up a cot in the room. Still, Marietta's first visit to a tropical island was magical. The couples swam and walked on the beach, drank a lot of rum, and were serenaded at night by strolling bands. Marietta and Ronnie sailed together almost every day. He was 20 years older than she and immensely knowledgeable about politics. Conversation flowed. Occasionally, Mary would ask plaintively if she and her husband might go sailing, too. "No," they were told firmly. "The boat is too small."

After the visit, Marietta wrote a thank-you letter to their host in Barbados. "Darling Ronnie," she wrote in her upright, eager hand. "It seems about 52 years since I last saw you, and that's about 52 years of ache, and 52 years of living in memory." Three days later, back in New York, she wrote to him again: "For a confirmed non–letter writer, I find myself wanting to write to you every day—practically any conversation or reaction or event has the corollary: Ronnie must be told. Darling, I do hope you are feeling somewhat the same way."

Ronnie was. He sent a welcome-home telegram to her in New York, followed up by two letters that became worn almost to shreds from Marietta's reading and rereading them. "They have been my only happiness since leaving you," she told him.

But what of John Huston? "Sometimes she'd be late calling and I'd sweat blood" was the way he described waiting for Marietta to get a divorce. But there were obvious complications. Marietta always asserted that Huston was not someone she ever thought seriously of marrying, in spite of his claims. She knew that his wildness, financial unreliability, and sexual fickleness would have made him a disastrous



husband. Nancy Holmes, a society journalist, who chronicled the affair in a novel called *The Big Girls,* later declared that Marietta was the only woman Huston ever really loved, but that Marietta could not accept his infidelities. Perhaps, but Marietta had other plans as well. Though he had prepared the way, John Huston was not the man to lead her out of the desert of her marriage to Desmond FitzGerald. Her true savior was now at hand: Ronald Tree.

Ronald Tree was born on September 26, 1897, in a handsome English house called Ashorne Hill, near Leamington, in Warwickshire. He was the only child of Arthur Tree and Ethel Field. Both had been born to extremely wealthy Chicago families—Arthur Tree was an only child and heir to a large real-estate fortune accumulated by Ronald's paternal grandfather, Lambert Tree, a judge and onetime diplomat to Russia. Ethel's father was the millionaire department-store founder Marshall Field. Ronnie's parents had fallen in love on a hunting field in England and had rejected the United States for the delights of British foxhunting and polo. Ronnie would spend much of his life between the two countries, finding solace finally in Barbados, with its English overtones and proximity to the U.S.

When Ronnie was about three, his mother ran off with a naval officer, David Beatty, and his parents divorced. Ronnie had only the companionship of his lonely and disappointed father. There were consolations: in his will, Judge Tree left the income from his considerable fortune to his son, thus relieving Arthur of any financial worries. The judge also expressed his wish that his grandson take up a career in public service in the United States, a wish that was to influence Ronnie's future considerably.

In 1914 war broke out, and Ronnie's father, 52 years old, died suddenly from complications following a perforated [illegible]. Ronnie was 16 years old. He [illegible] mother since he was seven and refused to consider [illegible]

[illegible] had no parents and no home. His American trustees urged him toward the United States, where he promptly joined the navy, signing up to train as a pilot. He was posted to Brest, in France, and spent the end of the war flying submarine-spotting patrols. In 1919 he returned to London. A relation by marriage, Nancy Perkins Field, was also traveling to spend Christmas there, with her aunt.

A Langhorne from Virginia, Nancy had been blessed with the family beauty, wit, and energy. Her husband, Henry Field (Marshall Field III's brother), had died from an infection following a tonsillectomy, leaving her well provided for. She and Ronnie married in London a year after meeting.

In 1926, after living in Nancy's family's country house, Mirador, the Trees returned to England, and in 1933 bought Ditchley Park, near Blenheim Palace, in Oxfordshire, which had been designed by the 18th-century architect James Gibbs. Ronnie was proposed as Conservative member of Parliament for Market Harborough in August, to fill a vacancy. Offsetting the confusion over his American nationality (Ronnie assured his constituency of his English birth) were his useful connections in Parliament via Lady Astor, who was Nancy's aunt, and his millions. He was adopted unanimously and then beat the Labour candidate by a modest majority of 6,860 votes. It was the start in a public-service career he had been eager for. As he wrote, "I had done what my grandfather had hoped of me, and I had done it in my father's adopted country."

From 1935 to 1939, the Trees lived in the political and social spotlight. They spent weekends at Cliveden, the beautiful country house outside London owned by the Astors. Ronnie made lasting friends of Anthony Eden and Bobbety Cranborne (later Marquis of Salisbury). They were on friendly terms with the highest echelons of English society, including many members of the royal family.




In November 1940, Winston Churchill spoke to Ronnie at the House of Commons to ask if Ditchley might be made available on weekends "when the moon is high." (The Germans had taken reconnaissance photographs of Chequers, the prime minister's official weekend home, and it was considered a potential bombing target.) Churchill made a dozen visits to Ditchley between 1940 and 1942. It was an extraordinary honor for the Trees, who not only entertained the most important man in Britain but saw him with his cigar and his whiskey and his anxieties all laid out for inspection at two o'clock in the morning.

After Churchill's visits ended, Ronnie started traveling. He was often in the United States for the Ministry of Information, or in London. With Nancy alone at Ditchley, Colonel Claude G. Lancaster, whose family owned Kelmarsh, a house the Trees had once rented, began to pay calls. Apparently it was Collins—Ronnie's lifelong, legendary butler—who took it upon himself to tell his master about the colonel.

After his time with Marietta in Barbados in January of 1946, Ronnie's sole purpose became to secure a divorce from Nancy and marry the woman with whom he had fallen in love. Ronnie and Marietta were in agreement that everything must be kept a secret while they decided

## "LOOK AS IF YOU ARE HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME"

Marietta always followed her own advice, maintaining even at the end of her life that her cancer was "antibiotic poisoning." Here, in 1984, in pink taffeta and pearls. *Inset, left,* as U.S. representative to the Human Rights Commission at the United Nations, in 1963. *Inset, bottom,* Marietta visiting John Huston on the set of *The Dead* in 1987, six months before the director's death; standing, from left, are Huston's son Danny and Marietta's brother Sam Peabody.

Marietta, said Arthur Schlesinger Jr., was "a New Yorker in her style, a New Englander in her soul."



how to proceed. Nancy wanted to marry Colonel Lancaster, but because of her frail health her children and friends urged her to wait. Not knowing about Marietta, many of Ronnie's friends were surprised at the rapidity with which he began pursuing a divorce.

For her part, Marietta thought of nothing except the moment when she might see Ronnie again. She sent him a stream of love letters and mooned over a photograph from *Life* of the "handsome Conservative candidate." When he arrived in New York City in April 1946, she talked to him without reserve about divorce, remarriage, and children.

Meanwhile, John Huston, unaware of Marietta's change of heart, continued to wait for instructions. Some time during that spring of 1946, his father visited Marietta, who was sick in bed. Walter Huston talked awhile and asked if there was anything he could do for her. Impulsively, she asked him to sing "September Song," which he had performed so memorably in the play *Knickerbocker Holiday.* In a scene worthy of one of John's movies, while the beautiful young woman lay in bed, Walter Huston stood in front of the window and sang for her.

To ease her longing for Ronnie, Marietta attended almost every journalistic and diplomatic party in New York, mostly without her husband. Desie had taken to working late at his law firm.

During her time at *Life,* which she left following Desie's return from the war, Marietta had become exposed to the fledgling civil-rights causes that were to come to fruition in the 60s. She met many blacks in Harlem, who told her painful tales of racism. Her conscience was further inflamed by her work at the Wiltwyck School in upstate New York. (Eleanor Roosevelt also supported this school for troubled boys.) Political commitment was increasingly important to her.

Her hunger for a serious career was made more acute by the plethora of jobs offered to her—features editor of *Junior Bazaar,* head of the women's division of the C.I.O.'s political-action committee, her old job at *Life.* Most enticing of all, she was offered the position of assistant to the managing editor of *The New Republic.* [illegible] because of Desie, all had to be turned down. "I am feeling more parasitic [illegible] she wrote to her parents. "My [illegible]

there would be nothing to talk about if they weren't tight)."

Her hostility, of course, was to some extent displaced defensiveness. She knew her Boston and Philadelphia friends, not to mention her family, would be appalled at her duplicitous marital behavior. In the middle of June 1946, Marietta made her first major step toward the divorce, by consulting a lawyer. Yet she was torn. She was taking Frankie away from her father and the knowledge was very painful to her. One night Marietta heard Desie weeping, "and it just about carved me in two."

Across the world, in Los Angeles, John Huston—tired of waiting and increasingly disillusioned—suddenly got married to a vivacious young actress, Evelyn Keyes, who swept him off to Las Vegas after a drunken dinner party. He regretted it almost immediately. After overhearing a conversation between Huston and his father in which the name "Marietta" was mentioned in agonized tones, Evelyn realized that this woman was different from all others.

Ronnie, meanwhile, was struggling with Nancy, who was under a doctor's care for her fragile mental condition. She was now refusing to cooperate with a divorce. Ronnie's political future seemed equally uncertain: he had lost his Market Harborough seat in the Labour Party landslide that followed the war and would have trouble thereafter satisfying his desires for a political career. He was also faced with the fact that he might not be able to afford to stay in England. The Labour Party had imposed crippling taxes on foreign trust funds. "I felt my life shattered," Ronnie said later. "I was frightfully depressed."

Marietta wrote letters to Ronnie twice a week. Desie still refused to consider divorce until Marietta's psychiatrist gave her clearance. To add to her emotional strain, John Huston showed up in New York in September to direct Jean-Paul Sartre's play *No Exit.* Huston and Marietta met again at a party at the River House, an encounter which Evelyn described in her autobiography: "I couldn't help noticing John talking to a willowy blonde, almost as tall as he, smartly dressed, class oozing from every pore. Their conversation was terribly intense. Sparks were flying, people were whispering, sneaking looks at them and at me. Even as I watched, John took her hand, pulled her into another room and closed the door."

Marietta and Huston had several [illegible]es together. But she was careful to let Ronnie know of these encounters. "It's good to know in my heart that although I am very fond of [John], I am also detached, and of course that is due to my strong love for you."

Marietta once said to her friend Evangeline Bruce, wife of diplomat David Bruce, how glad she was to have been the "one who got away" from John Huston. "Oh, it was simple," Marietta explained; "I could never have told my parents."

On April 12, 1947, Marietta was 30 years old. Her father set out his feelings in a letter about the state of her life. Although sympathetic to the problems between her and Desie, he urged her to reconcile. "The alternative of course is almost too terrible to contemplate."

"Failure at home," the bishop wrote, "would go far to disqualify one from any authentic influence in [the field of social ideals]." He quoted the English chaplain Studdert Kennedy's remarks to the men in the trenches in 1916: "For to do the best he can, is to be an Englishman, not a rotten 'also-ran.' Carry on!"

In May, Ronnie finally got his divorce, and suddenly everything looked very different. Marietta was forced to clarify her own position. She wrote to her mother and father announcing that, having tried everything, Desie and she had agreed to divorce.

Mrs. Peabody stormed down to New York, armed with all the wrath of the Peabodys. "You have let down your family and your society and your God. No matter how you may try to do good again, you will never achieve it—as you'll never have the respect of others. You're weak. All you care for is admiration. You are ruining your child's life. You never even tried to give Desie a chance. You will never find happiness, as you will repeat the same pattern in your next marriage. I hope you don't suffer. No, I take that back. I hope you don't suffer as much as I know you will."

Marietta staggered under these assaults, all confidence and self-esteem draining away. With a kind of numb determination, she prepared for the move to England. She started to close the apartment, pay bills, collect tickets, get clothes fitted, and write to all her many relations informing them of her divorce. Her parents and brothers came to New York to say good-bye. "I was so overcome by their kindness and the terrible wound that I was inflicting that I burst into heaving sobs—all to the amazement of the people around me on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 44th Street." Then her mother said

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# Marietta Tree

"I am glad to see you suffer, darling, for only suffering will bring the expiation of your sins."

One day, Walter Huston telephoned. Marietta told him she was marrying Ronnie. "Do you love him?" the old man asked. Marietta said she did. "Do you *really* love him?" Marietta said she thought they were going to be very happy together. "Well," Walter Huston said, "I'm sure you and John will meet in the third act."

She received her divorce decree in July 1947. On July 28, Marietta Peabody FitzGerald married Ronald Tree.

The *Queen Mary,* carrying Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree, six-year-old Frankie FitzGerald, and her nanny, sailed for England from New York in September 1947. A few days later, Ronnie's car, with 22 pieces of luggage, carried its passengers from Southampton to Oxfordshire. After slowly traversing a long avenue of beech trees to a circular driveway in front of the house, Marietta entered Ditchley Park as the second Mrs. Ronald Tree.

Marietta was greeted by Collins, the butler who had informed Ronnie of Nancy Tree's transgressions, and a staff of about 30 lined up in the hall. Ronnie introduced her to all and led her and Frankie on a tour of the house. There was the White Drawing Room (decorated with Lely portraits of Charles II and Barbara Villiers, and two Kent side tables brought from the Trees' former house, Kelmarsh), the Tapestry Room (with its two large Flemish tapestries), the Velvet Room (hung with Genoese red-and-yellow velvet), and the Green Silk Room (its patterned silk wall coverings made in Lyons). There were the gardens, entered from the stuccoed hall, flanked by two large stone lions he had found in Venice. The formal garden was particularly impressive, with its stone-edged beds and Italian terra-cotta vases; the semicircular, stone-tiered pool containing a fountain; and a nearly 300-yard terrace overlooking the lake and temple. The kitchen garden featured blue plums espaliered against red-brick walls.

ietta was plunged immediately into
le as châtelaine of a famous
Collins

sitting with Marietta and Ronnie in one of the grand drawing rooms. At some point in the afternoon Collins came in and closed the curtains. When Marietta questioned the loss of sunlight, Ronnie said, "This is the way we always do it." Marietta did not even dare make changes in her own bedroom, whose huge proportions gave her agoraphobia and whose heavy taffeta curtains prevented her from getting enough light to read in bed. "I was too young and uncultivated in the decorative arts to make suggestions about changes to Ronnie. I knew he admired the room and I didn't want to hurt his feelings or rouse his scorn about my ignorance of these matters."

Ronnie presided over his empire with serenity. He would hunt or ride almost every day, and there were local duties that had to be fulfilled, such as bazaars and fêtes held on the grounds, visits to the local Conservative Association, pony clubs, cricket matches, and the other feudal obligations of a major landowner. A restless man, he got bored quickly, and after the last of the many weekend guests had gone and his local duties were completed, he would go to London with Marietta until Thursday or Friday, when they would return to Ditchley and the next round of house parties. The weekend would be as meticulously choreographed as a Fokine ballet. Before lunch the guests gathered in the hall, where Marietta mixed the martinis. "On the day of our marriage he cleverly asked if I would give him a wonderful present—would I make the drinks for the rest of our lives? . . . I eagerly assented, and thus spent a great deal of our social life with my head in the ice bucket, while Ronnie had interesting conversations with the guests."

Marietta fretted about Frankie's loneliness, and the hostility of Ronnie's two sons, Michael and Jeremy. She was only a few years older than they were. The atmosphere was made far grimmer by their mother, Nancy, who, in Marietta's view, had poisoned the boys against her.

With Ronnie's friends, mostly much older than she was, the reception was not much better. Marietta, to many of the Ditchley circle, was pretentious and humorless, a pushy American who had the audacity to be photographed for *Vogue* at Ditchley in a ball gown, as though she owned the place. But Marietta's greater
rime in English eyes was that she was
ideological bore. After immersing her-
Roosevelt's liberalism, she had
home with the politics of the

leftist journalists and writers, and had gone further than many of them in her commitment to civil rights. She did not understand Ronnie's reactionary Tory friends. Moreover, she soon found out that English women did not put themselves forward as she did. If they spoke, they were expected not to weigh in about foreign policy, but to be witty and frivolous.

Perhaps the most graphic example of Marietta's stumbling at this time was over the first large postwar ball given in Paris by the then ambassador to Paris, Duff Cooper (Ronnie's wartime boss), and his legendarily beautiful wife, Diana. Held in December 1947, it was going to be the social event of the decade, a sign that the war had ended and everyone could bring out her gowns and ancestral diamonds and drink champagne until dawn. Large contingents from England planned to go. But Marietta hesitated. She worried about the influence of the Communist Party in France, and how poor the people were, and how tactless this ball would appear to them. In the end, she stayed at Ditchley. When people in England heard this story, they shrieked with laughter at her tiresome puritanism. Philosopher Sir Isaiah Berlin justified Marietta's position to their friends by comparing her to a Henry James heroine, a remark that deeply hurt her.

Not all of Ronnie's friends were critical. Winston Churchill's wife, Clementine, had always been in favor of Ronnie's remarriage. She told Ronnie she had long wished that "some lovely gift from Heaven" should come to him. Marietta's first meeting with Clementine's husband, however, was not auspicious. About 10 days after her arrival in England, the Trees were invited to dinner in London with the Churchills. They were joined by Sarah, Winston's actress daughter; John Colville, Churchill's private secretary; and Lord Lambton, among others.

At one point, Churchill began to inveigh against the rationing system in Britain after the war, and Marietta broke into the conversation, explaining to Churchill that if the free market were allowed to flourish the poor would be deprived of essentials and become revolutionary. The great man stared balefully while his daughter loudly whispered, "Go on, give it to him! It's good for him!" Encouraged by Sarah and the champagne, Marietta enthusiastically pressed her point. "I was like John Calvin addressing the sinners," she wrote afterward.

Following coffee and farewells, Ronni

*When you consider what you're really saving, the money seems incidental.*



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and Marietta walked home across the park. "Oh, Ronnie," Marietta said. "I am so very sorry. Was I terrible? Did I embarrass you? Will we ever be asked again?" Ronnie replied unconvincingly, "Oh, that was all right."

Of all the curveballs that came Marietta's way during her tenure at Ditchley, the most devastating were those hurled at her by Nancy Tree.

The psychological warfare, as Marietta described it to her childhood friend Susan Mary Patten (later Alsop) in Paris, began almost immediately. The first Mrs. Tree called her coarse names such as "Nigger Lover" and "Coon Queen." She made remarks that spread all over town such as "How can Mrs. FitzGerald live in *my* finery when she's a socialist who should be selling posters for the Jews on Fifth Avenue?" She left a note in one of Marietta's bedroom bureaus which read: "Whose Puss is in My Boots?"

But Marietta held her head high in defiance of Nancy's spite, Churchill's coldness, her fear of offending Ronnie, and, as always in the back of her guilty mind, her family's malediction. Refusing to be beaten, she took charge.

One of Marietta's first moves was to fire the housekeeper, who said "The first Mrs. Tree always did it this way" one time too many. However, before she fired her, Marietta managed to shock her quite terribly. Nancy Tree's maiden name was Perkins; thus on the impressive collection of linens she left behind at Ditchley was embroidered the monogram "NPT." Marietta, lacking a trousseau of her own and always alert—as a true child of her mother—to thrift, sent for a seamstress to change all the monograms from "N" to "M."

Then Marietta found an ally in an unexpected quarter, perhaps the most useful ally she could have acquired under the circumstances. Ronnie's man, Collins, came out on her side. After visiting Ditchley, Mrs. Peabody confided to a friend of Marietta's, "A very fortunate thing has happened to Marietta. She is going to be all right because, in spite of everyone else, [illegible]"

[illegible] role brought her in [illegible] people [illegible]

Paris, during which Ronnie introduced her to the Rothschilds and took her to all the couture collections, as well as a private viewing of Versailles and dinner at Maxim's. The Trees also attended a royal ball at which Princess Elizabeth "didn't smile all evening" and Prince Philip had a "rather mean and immature expression." These episodes dazzled the bishop's daughter and were relayed with breathless excitement in letters home.

Several members of the family began to show up to examine Marietta's new life. Her aunt Penelope Griswold visited Ditchley in December 1947 and found the house overwhelming. "We just couldn't take it," she wrote to Marietta's parents. "I have seen luxury before but never in such beautiful surroundings. The bathrooms were the last straw. Beside each john there was a lovely old table with a basket on it and in the basket the toilet paper laid out neatly between sachets!" She was also overwhelmed by the service. "Invisible housemaids laying out everything and drawing your bath and two men waiting on the four of us at table. It's all wrong, of course. But I hope it can be preserved—it's all so perfect."

But Ronnie was confronting serious money problems. Owing to the Labour Party's confiscatory tax on foreign trust funds coming into Britain, his income had been drastically reduced.

At some point during the winter, Ronnie decided that he would have to part with Ditchley. It was wrenching. Marietta's view of the impending change was, not surprisingly, more optimistic. She was eager to return to New York. "I'm sure it's wrong, but I feel better than I ever have in my life," she said.

In late June, Ditchley was sold to Lord Wilton, a wealthy 28-year-old bachelor. The Trees' final gesture to their vanishing way of life was the Ditchley Ball, held on July 22, 1949, which 400 people attended. There was dancing and fireworks, and the house and gardens were awash with floodlights. In each room there were huge flower arrangements by the famous London florist Constance Spry. Two Hungarian violinists serenaded groups in the garden, and people danced in the William Kent drawing room under the gaze of an approving Charles II. The food consisted of ham and rice imported from Macy's in New York, with kedgeree, chicken terrapin, and raspberries and ice cream. At four o'clock in the morning, eggs and ba[illegible] were served. Never had the house [illegible]ed more glorious. Marietta herself was radiant, about five months pregnant, in a floaty sea-green dress. As the fireworks cascaded across the English summer sky, people were silhouetted against Ditchley's magnificent façade as though partaking in a dream.

Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret both attended. Marietta's only reservation was having to sit next to the Duke of Edinburgh at dinner. Her problem was the custom that a member of the royal family must rise before a guest may leave the table. Unfortunately, Marietta found herself feeling increasingly faint, until she finally had to bolt from the room. "This is the only time I have had a baby symptom," she told her parents.

More than a hundred letters poured in after the ball. "I could hardly believe such beauty existed in the modern world" (Victor Cunard). "A great joy" (Princess Elizabeth). "A really perfect evening" (Princess Margaret). "It was far and away the best party that has ever been given in England" (Pamela and Michael Berry, proprietor of *The Daily Telegraph*).

In October 1949, Ronnie and Marietta left Ditchley for good and sailed on the *Caronia* to New York. Two months later, at the age of 32, Marietta gave birth to Penelope. Ronnie had just celebrated his 52nd birthday and had taken a temporary position with an investment-banking firm.

The Trees filled their house at 123 East 79th Street with relics of Ditchley, including English paintings by John Constable, Augustus John, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, 18th-century French and English furniture, Georgian silver, Sèvres porcelain, and two Italian marble busts of blackamoors.

Frustrated by constant rebuffs to his career by his influential friends, Ronnie began to concentrate his efforts in Barbados, where he built a lavish Palladian house, Heron Bay. Every detail was meticulously thought through, from chandeliers to side tables. Ronnie had made trips to Portugal to find tiles for the floors, bought lacquered furniture in Venice, and shipped pictures and furnishings from England. Traces of Ditchley also found their way to Barbados, including statues, furniture, and the graceful iron gates. In 1951 he and Marietta and their daughters spent their first winter, six weeks of January and February, there, in what was to become an annual ritual.

Ronnie invited all his English friends to stay at Heron Bay, including the two princesses, so the house was required to be up to royal standards of hospitality. Guests were offered every attention imag[illegible]

inable. Picnics were waited on by the chauffeur and servants, who carried the hampers of food and wine, laid out the napkins and silverware, and packed everything up again afterward. Clean towels appeared by magic; suitcases were unpacked by invisible hands. Under British colonial rule, Barbados, in the end, became for Ronnie the substitute for his life in England. He hoped to build a new career for himself. Ultimately he would become a major player in the transformation of Barbados's western coast into one of the most luxurious resort developments in the Caribbean.

In the beginning, Marietta supported his projects with her customary energy and enthusiasm. She went on shopping trips to find treasures to decorate their new vacation paradise. Ronnie included her in meetings with the local politicians and bankers to discuss the island's economic potential. She also began working with him to start a Planned Parenthood organization on the island, with top-government support.

Yet even early on there were complications. She worked hard for civil rights, but found herself giving orders to black servants. How was one to reconcile that seeming contradiction? (When Frankie, on meeting the black chief minister of Barbados, Grantley Adams, rushed to her mother saying, "Is that Mr. Adams a cousin of my Mr. Charlie Adams in Dedham?," Marietta was delighted at this demonstration of her daughter's freedom from prejudice.)

As Ronnie spent more and more time in Barbados, Marietta found herself missing her fast-paced New York life. She was beginning to feel the pinch of marital disenchantment. The split from her family, the wrenching divorce, those dire warnings of a future of hellfire, had had a golden compensation: Ronnie and Ditchley and world politics. That promise had been dashed almost overnight. Now what was she left with? An exiled husband, who instead of finding a new career in New York was retreating more and more to a Caribbean island as alien to Marietta's spirit as any Conservative Party fête.

Adlai Stevenson's presidential run in 1952 was a critical piece of timing for Marietta. She had a beautiful New York town house, her daughters were in the hands of expert caregivers, and, while her marriage was faltering, at least her husband was preoccupied with his own projects. She was bursting with energy, surrounded by interesting connections, and now had found a focus for her political activity. Adlai Stevenson would replace all the others in her life as the repository of her highest ideals.

Marietta threw herself into Stevenson's campaign for the nomination in 1952 with her typical fervor. After joining the local Democratic Club, she worked tirelessly as a volunteer and became an official with the New York State Democratic Committee. By the time the convention rolled around, she was part of Stevenson's inner circle. She was thrilled by her sudden proximity to the candidate, delighted that she was included in the talk at small dinners as though she were a legitimate cabinet official. Marietta was on the podium seated behind Stevenson when he made his acceptance speech.

> "I couldn't help noticing John Huston talking to a willowy blonde, almost as tall as he . . . class oozing from every pore."

Even in the political realm, she managed to balance hard work with glamour. Mary Bingham, wife of the newspaper publisher Barry Bingham, a close friend of Stevenson's, remembered Marietta's first appearance that summer at the Democratic convention in Chicago. "We were supposed to meet Adlai for lunch in the stockyards," she recalled. "It was terribly hot and we were all pouring with sweat. An open car drove up to the restaurant, and out stepped this vision in a cool lacy dress twirling a parasol that seemed made of lingerie. It was as though a goddess were descending from the car."

When Stevenson, who had served as governor of Illinois from 1949 to 1953, accepted the nomination to run against Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1952, the political temperature skyrocketed. Marietta's generation of young reformists had at last found in Stevenson a leader who, with his patrician background, intelligence, wit, and modest public persona, reflected their doubts, hopes, and yearnings for a better world. George Dwight, who would become president of the Lexington Democratic Club, which Marietta had joined upon her return from England, said that one night as he was listening to Stevenson on the radio he realized tears were coursing down his cheeks.

In September of 1952, Ronnie went to England, leaving Marietta to concentrate on her campaign duties. One of her major triumphs was getting an advertisement in *The New York Times* proclaiming 1,000 Women for Stevenson. Another triumph was the Women Volunteers for Stevenson lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria on October 28, which she helped organize. She expected 800 people and 3,000 showed up. Marietta, speaking publicly as a Democratic Party official for the first time, introduced Eleanor Roosevelt (a key Stevenson ally). Marietta was very nervous about the speech but discovered she enjoyed it. "This must be," she wrote to her parents, "a strong inheritance from [you]."

That evening she gave a dinner for 35 campaign insiders. Stevenson's most powerful and intimate associates, among them Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who became a lifelong friend, were dazzled by Marietta.

During that October visit, Stevenson's trusted aide Bill Blair told Marietta that the governor wanted to see her. Later she expressed surprise. "[Stevenson] said, 'Dulles has just said that Eastern Europe should be liberated. What do you think of this?' Well, I was so staggered to be asked what I thought of this that I went on and on about it and how I thought this should be denounced and all that sort of thing, but I was really staggered."

That Stevenson invited Marietta to come to his hotel room to discuss American foreign policy was surely not quite plausible, even to his naïve guest. In fact,

Stevenson discovered several interesting facts that night, but not about Dulles. He had previously had no idea that Marietta was a committed campaign worker, or that she had been a vice-chairman of the C.I.O. political-action committee and a shop steward in her *Life* days. "He thought of me as the wife of the stylish Ronald Tree."

The election was in the end a Republican sweep for Eisenhower. However, Stevenson's appeal touched the women of the United States in a very profound way, and Marietta could take credit for having played a role in summoning them to the ballot box.

In early December, the Trees traveled to Chicago and stayed two nights soon after the election at the Governor's Mansion in Springfield. During this weekend, encouraged by Arthur Schlesinger (who warned her, however, that Stevenson was resistant to the idea of vacations), Marietta urged him to come to Heron Bay after Christmas. Her powers of persuasion worked. On January 20, 1953, at almost the hour of President Eisenhower's inauguration in Washington, Stevenson, Marietta, and another friend flew together to Barbados. (Ronnie had gone ahead to open the house.) Stevenson had just moved out of the Governor's Mansion in Springfield and was facing his "misty" future. He stayed in the guest cottage most of the day working on the speeches that Bennett Cerf wanted to publish, shunning the rum punches and the tennis games. On one swimming trip he did, however, manage to surprise his attentive hostess. "Suddenly, he took off his swimming trunks and ran naked into the surf. I was shocked. I ran up to the house to get a big bath towel and take it down to him so he could use it both to dry himself and cover himself with. He had absolutely no modesty."

Stevenson left Barbados on February 11 for a six-month trip to Asia, leaving Marietta free to join Ronnie and to take part in the 1953 London season.

Ronnie had rented Parkfield House in Surrey from the Earl of Drogheda for the summer of 1953. From there, the Trees launched into a series of parties and social events. Dinner at the Dorchester for 30 friends included diplomats and politicians, the playwright Robert [illegible] Pamela [illegible] was there, just [illegible] world tour. The art historian Kenneth Clark gave a party for the Trees in Hampstead.

But most British eyes were trained on the June 2 coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Thanks to Ronnie's daughter-in-law Anne Tree, whose mother was the Duchess of Devonshire, Marietta attended the rehearsal in Westminister Abbey. The night of the rehearsal, Marietta and Ronnie went to a ball given for the Queen by the Guards Regiments at Hampton Court.

The Trees watched the procession to Westminster Abbey from the Whitehall office of Anthony Head, who was minister of war and a great friend of Ronnie's. Marietta reported to her parents that the "bagpipes, and flags, and 12,000 marching men . . . royal coaches and air force generals and admirals . . . made it the great spectacle of our lives."

The season was in full swing, and there was Ascot to go to—the Royal Enclosure. Sometimes she seemed sick of all the society hoopla. "Seeing so many people and talking about nothing much," she admitted, "as is invariable when you see people at spectacles, led [me] to nervous exhaustion." At the opening of the Sadlers Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, the Queen arrived wearing white with a tall diamond tiara, and came over to speak to Ronnie, acting "as if he were the only man she wanted to see." There was a ball at the American Embassy, a visit to Yorkshire, a fête in Oxford, and finally the big weekend of July 26 at the Salisburys'. The most exciting guest that weekend was Adlai Stevenson, who had just arrived with Bill Blair from Paris, where he had fielded questions about Senator Joseph McCarthy, China, and the Soviet Union.

"Adlai, despite increased avoirdupois, is in extremely good and relaxed form," Marietta reported to her friend Susan Mary Alsop, "which is a miraculous show of strength after the arduous last six months—indeed six years."

Readjusting to life in New York that fall was not easy. Ronnie's unhappiness was such that he intimated to Marietta that they should move to Washington. Panicked at the thought of leaving New York, Marietta responded, "After we have retired."

Meanwhile, Marietta wasted no time in extending her political connections. The Democratic Party held a conference in Philadelphia on the weekend of December 12, 1953. Marietta took the train down from New York with Averell Harriman and Arthur Schlesinger. Stevenson gave one of his more stirring speeches at a fund-raising dinner on Saturday night, touching on the nation's beleaguered freedoms in the face of McCarthy's Red-baiting. Marietta, filled with admiration, told Susan Mary she found Stevenson "much calmer and stronger now, because he seems to have accepted the mantle of leadership in his *own* mind, thank goodness."

Stevenson invited Marietta to make the return trip with him on Sunday in his compartment. In her diary, Marietta wrote simply, "Travel back with Adlai," but it seems likely that the train ride was a milestone along the path of intimacy between them.

The Tree family spent Christmas in New York. On January 28, 1954, it was time again for Barbados—"two months of the life languid ahead," as Marietta put it. After the exciting political events of December, the regular winter stay in Barbados had taken on a slightly less appealing cast.

Throughout the four years between Stevenson's presidential runs, the dual commitments of Marietta the political animal and Marietta the social hostess ran through her appointment book like radio stations that are too close on the dial. She rushed from fittings with Charles James, the designer known for his extravagant ball gowns, to meetings with the black leaders of the Urban League. She moved from lunch with Babe Paley at fashionable midtown restaurants to dinner with journalist Clayton Fritchey or Tom Finletter, both Stevenson advisers, for updates on Democratic Party strategy. She flew in Marshall Field III's private plane from the luxuriously decorated summer cottage at Caumsett, Long Island, to late-night meetings at the scruffy headquarters of the Lexington Democratic Club. On at least one occasion, she stepped into her Rolls-Royce after a dinner dance, told the chauffeur to turn aside the rearview mirror, and wriggled out of her designer ball gown and into a modest black dress. A few moments later she stepped out of the car in suitable attire to attend a political meeting.

While Marietta went to Barbados six times between 1954 and 1956, sometimes for as long as three months, it was more often for quick visits of two weeks; Ronnie was beginning to spend more and more time away from New York.

For the rest of the period up to the presidential campaign, Marietta saw Stevenson only rarely. On his campaign trips to New York, Marietta was usually included in the entourage.

With Ronnie in Barbados, she was thrilled but anxious when asked to throw Stevenson's 55th-birthday party on February 5, 1955. Everybody would want to be invited, and she could easily alienate important supporters by excluding them. But her skills as a hostess had been finely honed by this time, and the party was a great success, running on well into the small hours with parlor games, poems, speeches, and plays.

At about this same time, at a dinner party, she ran into John Huston, just back from the Canary Islands after completing the film *Moby Dick*. "To my surprise, it was v. pleasant seeing him again and we had a good long talk mostly about his life and what he'd been doing," she wrote to Ronnie. "It was a new John—calm, serene, responsible, however, . . . I wouldn't trust this phase to last." The following afternoon, Huston went to see her at 123 East 79th Street, and they talked again, "about his life, hunting in Ireland, etc.," as she casually reported to her husband. But she could not quite keep the pleasure out of her voice. Walter Huston's prophecy hung in the air.

Ronnie spent much of 1956 abroad. While drumming up funds to enhance the tourist prospects of Barbados, he worried about his own financial situation. Marietta, raised in an atmosphere of permanent financial anxiety, was quick to respond. When Ronnie impulsively bought a Rolls-Royce, Marietta was furious, saying they could not afford it. "We have got to cut down somewhere," she told him, "and I'm trying to do it in little ways, such as no wine at lunch, no flowers downstairs unless we have guests, etc. Do you think you could cut out one of your N.Y.C. clubs?" she added.

Meanwhile, the presidential campaign of 1956 had already begun to preoccupy Marietta. She had been re-elected as state-committee representative for the 9th District. She also became a member of the executive committee of the New York Stevenson for President Committee, and was full-time chairman of the New York Volunteers for Stevenson. Her responsibilities seemed to increase daily. As early as April, Ronnie was writing plaintively from Barbados, "I hope you miss me just a little, and have a thought for something else but Democrats and their politics."

By all accounts, Adlai Stevenson's second presidential campaign was a disappointment. In the harsh words of one commentator, "Adlai Stevenson, the lilt gone from his voice, ran with all the zest and decisiveness of a man taking the final steps to the gas chamber." Anxiety spread within his inner circle. Aides complained to Marietta that the candidate seemed to be spending his energy writing endless letters late at night to neurotic females instead of focusing on the issues. He was also putting on weight, thus increasing his exhaustion. Marietta's identification with Stevenson was by this time all-consuming. On her 39th birthday, alone in New York, she said angrily that "they" were "murdering" Stevenson, "and he is so physically exhausted that he hasn't had time to think or to organize (which was never his forte) and the results are poor."

Marietta flew to Los Angeles in June for the California primary. In a fever of excitement she witnessed Stevenson's huge victory. In high spirits on the following day Stevenson, Marietta, and a group of supporters were given a tour by studio head Dore Schary of the MGM lot, where they saw Marlon Brando filming *The Teahouse of the August Moon*. When Brando, who came from Stevenson's hometown of Libertyville, met Adlai, he said, "I hope I will be called the Stevenson of acting." To which Stevenson, never having heard of the actor, replied, "I hope I will be known as the *Marlo* Brando of politics!"

Back in New York in July, Marietta found distractions from the campaign. Ed Sullivan did a TV program called *The John Huston Story*, and Marietta went with Huston to the show and dinner afterward. She also saw Stevenson briefly in New York, and Frankie sat next to him at the popular musical *My Fair Lady*.

Marietta accompanied him on whistle-stop tours from New Haven to New York and through the Midwest. She saw him once more in New York, where he addressed a crowd at Madison Square Garden before flying back to California and ending the last week of the campaign in Boston. She made a speech to a women's group in Westchester, New York, then went to Philadelphia for a dinner, to Brooklyn for a rally, and finally settled in New York with Ronnie for the election itself.

When Stevenson lost even more overwhelmingly than in 1952, carrying only seven states, Marietta dropped everything and flew to join him in Libertyville. "Oh, it hurts so badly," he told her. "It's even worse than in 1952." Marietta reported seeing him as "a man in torture, bleeding from his wounds. In public he was sporting and gay, but it was a private agony that was worse than in '52."

Two days after the election, on November 8, Marshall Field III, who had been diagnosed with cancer of the brain a month earlier, died. On Sunday, November 18, Marietta went with Marshall's widow, Ruth, Stevenson, and others to the Fields' plantation in South Carolina. Ronnie arrived in time for Thanksgiving.

For 11 days the party rested and played in "this white-pillared cocoon." "Ruthie and I ride a lot, sleep a lot, and join the others for picnic lunch—hot roast quail under the glittering pines, and large amounts of white wine."

The glow of her description can be attributed to something more than the agreeable routine of plantation life. That week, Stevenson and Marietta found themselves together in a blind, watching for quail. Seven years later, Stevenson would recall the event in a letter to her: "It was frosty, but so warm and tender in the blind."

Adlai Stevenson was surrounded by many loyal and admiring women. But Marietta Tree in the end outflanked them all. In July 1965, as Stevenson and Marietta were walking near the American Embassy in London, he had a heart attack. Marietta tried to revive him, but to no avail. She eventually accompanied his body back to the U.S. for the funeral. Because of that brief, tragic moment with Stevenson in Grosvenor Square, Marietta's name is now forever linked to his.

Ronnie and Marietta remained married to the end. (Desmond FitzGerald married an Englishwoman, Barbara Lawrence, in 1948, and went on to become deputy director of the C.I.A. He died of a heart attack in 1967 at the age of 57.) Ronnie suffered two strokes and died in London in 1976. After his death, an English architect named Richard Llewelyn-Davies captured Marietta's heart. He helped turn her career toward city planning before dying suddenly of cancer in 1981.

In August 1987, Marietta saw John Huston for the last time. She visited him in Newport, where he was working with his son Danny on the film *Mr. North*. Huston was in the hospital, ill with emphysema. The moment he saw Marietta the electrocardiograph to which he was hooked up started jumping with excitement. The magic was as potent as ever. "V. loving farewell," she wrote that day in her calendar. Less than a month later, John Huston was dead. The third act was over. □

# Zellweger

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 268 surprise the young actress by fondling her breasts without informing her beforehand. She took the pass with aplomb, jokingly threatening to call her lawyer. Cruise's costume check, however, was payback time.

"It is largely the reason we hired her, though the piece of film has now disappeared from my office," says Crowe. "We were trying out some clothes on Tom. He was just standing there. Renée had already finished her scene and was about to leave. She ran onto the set and jumped into the shot with Tom. She put her arm around him and did a Texas-Renée kind of pose—really laughing at all of us and the whole situation. Her projectile laugh will catch you by surprise. In that one little piece of film, you see Tom startled that someone would be that loose around him. They just looked like an oddly great couple. That was the one piece of film that we went back to and said, 'You know what? That's not a "Hollywood" couple. That girl makes Tom more real.' That's how she got hired."

Was TriStar, the studio financing *Jerry Maguire,* nervous about casting such an unknown? "No, their first reaction was relief that it would keep the movie from becoming even more expensive," says Crowe, alluding to Zellweger's salary of only a few hundred thousand dollars, compared with Cruise's $20 million.

After less than three years in Hollywood, Zellweger had snagged the most coveted female part in the business. There's got to be more than luck and talent involved. Based on that timetable, she must be one of the most ambitious women ever to hit the city limits of a place where ambition—not collagen or silicone—is the most important ingredient in a struggling actress's makeup. "Renée, I'm sure, is as ambitious as anyone else out here, but her ambition is purely for the work. She's already turned down big studio movies—and they were offering her seven figures," says one of her best friends, *Whole Wide World*'s director, Dan Ireland. Zellweger is slated to receive her first big paycheck very soon, for she has agreed to portray Meryl Streep's daughter in the film adaptation of Anna Quindlen's novel *One True Thing,* to be directed by Carl Franklin. They hope to start filming [illegible]

"It all depe[illegible] ambitious about," [illegible] me, it is not an ambition thing—power or status—or to advance in any way professionally. I knew early on that there were experiences out there and adventures and lessons to learn. . . . If you open your eyes in this town and make yourself available to learn from what you see, it's amazing. It's taught me who I *don't* want to be. You can see a lot of negativity here. A lot of *blind* ambition. Especially in my business, there are so many people who want to acquire what they perceive you can reap at the end of having reached a certain goal. So they don't enjoy the journey. They don't even *want* the journey."

Dylan jumps out of the Volkswagen and races up Runyon Canyon. Zellweger, plastic bag in hand, chases after her, diligently picking up after the dog. "Woofer!" she calls as the animal stops to sniff at the roots of an anise. "Come on, pretty girl!" she says, and we all stride up the steep incline toward the canyon's summit, where a full moon is rising right in front of our faces.

Cameron Crowe has cited Zellweger's relationship with her dog as proof—however corny—that she could convincingly portray a mother on-screen. At first I had considered such a comparison a bit of a stretch, but as I watch their interaction it is clear how much she and the animal love each other. The relationship is maternal, shepherd-like, *shared.*

All of Los Angeles is spread out before us when we reach the top of the canyon, but miles of smog smother the view. The moon is no match for such smog and doesn't so much disappear behind its haze as blend, defeated, into it. "On a clear day you can usually see the ocean from up here," Zellweger says, surveying the sight for something to show me. "There's Madonna's house," she says, pointing eastward. "The one she had to sell because of the stalker."

"Do you miss Texas sunsets?" I ask.

"Yes," she says quietly.

Renée Zellweger is the result of romantic genes. Her Swiss-born father grew up in Australia. Her mother is Norwegian. "My mom always wanted to live in the States. She longed to be in New York or Hollywood or someplace in the Deep South where it would be hot, because she was tired of being cold. She was a nurse over in Norway, and a job came up in Houston. Before moving over here, she took a trip to Denmark with a girlfriend. My father was traveling there with a group of his friends from Australia. They were all on the same boat to Denmark with my mom. He asked her what her plans were after the trip, and she told him she was going to Houston. He told her that he would be there when he was finished with his trip, too. And he was. Weird, huh? It's all about destiny, I guess. Quite romantic. . . . My father's an engineer, and they have to go where they're building the refineries. They're always in these industrial settings, and they both come from some of the most beautiful places in the world. Right now they're in a little town in Louisiana."

Zellweger loved growing up in Texas and still goes back as much as she can to Austin and to Dallas, to visit her older brother, Drew, a marketing manager, whom she idolized as a child. "He played baseball, so I wanted to play baseball. But I didn't just want to play—I wanted to be on *his* team. I'm sure he loved little Renée on his heels. We fought all the time, and he beat the hell out of me. I was *so* active. Loved sports. Loved to play in the dirt. I'm still a tomboy."

In high school Zellweger was a basketball player, track star, and football cheerleader. By the time she reached the University of Texas she had calmed down enough to concentrate on her studies, majoring in English. She now spends much of her free time between films honing her writing skills. "I've had a story on my mind for a couple of years. I guess you could say I started on it yesterday, because I went and bought my first computer. I've never been on the Internet. Wouldn't even know how to start to E-mail anybody. I can move and set up all the systems in an apartment, can change the oil in my car, change the tires—no problem—but I don't know how to get E-mail."

"Considering your European ancestry, do you speak many languages?" I ask.

"My parents speak six languages, but I speak only Texan. . . . I definitely feel at home in the South—any southern state—*all of them.* I feel more lonely in the city. I love to go someplace where there's no sound except the wind and the trees. I do that whenever I can, just get in the car and drive."

On her most recent trek south she took along her new boyfriend, Josh Pate, who co-directed her next film. Though an actress-and-director pairing is as formulaic as Hollywood love affairs can get, this one surprised many in their circle in West Hollywood. "It never occurred to me that we would be more than friends. He's convinced that I'm lying when I say that. He says he knew,

# "If you open your eyes in this town, it's amazing. It's taught me who I *don't* want to be."



SOUTHERN EXPO[illegible]

"She's very special," Faye Dunaway says. "She's got the shine."

and that I knew subconsciously. He's my age, too, which is the first time that's happened. . . . He's from the Carolinas, and I just went down there with him. I got so many chiggers," she good-naturedly complains, showing me what's left of the itchy red bumps on her arms. "We had so much fun throwing mud in the creek. Then I took him on over to Louisiana and Texas. We called it our white-trash tour."

"White roses!" exclaims Faye Dunaway, accepting Zellweger's bouquet as she sweeps open her dressing-room door. "You were awful to come to the first performance."

"Not at all," says Zellweger. "I was so excited."

"She's very special," Dunaway says, turning to me as she deposits the flowers on her makeup table. "She's got *the shine*." And so, still, does Dunaway. Her movie-star allure remains devastating, her skin, even under the gel-less lights in her dressing room, as smooth and hard as the *r*'s that roll out of Zellweger's mouth.

"I've never seen a play—a professional play—before," says the young actress. Dunaway grabs her heart and staggers back on her heels. "I can't believe that!" she bellows, better than Bankhead ever did. "I'd *been* in about *20* of them before I got to where you are."

"I tried to do theater in high school," Zellweger says, "but my coach laughed at me, because I was a girl trying to be a woman."

"How did you learn to act, then?"

"I guess it was kind of an accident. . . . I basically feel like I've been faking it and just haven't got caught."

"That's a natural feeling for this point," Dunaway says, taking a few steps back toward her guest. "You say to yourself, 'I didn't actually do anything to deserve all this attention.' But remember *the joy* of this moment. 'Remember the springtime,'" she says softly, cocking an eyebrow as she quotes a Callas line.

"I just spent some time in New York," Zellweger tells her. "And I did see my first Broadway show."

"Which one? *A Doll's House*."

"No. *Beauty and the Beast.*"

Dunaway again staggers backward. "Any serious actor worth their salt *never* goes to a musical. We *don't* go."

"I actually went all by myself and sat in the first row of the balcony," Zellweger continues, not backing down. "I was awed by it."

Dunaway softens. "Actually, the very first Broadway production I ever saw was a musical also. I remember it very well, in fact. I saw *The Music Man.* I was a waitress at the Saranac Inn in New York and was on my way back to college. Why I saw that I have no idea."

"That's one of my friend's mother's favorites," Zellweger says. "She always sings that 'henpecked' song. How does it go?"

"I can't remember," says Dunaway, down there again in her Bankhead register. "Anyway, it's *good* to meet you."

"It's so nice to meet you, too. I know what it's like for people to tell you over and over again how wonderful you are in something: 'It's fabulous . . . la-da-da-da.' But honestly . . . "

Dunaway raises her hand. "*Thank you.*

## Zellweger

The tour across the country has been very difficult. But it's done that to me," she says, grabbing at her Chanel suit right at gut level and forming a fist of fabric and flesh. "In movies, you just *use it up.*"

"I know what you mean," says Zellweger. "On a movie set it's always 'Ready: go!' Or 'It's lunchtime, and we're all ready to eat. O.K., *cry!*' It's not natural. You can just stand there and not have anything. What do you do when that happens?"

A wan smile nudges at Dunaway's face. "You've just got to hold on to yourself," she says. "Hang on . . . *hang on* . . . I remember the exact moment for me when you just think, Why is this happening to me? You want to be careful. I remember it was . . . it *is* . . . very interesting." Dunaway pauses, perfectly. She takes the young woman's hand in her own. "Enjoy it," she whispers. "*You deserve it.*"

"It's like you can read it all over my face," Zellweger whispers back.

"It's *all* there," says Dunaway, fluttering a hand in front of Zellweger's small, confused smile. "This first new *blush* of fame. You take care of yourself."

I grab Zellweger's arm and escort her back up the theater's alley toward the late-night noise of Vine. Her small smile is fading as we head back toward Hollywood Boulevard, those spike-heeled sandals still giving her ankles a workout.

"Good God!" I say, pointing at her feet. "Look!"

There, on the exact spot where she has stopped to adjust her sandal straps, is Shirley MacLaine's star on the sidewalk in front of the Doolittle Theater. Zellweger acknowledges the coincidence, but the look on her face is one that a grown woman gets that lets a man know that the night is now over. She takes a couple of careful steps past Shirley, but abruptly stops. She kicks off her sandals. Laughing again, she scampers barefoot back over Mae and Charlie, the Stooges, Ava and Art. □

## Rauschenberg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 284 carried his scavenging. Nobody, he said, wanted the garbageman's job at Black Mountain, so he took it. That way he got to drive the garbage truck. Before going to the dump, he would stop behind a clump of trees and remove anything of interest. The rubbish he did not need for his work helped "furnish" some empty studios where he and his friends hid from Albers's snooping. The teacher liked to check their rooms—"You can tell the vay an artist works by the vay he lives," he used to say. When he eventually discovered his pristine Bauhaus-style studios had been filled with junk from the trash cans and bales of hay from the fields, "Albers nearly had a heart attack."

In June 1950, after moving to New York to study at the Art Students League, Rauschenberg and Susan Weil got married. A year later he had his first show, after which he and Susan, with their newborn son, Christopher, returned to Black Mountain. The show was a failure in that nothing sold, but a success in that the paintings were sufficiently innovative to shock some of his new friends, the Abstract Expressionists, into including one of them in their breakthrough Ninth Street show. The painting, called *22 The Lily White,* is incised with random numerals in a rough geometrical pattern and embellished with a little red star—"something that makes every painting look better," Rauschenberg says, as it implies a sale.

In the fall of '51 he w[illegible] and painted pictures seemingly of n[illegible] ing: canvases to which flat w[illegible] paint had been applied [illegible] was attacked for negativism, but, as he later explained, these paintings were supposed to be "hypersensitive": shadows on them would indicate how many people were in the room or what time it was. In the summer of 1952, he followed these up with black paintings. This time there was a bit more *matière*—torn-up bits of newspaper dipped in black paint and glued onto canvas. He next confined himself to the color red, and produced his first masterpieces: works in which a rich impasto of collage is not just the medium but the actual subject. In late 1953, Rauschenberg abandoned paint for dirt: boxes filled with earth. After birdseed spilled into them and sprouted, he switched to "grass paintings," which required watering. As he famously says, he tries to act in the gap between art and life.

These gestures left the Abstract Expressionists, whom he had gotten to know at their hangout the Cedar Tavern in Greenwich Village, feeling as ambivalent about Rauschenberg as he felt about them. But they accepted him for his irrepressible intelligence and humor. De Kooning was especially supportive, so much so that he eventually gave way, albeit grudgingly, to the younger man's request for a drawing which he could erase: an act that has been interpreted with some justice as "symbolic patricide." Rauschenberg proudly put the denuded sheet of paper in a gilt frame labeled *Erased de Kooning Drawing, Robert Rauschenberg, 1953.*

At Black Mountain, Rauschenberg made friends with a stylish and original young artist from Virginia named Cy Twombly. This friendship left him all too little time for Susan and the baby, and she finally filed for divorce. As Rauschenberg has put it, he had come to feel "too married." Also, his sexual orientation was changing. Off he went to Italy with Twombly, equipped only with a camera. When funds ran low, he flew to Morocco and got a well-paying job with a construction company. To amuse himself, Rauschenberg knocked together a number of subversively crude artifacts—collages and boxes—out of Moroccan trash. He took them back to Italy and exhibited them at galleries in Rome and Florence. A lot of them sold; those that didn't he threw into the river Arno.

Back in New York, Rauschenberg remained involved with Twombly until, a year or so later, he fell for a young man from South Carolina named Jasper Johns. Johns worked in a bookstore, but had aspired to be a painter since the age of five. "I have photos of him then that would break your heart," Rauschenberg told Tomkins many years later. "Jasper was soft, beautiful, lean, and poetic." Though still shy and unfocused, Johns was already formidably cool: taciturn, quick, very much his own man, and not without guile. Rauschenberg talked Johns into leaving his job and joining him in a commercial sideline: helping Tiffany's celebrated display man, Eugene Moore, decorate the store's windows.

Apparently fearful of a commitment to Rauschenberg, Johns embarked on an affair with a young woman named Rachel Rosenthal. The two rented lofts, one above the other, in a condemned building on Pearl Street around the corner from Rauschenberg. When Rosenthal confessed to Johns that she was in love with him, he brought the relationship to an end. Rosenthal eventually followed her

family to California, whereupon Rauschenberg took over her loft. His and Johns's partnership lasted for the next six years or so. Meanwhile, another brilliant avant-garde couple, John Cage, the aleatoric composer, and Merce Cunningham, the no less aleatoric dancer and choreographer, had become their closest friends. There was a great deal of cross-fertilization. "We called Bob and Jasper 'the Southern Renaissance,'" Cage once recalled. "Each seemed to pick up where the other left off. The four-way exchanges were quite marvelous. It was the *climate* of being together that would suggest work to be done." Hence the two painters' involvement in modern dance and performance art.

"He and I were each other's first serious critics," Rauschenberg told Tomkins. "But Jasper and I literally traded ideas. He would say, 'I've got a terrific idea for you,' and then I'd have to find one for him." At first Rauschenberg, who was older by five years and far more experienced in the strategies of the New York art world, was the mentor. Johns was quick to adapt his companion's inventions to his own purposes: painting over bits of torn-up newspaper or incorporating three-dimensional elements into two-dimensional works. However, he wanted to be sure that "I was I and not someone else." And so, in the fall of 1954, he destroyed all his previous work as being too derivative. As the result of a dream, Johns started afresh with subjects—targets and flags—so simplistic that no modern artist had addressed them. He came up with an ingenious new style, rendered in an ancient but seldom used medium: wax encaustic. In representing nothing more or less than themselves, the Targets and Flags came as a revelation. MoMA would soon acquire three of them.

Rauschenberg had more of a *succès de scandale* when he exhibited his Combines: paintings that included extraneous objects, or freestanding sculptures assembled out of paint-slathered junk. The most notorious of these Combines is *Bed:* a real quilt, pillow, and sheet sticky with random dribbles of paint. One critic thought it looked like the aftermath of a murder. However, Rauschenberg thought *Bed* one of the friendliest pictures he had ever painted. He said his only fear was that "someone would want to crawl into it," and thus crawl into his life. *Bed* is surely about the seminal role of paint in a painter's life—the glorious mess it makes of dreams, sex, love.

These Combines give a new dimension to the phrase "a loaded brush." It's as if Rauschenberg has a brush so vast that he can load it with whatever he wants and slosh it all on in one great homogenizing avalanche of paint. Even the stuffed bald eagle in *Canyon* has an amazingly natural, preordained air. A bit predatory, perhaps, but that is because *Canyon* is about Zeus turning himself into an eagle so that he can carry off the beautiful boy Ganymede to be his cupbearer—hence the inclusion of a baby photograph of the artist's son, Christopher. (To this day, Christopher, a successful photographer based in Portland, Oregon, remains very close to his father.)

The most familiar of the Combines is *Monogram,* which includes a stuffed Angora goat with a tire around its middle. "A stuffed goat is special in the way that a stuffed goat is special," Rauschenberg has said. "I wanted to see if I could integrate an object as exotic as that." He shampooed it and daubed its damaged face with paint, but it did not work as sculpture, so he added the tire, making what Albers would have called a contrast in surfaces. It took him almost five years to come up with the "pasture" of collage on which it browses—an addition that makes the goat look surrealistically at home.

By 1961, Rauschenberg and Johns were drifting sourly apart. They were "exquisitely awful to each other," a friend reported. The bitterness can be detected in some of Johns's works but not in Rauschenberg's. That year Johns bought a beach house on a remote island called Edisto, to the south of Charleston, South Carolina. Going there changed his life, he said. For a recluse it was a perfect place: only four families for most of the year, and 40 miles to the nearest movie house. A year or so later, Rauschenberg likewise found himself a remote island: the bean-shaped sandspit called Captiva. Before the causeway, there was only one telephone to the mainland and one policeman for about 50 families. Visitors came by ferry from Fort Myers. In 1968 he bought a house there.

"Words like 'tortured,' 'struggle,' and 'pain'—I could never see those qualities in paint," Rauschenberg has said, but this has not stopped him from being an activist. When, in 1965, *Life* magazine commissioned him to visualize a modern *Inferno,* he did not hesitate to vent his rage at the Vietnam War and a whole range of horrors, including racial violence, neo-Nazism, political assassinations, and ecological disaster. From being an activist he became a philanthropist. Now that his work was fetching ever higher prices, he started giving away large sums of money. (The record price for one of his paintings—*Rebus*—is $7.3 million; the going price for recent works on paper is anywhere from $100,000 to $250,000.) In 1970 he co-founded Change, Inc., a nonprofit organization that has helped thousands of sick and indigent artists of all persuasions.

Another of Rauschenberg's pet causes in the late 1960s was an organization called E.A.T.: Experiments in Art and Technology. His partner in this venture was Billy Klüver, an imaginative engineer with a passion for the avant-garde. They shared a conviction that technological innovation would shape the art of the future. With backing from the likes of IBM, the movement grew out of a spectacular start: nine evenings of Theater and Engineering at the Armory on Lexington Avenue at 25th Street in New York, with some 10 artists, 30 engineers, and 500 volunteers taking part. Frank Stella played tennis using a racket equipped with a tiny transmitter that amplified the noises and turned floodlights on and off. A piece called *Spring Training* involved 30 rented turtles, one of which remained behind with Rauschenberg; the turtles crawled about the stage with flashlights strapped to their backs. But after Rauschenberg's *Mud Muse*—a huge vat of industrial-drilling mud which bubbled and burped in response to auditory signals—set off a frenzy of mud throwing and smearing at the opening of an E.A.T. show in Los Angeles, support evaporated. E.A.T. deserves to be revived.

These activities coincided with what Rauschenberg calls his "dude" period. He kept his shoulder-length hair elaborately coiffed, wore jackets decorated with porcupine quills, and raised hell as only a Texas Cherokee knows how. The downtown New York premises he had recently acquired—a former Catholic orphanage complete with a functioning chapel (trust Rauschenberg to have the place deconsecrated by a priest rather than desecrated by hangers-on)—often served as an annex to Max's Kansas City. Rauschenberg's kitchen was the scene of a party that seemed to last for much of the 1960s. There were some memorably wild moments, but Jack Daniels was the stimulant of choice, and there was little or none of the psychedelic inanity that made evenings at Warhol's Factory so demoralizing. In my experience, people seldom discussed art at the Factory, whereas in

# Rauschenberg

Rauschenberg's kitchen people seldom talked about anything else.

By 1968 the artist needed to go away and rest. After consulting a soothsayer, he decided to settle more or less permanently on Captiva—the perfect antidote to New York excess. There was nothing to do except fish or swim or go shelling on beaches that are a conchologist's dream. Rauschenberg could unwind and loaf and cook and curb his drinking. Not that he would ever really quit—that notion, he once said, would make him "so depressed, I'd have to go out and get drunk." Eventually, worried friends persuaded him to do a stint at the Betty Ford Clinic, and his health has improved. However, he still likes to have a drink within reach. Liquor may affect his behavior but never his work. A film made in 1962 by a CBS television crew records him painting *Barge* for 12 hours at a stretch, on nothing but vodka and adrenaline. This is all the more impressive in that *Barge* is a colossal painting (32 feet long), as well as one of the artist's most profound and complex evocations of the modern world.

In 1971, Rauschenberg bought a second property on Captiva. This he turned into a print shop complete with a press, named Little Janis in memory of his friend Janis Joplin, who had suffered, like him, from growing up in Port Arthur. Two years later, he bought the house next door to his first and, with the help of friends, transformed it into a painting studio. Over the years Rauschenberg has continued to fight off developers by adding to his holdings, which now amount to more than 35 acres, some of it left in its natural state, which he showed me with proprietary pride. "The whole island used to be like this: a jungle of palms and palmettos. This is almost all that's left."

The property currently comprises 10 buildings: houses for guests and assistants as well as a handsome new residence and a studio complex, with facilities for welding, framing, storage, and packing; laboratory-like areas for computers and photography; and a new print studio the size of a theater. This massive building, which has been constructed to withstand the fiercest hurricanes, gives onto a broa[illegible] roses and date[illegible] a swimming pool, w[illegible] a family of otters to fro[illegible]

On stilts at the end of [illegible] three-room cabin. This is the Fish House, a sanctuary to which the artist retires, he has said, "when I have to be absolutely alone, and surrounded by peaceful thoughts." Its emphatic verticals and horizontals, its amphibious character, and its backdrop of sea and sky and pelicans give this structure the look of something out of one of Rauschenberg's recent works. With the Fish House to meditate in, it is no wonder that Rauschenberg has learned to harness his vision to the empyrean. "There is no reason," he has said, "not to consider the world as one gigantic painting."

A measure of Rauschenberg's grasp of vastness is an ongoing multimedia, multi-panel painting (including sound effects) which he calls his *¼ Mile Piece* (1981–present): an autobiographical panorama which illustrates the artist's life and times and which Charles Stuckey (author of the excellent Guggenheim catalogue) sees as "an exhibition in itself." As of now it has reached a length of 790 feet. Only someone possessed of iron control and nerve and an army of assistants would dare to undertake a work of this magnitude.

In 1980, Rauschenberg started on the most ambitious art project of his career, perhaps of this century. He called the project ROCI (pronounced Rocky), after his pet turtle. His goal was nothing less than "introducing the world to itself." Of the 22 countries invited to participate, 11 accepted: the U.S.A., Malaysia, Germany, the U.S.S.R., Cuba, Japan, China, Tibet, Venezuela, Chile, and Mexico. Rauschenberg took a group of his assistants to each of these countries so that they could interact with local artists, artisans, poets, and people in the street in order to create a series of artworks. To raise money for ROCI, he sold some of the best things in his collection. In China he had to contend with a hostile bureaucracy before being permitted to work in Jingxian at the world's oldest paper mill. "We felt like Marco Polo," he said. Wherever they worked, Rauschenberg's charm and persistence overcame all obstacles. And when the ROCI panels were finally shown at the National Gallery in Washington in 1991, they made the world seem smaller and friendlier, and very Rauschenbergian.

Until recently Rauschenberg relied on photosensitive silkscreens as a means of introducing photographs and magazine illustrations into large-scale works. However, silkscreens are cumbersome and limited in their range of color. He has now developed a much more sophisticated technique. This has its origins in the glorified decal process he devised when he wanted his Dante drawings to be "as complex as collages." He would moisten an illustration torn from a magazine with a solvent such as lighter fluid, place it facedown on a sheet of paper, and rub the back with an empty ballpoint pen until the ghost of an image came through like a transfer. Rauschenberg's new transfer process, a technological marvel, is as versatile and mimetic and as much of a gift to an artist as its musical equivalent, the synthesizer, is to a composer.

The artist likes to point out that his palette is not limited to paints; it consists of an infinite repertory of photographs, most of them taken by him. He and his assistant Lauren Getford feed these photographs into a computer in order to calibrate (correct, intensify, or totally change) the colors. Printouts are then made, using water-based vegetable dyes. These photo-transfers enable Rauschenberg to re-create an image with far more freedom and control than his unwieldy silkscreens did. Hence the flash and filigree, the vividness and immediacy of his latest work. Used on plaster, this transfer technique allows the artist to make frescoes without the technical difficulties that the traditional process entails. A show of Rauschenberg's recent frescoes at the PaceWildenstein gallery will coincide with the Guggenheim retrospective.

The fact that Rauschenberg's retrospective comes on the heels of Jasper Johns's at MoMA has encouraged people to see the two artists as rivals for some sort of conceptual trophy. A waste of time: they are not running in the same race. Since splitting up 36 years ago, they have put as much distance as possible between them. Rauschenberg's work has become ever more epic, Johns's ever more hermetic. Rauschenberg splashes himself across the skies; Johns paints himself into corners. True, the content of some of Rauschenberg's lesser works does not always measure up to their scale, and, for all their technical skill, Johns's puzzle-pictures sometimes smack of contrivance. But what great innovators Rauschenberg and Johns have proved to be. Besides changing the rules of the game, they have enabled us to take a part in it, instead of being mere spectators. In so doing, they have let us in on new strategies and ploys, new sensations and solutions. To that extent, *vive la différence.* □

# King

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 297 of money that would enable him to give up radio," says network president Tom Johnson of the five-year contract that runs through 2000. "We picked up that whole piece of his income and gave him eight weeks of vacation. Unfortunately, he manages to use most of that up going around and speaking," doing dozens of appearances a year for profit and charity.

"When you make someone laugh—I don't know if 'orgasmic' is the word, but it's close," says King. "If you get a big laugh with that first joke, you immediately know that the next 40 minutes are going to be the best 40 minutes of your life."

In Washington, King doesn't have many true friends; he is far more showbiz than most in a company town whose industry is government. To the powerful folks who go on his show, says one woman who is an occasional guest, "it's like going to your gynecologist: you hope you won't see him socially."

But King has always had an active romantic life in the capital. There are women in Washington who can bring each other to weeping laughter by reciting their favorite Larry King pickup lines. "I think there's real chemistry here," he is apt to say on a first date. "Do you feel the chemistry?" Or "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

King is so widely known as a would-be Lothario that comedian Jon Stewart worked him into his remarks at last April's dinner of the White House Correspondents' Association. Noting the presence of Ellen DeGeneres, Stewart praised her for coming out of the closet. "Although I still believe," he added, "it's an elaborate ruse to keep Larry King from hitting on her."

Sandra McElwaine, a Washington journalist, recalls a visit to King's apartment to interview him for a magazine. "And he's sitting at one end of this big glass coffee table, and I'm sitting at the other end, and we're doing this interview," she recounts. "At the end, I said, 'Is there something you want to do with your life that you haven't done?' At which point, he says 'Yes!' and the next thing I know this creature in a jumpsuit has flung himself across a glass coffee table filled with sort of spiky objects. And I hear in my ear, 'I want to kiss you,' as this person lands on top of me. I was stunned! . . . It was funny afterwards," she says. "I have lined out on it for years. But it wasn't funny when it was happening." ("To the best of my recollection, I've never leapt across a table to kiss anyone except Angie Dickinson," King responds, "and that was like magic.")

There is definitely a Larry King type: "If you had all our pictures lined up, you would think we were all from one very large, large family," says a statuesque blonde he has pursued. As King himself wrote in 1989, he likes women who are "blonde, blue-eyed, [with] straight features, pretty. . . . The girl you couldn't get as a kid. The girl who wouldn't give you a second look."

King has been remarkably successful, as an adult, at getting that girl. He has dated or been romantically linked with Dickinson, New York newscaster Marlene Sanders, and Cyndy Garvey, the ex-wife of ballplayer Steve Garvey; during the first O. J. Simpson trial, when King's show spent weeks at a time in Los Angeles, he simultaneously dated Suzanne Childs, spokeswoman for the district attorney's office, and Jo-Ellan Dimitrius, the jury consultant for the defense.

"Hey," says a friend of King's, "there aren't a lot of charming, rich, heterosexual 50- to 65-year-olds who can take you to dinner with Yasser Arafat and Frank Sinatra."

"He makes you feel like you are the only woman on this earth," says a former flame. He is lavishly generous, buying his girlfriends Chanel bags, Hermès scarves, jewelry from Tiffany's and Cartier. Someone familiar with King's methods describes him as conferring "this all-enveloping attention. Flowers every day, limos, this, that—just incredible. And then, overnight, stopping."

"You want to have a man pay attention to you, have a Larry King experience," says Alicia Mundy, Washington bureau chief for *Mediaweek,* who describes her only date with King a few years ago. He was attentive, interesting, even sweet, she says, but the evening was not a success. King took her to Duke Zeibert's—a downtown power restaurant that has since gone out of business—and enlivened the dinner hour by taking Mundy's hand, gazing into her eyes, and singing. "Star Dust," as she recalls, and then "St. Louis Blues." "He's going, 'Do you recognize that? Hoagy Carmichael?' . . . I'm like, *Oh God, let me die now.* He's holding my right hand, which has my fork, with a piece of sauced crab cake. I finally had to, like, wrestle the fork free. At one point I actually took a bite with our two hands holding the fork."

Mercifully, King had to get to CNN to do his show. As he and Mundy were preparing to leave, one of the proprietors—a man she knew—reproved her: "You know, Alicia, most women stop eating when Larry starts singing."

The first Mrs. King, née Frada Miller, was a Brooklyn girl he married at 19, when he was at loose ends—not yet launched on his career, but without the grades to go to college. He describes this marriage vaguely as lasting "a year, half a year," and says, "I wouldn't recognize her if I saw her. . . . I don't even remember living with Frada."

King's second and fourth marriages were to Alene Akins, a Playboy Bunny he met in his salad days as a Miami radio star. They were first married in 1962, divorced for four years, then remarried until 1971. King adopted her son, Andy, and the couple together had a daughter, Chaia, now 29.

The third Mrs. King, Mickey Sutphin, lasted a matter of three months; she bore King a daughter, named Kelly, who was adopted by Sutphin's subsequent husband and has never been a part of King's life.

King's fifth marriage was to Sharon Lepore, a former math teacher. Their union ran from 1976 to 1983 and seems to have been his closest brush with stability. Sharon, whom he has repeatedly courted since their parting, is said by many of those close to King to be the love of his life. "They've had more reconciliations than I can count," says Chuck Conconi. "That relationship is a fascinating, deadly-strange relationship. . . . He won't see her for a long time, and he'll desperately want her."

King said "I do" for the sixth time with Julia Alexander, a Philadelphia legal headhunter to whom he proposed after a three-week courtship that took place almost entirely by telephone. They married in 1989, amid volcanic publicity, at Duke Zeibert's. ("What Julie and I both know—and this is what experience gives you—is there can never be anything after this, or anything as strong," he wrote shortly before the wedding.) At the reception, which was photographed exclusively by *People* magazine, guests placed bets—*literally* placed bets, with cash on the bar—about the likely date of the marriage's end. The couple separated in 1990, reunited twice, and then split for good in 1991.

King has occasionally floated a more flattering version of his marital history, in which he has been married only four, or even three, times (the first he apparently discounts because it was annulled

at the insistence of the couple's parents, the third because it was so brief, and the fourth because it was Alene's second tour). But then, he has, in general, a casual way with the facts of his life. In 1991, *Washington Post* reporter David Finkel decided to fact-check one of King's Brooklyn tales, a shaggy-dog story about driving to New Haven in the dead of winter to check the price of Carvel ice cream with two old pals, including his close chum Sandy Koufax, who went on to fame as the Dodgers' pitcher. "I've never been to New Haven," Koufax told Finkel. Nor, he said, did he meet King until both were long past their Brooklyn years.

King seems to relate to the actual facts and episodes of his life, as retailed in eight books and endless interviews and monologues, as if they were barnacles on a mighty ship: Does the ship keep track? One of his many book collaborators recalls that it was like pulling teeth to get King to read the final product. "He'd moved on. In his mind, he had done what you need to do, and he'd moved on. He'd told the story. 'So then you have to go back and correct the story? What's that?' It just wasn't in his makeup."

On the one hand, he is supremely self-involved. "If we were walking down Connecticut Avenue and I stepped off a curb and got smashed by a bus," says someone who knows him well, "his reaction would be 'How could you do this to me? You know I have a bad heart!' " On the other hand, he is entirely without the introspective impulse. "So here's this guy who's on TV every night asking people to reflect on themselves, and he doesn't do it himself," says a longtime associate. "He's incapable of doing it."

In fact, his life has been so chaotic that it is difficult to see it whole. It contains entire lawsuits, scandals, even children whose existence isn't widely known. Careful readers of King's column in *USA Today* recently noted the sudden appearance of a son named Larry King Jr. He was, it turns out, the fruit of a brief fling in King's early Miami days. Some of King's closest associates and friends had never heard of the 35-year-old Larry junior, who re-entered King's life about four years ago. And even this dramatic development King explains in a [illegible]

"She [illegible] the young man's [illegible] ther all those yea[illegible] cancer, she called [illegible] had a son.' I never checked it—never [illegible] a DNA test, whatever they do. 'Well, he's grown up now, he's getting married, and before I die, I'd like you to know him.'

"So immediately you're suspicious. Well, my lawyer went down to Florida, met her, met the kid. And he's the greatest. He's obviously my son: he laughs like me, he looks like me. And the kid wants nothing. . . . It was a gift from heaven."

When King and I meet again 10 days later, I press him for further details about the young man's mother. This time, as he tells the story, it has one significant difference: he first learned of his son's existence, he acknowledges, when the mother was pregnant. "She called me up one day and said, 'Y'know, I'm having a baby, and it's yours,' " he explains. "And then she called me back later and said, 'I've named him Larry King Jr., and he looks just like you. . . . I said, 'O.K., but I'm not—' and she said, 'I'm not going to bug you.' . . . I knew he was out there somewhere, but I never—he never bothered me, never asked for anything."

What the two accounts have in common is their emphasis on King's fear of being imposed upon.

The true story of King's life begins with two deaths: the first preceded his birth, and the second prematurely ended his childhood. In 1932, Eddie and Jennie Zeiger—immigrants from Russia who had met in America—lost their first son, Irwin, to appendicitis. They had been slow in getting the six-year-old to the hospital; by the time doctors saw him, his appendix had already burst.

Larry was born the following year, in November, to parents still drowning in grief and remorse. King phrases this in a striking way: "My father consumed me," he says. "He wanted a son so bad." As for King's mother, according to friends, she hovered, doted, and protected, vigilant now against anything that might claim her second child, or the brother born three years later.

For nearly 10 years of his life, King was his hungry father's boon companion. He hung out at the bar his father operated in Brownsville ("He was like a Brooklyn Toots Shor," King says, "without any money"), went to ball games, lived "in a man's world." But three days after D-day, his father—who had sold the bar to work in a defense plant—died suddenly of a heart attack at age 44.

"Everything about me changed," recalls King. "I went from being a good student to a bad student. . . . I went from feeling very secure to very insecure." Smarting from what felt to him like paternal abandonment, Larry became the family's bad boy.

Without the father's income, the Zeigers tumbled from their toehold in the middle class. They moved to Bensonhurst, a slightly better neighborhood, but had to live in an attic apartment. Mrs. Zeiger went on welfare, secretly taking in sewing to help make ends meet. Larry and his brother both remember, with perfect clarity, the visits from the "relief worker" whose job it was to double-check that their mother wasn't buying high-quality meat.

King's mother stepped up her vigilance toward what remained of her family, and spoiled them—"What you could spoil on $34 a week," recalls Larry. "I think at that point she was just hanging on," says someone who knows King well. "Any time he got in trouble, it was always forgiven. So he never had to learn to deal with consequences." King is the first to admit that he was never confronted by any limits on his behavior. "If I were to blow up a bank and kill twenty-six people," he wrote in his 1982 autobiography *Larry King,* "my mother would have said 'Well, Larry made a mistake, but I'm sure those people at the bank did something to provoke him.' "

When Larry graduated from high school it was his mother, not he, who proudly began wearing his high-school ring. Twenty-five years later, she was buried with it still on her finger.

King has mined his childhood endlessly for entertainment, even writing a heavily nostalgic book about the old neighborhood and the gang of boys he ran with. But beneath these bright reminiscences, clearly, was a difficult youth, in which his chief solace was the magic of radio, the disembodied voices of Arthur Godfrey and Red Barber. King wasn't athletic, and he wasn't great to look at—he once described himself as "acne-faced" and overweight—but his mimicry of the radio stars, he recalls, commanded attention. "One thing I always had," he says, "was glibness."

To this day, King's best friends are guys he knew in high school. Whenever he is in Los Angeles, where most of these old pals now live, they meet every morning at Nate 'n Al's, the famed deli in Beverly Hills, to talk baseball and shoot the breeze. On a recent Friday, King was joined there by Sid Young, who runs a construction firm, and Asher Dann, a real-estate broker. I asked them to tell me about King as a boy.

"As a kid?" asked Sid. "A real nerd."

"What do you mean, as a kid?" joked Asher.

Larry chimed in. "But I wasn't small. Nerds are supposed to be smart."

"Yeah, he wasn't smart," agreed Asher.

"But he *was* socially inept," Sid pointed out.

Larry: "Yeah, we discovered girls at 17."

To which Sid and Asher cried, in unison, "*You* discovered girls at 17!"

There was something touching about the scene, his friends' obvious affection for King; they seemed to embrace him with their jests as he sat in the booth, slumped as always, his arms protectively crossed over his belly. "His focus of continuity is that circle of aging eighth-graders," observes a female friend of King's. "If you're not his girlfriend, you get the best part of Larry."

King moved to Miami at age 23 on the advice of an acquaintance, hoping to break into radio, and got hired by a tiny AM station as morning D.J., for $55 a week. It was there, at the station manager's insistence, that he changed his name to King. By 1961 he was working for the hottest station in the market, doing a nighttime interview show, and by the mid-60s he owned Miami. Though best known on radio, he also hosted a TV interview show and wrote a Winchell-esque column for *The Miami Herald.*

Miami was a booming town then, a prime touring stop for star entertainers. Truly, this was the place and time where Larry King came of age, and his tastes were molded by the talents he interviewed there. Frank Sinatra. Jackie Gleason. Don Rickles. Vic Damone. Mel Torme. Some of King's books and stories evoke that period in his life with such vividness one can almost see the young Larry King knifing through the soft night air in the new car he bought every year, on top of the world.

But hungry as King was to be noticed, he seems to have had an even greater drive toward self-destruction—overspending wildly, betting on horses, skipping his taxes. "When I made $100 a week, I spent $150," he says. "When I should have had a Mercury, I had a Cadillac." He filed for bankruptcy in 1960, then promptly plunged even deeper into debt.

"It's a real test of your professionalism to go on the air while sheriffs are at your home repossessing your property," he noted dryly in *Larry King.* That book, written before his huge TV celebrity, doesn't pretty up many of the darker passages of his career. It describes, for example, how he would coax loans from new banks. First he would ask the president out for a lunch, to solicit his advice for an imaginary feature story on the banking industry. Then, a few weeks later, he would call the man again to thank him. And "oh, by the way . . . my mother is quite ill and I need five thousand dollars for an operation—can you tell me the best place to get a loan for that quickly?" Naturally, the bank president would take care of it personally, circumventing the usual credit checks.

Into this quagmire came Lou Wolfson, a Florida financier who was under investigation for securities violations. (His name became famous in 1969, when Justice Abe Fortas was forced to resign from the Supreme Court following the revelation that a Wolfson foundation had been paying him a stipend.) King and Wolfson launched an improbable scheme to bankroll New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison's investigation of President Kennedy's assassination. King, who had met Garrison through his radio show, was to be one of the conduits for Wolfson to send Garrison $5,000 a month. But King inevitably pocketed some of this money, to help sustain his frantic financial juggling act, and three years later, Wolfson would charge him with grand larceny—because of his fury over King's role in an even wilder scheme.

In 1967 and 1968, Wolfson was convicted of securities violations. At the end of 1968, he asked King to intercede with President-Elect Nixon, whom King knew through a mutual friend, Bebe Rebozo. Nixon referred King's request to Attorney General Designate John Mitchell, who turned King down. But rather than tell Wolfson this, King pretended that Mitchell was willing to help, and that Mitchell's law firm would need money to look into the case. The money Wolfson ponied up went, instead, into King's pocket. When King finally confessed to Wolfson that the new administration was not going to let him off the hook, Wolfson was irate. In 1971, after finishing his prison sentence, he got back at King by charging him with theft in the Garrison affair.

Wolfson's charge of grand larceny against King was ultimately dismissed on statute-of-limitations grounds, but King's rise was stopped cold. The only broadcasting work he could find was at a Shreveport, Louisiana, racetrack; it was not until 1975 that he returned to Miami and cajoled his way back onto the air.

Even that exile did not change his ways. From 1961 through 1978, according to records filed in his second bankruptcy, King was involved in more than 40 legal actions, mostly lawsuits from unsatisfied creditors. It was only after his 1976 marriage to Sharon Lepore—to whom he had lied about b[illegible] and his debts—that he finally put his financial affairs in order. When she discovered the extent of the mess, she insisted that he declare bankruptcy again and start anew.

When he did, his debts totaled $352,246, including unpaid taxes. Among the creditors left holding the bag were six banks; various hotels, restaurants, and stores; and the Riverside Memorial Chapel, owed $531 for burying King's mother in 1976.

King seems to be a genius at getting the people around him to take care of him and pick up the pieces. "It's up to all of us who try to, I guess, *surround* Larry to keep him in some kind of balance," frets a solicitous Tom Johnson.

A loyal cadre ensures that King never has to do what he hates most: say no. He will be happy to speak at your charity's dinner, if you ask him . . . and then his assistant will call to tell you no, regrettably, he is already busy that night. He would love to have you as a guest on his show, he'll tell you . . . and his producers will later tactfully explain that, well, they're a trifle overbooked.

"Once you work with him, you become very protective of him," says former producer Farmer. "Suddenly you are worried about Larry's cars, and Larry's diet, and how much outside work he is accepting, and whether Larry is sleeping well. All his producers end up taking care of him in ways that you wouldn't take care of, say, Pat Buchanan down the hall. Because you want to help this guy. Because he needs you!"

One of the most oft told of the Larry Stories that circulate at CNN concerns his take-out order when he eats dinner at his desk, before the show. His favorite dish, from a local Chinese restaurant, is chicken with cashews—without the fat-laden cashews. When the food arrives, a young intern or production assistant is charged with combing through it to remove any errant nuts; then he or she has to swaddle the chicken in paper towels and squeeze out any excess oil.

This is part of the iron discipline King now maintains over his diet. Where his survival is at stake, he is capable of total control: he gave up smoking after his 1987 heart attack, for example. And when he began making real money again, after his second bankruptcy, he gave over control of his financial affairs to a trusted adviser. The self-destructive urges that derailed him decades ago seem to be channeled into the only area of his life that can't be turned over to a surrogate: his love life.

As soon as King has successfully

wooed a woman, according to people who know him well, he almost immediately turns to another one—keeping the first on a string. For instance, when he met Julia Alexander and began courting her, a friend says, he was on the verge of reuniting with ex-wife Sharon Lepore; they had even been house hunting together. And then, within weeks of his marriage to Alexander, he was again courting Lepore.

"Larry has to have relationships upon relationships, so he always has a place where that stimulation is going on," says his ex-fiancée Rama Fox. "Larry is astonishing in the things he finds to lie about and deny. To me, he's a Sports Liar."

King has been engaged to two women since his split with Alexander—in 1992 and 1993 to Fox, a minister in the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness (the cult made famous by Arianna Huffington, among others), and in 1995 to Deanna Lund, a 50-something television actress (star of the 60s show *Land of the Giants*) who was introduced to King in a restaurant by the actress Connie Stevens and to whom he reportedly proposed on the second date. Neither of these relationships got as far as the altar, and the one with Fox, which lasted on and off for three years, resulted in bitter litigation in Los Angeles.

While the immediate cause of action, on both sides, was money (he wanted Fox to repay him $50,000 in escrow money for a house they had almost bought together, and she wanted him to make good on a repeated promise that he would give her $400,000 to compensate for all the time and anguish she had put into their relationship), Fox's real grievance against King was what she termed "persistent philandering" with two of his ex-wives, Alexander and Lepore. At one point, according to Fox, King had her and Alexander—with whom he was briefly reconciled—house hunting on opposite coasts for homes to buy with him. (King's divorce from Alexander was ultimately completed in 1992, with a large financial settlement; he later sued her for slander—a suit that was settled in 1994 with a court-ordered silence on both sides, and the sealing of the records in the case.)

King appears to acknowledge his duplicity in documents filed in the Fox case. In August 1992 she apparently persuaded him to commit to paper some thoughts on how he treated women. [illegible] titled "My Pattern with Women," rendered in brief phrases in a spiral-bound notebook. "Need to step into danger," he wrote. "Something to bring me adrenaline—a rush. I lie—pretend—mislead—equivocate—I will have two or more women going at the same time. . . . I have secret compartmentalized little worlds I keep away from each other.

"I put up a front to people important in my life—if questioned I feel desperate—attacked—threatened. Like I'm going to lose something. I'll say and do almost anything to keep it from coming. Most of the time I split. . . . Don't look at consequences—operate under false pretenses."

Fox today describes King's life as "a spiderweb that is about 10 dimensions deep, and you think you know, and then you see behind it, and you go, Oh, this is what's behind it—but then there's something behind that." Interestingly, one other woman from King's past also described her involvement with him as a "web." "He's very artful at gaslighting," says this person. "You feel like you're the one that's going crazy—like you're the one who's done something wrong."

*King* v. *Fox* is one of those legal proceedings that reveal a good deal about the adversaries—showing, in King's case, the angry man who lives inside the genial, easygoing legend. In his deposition, taken last year, he rails at both Fox and his ex-wife Julia Alexander. Calling Fox "a greedy, money-grabbing hooker," he rages that "she's bullshit. She's bullshit when she smiles to you." Again and again he comments bitterly that he is the only person in any of these relationships who has to *work* for a living. (It's worth noting that the acrimony of King's breakups has increased in lockstep with his salary.)

King's attorneys claimed in court documents that Fox wrung promises from King under duress, "exploiting King's exhaustion during heavy work schedules, his susceptibility and vulnerability as a result of the powerful medications he was on, his emotional hardship stemming from his then pending divorce litigation." Specifically, King was dependent on the sleeping pill Halcion through much of his relationship with Fox. It had been prescribed by his doctors after his heart surgery in 1987, and he stopped taking it in 1993.

King and Fox both say that most of the issues in the lawsuit have been settled on terms more favorable to King than to Fox. But in exposing so much of King's private life to scrutiny, Fox—who still contemplates writing a book about him—may have gained the ultimate satisfaction.

When confronted, in his deposition, with his own scribbled thoughts on his relationships with women, King called them "the inner-deep most feelings of a person trying to get a grip on his life, a very generous, nice, caring person."

As the notes near their end, they become briefer and more disjointed: "When I feel close I start thinking negatively to prevent it," he wrote. And later:

Live in a pretend world.
Aloneness??
Self-punishment.
Pleasure in self-hate. . . .
Jewish—homely—glasses—rejected—not wanted.

The last page contains only two observations. The first is "Giving over control is not good." And then, on a separate line, "Don't feel anything."

It is hard to know whether to read that final sentence as a description of, or an instruction to, himself.

Enter Shawn Southwick, wearing on her ring finger a Harry Winston diamond bigger than a pistachio nut. She is breathtaking: five feet eleven, with intense blue eyes and a spill of amber hair and a smile your dentist sees in his dreams. She is also nice, in a coltish, all-American way, asking the waiter in the grand dining room at the Beverly Wilshire hotel for a dish of maraschino cherries to eat and suddenly plucking out a swatch of what looks like her hair to show me the Luxurious Hair clip-on extension that she invented and sold on infomercials in the late 80s. Laughing over the complicated planning involved in throwing a wedding for 300, she explains the difficulty of limiting the guest list. "Especially if you're marrying someone like Larry, who every time someone comes on the show, he says"—and here she grips my shoulder and drops her voice to a comically deep emulation of his Brooklyn rasp—"'*You'll come to the wedding.*'"

They met outside Tiffany's, in January, literally bumped into each other. And he made a pass, and he took her to dinner that night with Al Pacino and Bever D'Angelo, and he called her, and he sent her gifts every day, and by April she was saying yes. Though they first planned the wedding for December, they have moved it up to September 6.

"It is fast, faster than I would have thought," she concedes. Does she have any concerns about his track record? "Nope," she answers. "I'm aware of [illegible]. He's a 63-year-old man, and I wouldn't expect him to not have been married before. I've been married, too—twice. . . . What I focus on is our future. I don't want to be puffy and goopy. But I feel

like the luckiest woman ever." A pause, then she continues levelly. "I know there have been lucky women before me. But, dammit, I'm going to be the last one."

Just now, King makes his entrance, resplendent in a bright-orange linen shirt. They kiss. "She's the best," says Larry, gazing. "The best angel that walked the earth." She signals him, across the table, that he has her lipstick on his face.

"Do you like the shoes I got you this morning?" he prompts. He's had a busy morning in Beverly Hills: Armani shoes for Southwick. Elsa Peretti earrings from Tiffany's for one of his producers, who turns 30 today, to match a necklace he had bought for her on another occasion. He begins to talk about how much he loves to buy presents, how good he is at picking things out for people. His publicist, Juli Mortz, pushes back her hair to display the earrings he once bought for her, also at Tiffany's.

"So, Larry," teases Shawn. "If you ever lose your job, you can be a personal shopper."

"I was always generous to a fault," Larry says a few minutes later. "I still am. The only difference is, I can't outspend myself now. Can't outspend what I make."

Watching the lovebirds together, I think back to my earlier conversation with King. Whatever he may consciously decide to withhold from you, he is, at times, the most unconsciously honest man in America. "This I know," he said in our first interview. "She's the only person I've ever known who, if you came to me right now and said, 'Here's the situation: she has to be with you every moment of the rest of your life. That is, she'll go to work with you, she'll—except when you go to the bathroom—she'll be with you every second,' that's O.K. That would be O.K."

He offered an example of how he's changed, with Southwick. "I'm much more patient. I'm an impatient person that's patient with her," he said. "I'm always clock-aware; I always know what time it is. Shawn's late. Other people in my life, at different stages in my life, I would say, 'Hey, one more time, forget it.' [With Shawn] it don't bother me at all."

He stopped himself. "It bothers me, but it's of such less import to the overall picture. Don't bother me. I mean, it's such a *minute* bother . . . "

Anyway, this time is different: he just knows it. The couple plans to live most of the year in L.A., and King hopes to include, in his next contract, the right to broadcast as many as 70 percent of his shows out of CNN's Sunset Boulevard studio. But network president Johnson makes it clear that he is not happy about this prospect; he feels the show has to stay in Washington at least 50 percent of the time. It would be an irony if, having been made a star by politics, King remained shackled to that identity, forever hobbled in his pursuit of the celebrities who are his true passion.

For now, King and his future bride have taken a six-month rental in Los Angeles. They have a condominium in Utah, where Southwick's 15-year-old son from her first marriage lives with his father. And King talks vaguely of getting a bigger apartment in Washington. If it all seems a little impermanent—well, his sincerity is nonetheless complete.

"I don't think he feels guilty about anything," says someone who knows King very, very well. "That would imply he was capable of understanding what he'd done. . . . If he were capable of knowing what he'd done, people would hate him a lot more."

Instead, King has a way of making all his transgressions seem as harmless as his blue suede shoes. And perhaps you have to have a special vulnerability to be taken in by Larry King, whether in business or in love. But it's interesting to note how neatly the common picture of King—as an easygoing, somewhat hapless man who poses no threat except the professional one of running a toothless interview show for newsmakers—inverts reality.

Even now, King seems merely puzzled by the wreckage in his wake. "I never feel like I have to perform" with Shawn, he enthused at our first interview. "I, like, always found in other people some things I liked, but she is—" He broke off, arrested in mid-thought. "But, you know, I guess if you'd have stopped me when I first met Sharon, I might have said the same thing." For a portion of a second he lingered there, on the threshold of insight, and then rushed on, toward another doorway. "Although Sharon and I had fights when we were dating," he concluded.

Shawn, she's another story. "We never fight," King tells me, in her presence. "I love her too much to fight with her." □

# The Killer's Trail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 275 had dinner with, and I couldn't tell him the person had been dead two years," says a now skeptical San Diego friend, Michael Moore. "Andrew should have had a master's in conversational utility."

"He was so good and sincere about listening to what your situation was," says Doug Stubblefield. "But he'd never let us in close to him."

That was perhaps because he had so much to hide. I learned that in certain circles Cunanan apparently became a supplier of pharmaceuticals. "I once asked Jeff Trail, 'How does Andrew get by?'" says Michael Williams. "Jeff said, 'Oh, he's up to his old profession: he sells drugs.'" Anthony Dabiere, a waiter at California Cuisine, one of Cunanan's favorite San Diego restaurants, says, "I was witness to Andrew doling out drugs in bars—Percodan, Vicodin, Darvocet. He'd say, 'This will give you an overall sense of well-being.' We were given to understand he was using. We were also reminded that he had access to coke and high-grade marijuana as well." Tim Barthel, co-owner of Flicks, a video bar Cunanan frequented most nights, says, "I heard he started getting into drugs himself before he left—even heroin. The last couple of weeks he was more disheveled."

"Yes, he started dealing drugs again," says Erik Greenman, who tells me that Cunanan had two phone listings, one under DeSilva and another, for "business deals," under his real name. "He'd do that if he needed money. He'd never get his friends involved. . . . He'd come in with a suitcase, dressed up very nice. He was a deliverer. The whole thing would take a half an hour. . . . He knew shady characters in New York." There wasn't much mystery to it, Greenman implies, despite the fact that some police claimed they had no knowledge that Cunanan dealt drugs. "We all knew he did it, and he knew we all knew."

There might even have been other criminal activities. For example, Cunanan talked about a warehouse where he could get things "that just fell off a truck"—boom boxes, cameras, liquor. Was it true or false? One friend was invited to go shopping there, but he claims to have demurred. "He ran with a crowd with illicit stuff," the friend says. "He made many comments that he wanted to get out of it—it was dangerous."

A month before Jeff Trail was murdered, he confided to Rick Allen, a friend in Minneapolis, that Cunanan had approached him to help him in his illegal

business. Trail said he had refused. Cunanan, police assume, killed David Madson with Trail's .40-caliber handgun, which he may have stolen from Trail's Minneapolis apartment. "I never understood why they were best friends," says Tom Eads. "But they were thick as thieves for so long."

When Trail lived in San Diego, he and Cunanan would go target-shooting together. "Andrew knew calibers, sizes, weights of guns," says Eads. Trail, who was from DeKalb, Illinois, was an excellent marksman. He had been a small-arms instructor in the navy, and had served in the Persian Gulf on a guided-missile cruiser. He left the navy as a lieutenant in 1996 and joined a training program for the California Highway Patrol. He was ambitious but responsible, always willing to help people out. He loved listening to Sinatra, dated very young men, and was attracted to cops. Later in 1996 he rather abruptly resigned from the highway patrol, and eventually he found a job as a district manager for Ferrellgas, a propane retailer in a suburb of Minneapolis. According to his family and friends, Trail, the son of a mathematics professor at Northern Illinois University, was politically conservative and deeply opposed to drugs.

"What Jeff told me," says Allen, "was 'Andrew talked to me about doing security work for his "import-export" business.'"

"I don't even know what you're talking about," Allen says he told Trail.

"'Drugs, Rick, drugs.' Jeff was very hesitant to talk about it at all. He told me, 'It's not something I tell anybody about.' I said, 'What did you tell him?' Jeff said, 'I said, "Fuck you."'"

For all his sociability, Cunanan often griped to Tim Barthel and others that he had a hard time picking up people for sex. "My impression was that he was always going for people out of his league physically," says Barthel. Gays in San Diego, like those in Los Angeles, are extremely body-conscious, and many of them ingest Creatine, a protein powder, one teaspoon of which, I was told, is the equivalent of two pounds of red meat. Sunday afternoon in San Diego's Balboa Park is a gay parade of tanned, shirtless physiques playing volleyball, grooming dogs, Rollerblading, and biking. Cunanan rarely did anything more strenuous than read magazines and walk [redacted] man's black Rottweiler, Barklee, to wh[redacted] he was devoted.

"He hung out with attractive younger guys, the cool ones, but physically he was not up to it," Tim Barthel continues. "He got into those circles with money and charm—he just wiggled his way in." Greenman agrees: "Andrew was not one to get dates. He had to flash money. A good-looking guy wouldn't look at him." In the months they lived together, Greenman says, Cunanan never brought anyone home, which was "unheard of."

Greenman concedes that Cunanan "had such extreme taste in sex—S&M-wise—he'd need privacy." Meaning? "It was way past normal. Whether it'd be whips or make him walk around in shackles—who knows? He always had bondage videos. . . . He was a dominator." In the early-morning hours of his last months in San Diego, the restless, nocturnal Cunanan, who usually slept from six A.M. to two P.M., was also, according to Greenman, using crack and injecting himself with drugs. But when the sex fantasies and the crack wore off, he would feel terrible. Ever the snob, he told Greenman, "Never do crack. It's a ghetto drug."

In the first week of April, Cunanan went to San Francisco, where he met 26-year-old Tim Schweger, an assistant manager in a San Francisco Denny's, at a gay dance club. Cunanan offered to get him drugs—ecstasy or cocaine—which Schweger refused. "He said he was associated with people who dealt in San Diego," said Schweger. "He was kind of like a middleman." Cunanan also bragged about knowing various celebrities—Lisa Kudrow, Elizabeth Hurley, Madonna. "He said he had lunch with Kudrow the previous weekend."

Cunanan eventually took Schweger back to the Mandarin Oriental hotel, where Cunanan liked to stay in San Francisco when he was feeling flush. After that, Schweger's memory of what took place is hazy. "I think I was drugged that night, or I had too much to drink," he said. "But lately I've had these memory flashbacks of trying to fight him off during the night. I wasn't attracted to him sexually. I woke up with three hickeys on me." Schweger said he went to sleep in his underwear. "When I woke up, I had nothing on. After that night, I knew he had a rough side to him."

They ran into each other again the following weekend. "He kept his arm around my neck the whole time. He started to like me, but I rejected him." Cunanan then went on to another club, and when Schweger got there, he saw him coming on to someone else. "'You're a player, aren't [redacted]u?' I asked him. He just laughed this [redacted]rcastic laugh."

Schweger said Cunanan told him he was moving to San Francisco, but before that, "he said he had to go to Chicago to do some things."

The one person who allowed Cunanan his fantasies, if only partially, was David Madson. Madson, a former ski instructor, was so charismatic that he "blew people away" both personally and professionally. He worked for the John Ryan Company in Minneapolis, designing "retail financial centers" for large banks, a $70,000-a-year position that took him all over the country. "David was an absolute joy to be around and an immensely talented person, on the precipice of becoming a leading designer in the world in his field," says John Ryan. His friends describe him as a "peacemaker" who avoided confrontation and could always talk his way out of anything.

"He wanted to save people. He liked the underdog. David was kind of drawn to people who needed him," says a former co-worker, Kathy Compton. "He had just seen the movie *Jerry Maguire,* and he said, 'Jerry Maguire reminds me so much of me—always trying to make things O.K.!'"

Madson and Cunanan met in San Francisco in December 1995. "It was pretty sparky," says a friend of Cunanan's who witnessed their first encounter. Cunanan spotted Madson at a bar and sent him a drink. That night they had a nonsexual "sleepover" in Cunanan's luxe room in the Mandarin Oriental. Soon they were dating long-distance, and their sex became rough.

"In the late spring of '96, I had a conversation with Andrew about exploring the S&M thing with David," says Doug Stubblefield. "He said he had wrist restraints, and they'd been trying it. David wouldn't let him go as far as he wanted, but he thought it was a lot of fun." Erik Greenman adds, "Andrew talked to me about it many times. David enjoyed it just as much as Andrew did."

About that same time, however, at the urging of friends, Madson began to distance himself from Cunanan. He had become uneasy, because Andrew would often disappear or become unreachable. Presumably the reason for this secrecy was that Cunanan was living in La Jolla with Norman Blachford.

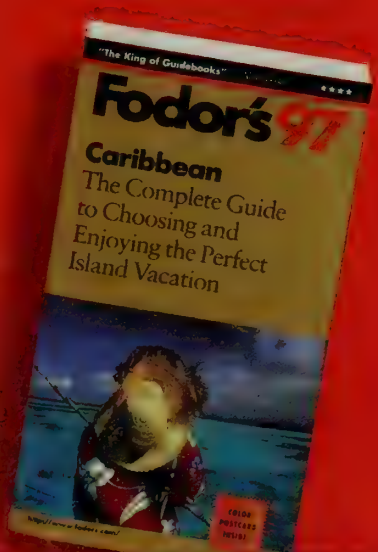
By September 1996, Cunanan and Blachford had broken up. Blachford let him keep the Infiniti. After staying a short time at an inexpensive residence hotel in Hillcrest, Cunanan moved in with Greenman and Tom Eads. He told them he felt that he had been rejected by Madson.

Meanwhile, Jeff Trail was also coolin[redacted]

page 74, *Fodor's Gold Guide Caribbean*

**"Boonoonoonoos**. The name—say it just as it looks!—means extraordinary, . . . The **Jamaican** jerk ribs (a 300-year-old recipe) are tiny but spicy, and the satin-smooth hot pumpkin soup drizzled with cheese and served in a pumpkin shell may as well be dessert."






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# The Killer's Trail

toward him, telling Michael Williams, a good friend in San Diego, that he had had "a big fallout with Andrew and never wished to see him again." Trail told Jerry Davis, a friend at Ferrellgas, that although he didn't want Andrew to stay with him in Minneapolis anymore, "he was like a relative you didn't like—you had to let him stay."

By April, Cunanan, who had uncharacteristically begun drinking—$36 bottles of Stonestreet Merlot "like there was no tomorrow," in the words of San Diego maître d' Rick Rinaldi—was confiding to select friends that he was broke. He had stopped going into the humidor at the cigar store Bad Habits for eight-dollar cigars, and he said that he might actually have to go to work. About the only legitimate job he had ever held was as a Thrifty Drug Store cashier, when he lived with his mother in a small, $750-a-month condominium in Rancho Bernardo in the early 90s.

Cunanan next decided to relocate to San Francisco, and he was successful in convincing David Madson that Madson was responsible for his moral turnaround, which included the decision to find honest work. Madson proudly told friends that Andrew was going to give up his shady business and his materialistic ways.

Over the Easter weekend, Cunanan went to Los Angeles with Madson and a young engaged couple, Karen Lapinski and Evan Wallit, who were friends of Madson's from San Francisco. Cunanan insisted on taking two $395 rooms at the Chateau Marmont and persuaded Madson and the couple to stay there with him. He and Madson had supposedly not had a sexual relationship for almost a year, and Madson later claimed that they had argued when he refused Andrew's advances.

A few days after Easter, Cunanan was in San Francisco, staying with Lapinski and Wallit. Cunanan told the future bride, who had asked Madson to give her away, that he would pay for the wedding reception. He told her, police say, that he had $15,000 he had to spend before tax day, April 15, and he gave her and Madson expensive leather jackets. He also gave M[illegible]

Before returning to San Francisco permanently, Cunanan told friends [illegible] business. [illegible] Jeff Trail [illegible] Lapinski [illegible] had also [illegible]

business making prefabricated movie sets with a friend named Duke Miglin.

At Cunanan's farewell dinner in San Diego on April 24, at California Cuisine, his favorite waiter, Anthony Dabiere, wrote in raspberry purée around the edge of his plate, "Goodbye to You." In his toast, a somewhat somber "DeSilva" said he was feeling bittersweet about leaving. What he was going to miss most, he said, was Barklee, Greenman's dog.

Nobody would have guessed, to hear him, that he had bought a one-way ticket to Minneapolis.

The last thing in the world Jeff Trail or David Madson wanted was a visit from Andrew Cunanan. Nevertheless, neither appeared capable of confronting him directly. "No one would ever tell Andrew to his face—they didn't want to hurt him," says Casey Murray, one of Trail's former boyfriends. And though Madson was at least two boyfriends away from Cunanan by the end of April, he continued to accept gifts from him.

Trail had made it clear that he wouldn't be around much the weekend of Andrew's visit. His boyfriend, Jon Hackett, a student at the University of Minnesota, was celebrating his 21st birthday, and Trail was taking him out of town Saturday night. Trail was known to have warned Madson, who had befriended him casually when he moved to Minneapolis late last October, that Cunanan was a liar. "You can't believe a word he says," Trail declared. "He'll say anything to get a reaction." Meanwhile, Cunanan had told a friend that he was uncomfortable having the two people he cared most about living in the same faraway city without him.

"David was apprehensive about Andrew's visit," says Cedric Rucker, a college administrator who was one of Madson's last boyfriends. "He held suspicions that Andrew was involved in the international drug trade, bringing drugs into the country from across the Mexican border. He probably had ties to organized crime. I said, 'Why would you want to be affiliated with this?' He said, 'Because he's trying to make a change in his life. Andrew just needs help.'"

Cunanan may have been jealous, or suspicious that Madson and Trail were gossiping about him behind his back. He may also have been angry at Trail for refusing to work with him. In any event, Cunanan told Madson that Trail was mixed up in the drug trade with him. "J.T." had been forced to flee California, he said, because of an impending investigation. Madson had no idea what to believe, he told friends. Police say they know of no such investigation ever being instigated.

Rob Davis, a handsome black businessman who succeeded Cunanan as Madson's boyfriend, heard the story at a Christmas party. "Andrew told David that he and Jeff had gotten mixed up in some cocaine deal that had caused Jeff to resign from the California Highway Patrol, because Andrew had gotten Jeff to transport cocaine across the border."

"Jeff started getting scared, and he left—he didn't want to get involved," said another friend who had heard a similar story from Madson. Madson also confided that Andrew had bragged about getting someone killed the day the person left prison, because he had ratted on a friend of Andrew's. "Andrew also talked about having millions confiscated from foreign bank accounts through F.B.I. subpoenas or warrants," says the friend. "He told David that was what made him change his mind—he came so close to losing everything that he decided to go straight." Cunanan's exact words, according to the friend, were "You just don't walk out on the Mob." If Cunanan had had more credibility, these stories would be chilling.

People who knew Trail—who rarely drank, never smoked, and was staunchly opposed even to pot—say the scenario is preposterous. Trail's closest friend, Jon Wainwright, a real-estate-development executive in San Diego, called the accusation inconceivable, but added that he never understood why Jeff quit the California Highway Patrol. "I tried to talk him out of it." Trail's explanation, say his friends, was that the C.H.P. involved too much paperwork, that he was taken aback by the "redneck attitude" he had encountered on a "ride-along," and that it was too easy to get shot at.

"There was some strange bond there between Andrew and Jeff," continued Wainwright. "Andrew would hook up people for J.T. It was kind of strange, actually. My belief is that Andrew was very infatuated with Jeff." The two had apparently never been intimate, but Cunanan was able to get Trail to do his bidding. For his birthday party two years ago, to impress Norman Blachford, Cunanan gave Trail the gift he wished Trail to present to him, and told him to wrap it and to say he was an instructor at the California Highway Patrol. Trail did as Cunanan asked.

Doug Stubblefield remembers a dinner in San Francisco last summer with Cunanan, Trail, and Madson at which Cunanan exclaimed that "Jeff was his older

friend, from kindergarten or first grade. Jeff said, 'I grew up on the other side of the tracks, but I know everything about him.' Andrew said, 'If you want to get the real scoop, go to Jeff.'"

Trail and Cunanan had actually met several years earlier, in San Diego. Last summer Trail informed aspiring writer Daniel O'Toole, his boyfriend at the time, that Cunanan was beginning to annoy him. "Jeff told me they'd be out in public and Andrew would tell his stories and put Jeff into them and Jeff didn't want anything untrue said about him. Andrew would embarrass him in public." O'Toole couldn't understand why Trail put up with it. "Andrew was aggressive, obnoxious, and domineering a lot of the time, and it got on Jeff's nerves," he says. "But Jeff said he felt sorry for him. Andrew thought he was Jeff's best friend, but Jeff didn't think Andrew was his."

According to O'Toole, Cunanan took him out in San Francisco one afternoon last summer and got him drunk. He had O'Toole accompany him while he picked out some hard-core S&M videos, and he showed him pictures of Madson, "the man of my dreams, the man I want to marry." Trail was furious. After seeing the covers of the videos, O'Toole says, "I made sure I was never alone with him in the same room again."

On Friday, April 25, David Madson dutifully picked Cunanan up at the Minneapolis airport. Yet at dinner with several of his friends from work that night, Madson appeared uncomfortable. "Show them what I got you," Cunanan urged. He had brought Madson a gold Cartier watch. It was "not new," Madson told them, just a thank-you from Andrew for helping turn his life around.

During dinner Cunanan, who mentioned that he planned to return to California Monday morning, was up to his old tricks to impress new people. He mentioned the Rolls-Royce he had driven around in as a kid. He informed one woman he had a company—as Norman Blachford had once had—that made sound-abatement equipment for movie sets. Later, at a camp polka palace, Nye's Polonaise, where he and Madson met Monique Salvetti, Madson's best friend, for a drink, Cunanan told her that he was setting up a factory in Mexico to make prefab movie sets, a profession similar to that of a friend of his in San Diego. This time, however, he did not mention the name Duke Miglin.

Cunanan presumably spent Friday night at Madson's apartment. Monique Salvetti talked to Madson around 10 A.M. on Sunday, and he said he and Andrew had gone out to dinner again the previous night. "Is everything going O.K.?" Salvetti asked. "Yeah," he said. They made plans to meet later that day, but she couldn't reach him. That was Madson's last known telephone conversation.

Cunanan apparently spent Saturday night in Trail's apartment, in nearby Bloomington, entering with a key left for him under the doormat. He was there at 10 A.M. on Sunday, when he politely took a phone message for Trail from Trail's friend Jerry Davis about a softball game. He left it on a yellow pad and signed it, "Love, Andrew." Trail went to the three o'clock game but left early to bake a cake, because, he said, friends were coming over to celebrate Hackett's birthday. He did not mention that he had seen Cunanan.

That afternoon Trail told Hackett that he needed to talk to Andrew about something "pretty important," which would take only about a half-hour. "Jeff didn't say he knew what it was about," Hackett told me.

When Hackett joined Trail at his apartment at six P.M., there was no sign of Cunanan or his bags. About eight o'clock, though, Cunanan left a voice message without identifying himself, just giving Madson's number and saying, "Give me a call, because I'd like to see you."

Trail thought of blowing Cunanan off entirely and suggested to Hackett that they go to a movie, but Hackett said he wanted to dance on his birthday. Trail said he would meet Andrew in a coffee shop and then rendezvous with Hackett between 10 and 10:30 at the Gay Nineties nightclub nearby. Trail left in his car between 9 and 9:15.

The caller ID on Madson's telephone, connected to his loft's intercom, shows that someone—presumably Trail—was admitted to Madson's apartment at 9:45 P.M. A neighbor recalled hearing shouting and somebody saying "Get the fuck out," then shaking and thumping against the wall for from 30 to 45 seconds, then water running and footsteps in the hall. He looked out his door but saw no one. On Monday, another neighbor saw Madson in the elevator with a man matching Cunanan's description. On Tuesday, yet another neighbor saw the two men walking Prints, Madson's Dalmatian.

Meanwhile, since Trail had not shown up at the Gay Nineties, Hackett was beside himself with worry. When Jeff did not return to his apartment Monday morning, he says, "I immediately started calling hospitals and the jail." He paged Trail every 20 minutes. When Trail did not show up for work, Hackett called the police. "They advised me that Jeff was a big boy—28." Unless Trail's parents authorized it, they would not file a missing-person report for 72 hours. Hackett was hesitant to call Trail's parents, because Trail had never told them he was gay.

Monday night about eight, Hackett returned to Trail's apartment to find it just as he had left it. Unbeknownst to him, police say, an upstairs neighbor had seen a man matching the description of Cunanan in front of the apartment and, according to friends of Trail's, heard voices talking inside between 7 and 7:45 P.M.

About 1:45 on Tuesday afternoon, April 29, two women who worked with Madson went to his loft, because he had not shown up for work for two days and clients were clamoring to talk to him. When Laura Booher knocked, she thought she heard whispering behind the door. Although the dog was pawing and scratching, no one answered. "We said in a very loud voice that we better call the police—I'm sure they heard me," says Booher. When the police arrived, they said that in the event of a forced entry, if the dog became aggressive, they would have to shoot it.

At that the women backed down, and instead left a message for the superintendent, asking her to go into the apartment with her passkey. When the superintendent entered, about four P.M., she saw a body wrapped in a carpet. Blood was splattered all over the back of the door, and there were two sets of bloody footprints on the floor. She called the police, who found Madson's dog calm; there were no feces or urine anywhere. Madson's wallet and a bloody Banana Republic T-shirt had been left behind, and they found two plates of rice in the refrigerator. A bloody household hammer was on the table by the door.

Monique Salvetti, who is a public defender, stopped by Madson's after work to check on him, and found police swarming outside the apartment. "I can identify the body," she told them, assuming, as they did, that the body was Madson's. But the police would not allow her to enter the crime scene.

By Tuesday night Jeff Trail's parents had been contacted—they had been at the hospital where one of Jeff's sisters was having a baby—and a metro-wide missing-person report had been filed. Trail was not identified as the body in the rug until Wednesday morning—by the tattoo of the cartoon figure Marvin the Martian on his

## The Killer's Trail

left ankle—although his wallet, with his identification and picture, was on him. His face was badly beaten. Police had kept Monique Salvetti, who could also have identified Trail, nearby for hours but still would not let her into Madson's loft. Early on Wednesday they admitted to her that the body was probably not Madson's.

Trail had been hit from behind, and his face had been bludgeoned multiple times with a hammer. His Swiss Army watch had stopped at 9:55 P.M. Cunanan and Madson had vanished. To the horrified disbelief of all who knew him, Madson immediately went from being the supposed victim to being a suspect for murder. "My first thought: it's Madson," says Minneapolis police sergeant Robert Tichich, of the homicide division. "It's his apartment. There's a body in there. There's no way to pin it on Cunanan as opposed to Madson."

As a result of Madson's new status, his parents weren't even told he was missing until late Thursday afternoon. Instead, the police staked out the parents' house. Between Tuesday and Friday, when Madson's red Jeep Cherokee with a Vail bumper sticker on the back was spotted moving erratically on Interstate 35 going north—speeding up and slowing down as if the driver, presumably Madson, was trying to attract attention—there are no reported sightings of Cunanan or Madson. On Friday afternoon, the two stopped to eat at a diner near Rush Lake, in Chisago County, about an hour's drive north of the Twin Cities.

"From Tuesday early A.M. till Saturday, it's a big gray area," says Investigator Todd Rivard of the Chisago County Sheriff's Department. Minneapolis police believe the two may have gone to Chicago, and there are reports that a receipt for a Chicago parking-lot ticket from early that Friday was found in Madson's Jeep. "I think there's a good possibility they were out of town during that week," says Tichich. But Chicago police have kept such a tight lid on their case—possibly to protect the reputation of the influential Miglin—that they won't share any information. "We got no reports, not even ver[illegible]rd n[illegible]" says Rivard.

[illegible]ly was found in tall grass at the edge [illegible] Rush Lake by fishermen on Saturday morning, May [illegible]

sh[illegible] [illegible] the head [illegible] Saber bull[illegible] car [illegible]

was gone. According to Investigator Rivard, Madson's body showed no sign of restraints, and his only defensive wounds were in his fingers—possibly he raised his hands to deflect a shot to the face.

Meanwhile, according to Jon Hackett and Trail's co-worker Jerry Davis, Minneapolis police did not take Cunanan's voice message off Trail's phone for a week, although both Trail's and Madson's friends informed them that the major link between Trail and Madson was Cunanan. That same week Hackett found a box of ammunition in Trail's closet that matched the .40-caliber bullets Madson was shot with.

Another box of the same bullets—with 10 missing—and an empty holster were also found in a duffel bag in Madson's apartment. The police asked Monique Salvetti to identify the bag. "Have you looked at the identification tag?" she asked, indicating a label that was enclosed in a grip around the handle. When they opened the tag in front of Salvetti, there was the name of its owner: Andrew Cunanan.

It was not until two months later, in late June, that police recovered Cunanan's toiletry kit from Madson's apartment. They had also overlooked a pair of blood-spattered Levi's, size 36, which were heaped in a corner near the sleeping area. (Madson was a size 32.) By then any shred of evidence was crucial, because the police had not been able to match any of the fingerprints taken from the various crime scenes and vehicles with the sole thumbprint they had of Cunanan from his California driver's license. Since he had no criminal record, he had never been fingerprinted by the police.

What police had not overlooked, however, was a pair of handcuffs, which led Sergeant Tichich to confirm that there was evidence in the apartment "to corroborate S&M activity. It was well known that Madson was involved in S&M, and so was Cunanan, and that it had gone on a long period of time." Nevertheless, nationwide attention began focusing on Cunanan only after the next killing.

Lee Miglin's body was discovered by police under a car in his garage off the Miracle Mile in Chicago on Sunday, May 4. The murder was brutal and had grisly, ritualistic overtones: Miglin's hands and feet were bound, and his body was partially wrapped in plastic, brown paper, and tape. His face was taped except for [illegible] airholes at the nostrils. His ribs had [illegible] broken, and he had been tortured [illegible]r stabs in the chest, probably [illegible]len shears. His throat had been cut open with a garden bow saw. According to friends, however, the autopsy revealed no sexual molestation.

There had been no forced entry into Miglin's Gold Coast town house. His wife, Marilyn, had been out of town, and the message she left to say that she would be returning early Sunday morning had been played. When Miglin did not appear at the airport to pick her up, she went home to find a door open and what looked like a gun in the bathroom. She called the police.

The murderer had slept in Miglin's bed, left a half-eaten ham sandwich in the library, bathed in the sunken bathtub, and shaved in the white-marble bathroom, leaving beard stubble on the floor and a toy gun on the sink, almost as if to taunt the police. The dog, a Labrador named Honey, which had been there the whole time, was calm and unharmed. Between $8,000 and $10,000 in cash and several of Miglin's suits were missing. "There was a horrible feeling in the house," says writer-socialite Sugar Rautbord, a close friend of Marilyn Miglin's, who went immediately to the residence. "Everywhere you turned, there was evidence. We couldn't touch anything."

The garage, from which Miglin's Lexus had been taken, is across an alley, separate from the town house. "It was like being back in Vietnam, a real battle scene, a highly emotionally charged environment," says Miglin's partner, Paul Beitler. "I saw people's lives destroyed in front of me."

Lee Miglin and his wife—a former dancer who founded a cosmetics company and became a Home Shopping Network celebrity—were much loved in Chicago for being modest, philanthropic, self-made. "Lee epitomized the American Dream," says Beitler. "The man never had a failure." The son of a Lithuanian coal miner in southern Illinois, Miglin rose from selling pancake mix out of the trunk of his car to become with Beitler the developer of some of the biggest buildings on the Chicago skyline; on his own he developed much of the commercial area at O'Hare Airport. There is even a smart shopping street named Marilyn Miglin Way on Chicago's Near North Side. On that street, her boutique faces Versace's.

Few, including Andrew Cunanan, who often traveled to Chicago and never forgot a name, could miss the crowing billboard on the Kennedy Expressway into the city from O'Hare depicting the Wizard of Oz's Emerald City: IF MIGLIN-BEITLER HAD MANAGED EMERALD CITY, DOROTHY WOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT. Moreover, it

Cunanan's San Diego apartment was a 1988 *Architectural Digest* featuring the Beitlers' house.

Rumors started flying around the Hillcrest area that Andrew Cunanan knew Duke Miglin, 25. Certainly the younger Miglin was someone Cunanan would have liked to brag about knowing: he was handsome, he drove a fast car and flew airplanes—he had spent two years at the Air Force Academy—and his father was a multimillionaire. The rumors, in the form of a quote from a Hillcrest bookseller, promptly appeared in the Minneapolis *Star-Tribune*. The same day, however, the bookseller, Bruce Kerschner—who later told me that he had merely confirmed that he had heard the same rumors—claimed in a press conference that he had been misquoted.

"We have no idea how Duke Miglin's name surfaced. We can say with absolute certainty neither Duke nor anyone in the family knew Cunanan," says Paul Beitler. "We sat him down and said, 'O.K., here's where the rubber meets the road. Tell us now if you have ever had a homosexual relationship, a secret life.' He has told us unequivocally he's not gay and he has had no gay relationship." According to Minneapolis Homicide's Sergeant Tichich, Chicago police haven't gone near Karen Lapinski's report to the F.B.I. that Cunanan had told her he was going into business with Duke Miglin. "It's just sitting there."

Meanwhile, a Chicago male prostitute has alleged to law-enforcement officials that he had a rendezvous in a Chicago apartment with Lee Miglin and Andrew Cunanan.

Another disturbing detail surfaced in the *San Francisco Examiner,* which quoted Stephen Gomer, an accountant friend of Cunanan's from San Francisco, who saw him there the weekend before he left for Minneapolis. "He expressed to me his interest in sadomasochistic sex. . . . He was into latex, face masks with just the nostrils showing through."

Chicago police did not find Madson's Jeep—illegally parked with multiple tickets "85 paces" around the corner from Miglin's house—until midnight on Tuesday, May 6. There was no blood inside, but there was a tourist pamphlet with a line drawn around the North Side's gay "Boys Town" area, and newspaper clips about Trail's and Madson's murders. By then, it appears, Cunanan, the presumed driver of Miglin's dark-green Lexus, was far away. Police now have evidence that Cunanan was in New York City May 5, 6, 7, and 8.

An activated car phone in the Lexus was used three times the following week in Pennsylvania. Philadelphia police confirmed a news report—which originated in Chicago—of the attempted phone calls, angering Chisago County sheriff Randall Schwegman, who told the Minneapolis *Star-Tribune,* "Everyone who was working on [the case] was outraged. Once he heard that, he'd have been a fool to use a phone after that."

Friday evening, William Reese, 45, did not come home from work on time. Finns Point National Cemetery in Pennsville, New Jersey, where he cared for the grounds, is a remote historic site where Confederate prisoners were held during the Civil War. It is not far, however, from a junction of several highways, including a bridge route to Delaware and a turnpike to Philadelphia.

Knowing Reese to be punctual, his wife drove from their home in Bridgeton, New Jersey, to check on him. When she arrived at the cemetery, she saw a dark-green Lexus but no sign of her husband's bright-red 1995 Chevy truck. The door to the caretaker's office was open, and a radio was playing. She called the police.

They found Reese in a pool of blood on the concrete floor of the basement. He had been shot once in the head with a .40-caliber bullet which later proved to have come from the same gun that killed Madson and Versace.

Meanwhile, police did not search Cunanan's San Diego apartment until after this fourth killing. By then, he was apparently on his way to Miami.

"These guys are very cunning predators. They have an ability to cut a victim out of a herd—much like those nature documentaries you see on TV where the tiger picks one zebra to hunt. They have this innate ability to sense who's vulnerable," says Gregg McCrary, senior consultant of the Threat Assessment Group and former supervisory special agent of the F.B.I.'s Behavioral Sciences Unit.

Professionals who study the psyches of serial killers say that a number of the intriguing questions surrounding this case can be answered by understanding the traits that many of these killers display.

For example, what is the motive for these killings? "For all I know, this violence came out of the blue," says Sergeant Tichich. If David Madson was not an accomplice in Jeff Trail's murder, why would he have stayed in his apartment so long with Cunanan and the dead body? "There's all this evidence they tramped around in blood and had taken measures to conceal this body," Tichich says. "You have to believe he was able to control Madson for extended periods of time without possibility of escape."

But wouldn't Madson try to escape? "It's not surprising David stayed with him and he sat with the body for two days. Not at all," says Chicago police captain Tom Cronin, also a graduate of the F.B.I. Behavioral Sciences Unit. "It makes perfect sense to David: This guy's got power over me, I can't leave. The killing itself shows how powerful he is." McCrary agrees: "It is to a degree the Stockholm syndrome. These sexually sadistic offenders have that ability to control people—not necessarily physical control. Many times it's just out of fear."

Trail and Madson had gone far beyond what their friends thought necessary in placating Cunanan. Is being a nice person a weakness? "Yes," says McCrary, "when you're dealing with a pathological, sexually sadistic offender." It is not by accident that a person like Cunanan constantly seeks to put people in his debt. "They have a sixth sense of who they can manipulate and control," McCrary says. "Their interpersonal skills are so strong and their ability to target these victims, to understand their needs, to meet these needs and fulfill them, is so developed that in return these victims always feel obligated."

But when does murder come in? "When he realizes that in spite of his best efforts he is not getting what he wants. He's not going to get this guy back, for example, so he can either forget about it and walk away from it or—those predisposed to homicidal violence—kill just to settle the score. Homicide is an attempt to regain control over the situation."

"They don't get dumped. They go to great pains to win someone back just so they can dump back in the future. They're control freaks," says Cronin. "Their behavior is such that they corral people into making them the center of attention."

What triggers the violence? "The trigger can be anything—to him at the moment it's rational," says Cronin. "It was the straw that broke the camel's back—you don't know how heavy that straw is, because you don't know what else is on the camel's back. The first killing he probably fantasized for years. These people are very good at planning things out." Often, says Cronin, they consider themselves much smarter than the police.

Sergeant Tichich acknowledges how hard it would have been to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Cunanan acted alone in the killing of Jeff Trail. "You've got the murder weapon there. You got the body, bloody clothes—every-

thing you could basically ask for in a murder case is there. The only thing you don't have is a video recording of what happened. And in this case that's about what's necessary."

Sex is often a strong element in these crimes. The offenders need to act out their sadistic fantasies, says McCrary, and they repeat them till they get it right. "Typically, they have compliant victims—they begin with sex partners who were complying with their fantasies. They get someone to go along with bondage and torture until the victim won't go along anymore, so the sadistic offender is not satisfied. By the time they reach their late 20s and early 30s, they've developed their sadistic fantasies. They're really vibrant at this point, and they need to act out these things, and they can't find people to go along with them. So now they find an unwilling victim to abduct, rape, or murder. There's a much higher rate of homicide if torture is acted out against the will of the other individual."

McCrary says the motives here can be mixed—both sexual gratification and the extortion of money. What was done to Lee Miglin, for example, "is a window into his fantasy." Both Miglin and Trail were wrapped up, but "the hammer to the face [of Trail] is very personal. The destruction of the face is many times the personality of the victim—they want to destroy the person outright. The mask is depersonalization."

Could Lee Miglin's murder have been completely random, as his family maintains? "Why would Cunanan go to Chicago, find Miglin, and torture him without some motive?" asks Chisago County investigator Rivard. He wouldn't, say McCrary and Cronin. "I'd say it's highly probable that he knew Miglin," says McCrary. "Would this guy let some stranger in off the street? The answer is no. Either [Cunanan] knew of the guy or knew his son. The idea that he just picked him up off the street and stalked him and tortured him and then killed him is bizarre—not the most likely scenario."

Despite Cunanan's reputation for patho- [illegible] drug dealing, none of [illegible] saw him out [illegible] night after [illegible] though [illegible] Cupertino [illegible] time [illegible] one reveali [illegible] tween [illegible]

of San Diego. There I found the life to which Andrew Cunanan was really accustomed. I visited the neat white stucco complex he called home and, after ringing a few doorbells, entered the small rented condominium on the second level facing a golf course where he had lived with his mother between 1991 and 1994. Then, instead of Armanis and Ferragamos, he wore the red apron of a Thrifty Drug cashier and actually did an honest day's work. But it didn't take long for neighbors to reveal to me that Andrew had once slammed his mother against a wall so hard that he dislocated her shoulder.

The parish priest, Father Bourgeois of San Rafael Church, told me, "He had some really weird moments—not normal as a son. To inflict physical pain on your mother—he did bruise her arm and dislocated it. She was wearing a sling." Father Bourgeois blamed it on drugs. Cunanan's mother, he said, had explained that at 18 "Andrew went up to San Francisco when his father left, joined the gay community, and became someone totally different."

Lots of young men leave home in a similar way without ending up on the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list. But Cunanan soon began a long, slow slide into sadism and desperate, attention-grabbing gestures that were rarely called into question. Last November in Minneapolis, for example, Cunanan was far more upset that David Madson had a new boyfriend than he let on. Madson, typically, thought they could all just be friends. To call attention to himself at a party Madson was hosting in his loft before an AIDS benefit, Cunanan set a paper plate piled with napkins on fire and then walked away from the table.

One guest at the party reportedly revealed that when he and Cunanan had gone to his apartment the night before, Cunanan bit him so hard on the chest that he threw him out.

Three months before Cunanan left San Diego, he said to his roommate, "Erik, I'm unhappy." Greenman says, "Then he's up and gone. He'd give you a glimpse, and then he wouldn't."

"He seemed a little lost," says Michael Moore. "Jumpy." He would assemble people "for a several-hundred-dollar dinner and then walk away to buy magazines on cars and architecture and read them at the table." Toward the end, he said, Cunanan was down-and-out.

Although Cunanan had invited the guests to his farewell dinner the night before he left for Minneapolis, he said he [illegible] no money to pay for it. Friends picked [illegible] tab. Erik Greenman told me that [illegible] n had recently gone on a wild spending spree. In a six-month period, from approximately October to April, he had spent about $85,000—$15,000 he reportedly got from Blachford, the money he got from the sale of the Infiniti and from a loan he took out, and the rest in charges on his credit card. At the time of his death, he reportedly owed $46,000 to Neiman Marcus.

Now thoughtful friends are asking themselves whether they should have allowed Andrew to get away with so much for so long. "It breaks my heart. None of us could see it, or wanted to see it, or wanted to help," says Tom Eads. "I feel a lot of guilt." Both Eads and Greenman received lots of presents. Cunanan gave most of his clothes away before he left for Minneapolis. He gave a watch off his wrist to Eads, saying, "Have it. This is just my beach watch. I've got my Cartier." Eads accepted the gift, he says, "even though in my heart of hearts you knew he shouldn't be doing this."

No one called Cunanan on his lying, either. A friend from San Francisco says, "I see now that I sent a strong signal to him: It's all right if you don't tell the truth about yourself. I'm not here to judge you. I'm here to see that you're funny and inventive, or whether you ever bore me. And if you do, we probably won't be friends." Why would you do that? I ask. "Because it helped the moment."

In the aftermath of the Versace murder, a media maelstrom engulfed the case. Hundreds of sightings were called in from all over the country, and fear gripped the communities where Cunanan had spent time. In San Diego a story had it that Cunanan was possibly H.I.V.-positive and killing for revenge. Police warned that he might be disguising himself by dressing as a woman. After Cunanan's suicide, police were investigating a possible connection between him and the absent owner of the houseboat where he died, Torsten Reineck, the proprietor of a gay bathhouse in Las Vegas. Police told me Cunanan had visited Las Vegas with Madson last spring.

On August 31, Cunanan would have been 28 years old. Sadly, he never heard the emotional plea released the day he died by his longtime friend Elizabeth Cote, whose little girl was his goddaughter: "Grimmy says she loves her Uncle Monkey and hopes you'll remember that always. Your birthday will soon be here and the day after, someone else who loves you will be five years old. Please let those be days of relief." The message ended with *Dominus vobiscum.* Andrew Phillip Cunanan had once been an altar boy. □

# Credits

## Fashion

**Cover: Renée Zellweger's** Prada dress from Prada, Fred Leighton diamond bracelets from Fred Leighton, both in N.Y.C.
**Page 26:** Renée Zellweger's coat and sweater by TSE, from TSE, N.Y.C.
**Page 32: Chris Rock's** sweater by Dolce & Gabbana, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; pants by Comme des Garçons, socks by Yohji Yamamoto, and shoes by Clone, all from Barneys New York, L.A.
**Page 69:** Bottom left, see credits for cover; bottom right, TSE coat and sweater from TSE, N.Y.C.
**Page 174: Mimi Leder's** Tamotsu jacket from the Forgotten Woman, L.A.; Donna Karan Men shirt and Ellen Tracy pants, both from Saks Fifth Avenue, L.A.; Summer Tompkins scarf from Barneys New York, L.A.; Ralph Lauren shoes from Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills.
**Page 241: Russell Crowe's** Giorgio Armani suit from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide; Donna Karan shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Coach belt from Coach stores nationwide; Calvin Klein shoes from Macy's stores nationwide.
**Page 257:** Top right, styled by Isabella Blow; **Jake Chapman's** shirt by Richard James, from Richard James, London; **Dinos Chapman's** jacket by Alexander McQueen, from Liberty, London.
**Page 262:** Renée Zellweger's Prada dress from Prada, Fred Leighton diamond bracelets from Fred Leighton, Manolo Blahnik shoes from Bergdorf Goodman, all in N.Y.C.
**Pages 265–66:** Prada dresses from Prada, Fred Leighton diamond clips and bracelets from Fred Leighton, both in N.Y.C.
**Page 298:** Chris Rock's Paul Smith jacket and pants from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Calvin Klein Collection shirt and Joseph Fenestrier shoes, both from Barneys New York stores nationwide; Matsuda socks from Matsuda, N.Y.C.
**Page 321:** Renée Zellweger's Todd Oldham stole by special order from Todd Oldham, N.Y.C.
**Page 340:** Styled by Tina Skouras; **Jerry Stiller's** shirt and cardigan sweater by Ermenegildo Zegna, from Ermenegildo Zegna, N.Y.C.

## Beauty and Grooming

**Cover: Renée Zellweger's** hair styled with the Cream, Leave-In Conditioner and Styling Treatment, from Paul Mitchell. All makeup from Guerlain. On her cheeks, Powder Creme Blusher in Brun Rose No. 3; on her lips, Kisskiss Hydro-Soft Lipstick, S.P.F. 8, in Rouge Étincelle No. 101. Peter Savic for Paul Mitchell Salon Hair Care; Joanne Gair for Cloutier/Makeup for Ever.
**Page 26:** See credits for pages 262–66.
**Page 32:** See credits for page 298.
**Page 69:** Bottom left, see credits for cover; bottom right, see credits for pages 262–66.
**Page 92:** Elissa Schappell's hair and makeup by John Olavarria for Pix Producers.
**Page 174:** Waldo Sanchez for Fred Segal.
**Page 241: Russell Crowe's** grooming by Garen Tolkin for Cloutier; grooming products from Aramis.
**Pages 262–66:** Pier-Giuseppe Moroni for the Carole Agency; Yasuo for Jean Gabriel Kauss.
**Page 298: Chris Rock's** hair by Scott Julion; makeup by Sylvia Viau for Cloutier.
**Page 321:** See credits for pages 262–66.
**Page 340: Jerry Stiller's** grooming by Ellen Koenigsberg for Sally Harlor.

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**Page 126:** From Popperfoto.
**Page 131:** From A.P./Wide World Photos.
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**Page 156:** From Globe Photos.
**Page 158:** Top, from Gamma Liaison; bottom, © 1993 by *Newsday*
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**Page 208:** Top, from the *Contra Costa Times*.
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**Page 269:** From Imapress/Globe Photos.
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**Page 288:** Inset from the Marlene Dietrich Collection, Berlin.
**Pages 290–91:** Magazines, record albums, and sheet music from Culver Pictures, the Geist Collection, Jerry Ohlinger's, Hilary Knight, the Magazine, and the Neal Peters Collection.
**Page 297:** Clockwise from top left, by Neshan Naltchayan, Lee Celano/Sipa Press, Gregg DeGuire/London Features, Jim Smeal/Ron Galella Ltd., Joan Adlen/CNN, Peter Kramer/Ron Galella Ltd., from A.P./Wide World Photos, by M. Ferguson/Ron Galella Ltd., Kevin Winter/Celebrity Photo, Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos, Phil Roach/IPOL, Inc.
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**Page 308:** Courtesy of Marietta Dockery.
**Pages 310–11:** Inset, top, from Magnum Photos.
**Page 321:** 1964 Aston Martin DB5 convertible from Heritage Classics, West Hollywood, California.

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# Planetarium

## Michael Lutin advises Virgos to take their heart to work

### VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

It can be frustrating emotionally when your 5th-house ruler goes retro in your 8th, but if you're lucky or smart enough to integrate it into your work and make money, sexual conflict not only ceases to be a problem but can also pay off. As Pluto moves forward in your 4th house, try not to be ashamed of embarrassing relatives. They can't help who they are. What's more, don't forget that if they're the tree you're the apple. As for your sex life, remember that once you've been rejected by a really ugly person you become a Zen master.

### LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

The pain may be unbearable, but if you want to feel better, look at Saturn's station in your 7th house. If you're a man, it's probably Mom. If you're female, it's Dad. Sexual freedom being what it is today, though, it could be *either* parent for whom you still have intense, unresolved feelings of anger or love which are standing in the way of a major relationship you are not able to enjoy. Success hangs on your ability to work through all the hostility and control issues that come out of it. One thing can't be stressed enough: tell the truth!

### SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

It's hard to tell you not to be paranoid about your health and to listen to your inner voice, because whenever you do that, it seems, all the voice says is "Get the hell out there and go to work!" A robot on an assembly line has more fun than you have been having lately. Either you're out of work and feeling like a loser or slaving away in the heat while everybody else is playing volleyball on the beach. But with Pluto going direct in your 2nd house, before you start fretting, just think of how rich healthy people truly are.

### SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

All the Beatles needed was love, love, love, and that may have been enough in the 60s, but with Saturn retrograde in your 5th house, haven't you had quite enough of the consequences of lovemaking for now? If you've got kids, they're a headache, and they seem to take everything you have to give them in the way of energy. Even if you're childless, though, with Pluto direct in your sign, your survival is at stake. Be tough. Nice guys get to play the back end of the horse, and haven't you had just about enough of that too?

### CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Your career house has been buzzing like crazy, and no wonder. With Chiron there, you've been getting some very mixed reviews. Who cares? Your head hasn't been all that into it anyway. With Saturn at the bottom of your chart, you're more concerned about family issues and about what will happen to you if you can't feed yourself when you're 80. As Pluto moves forward, throw yourself into your spiritual life. Knock on heaven's door with a humble heart, turn away from the [illegible]ld, be sincere in your prayers, and the money will follow.

### AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Might there still be a few unevolved Aquarians out there who do not [illegible] with their sisters and brothers? It's understandable, per[illegible] with your 12th-house ruler in your 3rd, things get complex and boring. Besides, with Pluto going forward in Sagittarius, [illegible] turning away from all the petty squabbles and political [illegible]nity of those these days. Isn't it odd? You [illegible] you've had for years. But when Pluto [illegible] move on

### PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

These days, even billionaire Pisceans could be having money problems. First of all, many members of your sign actually are super-rich. They don't all throw success away five minutes after they get it. And you *could* really feel burdened by your wealth right now, whether it is flowing freely or whether you have stashed thirty zillion dollars away in Switzerland. Over the next few years Pluto will show you just how unimportant such feelings are. In fact, you'll be thrilled to pieces just to be able to look in the mirror and see that you're still here.

### ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

This is about as far as you go. Intellectually and spiritually, of course, there is no limit, because your 9th-house Pluto expands your consciousness and exposes you to all sorts of new truths. As you gain greater wisdom and perspective, you'll be much richer. Don't doubt that for a second. It's just that with Saturn now going retrograde in your sign, you'd really be wise to stop whatever it is you've been doing. No more blindly pushing ahead and thinking of yourself. Your ego is getting whacked with a hammer, and the only hope is higher consciousness.

### TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

You're definitely a creature of appetite. That's your birthright, and it's no sin. In fact, half the Tauruses on the planet look as if they'd been rolled out with a batch of cinnamon buns. With Saturn and Pluto in your 12th and 8th houses, respectively, you've got to go easy, though. It's getting a little embarrassing to see that many Tauruses are becoming obsessed with their sexuality. That's the wrong path. The right path would be to adopt a higher purpose, acknowledge the brevity of life, and renounce the illusions of all earthly desire. Oh, sure!

### GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

You've been getting rather compulsive in your quest to remain free, lest you not be available when the "real thing" comes along. Forget it. As the ruler of your 8th house goes retrograde in your 11th, wake up and smell the cappuccino. Your life is on the line, and you're being watched. Not by space aliens or the C.I.A., but by the people you depend on. They are waiting to see if you're going to grow in your ability to relate truthfully or continue believing you can just trot off on a whim without consulting anyone. Think you can escape your captor?

### CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

You may be the darling of millions, but your astrologer implores you to resist thinking that the next step could be sainthood. When the natural ruler of your midheaven stops in your 10th house, what you *don't* want to do is get uppity, think you're above the law, and forget that everybody has someone he or she has to answer to. If you doubt any of this, it may interest you to know that Richard Nixon had this same planetary configuration during Watergate. As for your health, how many times do you have to be told about the evils of fat?

### LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Leos who had all but decided to pack up their hair-care and collagen products and move to Scandinavia, where they could live out their fantasies in peace, have decided not to relocate after all. With Saturn retrograde in your 9th house, trips will be delayed or canceled. Could be a blessing in disguise. One other thing: don't shrink from the thrill or pain of love, or from performing a number you haven't dared perform. Get out of your head and into your heart. Your heart, by the way, is the organ you should be focusing on, if you catch the drift.

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# Jerry Stiller

From his *Ed Sullivan Show* days to his current success as Frank Costanza on *Seinfeld*, Jerry Stiller has proved to be the most resilient of comedy stars. This month, he takes five from berating his hapless TV son, George, to star in HBO's *Subway Stories* and to reflect here on the joys of Eddie Cantor, Sherlock Holmes, and raising his real-life showbiz family



**What is your greatest fear?**
Jerry Stiller without Anne Meara.

**What is your idea of perfect happiness?**
To continue to perform.

**What is your favorite occupation?**
Getting paid to act.

**What is your most marked characteristic?**
Hollering at George Costanza.

**What do you consider your greatest achievement?**
Marriage and raising a family while having a career.

**Which historical figure do you most identify with?**
Eddie Cantor. He made people laugh during the Depression.

**Which living person do you most admire?**
Chuck Feeney, who gave away millions anonymously.

**Who is your hero in real life?**
Barbara Buloff, my therapist.

**Who is your favorite hero of fiction?**
Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson.

**Which living person do you most despise?**
I'm working on it.

**What is your greatest extravagance?**
Overtipping the people who love my work.

**What is your favorite journey?**
Jerusalem. Where it all began.

**What do you consider the most overrated virtue?**
Saintliness.

**On what occasion do you lie?**
When telling someone the truth is too painful.

**What do you dislike most about your appearance?**
No space between my pelvis and floating rib. It's lowered my height.

**Which words or phrases do you most overuse?**
"Fill me in."

**What is your greatest regret?**
My mother not seeing my marriage work out and my mother never seeing her grandkids.

**When and where were you happiest?**
At a screening of *Seize the Day* in the 80s.

**What is your most treasured possession?**
My memory.

**Where would you like to live?**
Where I am right now, but on a higher floor.

**What do you most value in your friends?**
That they don't take me seriously.

**How would you like to die?**
Not onstage. It would ruin the show.

**If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?**
A whale.

**If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?**
Myself, without baggage.

**What is your motto?**
*Qui s'excuse s'accuse.* (He who excuses himself accuses himself.)



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## BIG TROUBLE
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## PORTRAIT OF AN ACTRESS
NICOLE KIDMAN'S REMARKABLE YEAR
BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

PLUS:
FRAN LEBOWITZ ON RACE
DAVID HALBERSTAM ON HORST FAAS
JAMES WOLCOTT ON WEEGEE
LAURA JACOBS ON NORMAN NORELL
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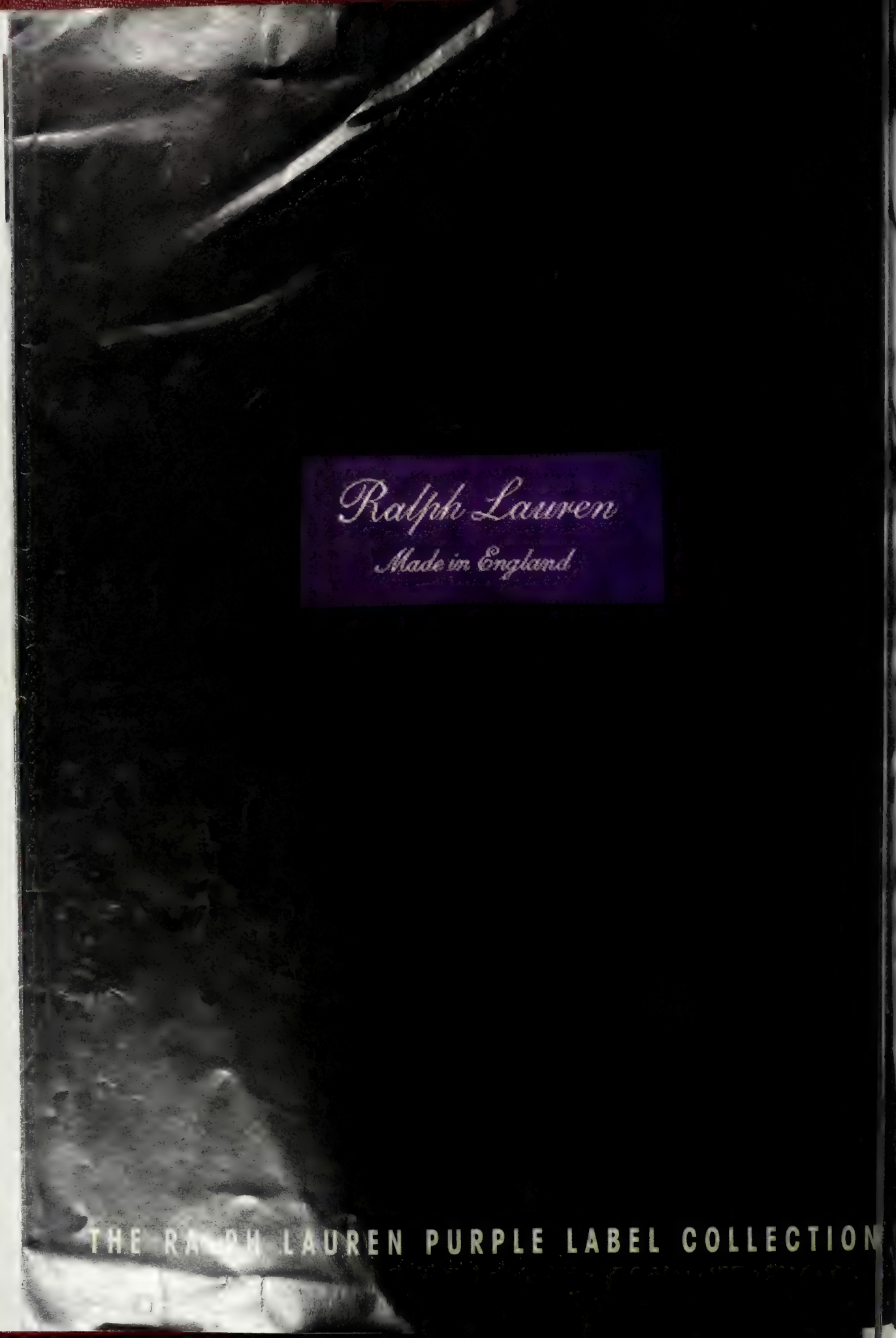


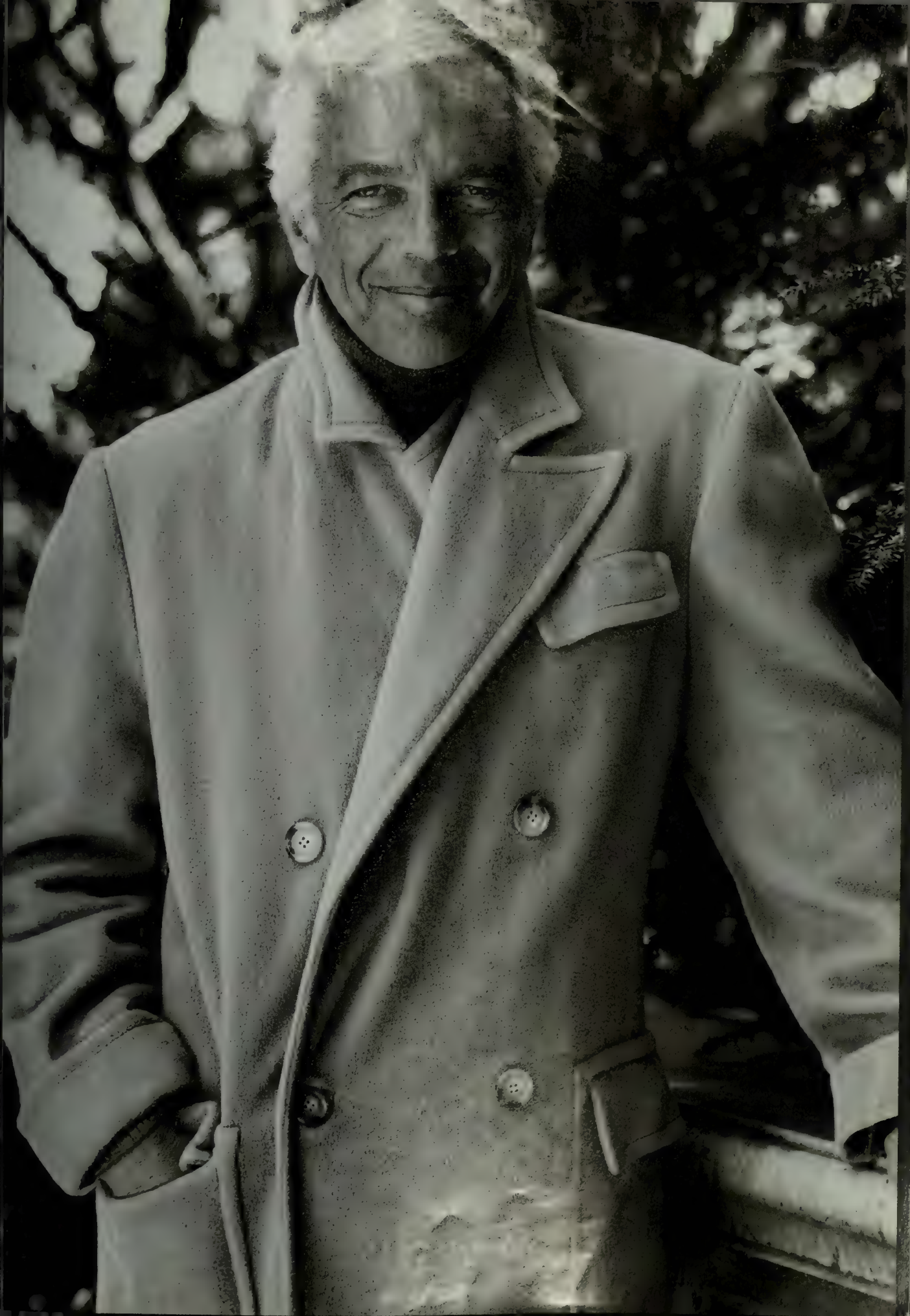





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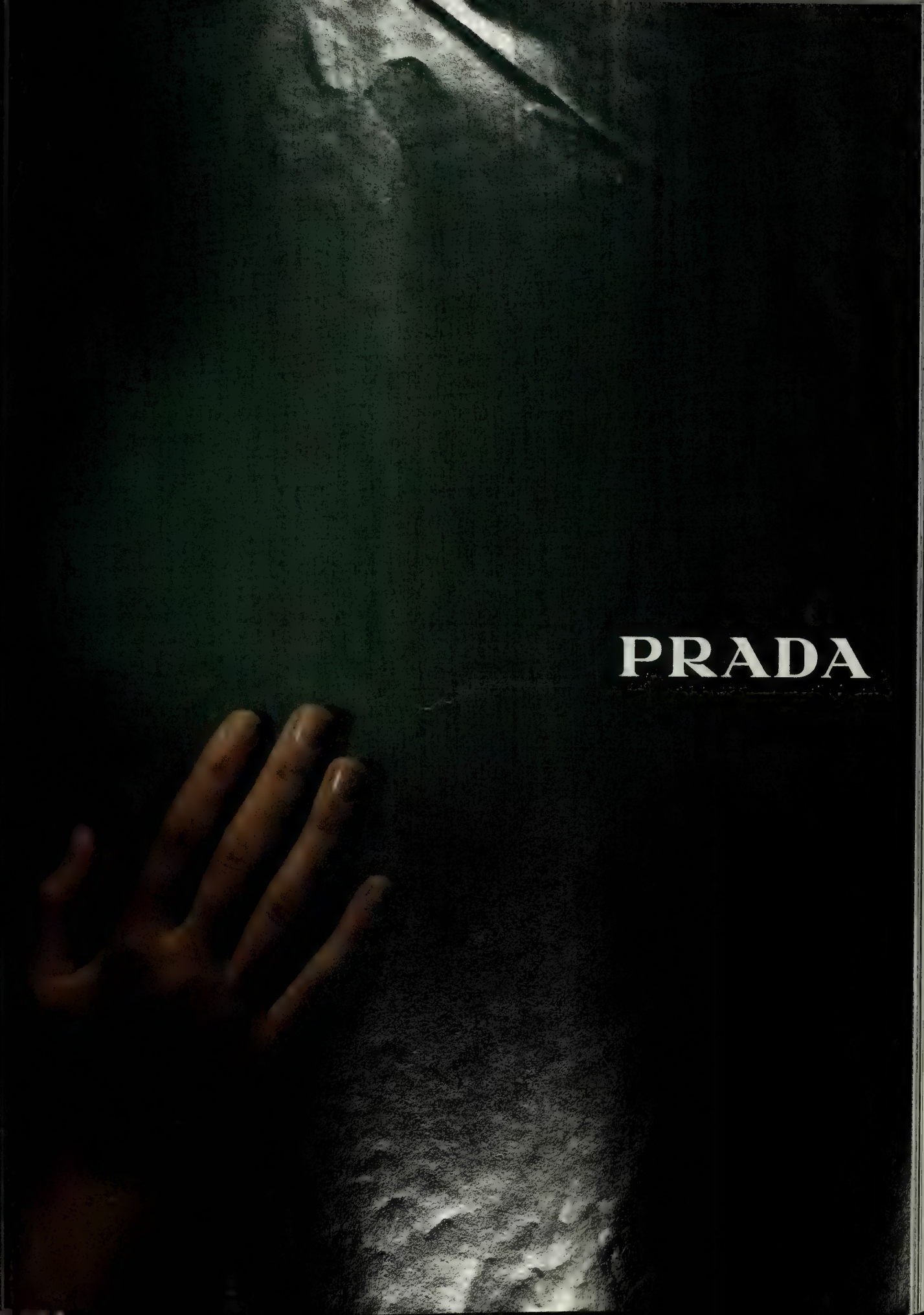
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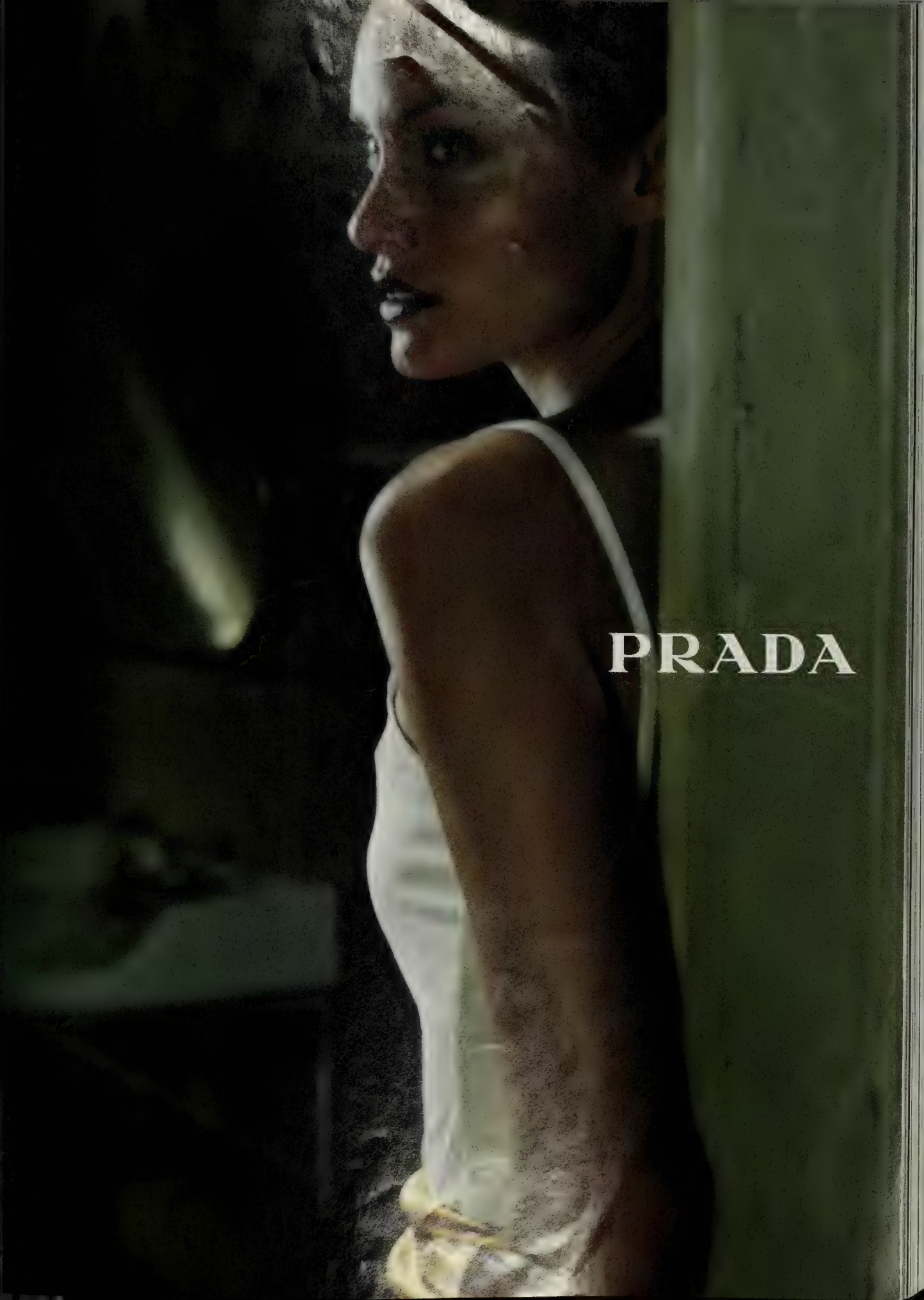

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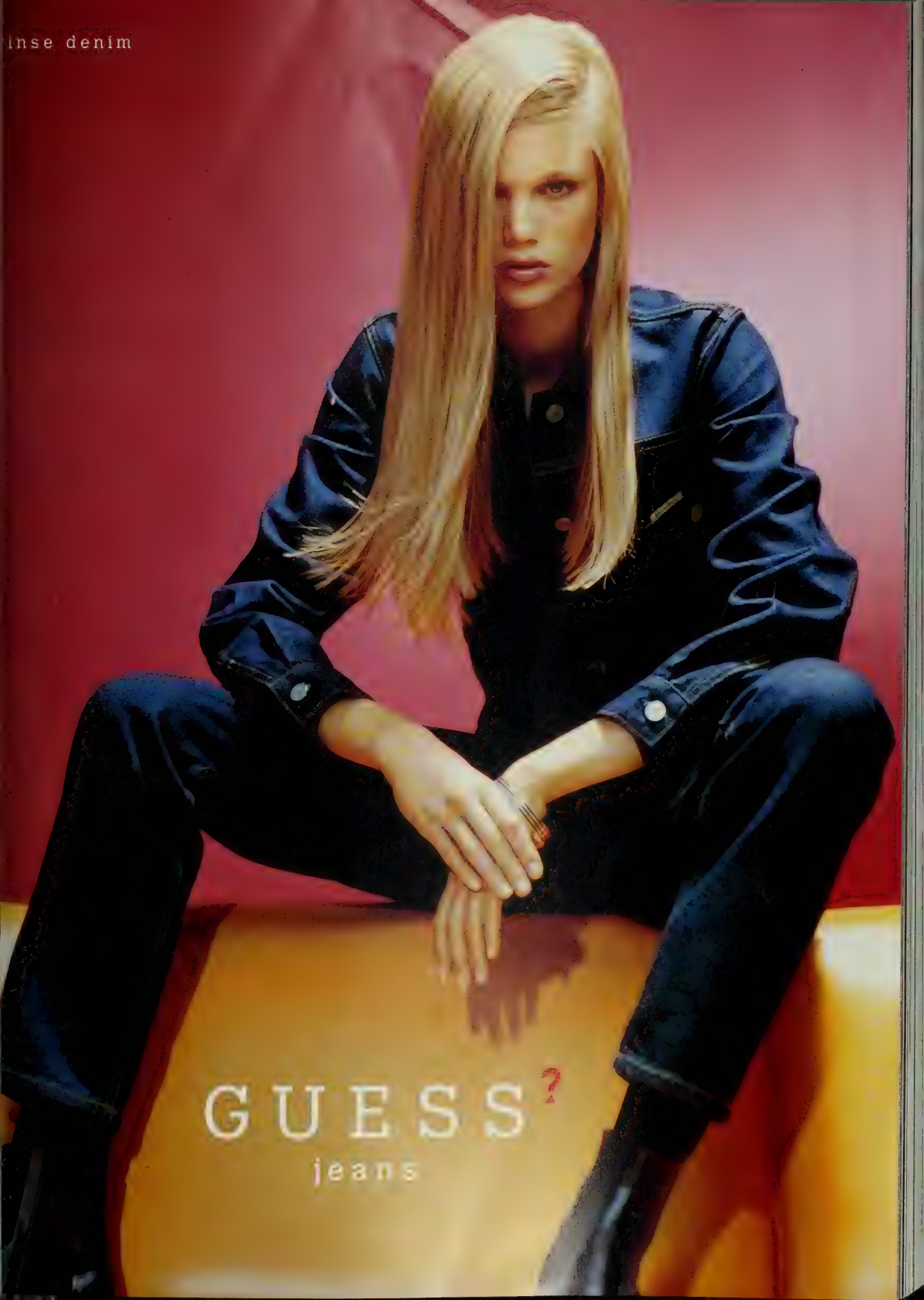
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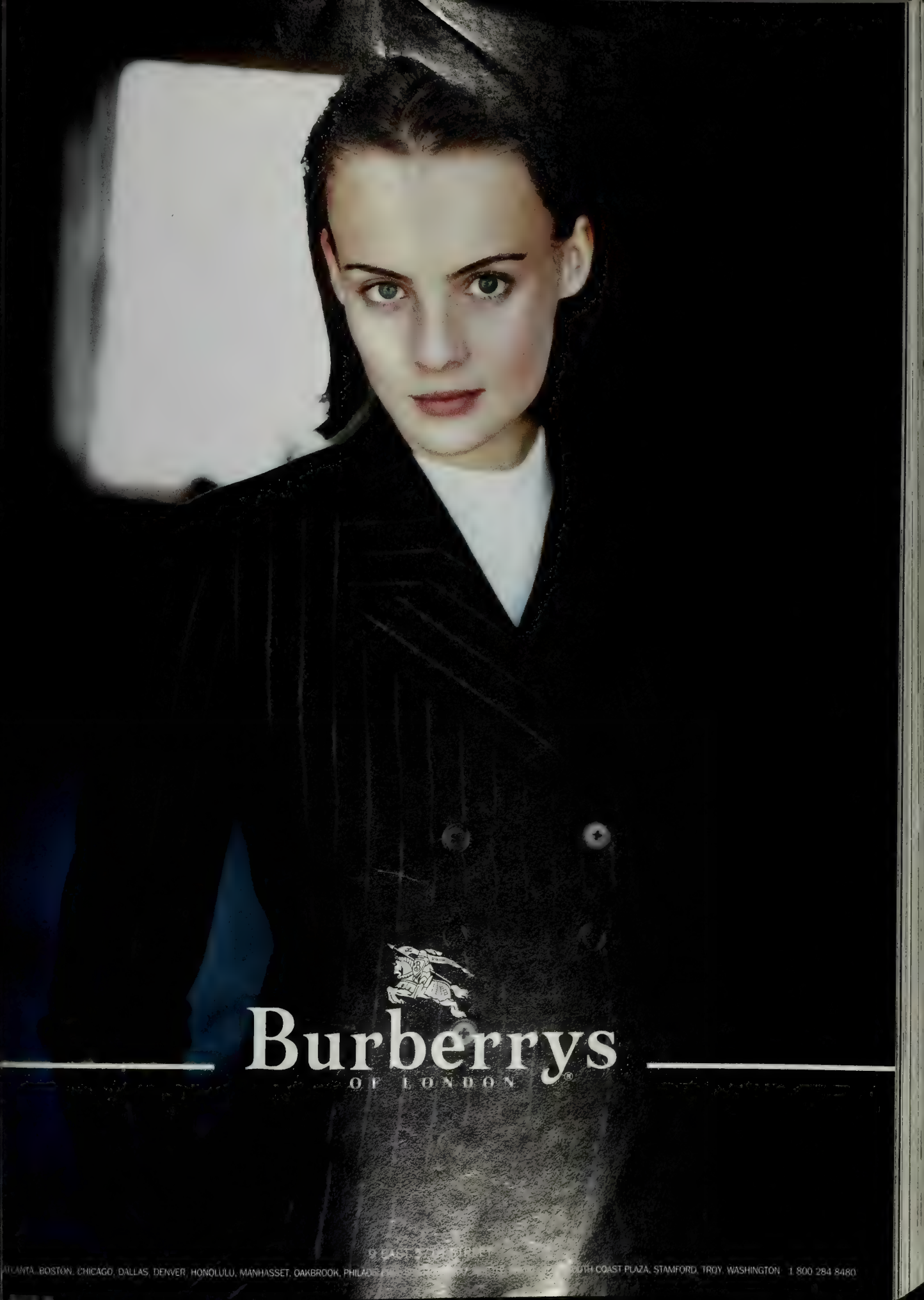



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Starring in *The Peacemaker* and in Stanley Kubrick's first film in 10 years, *Eyes Wide Shut,* Nicole Kidman shows Michael Shnayerson that, while her marriage is happy, she's no longer just Mrs. Tom Cruise. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

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For 50 years, famed explorer Heinrich Harrer kept hidden his membership in Hitler's SS. But, H. G. Bissinger reports, a new movie based on his life, *Seven Years in Tibet,* landed Harrer in dangerous territory. Portrait by Helmut Newton.

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Bruce Weber spotlights Matt Damon, who's on the fast track in three big-director movies.

### 'DANCE' FEVER | 342

With virtually every icon of the British stage appearing in an eight-hour, $13 million television adaptation of *A Dance to the Music of Time,* Nicholas Coleridge predicts a revival of Anthony Powell's masterwork. Photographs by Michael Roberts.

### WEEGEE'S NAKED EYE | 346

Next month, the International Center of Photography Midtown will be wall-to-wall Weegee. James Wolcott examines the 1940s crime photographer's affinity for the underbelly of New York.

### NO ONE BUT NORELL | 354

On the 25th anniversary of his death, Laura Jacobs recalls Seventh Avenue's first fashion icon, Norman Norell, whose sequined sheaths and designer perfume made him New York's answer to Paris.


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*V.F.*'s third annual list ranks the 50 most powerful players of the Information Age, while Annie Leibovitz gets an exclusive group portrait in Sun Valley, Idaho. Illustrations by Tim Sheaffer.

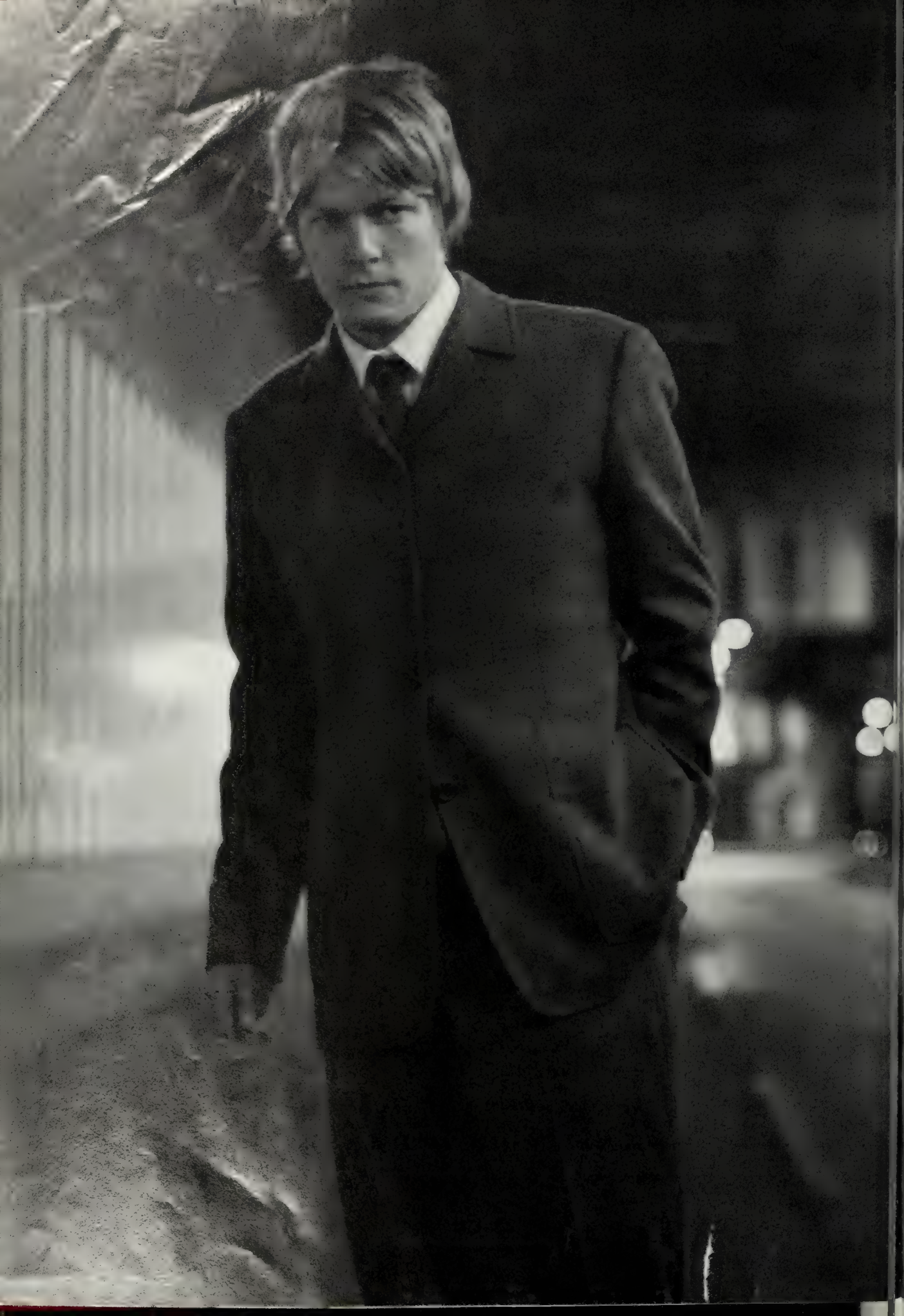

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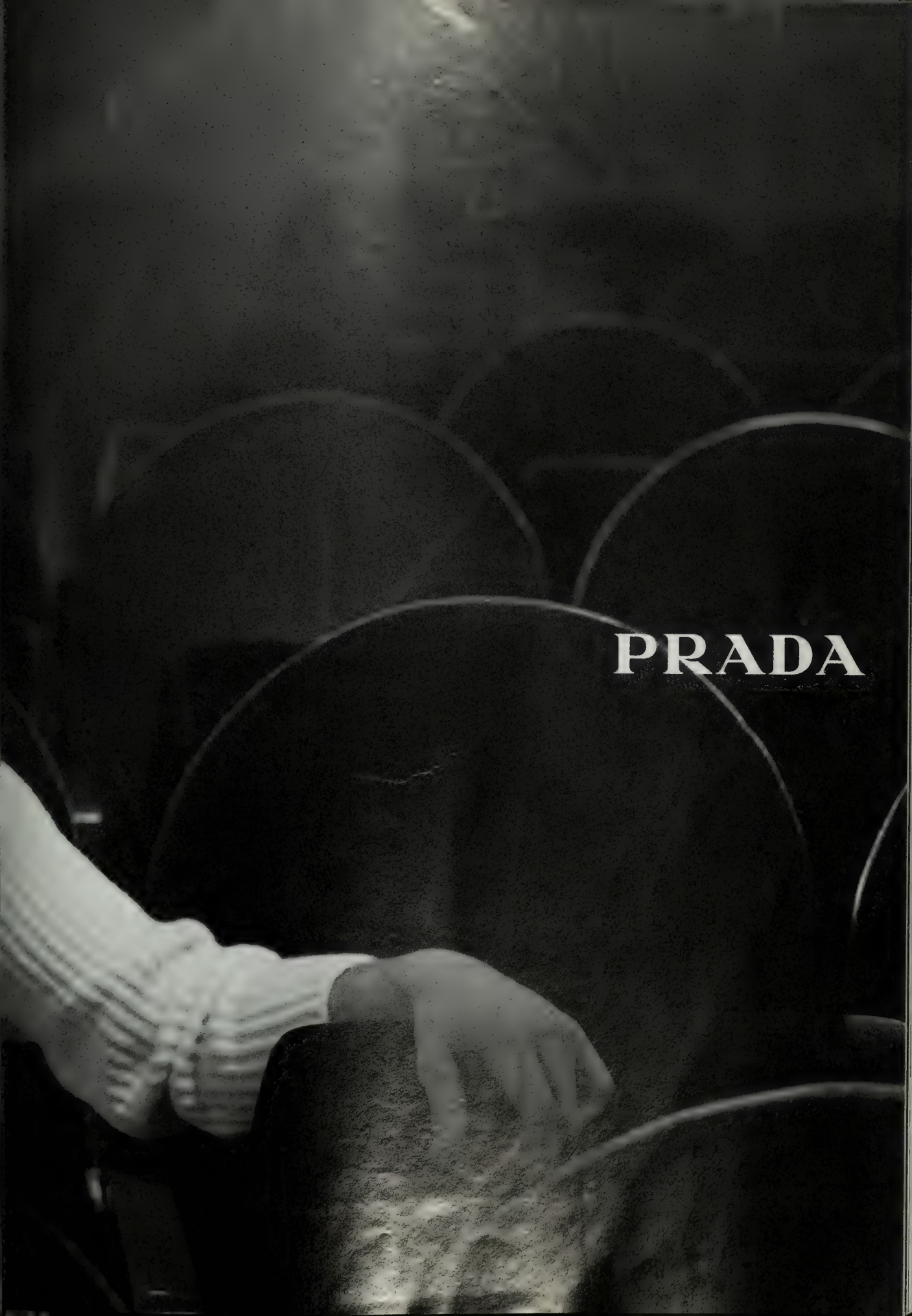

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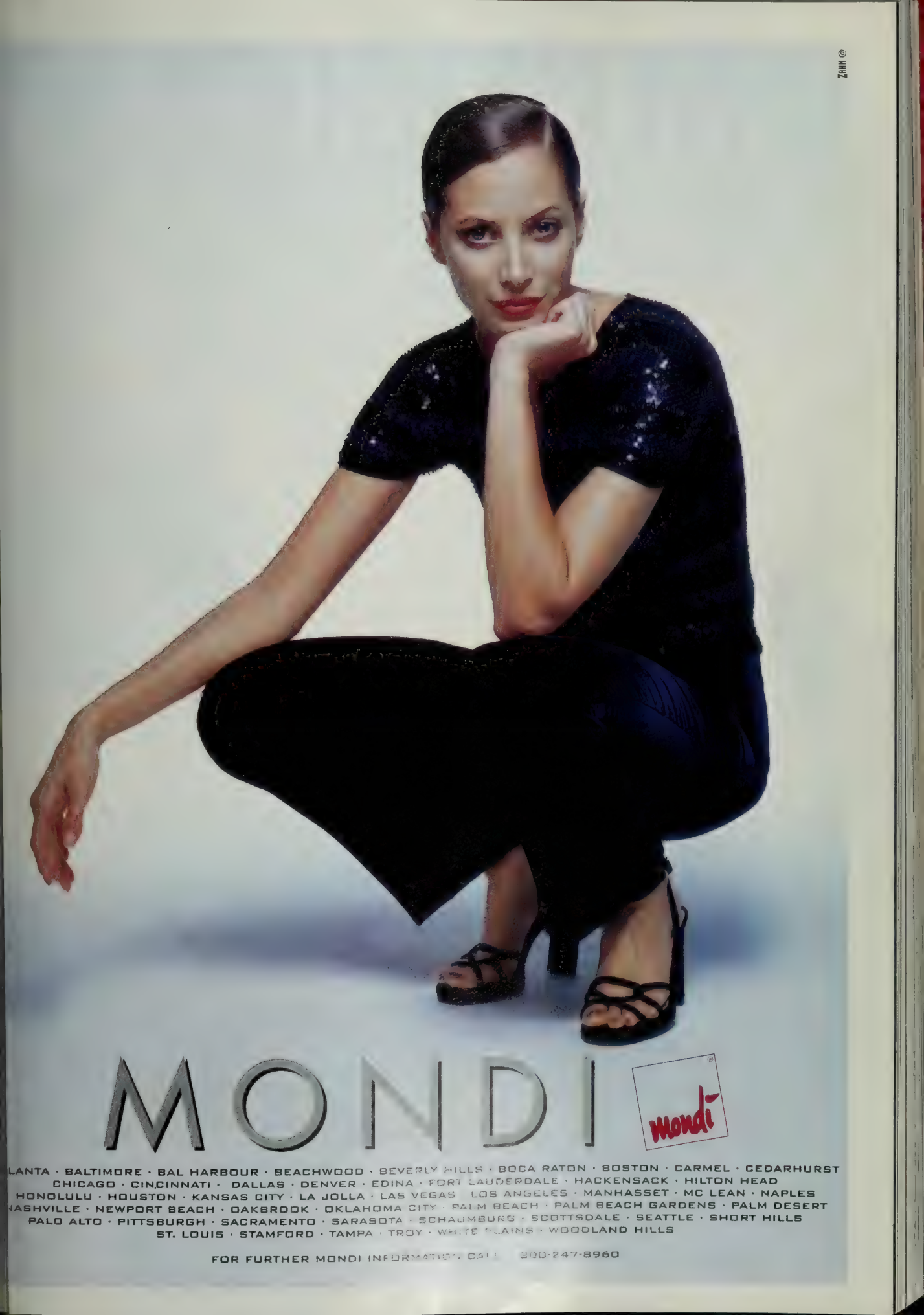
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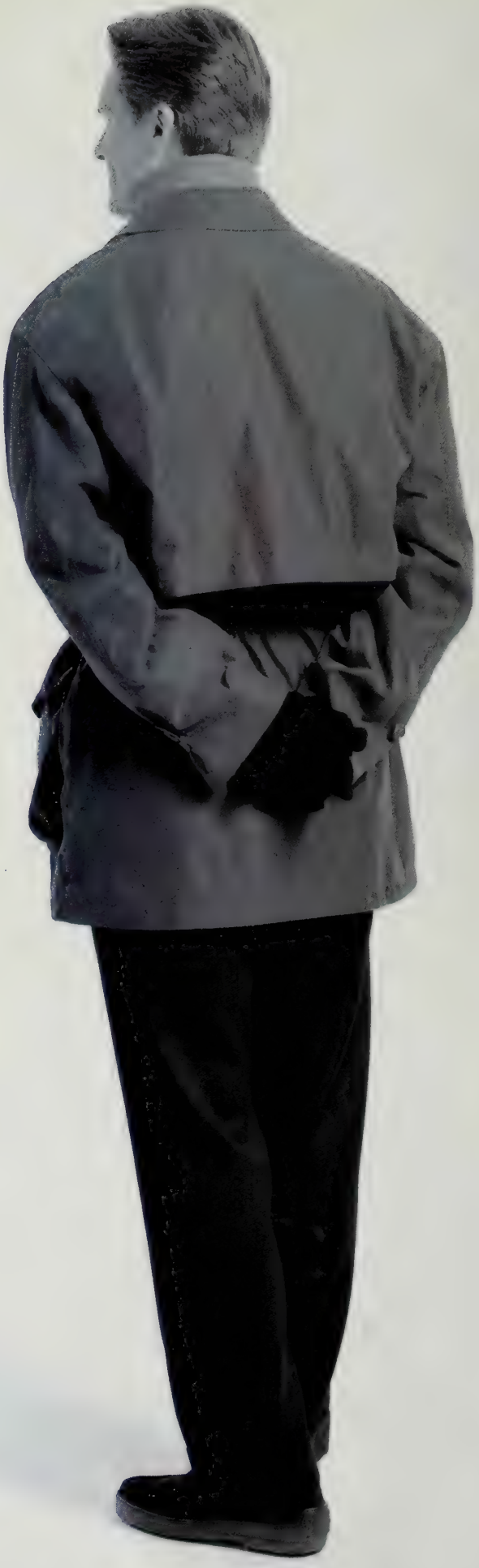
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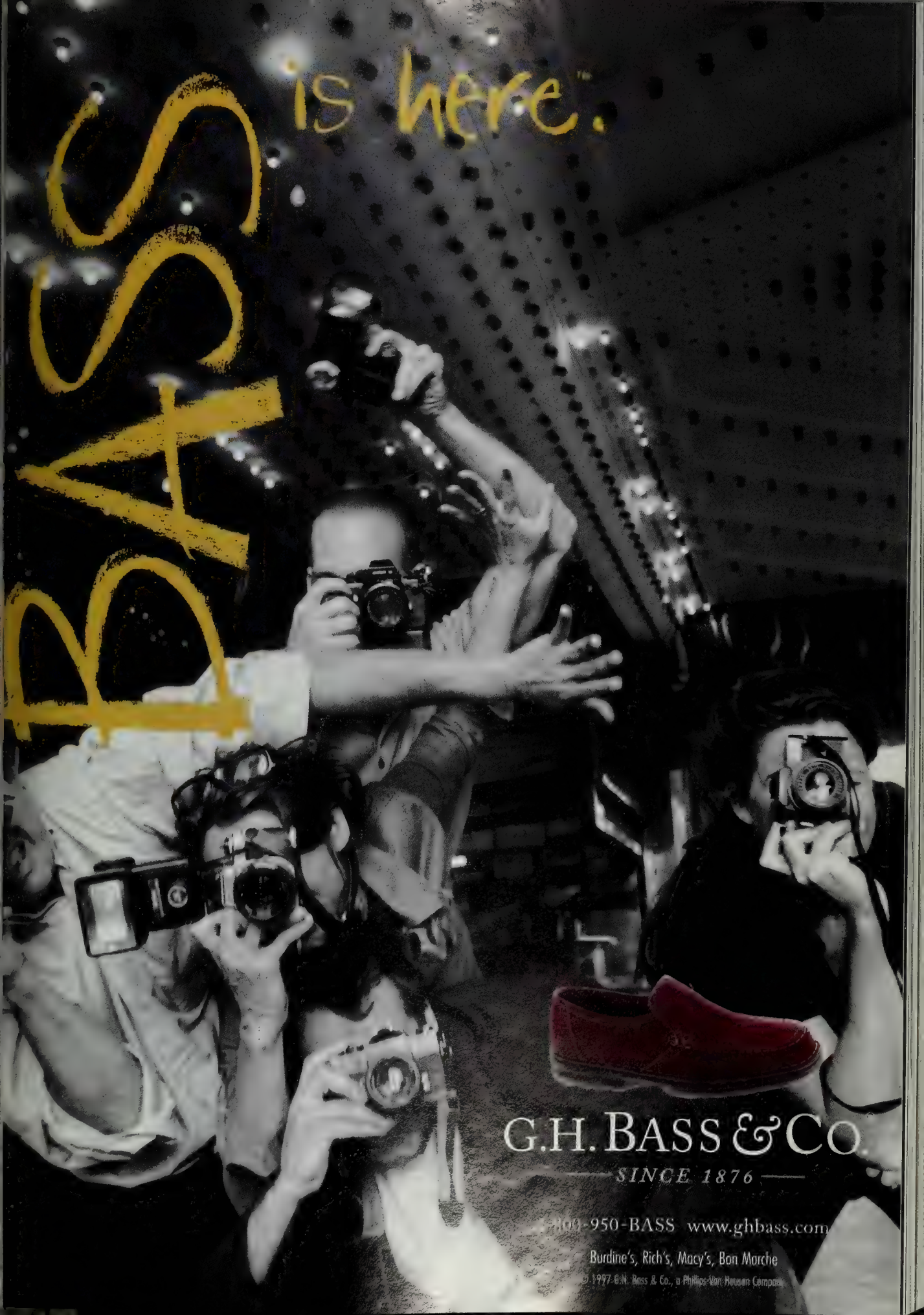
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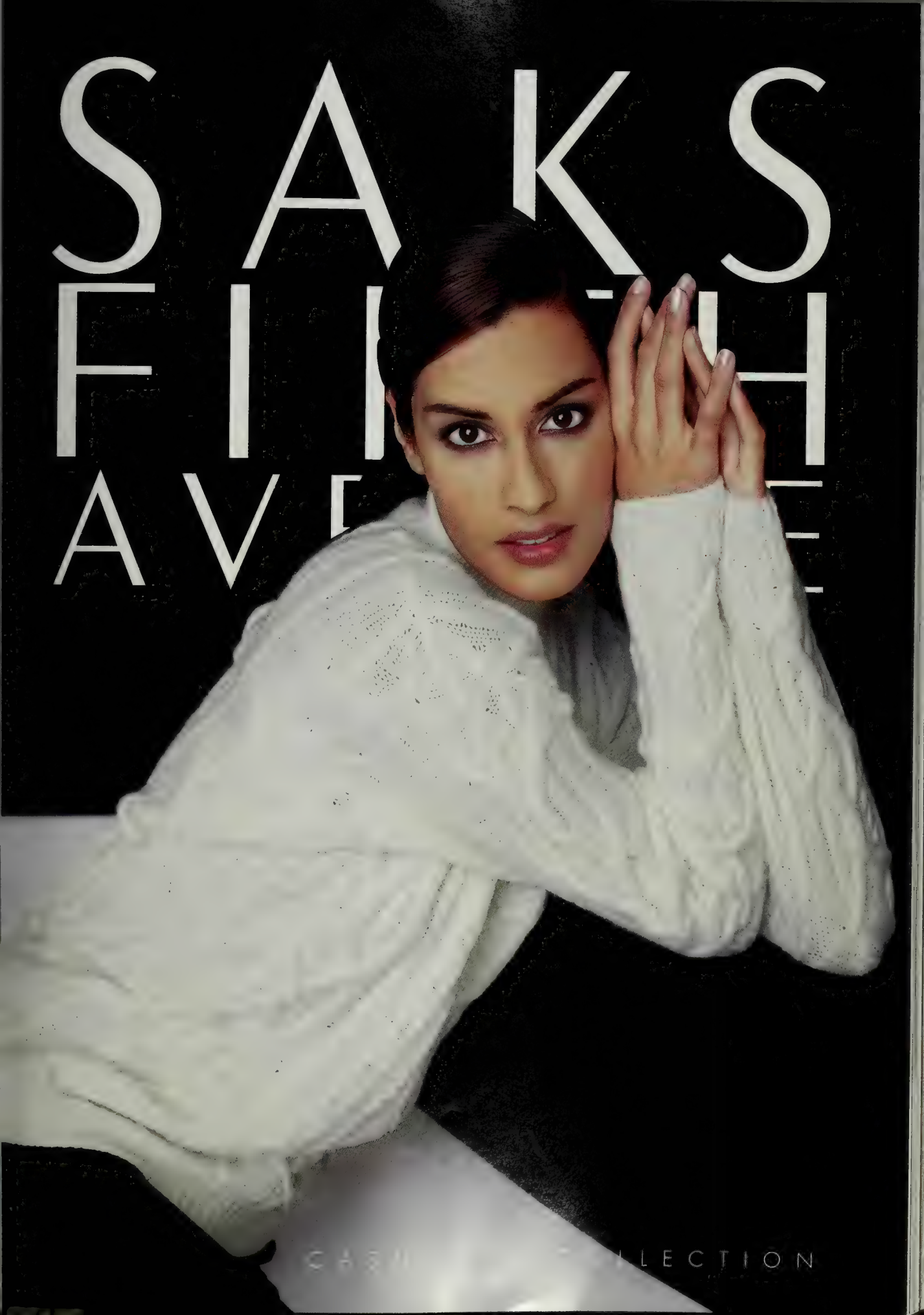
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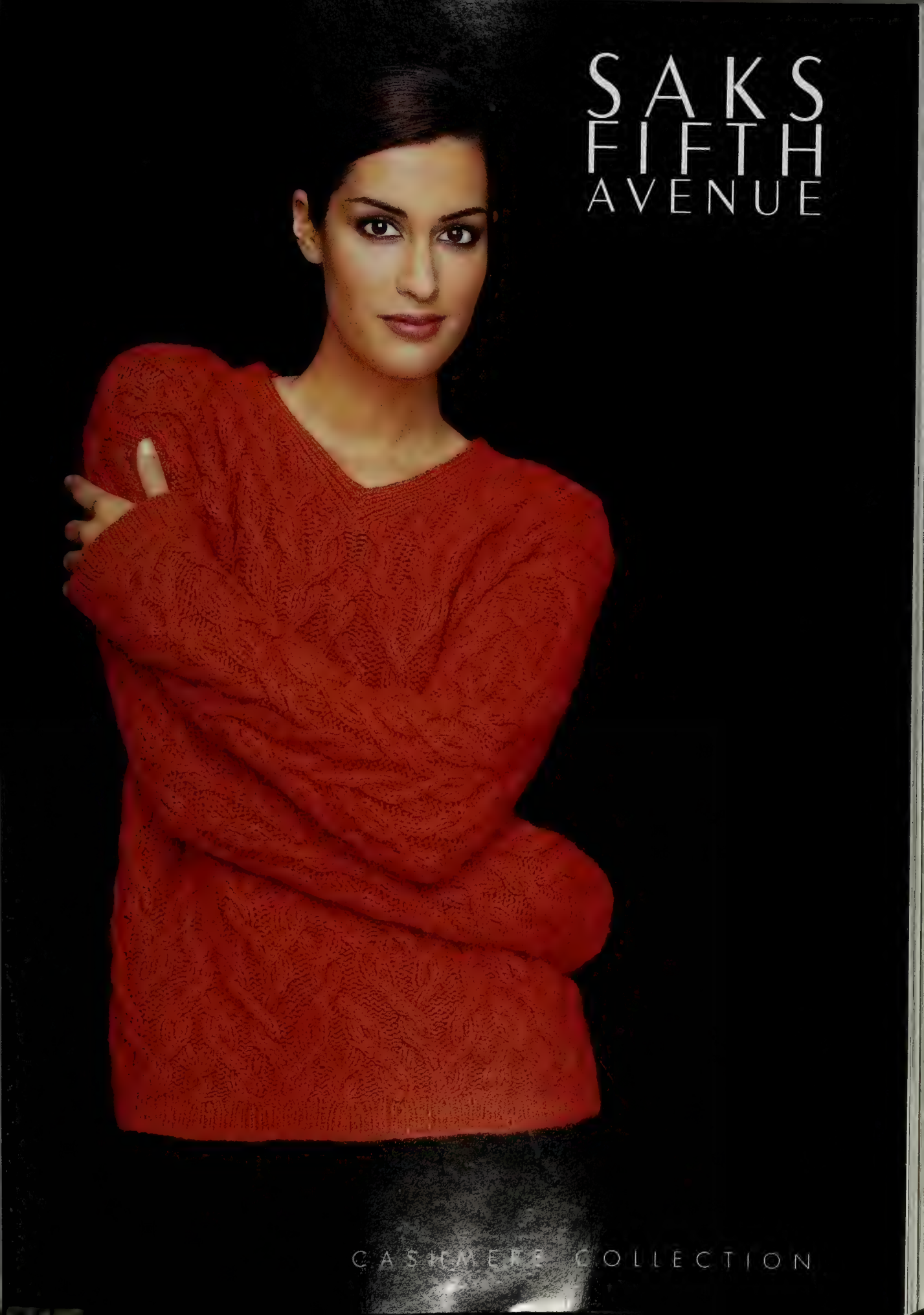
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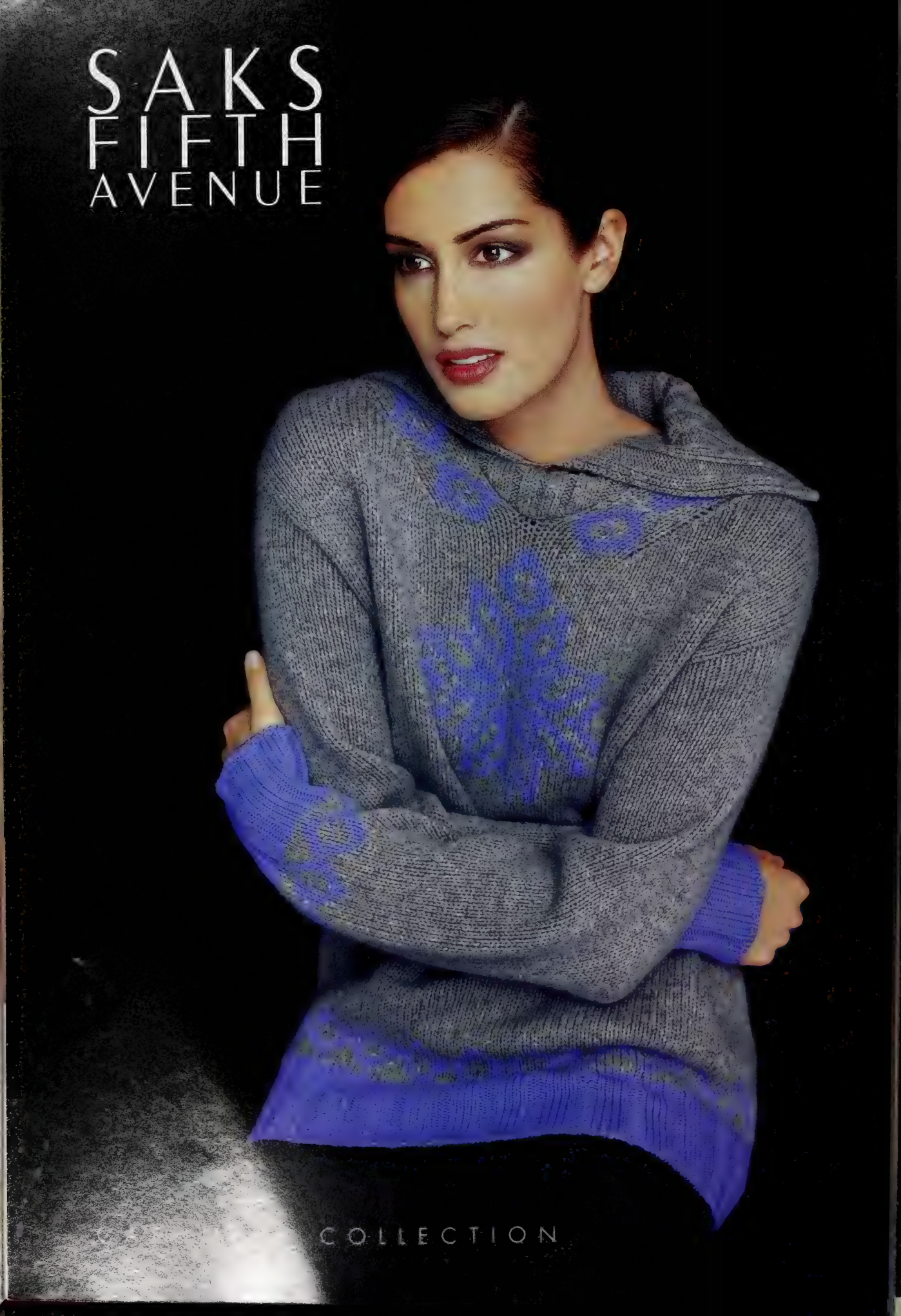


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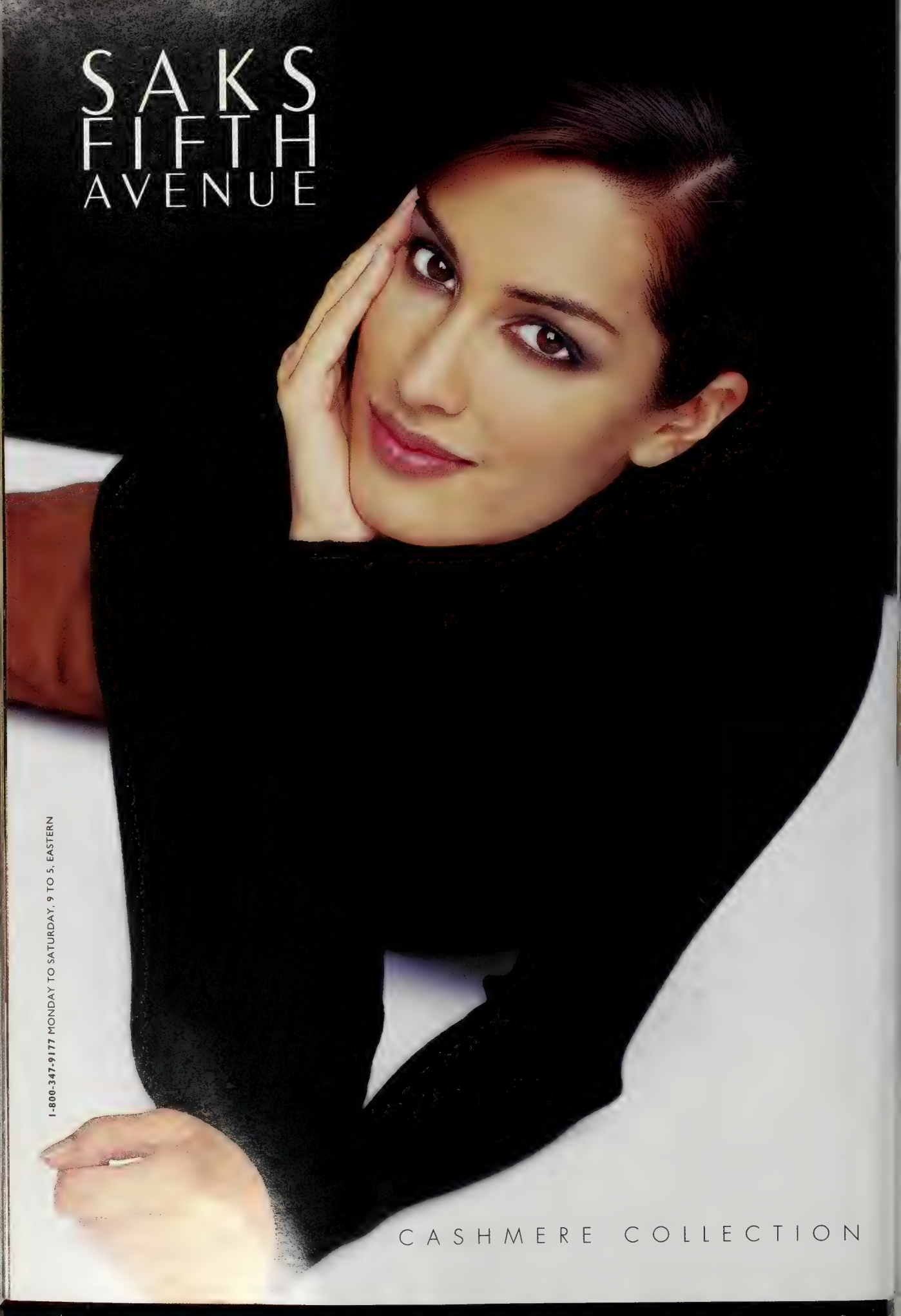

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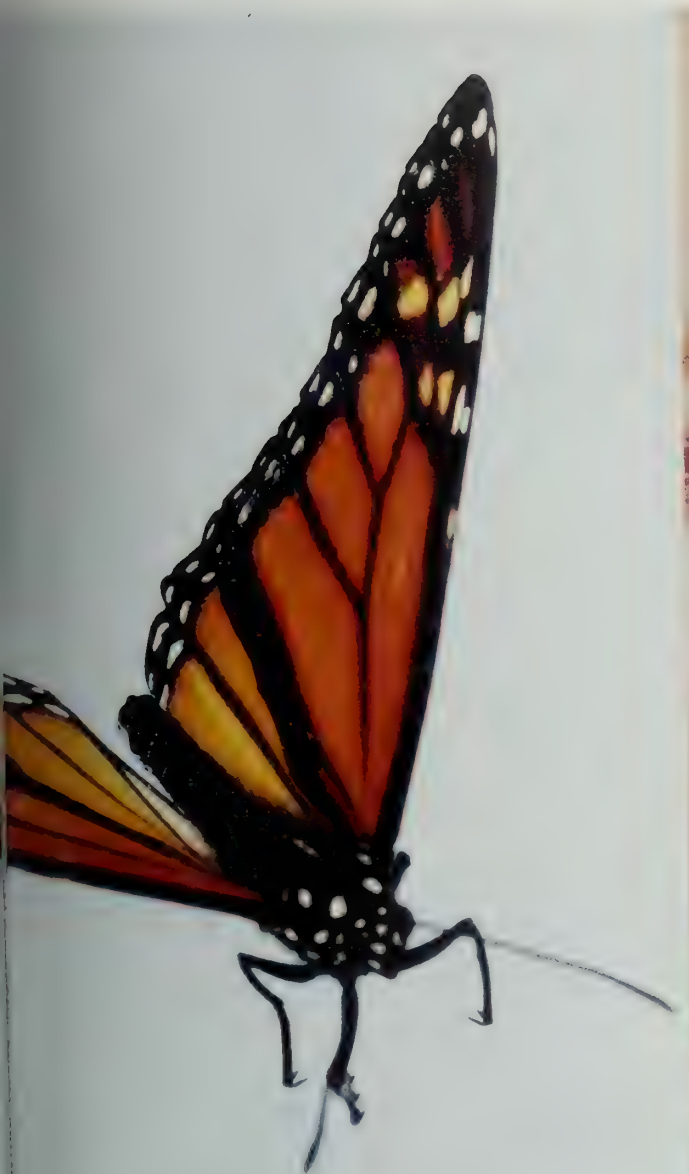

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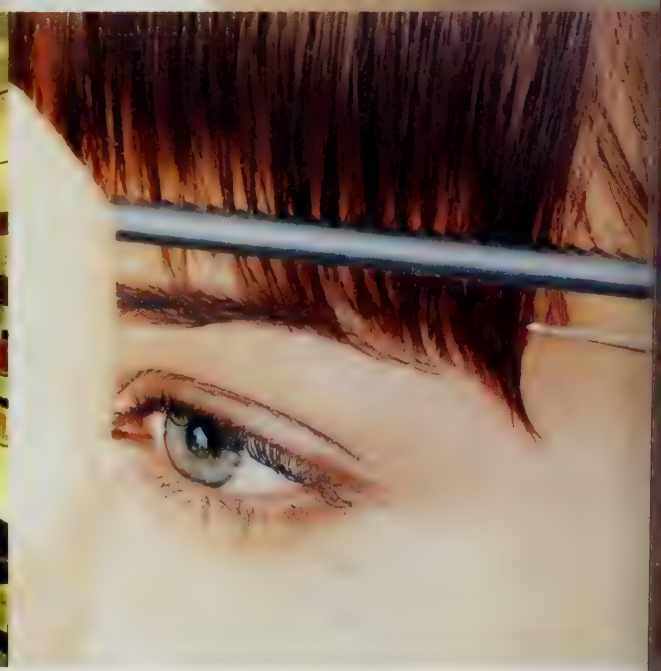
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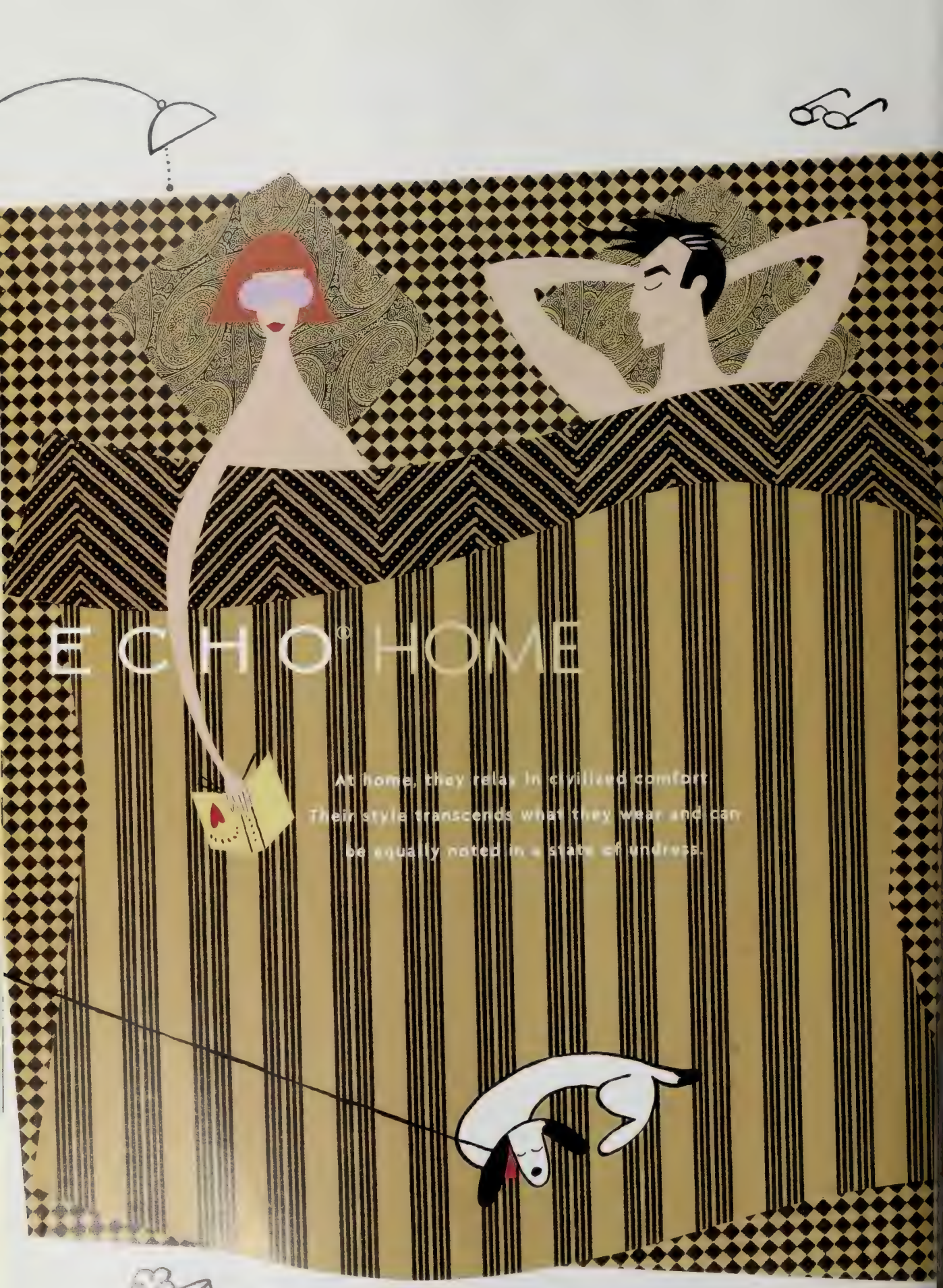


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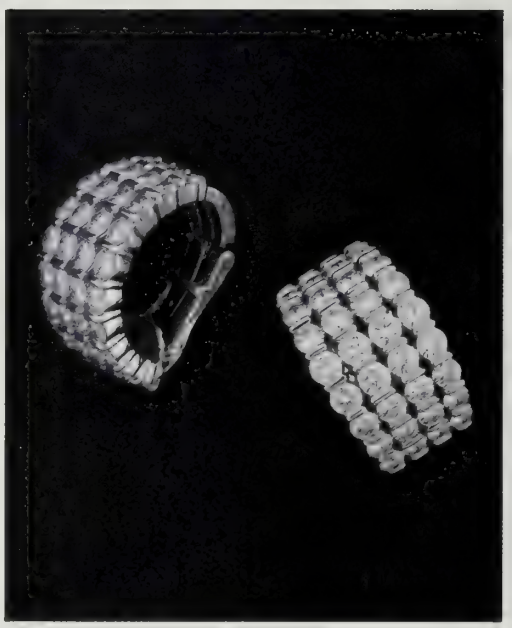


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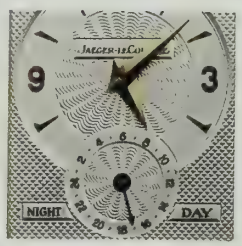
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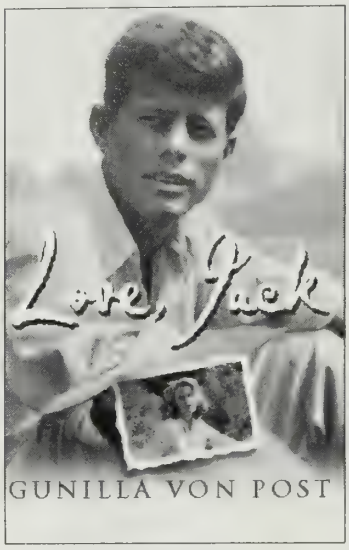
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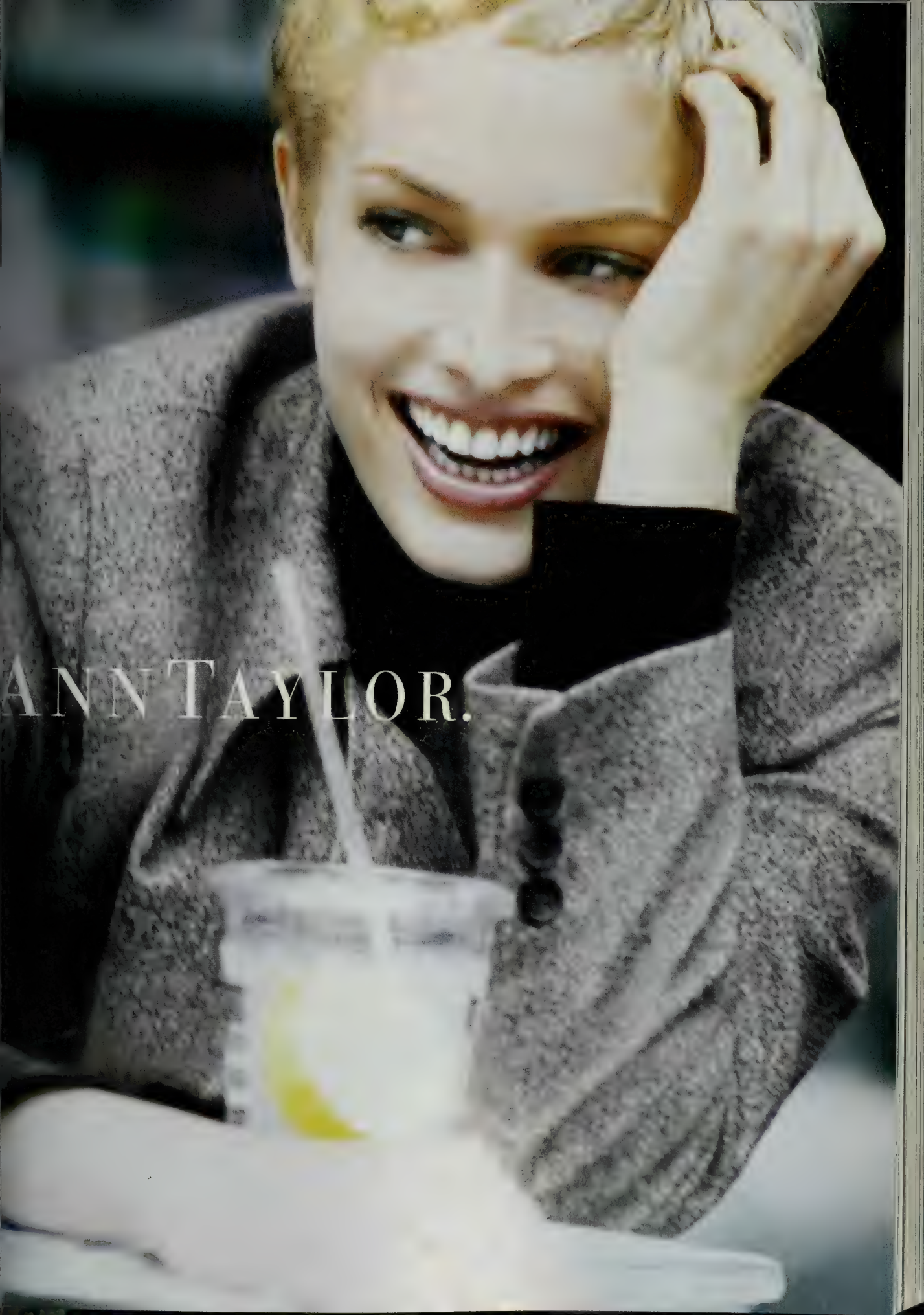

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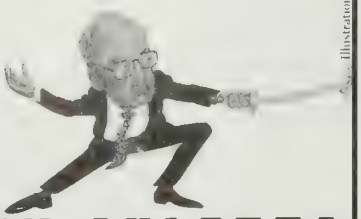


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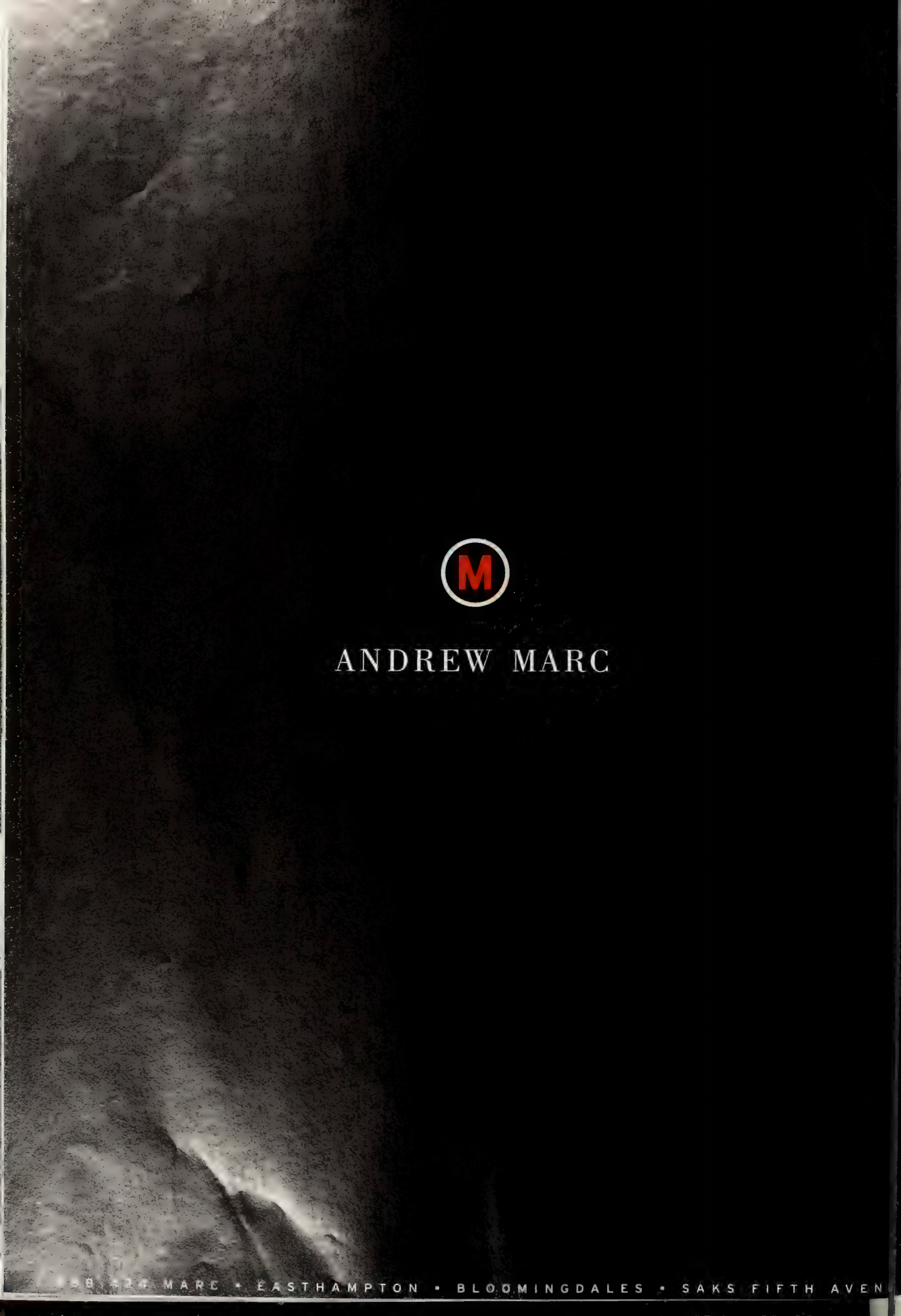
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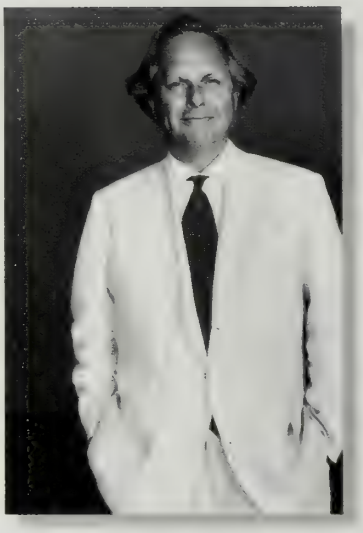
Time-Off Revitalizer is gentle enough even for sensitive skin. It's formulated at a non-irritating pH level and is hypo-allergenic and fragrance-free. **In the Almay Cosmetics Section.**

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ON THE MARC

# The Best and the Brightest



In the Harvard class of 1955 were three remarkable young men: David Halberstam, Sydney H. Schanberg, and J. Anthony Lukas. All would go on to work for *The New York Times* and all would win Pulitzer Prizes, journalism's highest recognition of excellence. And all three, along with another Pulitzer winner, H. G. Bissinger, have work in this issue.

Halberstam won his Pulitzer in 1964 for his *New York Times* reporting from Vietnam. In "Cameras Courageous," on page 252, he unveils the latest project of a celebrated chum from the early days of the Vietnam War, photographer Horst Faas—who won two Pulitzers for his work in battle. Faas has a new book out this fall, *Requiem,* which pays homage to his colleagues who weren't so lucky—the photographers who died recording the war in Vietnam.

Schanberg also received his Pulitzer for war reporting. His coverage of the fall of Phnom Penh in 1975 became the basis for *The Killing Fields,* the Oscar-winning film starring Sam Waterston. Schanberg returned to Cambodia to file his dispatch on page 226, about the July trial of Pol Pot and the fresh conflict that has ripped through the nation—a story all the more tragic for the familiar echoes it contains.

Bissinger, a *V.F.* contributing editor, earned his Pulitzer in 1987, having spent two and a half years investigating corruption in the courts for *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* His subject this month, Heinrich Harrer, whom he profiles on page 332, is one of the last great explorers of the 20th century. To say Harrer's life reads like fiction is an understatement. He was with the first group to conquer the Eiger's "Murder Wall." In 1939, while on a mountaineering expedition, he was impri oned in India by the British. After almo five years in confinement, he escaped ar trekked for nearly two years until he reache Lhasa, Tibet. There he met, and for sever months tutored, a young boy, the Dalai Lam

Harrer's growing fame brought with a revelation that has shattered his publ image: as a young man in German-domina ed Austria, he became a member of Hitler SS, in order to become a skiing and spor instructor for an SS unit. His exploits, whi he described—minus the Nazi bit—in the no classic *Seven Years in Tibet,* have become t basis for a film of the same name, starri Brad Pitt, which is being released next mont

Lukas was a two-time Pulitzer winner. H won his first in 1968 for a *New York Tim* story about the drug-related murder of a Connecticut teena er. The second he received in 1986 for his book *Comm Ground,* which detailed the traumatic effect of school deseg gation on three Boston families. Lukas, who took his own l in June, combined enormous empathy with the most exacti standards of accuracy and fairness. As demonstrated on pa 260 by the excerpt of his forthcoming book, *Big Trouble,* abo the 1905 murder of a former governor of Idaho—an assassin tion that shook the new American West—he also had the lit ary talents of a born storyteller. It is both a sorrow and honor to have Tony Lukas's final work in our pages.

Graydon Carter

# Just Kidman



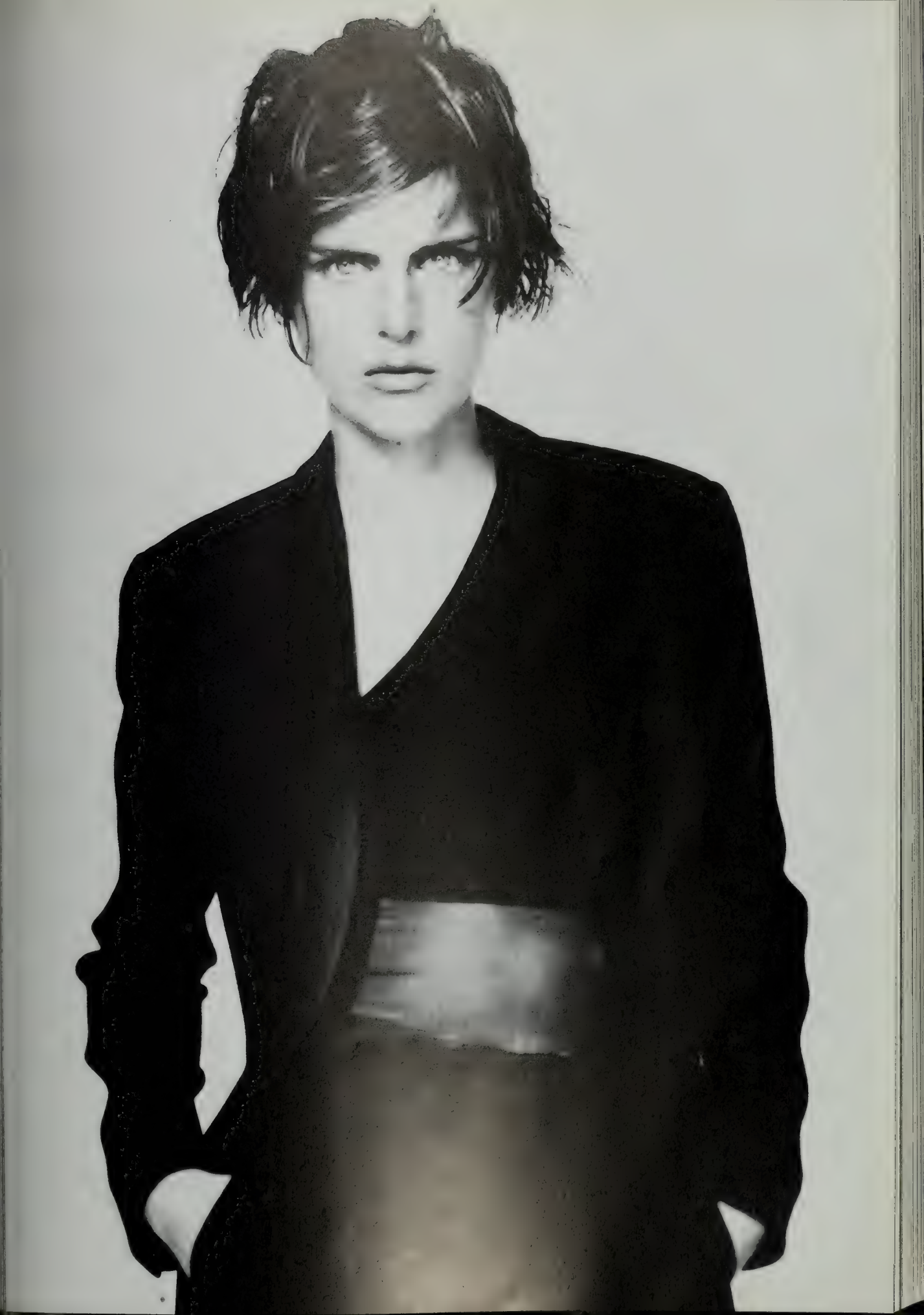
Nicole Kidman, photographed in a 1926 Bugatti Brescia, wears a suit and hat by Yohji Yamamoto, and diamond earrings by Fred & Co. Her starring role in Stanley Kubrick's [illegible] Husband Tom Cruise [illegible] their two children, Connor [illegible] two minutes from [illegible] film is being shot.



**ON THE COVE**
**Nicole Kidman's hair by Odile Gil Makeup by Kiki Savrani. Styled by Nicoletta Santoro Hair products fro Makeup from Cha Props styled by Sa Schwerdt. Photogr exclusively for *V.F.* Annie Leibovitz at t farmhouse of Vanes Virginia Woolf's sist in East Sussex, Eng**


GIORGIO ARMANI



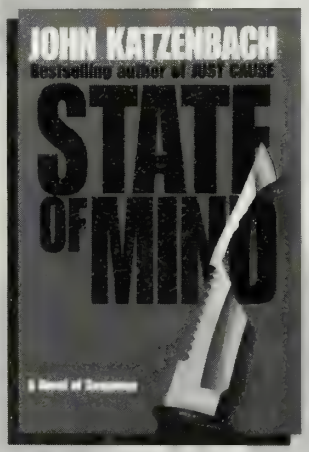





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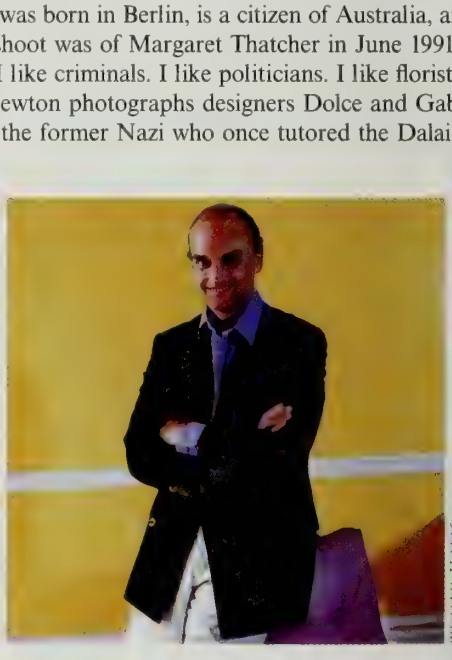



You thought the family was the safest place of all. Or is it just a state of mind?

# Contributors



"If you were to print all my thoughts and emotions," says contributing photograph **Helmut Newton,** "your subscribers would cancel their subscriptions." A typical comm from the ever colorful Newton, who was born in Berlin, is a citizen of Australia, and in Monaco. Newton's favorite *V.F.* shoot was of Margaret Thatcher in June 1991, he'll photograph virtually anyone. "I like criminals. I like politicians. I like florists. all kinds of people." In this issue, Newton photographs designers Dolce and Gabb and Heinrich Harrer (above, right), the former Nazi who once tutored the Dalai L



WILLIAM TEAKLE

For **Nicholas Coleridge,** the television adaptation of Anthony Powell's *A Dance to the Music of Time* was long overdue. Coleridge, who evaluates the production on page 342, has read the entire Powell series eight times. The managing director of Condé Nast magazines in Britain, Coleridge is also a novelist. His book *With Friends Like These* will be published next month by Thomas Dunne for St. Martin's Press.



LIKA AOSHIMA

Long known for her foreign-affairs reporting, contributing editor **Ann Louise Bardach** returns to her crime-reporter roots with this month's investigation into the murder of JonBenet Ramsey. Bardach has written several memorable crime pieces, including *V.F.*'s three-part series "The Murder Hustle." Still, how can she move so easily between crime and politics? "They're basically the same thing," Bardach says. "The only difference is that criminals usually get caught."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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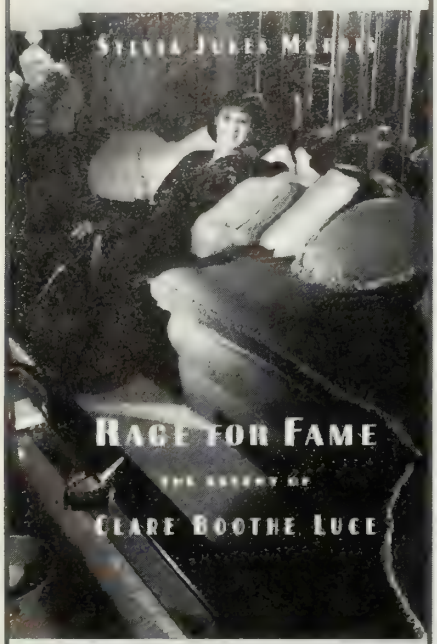

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RAGE FOR FAME

THE ASCENT OF CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

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"Her technique was simple: aim for the top."

—Helen Lawrenson

A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month [illegible]

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# Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82



Four years ago, **Laura Jacobs** began deconstructing supermodels in *The Modern Review.* Since then she's written *Barbie in Fashion,* a history of the famous doll, and *The Art of Haute Couture.* Now a *V.F.* contributor, Jacobs profiles designer Norman Norell on page 354. She notes that the designer's perfume, Norell, sold particularly well at Lord & Taylor, where Jacobs worked during college.



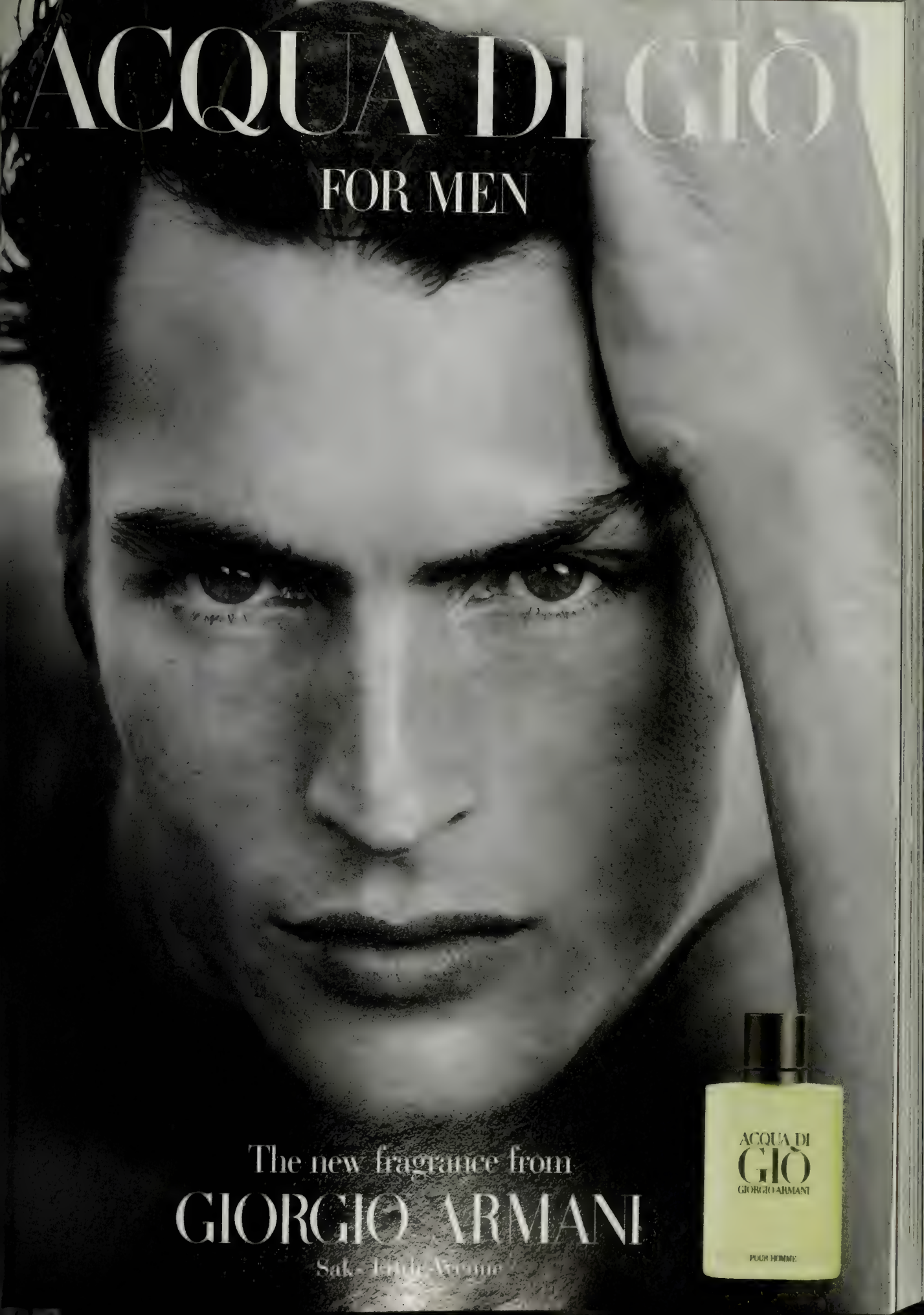
NAN BUSH

Before photographer **Bruce Weber** met Matt Damon, he called Gus Van Sant to find out what the young actor was really like (Van Sant had just finished directing the actor in *Good Will Hunting*). But by the time Van Sant returned the call, Damon had already arrived for his photo shoo at Weber's home on Long Island. "There I was, sitti with Matt and asking Gu what he's really like." Weber is currently at work on an exhibition which opens next month at London's National Portrait Gallery, and an accompanying book, *Brande Youth and Other Stories,* which will be published by Bulfinch Press.

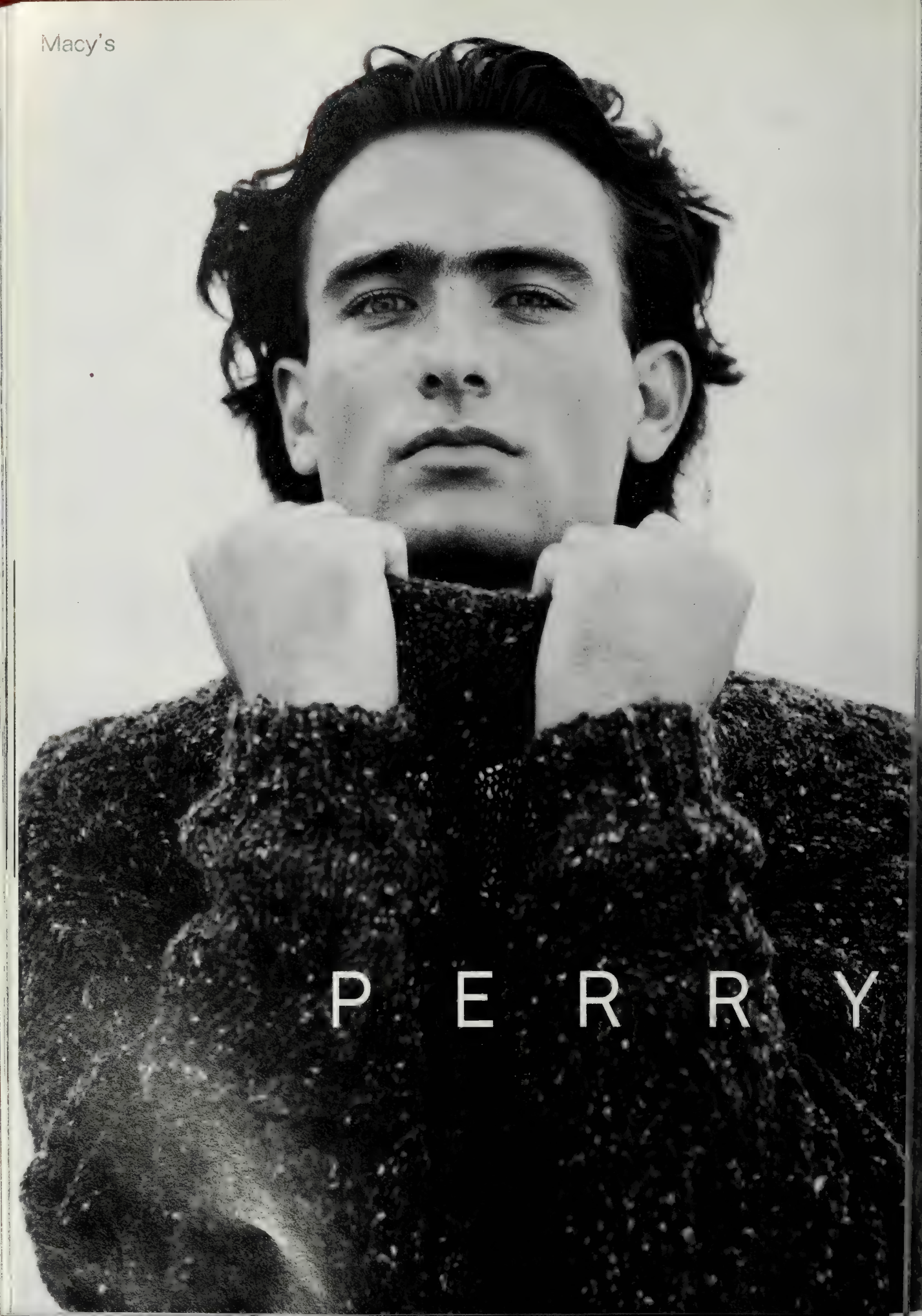
"I've had a nomadic career," says contributor **H. G. Bissinger,** who has worked for the *Ledger-Star* in Virginia, the *St. Paul Pioneer Press,* and *The Philadelphia Inquirer*—where, in 1987, he won a Pulitzer for his reporting on the city's court system. Philadelphia is also the backdrop for *A Prayer for the City,* Bissinger's forthcoming book about Mayor Ed Rendell. Bissinger says Rendell possesses "everything we want in a politician, but rarely get—he's filled with heart and human soul." *A Prayer for the City* will be published by Random House in January.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



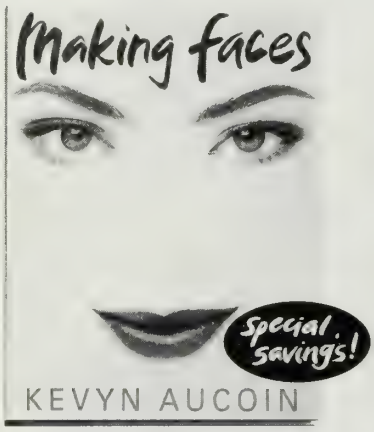

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# Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88



**J. Anthony Lukas** began his career as a reporter for the Baltimore *Sun* and *The New York Times.* Eventually he won two Pulitzer Prizes. The first, in 1968, was for his reporting on the death of a Connecticut teenager. The second, in 1986, was for *Common Ground,* his book about Boston's school-desegregation effort. In his new book, *Big Trouble* (excerpted on page 260), Lukas focuses on the murder of former Idaho governor Frank Steunenberg in 1905. Lukas had just completed the book when he committed suicide on June 5.

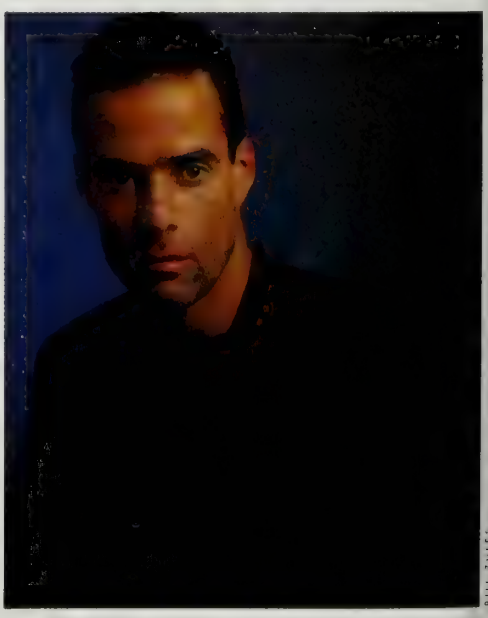


TIM SHEAFFER

"They look so idiotically simple, but they took me forever," **Tim Sheaffer** says of the ink illustrations that accompany this month's New Establishment list. Sheaffer's drawings often go through dozens of drafts. Eventually he picks a head from this one, a leg from that one, and cobbles them together. Sheaffer blames this process on his own "neuroses," confessing, "I'm just about the least Zen person I know." His huge, three-by-four-foot original illustrations, he claims, are proof. "They're scary—covered in tape, glue, dust bunnies, and any other junk that's floating around my apartment."

**Sebastian Junger's** nominee for this month's Hall of Fame, Linda Greenlaw, is a heroine in *The Perfect Storm,* his best-selling book about a fishing boat lost at sea in 1991. Junger was then working as a tree trimmer in Massachusetts. He had been planning a book on dangerous jobs when the storm hit, and what he thought might be one chapter became the book. Junger, who now lives in New York, recently bought a boat of his own: a 26-foot sloop, which he keeps on Cape Cod.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



BILL JAILES

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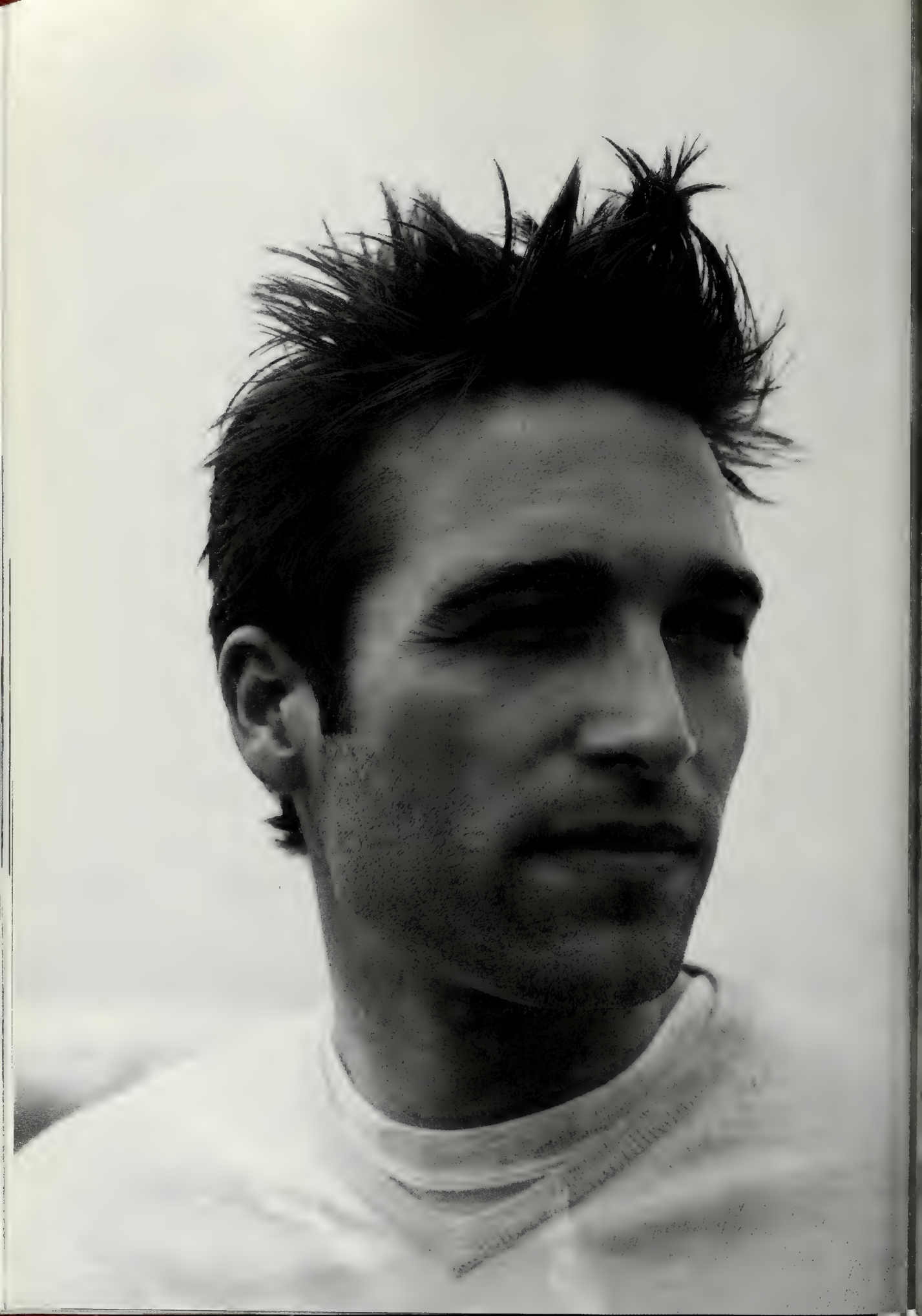


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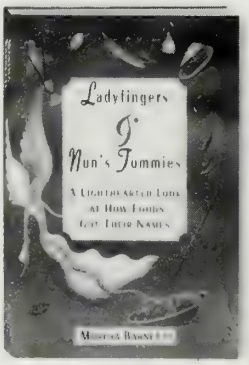
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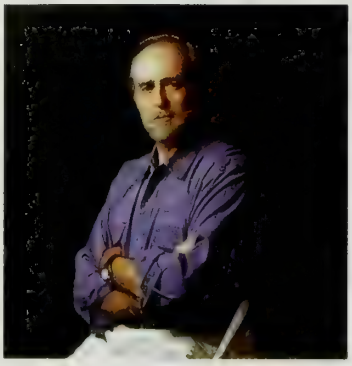
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92



**Fran Lebowitz** is the author of two books of essays, *Metropolitan Life* and *Social Studies,* both of which are currently available in *The Fran Lebowitz Reader* (Vintage), and a children's book, *Mr. Chas and Lisa Sue Meet the Pandas* (Knopf). She is presently at work on a novel entitled *Exterior Signs of Wealth,* to be published by Knopf within the century.



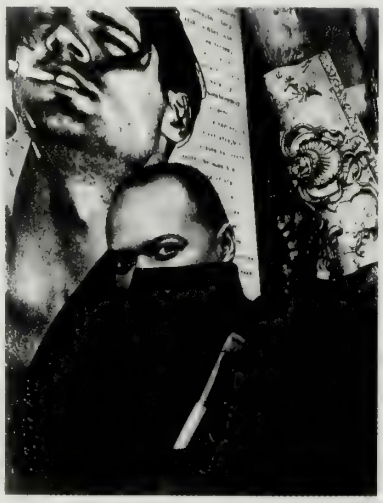
GASPER TRINGALE

Cambodia is a passion for **Sydney H. Schanberg,** who chronicles the rise and fall of Pol Pot on page 226. His reporting on the torn country earned him a Pulitzer Prize in 1976, and his memoir, *The Death and Life of Dith Pran,* was the basis for *The Killing Fields.* Since then Schanberg has returned to Cambodia several times. "I go with excitement and dread," he says. "Each time I come away shattered."



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor **James Wolcott,** who assesses the life of Weegee on page 346 and memoir chic on page 212, admits that chronicling his own traumas would be a tall order. "I'm distrustful of memory," he says. "I can't reconstruct conversations I had five years ago." Still, Wolcott understands why authors find memoirs so alluring. "I once joked, in an article, that I was currently at work on my memoir, *Crabcakes: Memoirs of a Maryland Boyhood,*" he recalls. "Never in my life did I get so many editors and agents calling up, asking, 'When can I see it?'!"



JULIAN BROAD

**Michael Roberts** jumped at the chance to photograph the illustrious cast of *A Dance to the Music of Time.* Before that, Roberts had been designing costumes for Peter Shaffer's play *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* in Tangier. Now Roberts has met two of his idols: Paul Bowles, who wrote the music for Shaffer's play, and *A Dance to the Music of Time* star Alan Bennett—who, in his don costume, looked "extremely un-Alan-Bennett-like."

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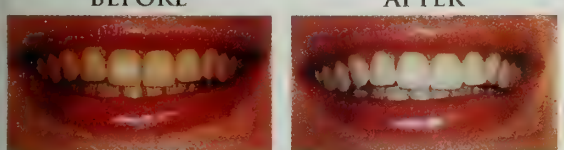


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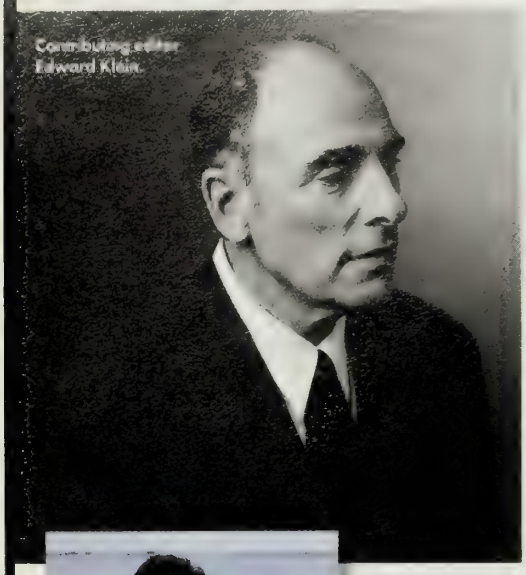
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# Behind the Scenes

## Group Dynamic


V.F. contributing editor Kim Masters.

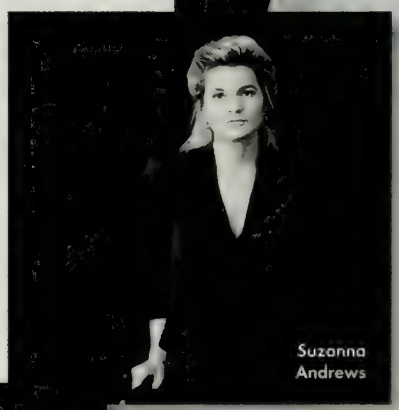



Contributing editor Edward Klein.

Six months ago, when we put together our team of reporters and writers for this year's New Establishment, we had no idea how difficult it would be to ever get them all in the same room. If Maureen Orth wasn't on the trail of Andrew Cunanan for her explosive September-issue story, she was giving interviews to other members of the press about his cross-country murder spree. Suzanna Andrews took off a month to finish a cover story for *New York* magazine. Alan Deutschman managed to find time to fly out to Silicon Valley only in between assignments for *GQ*. Lynn Moloney was wrapping up her job at Condé Nast's on-line magazine, *epicurious,* before heading off to Harvard Business School. Kim Masters was holding down the fort for *V.F.* and *Time* in Hollywood while moving into a new house. Edward Klein jetted to Paris and Greece for an upcoming *V.F.* story. Michael Shnayerson had to learn to ride English-style in preparation for his interview with this month's cover subject, Nicole Kidman. Jennet Conant was finishing up her story in last month's issue—you may have heard something about it—on Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. And Emma Gilbey faced the biggest deadline of them all: the birth of her first child.

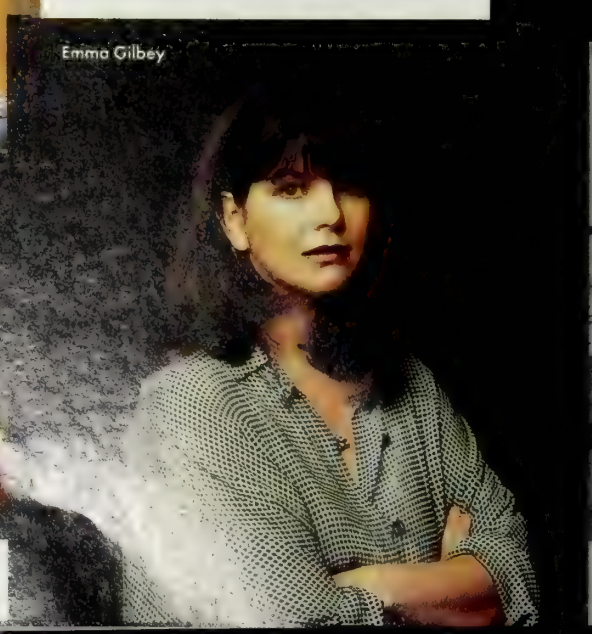

Lynn Moloney


Special correspondent Maureen Orth.


Suzanna Andrews

Despite the logistic nightmare, most of the team did make it to the all-important ranking meeting, where voices were raised and passions ran high. And the final product, on page 139, shows all the strength of their energy, talent, and commitment. □




Emma Gilbey


Contributing editor Michael Shnayerson



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# THE KENNEDY EDGE

I read with interest your article "Bobby's Kids" [by Michael Shnayerson, August]. What I came away with was a single mother trying her best to raise 11 kids. In my opinion she did a pretty good job. No family is without problems, but their loyalty to one another and to their longtime, close friends is to be much admired.

ROSEANNA WHITESIDE
Birmingham, Alabama

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD could have been describing the Kennedy clan when he wrote in *The Great Gatsby,* "They were careless people. . . . They smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made."

ARNOLD KOCH
Melrose, Massachusetts

IN THE LATE 1970S, I spent an evening at Hickory Hill, where Bobby Kennedy's kids grew up. Although marijuana and alcohol were certainly in evidence, my overall impression was of incredible arrogance. Arrogance displayed both by the few actual Kennedys on hand and by the numerous hangers-on (staffers, friends, friends of friends), whose only apparent claim to fame was that they were a part of this group. Although the opulence and sense of history at Hickory Hill were truly incredible, the atmosphere was hardly appealing enough for me to want a second invitation to join the royalty and pretenders that occupied the palace.

JIM HODGES
Atlanta, Georgia

THE KENNEDYS HAVE HAD a tremendous impact upon our world. They have used their voices and power to try to right lots of critical social wrongs, but this type of activism is very often a way of not dealing with the problem in your own living room. Looking within is by far the most difficult task.

While Bobby should be proud of achieving sobriety, the ongoing victories of combating alcoholism are in learning new codes of ethics, rules, and regulations that replace those imprinted since birth.

M. SALINGER
Teaneck, New Jersey

CHEERS TO Michael Shnayerson for an honest and compassionate chronicle of the Kennedy clan, tragic yet heroic figures: Alcoholism and drug addiction. Abused and abandoned wives. Accusations of rape and statutory rape. A crippled girl and a dead woman.

One wonders how this story would play if the family name were Reagan, Buckley, or Buchanan! As long as there's a liberal living, the Kennedy hagiography will continue.

PETER REILLY
West Palm Beach, Florida

I WAS DISTRESSED to read Michael Shnayerson's sexist description of Max Kennedy's wife: "a cool, leggy academic." He notes that she taught a course at Harvard, then degrades her with this inane description. If she hadn't been



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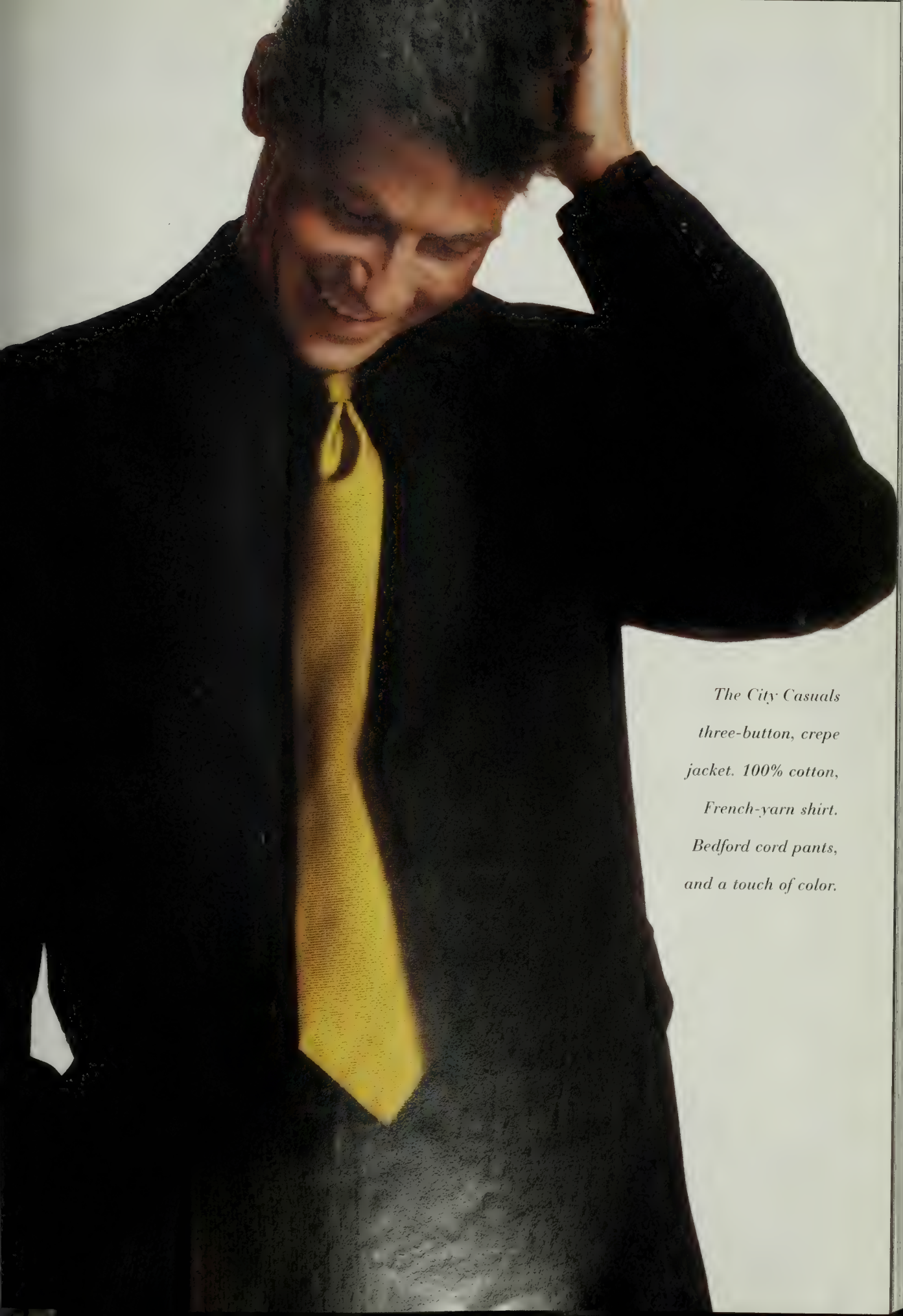
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"leggy," would she have been owlish? Bookish? Homely?

K. F. SACKS
Toronto, Ontario

## Mel Fire

I LOVED Cathy Horyn's article on Mel Gibson ["Mel on Wheels," August]. It was by far one of the most original and refreshing of the many I have read. He is among the sexiest men on the face of this planet. The pictures by Michel Comte were divine.

DENISE GREENE
Queens, New York

I THINK CONSPIRACY THEORIES such as Mel Gibson's make a person feel he is especially insightful and could save the world if he were given a chance. Such vanity can hinder intellectual development. How else can we explain Mel's dopey assertions, such as that Australia has "98 percent of all known natural resources"?

Although this statement is ambiguous, any likely interpretation of it is wrong. Australia is a resource-poor nation, with no oil and so little water that more than 70 percent of the land has no agricultural value.

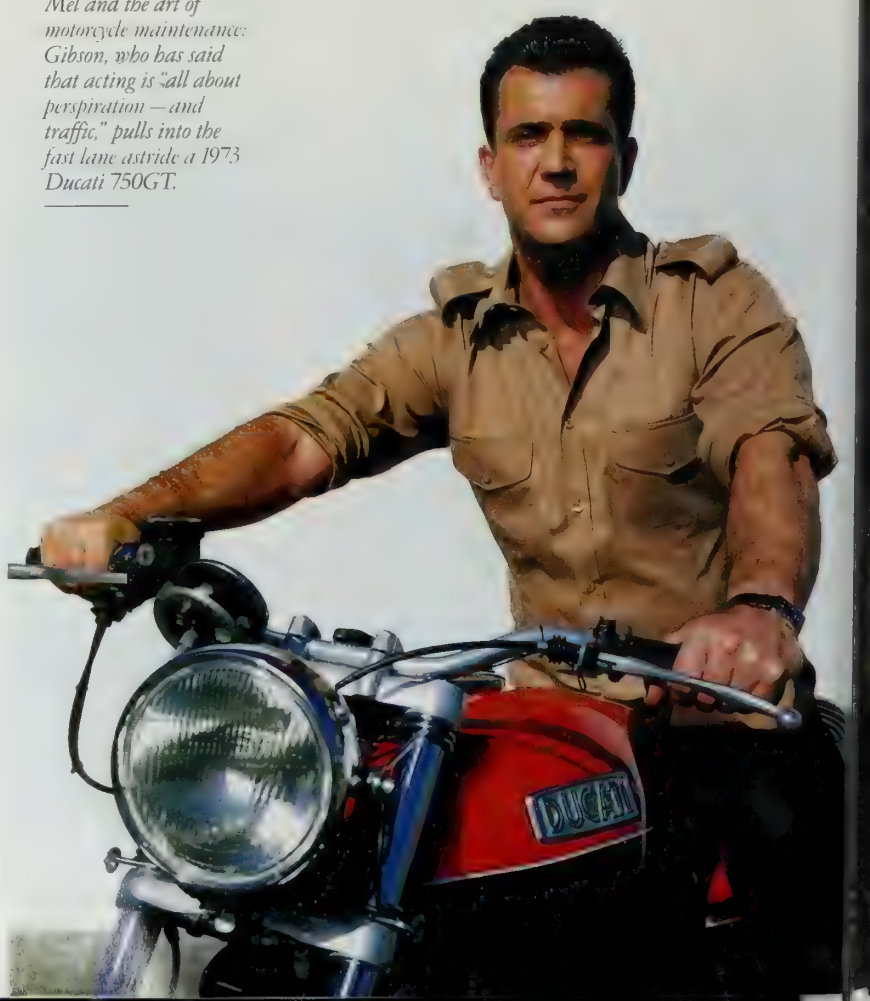
But facts would have little effect on a mind like Mel's, which, given over to conspiracies, exhibits facets of paranoia and would rather distort or ignore the truth than make a change.

JOHN BRIDGMAN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

BEING A HEALTHY young woman, I am not immune to the obvious allure of Mr. Gibson. I do not wish to diminish his acting abilities or his gorgeous screen presence, but I'm sure a thinking woman would agree that the only thing that separates Mel from most other mortal men is his multimillion-dollar paycheck.

ANNA REISMAN
Aurora, Colorado

IT'S DIFFICULT to comprehend how Mel's voice, alternating between "dreamy," "smooth," "dusky," and "mesmerizing," reveals anything about his dark side (though it was clearly enlightening to learn that the writer had the opportunity to share a couple of fine cigars with him). Ms. Horyn CONTINUED ON PAGE 12




*Mel and the art of motorcycle maintenance: Gibson, who has said that acting is "all about perspiration — and traffic," pulls into the fast lane astride a 1973 Ducati 750GT.*

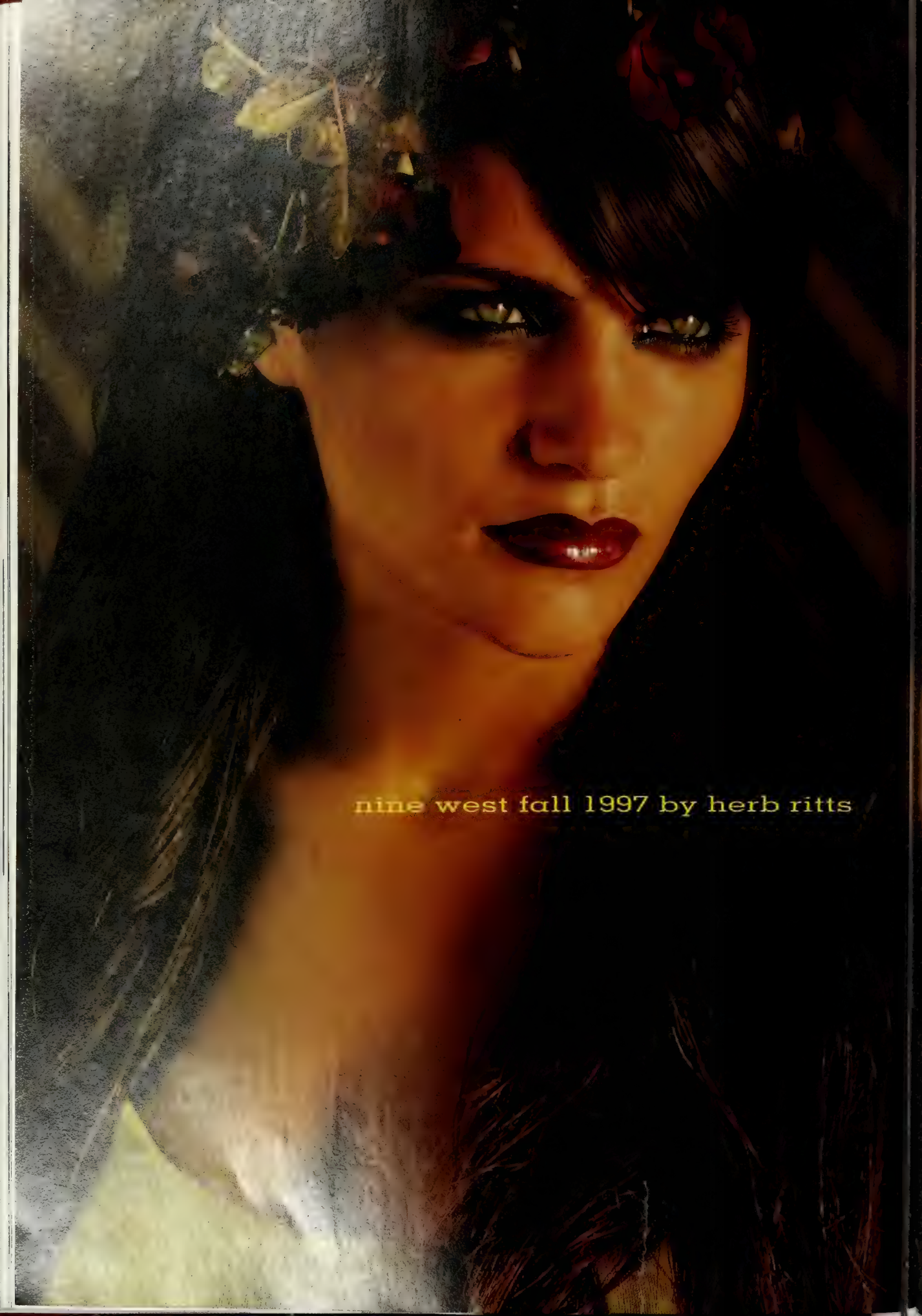



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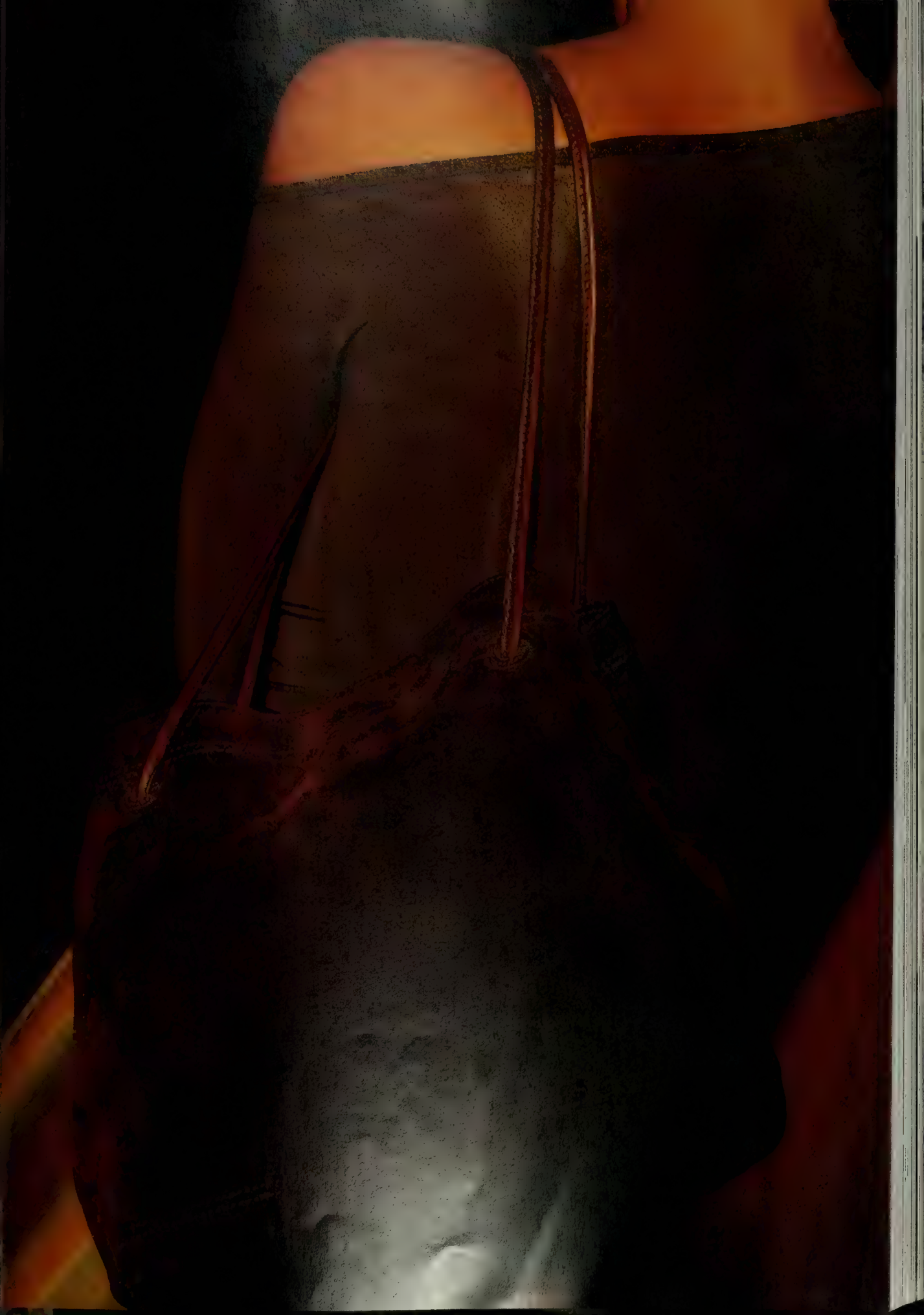
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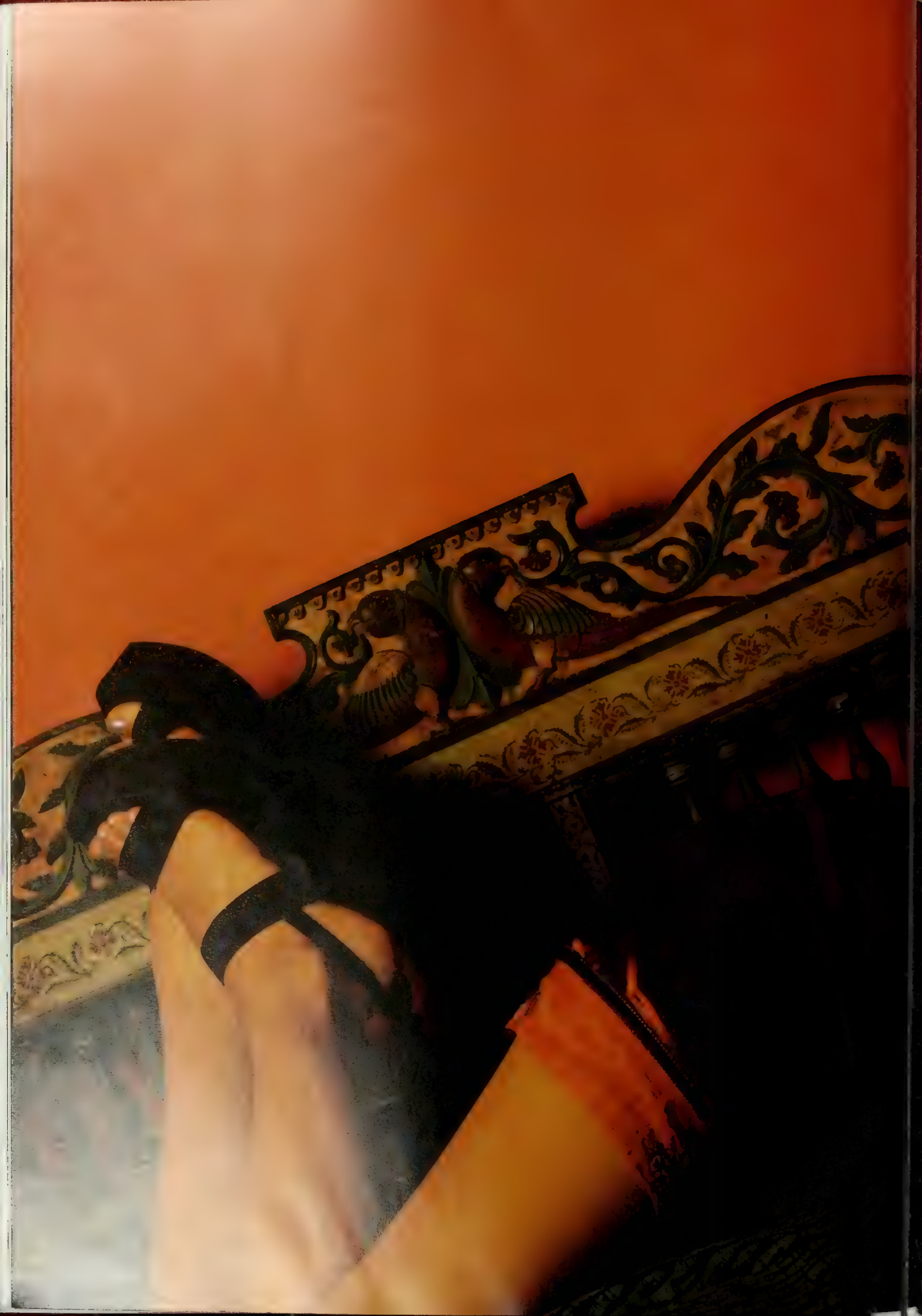
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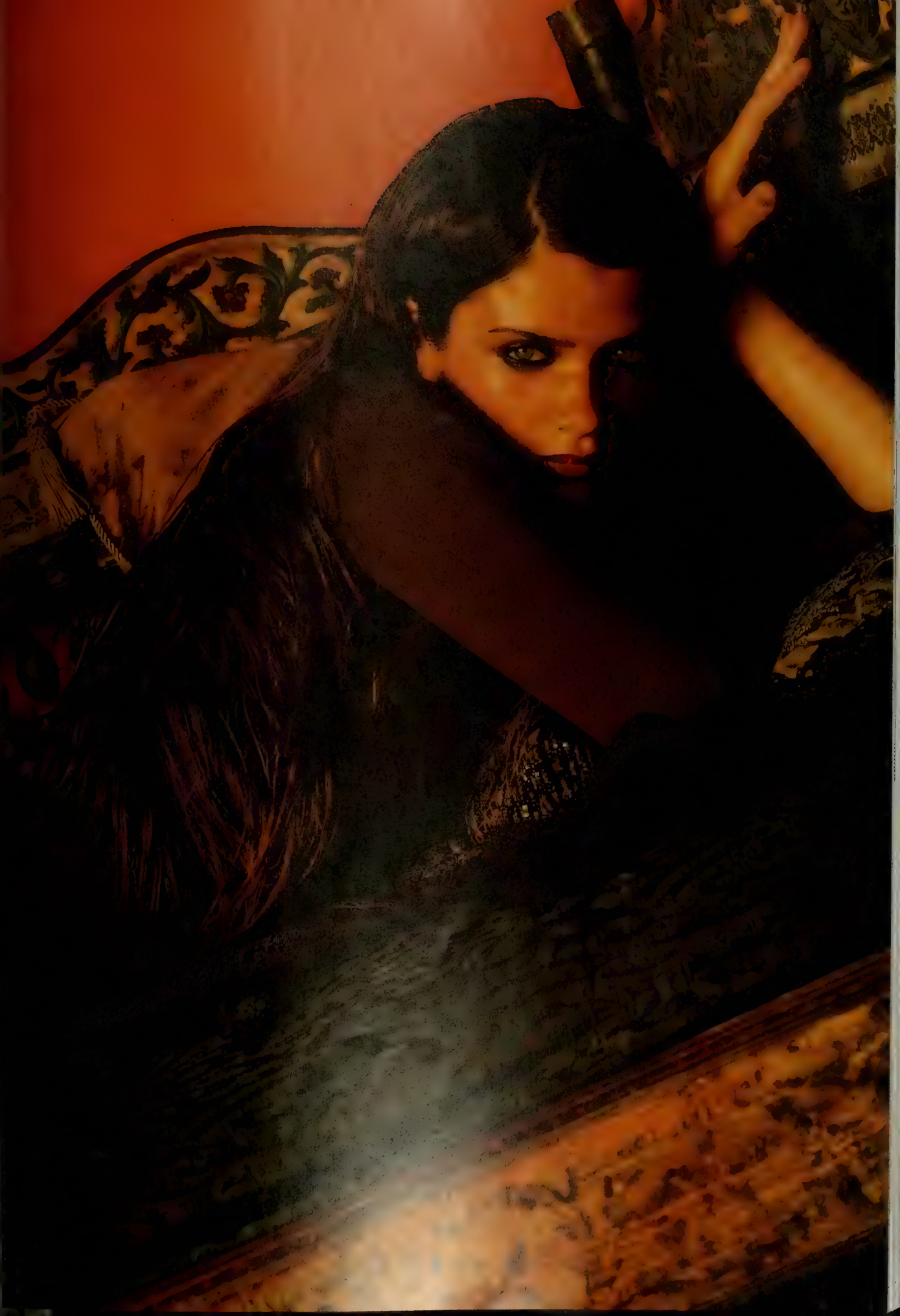
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112 continually intimates Mel is putting her on. Of course he is, child. But please, *Vanity Fair,* don't put *us* on.

CAROL NADEAU
Orlando, Florida

## Lionizing Tiger

AS AN ASIAN-AMERICAN, I want to thank you for recognizing Tiger Woods's multiethnicity ["Hall of Fame," by David Margolick, July]. Following his record-setting Masters performance, the general media all too often overlooked Woods's Asian heritage. He will prove to be a very important icon that Asian youth in America and the world over can look up to.

CHAAT BUTSUNTURN
San Francisco, California

## Adopting Values

IN YOUR "Intelligence Report" [by Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield, "Vanities," August] you list, under "Accessories," "Chinese baby." I am in the process of adopting from China, and let me assure you my daughter will *not* be an accessory. I am going into debt up to my eyebrows to finance my adoption; she is worth the coming years of financial struggle to bring her into my life. An accessory is a trendy purse or a string of beads, *not* a beloved child.

JANET L. JOHNSON
McDonough, Georgia

AS A PARENT-TO-BE awaiting word on the referral of our child, I found the item nothing short of racist.

PAMELA MADIGAN
Seattle, Washington

## Where There's a Brill

MANY THANKS for Jennet Conant's fascinating story on Steve Brill ["Don't Mess with Steve Brill," August]. If his venture into media watchdogging can successfully police journalists and result in honest, thorough reporting, what a gift he will have bestowed on the public. It's a pity the media cannot do it themselves.

SARAH KRUSHINSKI
New York, New York

I ENJOYED the mention of my "notorious" *Wall Street Journal* profile of lawyer and editor Steven Brill in your article. Brill did indeed write a six-page letter to my editors complaining about "all of Gray's errors," but my story was accurate in all its gory detail.

PATRICIA BELLEW GRAY
Raymond, Maine

## Our Back Pages

I WAS RECENTLY given a number of back issues of *Vanity Fair* and have been wading through them happily ever since. In no other publication have I found such challenging and eclectic subject matter, such beautiful and original photography, or so many uses of the adjective "peripatetic"!

JEANNIE MALCOLM-GORHAM
Fredericton, New Brunswick

## Off *The Wall Street Journal*

BILLY COX'S comments on his profligate family, the Bancrofts ["In the Company of Sharks," by Robert Sam Anson, August], are neatly echoed by an old British saying: "Clogs to clogs, in three generations." It originated in the Lancashire cotton mills of 19th-century England and refers to the wooden clogs workers then wore. The ambitious and hungry first generation discarded their clogs to build empires, the second—as landed gentry—ran them, but the spoiled and clueless third generation often blew their inheritance and went back to the mills, again wearing clogs.

ALAN F. P. MOYLER
Redding, Connecticut

AS C.E.O. of Dow Jones from 1975 through 1990, I was the one who made the decisions on [Karen Elliot] House's promotions into the company's executive ranks, not her husband.

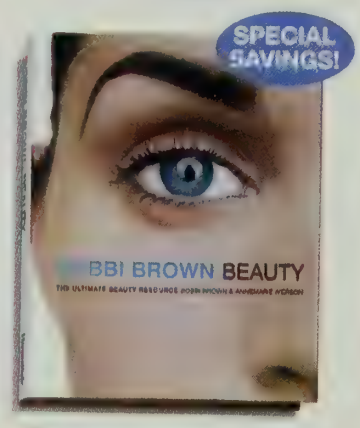
I promoted Ms. House because her performance was (and is) so distinguished that her value to the company far offsets the potential for cheap-shot gossip.

WARREN H. PHILLIPS
Bridgehampton, New York

I HAVE KNOWN Karen House as competitor and colleague since the mid-1970s, when she and I covered energy and economics in Washington for rival publications. She was the only reporter I feared on that beat, because she broke more news than anyone else. She did it through a combination of intelligence and hard work that was astonishing. Even today, some of her pieces from the 1970s and 1980s are considered as classics of *Wall Street Journal* reporting. A series

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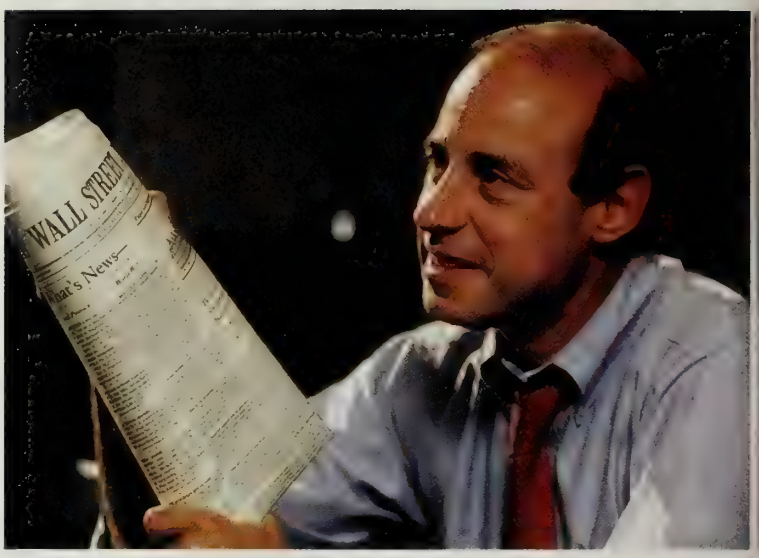

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she wrote in 1989 is simply breathtaking for the accuracy with which it foretold the political, military, and economic resurgence of the United States in the 1990s. The series would easily have won her another Pulitzer had its conclusions not deviated so audaciously from the conventional wisdom of the time.

Since then, Ms. House has also distinguished herself as a businesswoman. Under her leadership, the *Journal*'s overseas publications have turned from eight-figure money losers to eight-figure moneymakers. She headed the team that developed our foreign-language insert editions, which now reach nearly seven million readers in 10 languages and which several would-be competitors are scrambling to imitate.

This is a woman who has served as a model and advocate for a generation of women journalists.

PAUL E. STEIGER
Managing editor
*The Wall Street Journal*
New York, New York




Wall Street *weak in review: Peter Kann, photographed for the announcement of his ascension to C.E.O. of Dow Jones, made in October 1990. Kann has come under scrutiny f his questionable business sense and his judgment regarding the promotion of his combative wife, Karen Elliot House, to president of the company's international group.*

YOUR AUGUST disquisition on the troubles of Peter Kann, C.E.O. of Dow Jones & Company, may be correct in its general theme that he was a better journalist than he is businessman. It is not really fair, though, to characterize his marriage to Karen Elliot House as a source of difficulty for him and Dow Jones. As an associate editor of *The Wall Street Journal* in the mid-1970s, I knew and respected the work of both. It was as editor of the *MediaGuide*, an annual critique of the national press corps, which I published between 1986 and 1992, that I came to get a clearer ture of Ms. House's contribution.

For her work in 1988, she was on only 11 journalists to receive our h est-possible rating. We noted that "geopolitical analytics are stunni and hoped for "more writing from less editing."

It is my guess that Kann's big mistakes had to do with his reliance Norman Pearlstine to build the A and European editions and then serve as managing editor. Pearlstine, ucated in law, not in communicati built sterile mechanisms in which ta withered on the vine or departed in t tration. From his perch at Time I Pearlstine now takes potshots at Kanns, but it is partly his legacy they are struggling against.

JUDE WANN
Morristown, New J




## India Ink

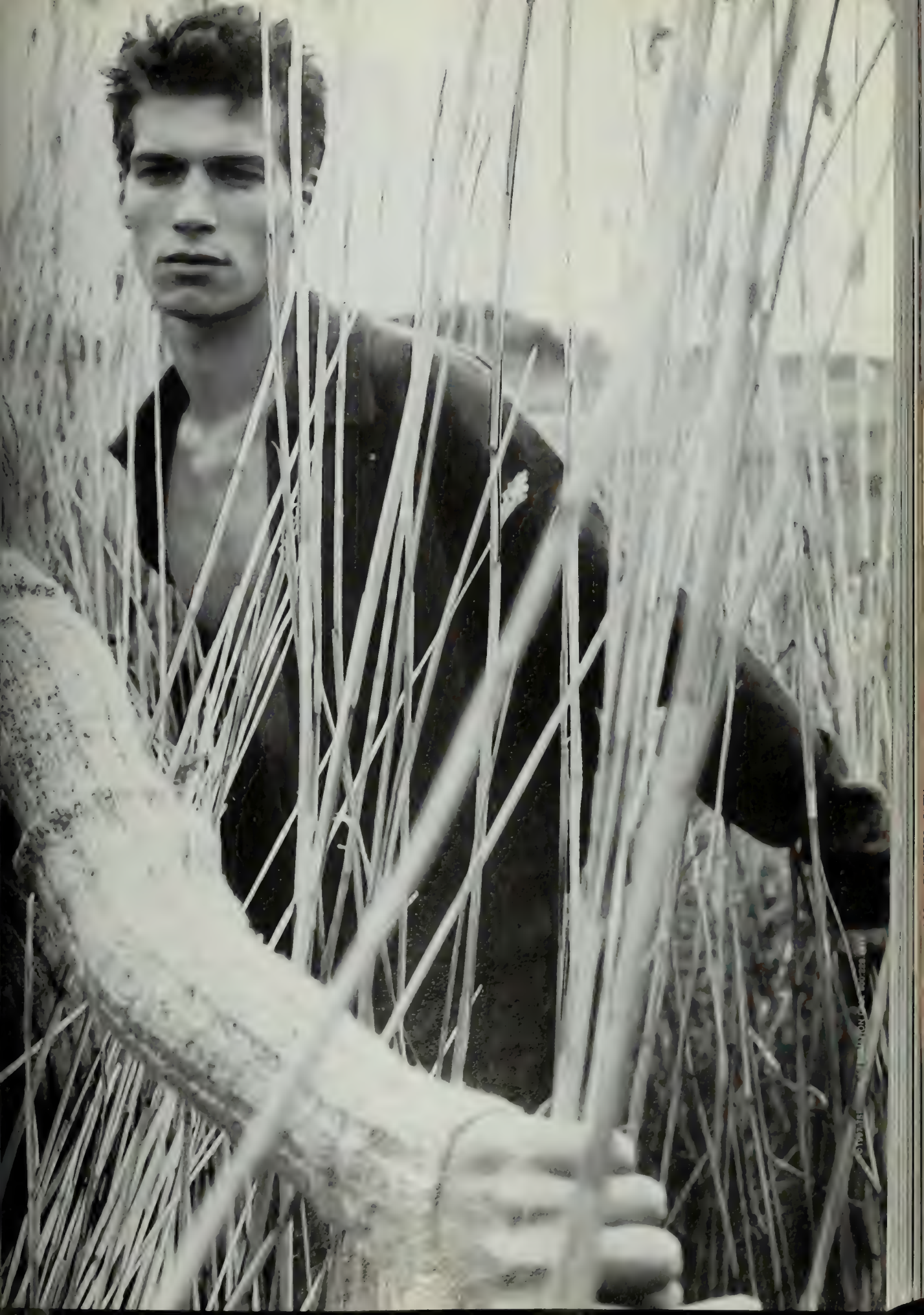
THANK YOU, Christopher Hitch ["There'll Always Be an India," gust], for the historical overview of country which has always been suc part of me (I was born of Ameri parents in New Delhi, in 1971), yet the same time an elusive mystery.

COLIN THOMAS K
New York, New Y

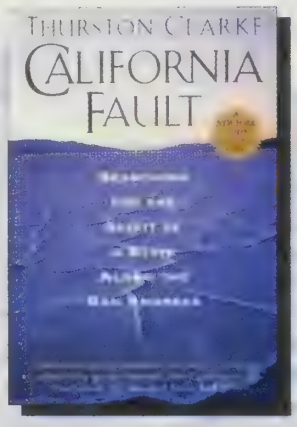
IF CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS really sp many Indian evenings in circles wh "Kipling vs. Forster" was a serious to for debate, it's probably time to fin new set of native informants. And might want to crack open a history b


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*Passage to Pakistan: Lord Mountbatten, the last viceroy of India, on June 5, 1947, inspecting a Guard of Honor at Jamrud Fort, at the Khyber Pass, in what would become Pakistan. At midnight on August 14, Britain transferred power, based on religion, to the newly independent states of India (Hindu) and Pakistan (Muslim).*

before making such bizarrely cavalier pronouncements as his assertion that Indians in the Caribbean have "thrived mightily." Even V. S. Naipaul, whom Hitchens appears to proffer as evidence, could set him straight on that one.

GAUTAM PREMNATH
Providence, Rhode Island

AS FAR AS I'm concerned, Christopher Hitchens gets better with each issue. Ask for a raise, Mr. Hitchens!

PATTI HOCKENBROCK DOHR
Honeoye Falls, New York

## Mad About Diamonds

I WAS A VOLUNTEER MESSENGER in the civil defense in Washington, D.C., living close to Evalyn Walsh McLean ["The Lady and the Diamond," by Gary Cohen, August]. One evening in 1943 there was an air-raid-alert exercise. I reported for duty—with white steel helmet and blacked-out flashlight—to our command post in the basement of an elementary school at 35th and S Streets NW. Mrs. McLean and a friend reported also, perhaps having come from a party. With her McLean had the Hope diamond, which she unwrapped and flung down on an army cot. She admonished us not to touch it—there was a curse on it. As a 16-year-old I wasn't nearly as impressed by the diamond as I was by the pistol she was waving around in one hand. A night to remember!

PHILIP M. WHITNEY JR.
Honolulu, Hawaii

*CORRECTIONS: In the article entitled "Camp Life" (May), it was stated that the victim of a boating accident which occurred in August of 1991 was H.I.V.-positive. Further investigation has revealed that an autopsy performed at the request of the New York State Police concluded that the victim was H.I.V.-negative. We deeply regret the error.*

*Regarding our article "In the Company of Sharks" (August), the interiors of Dow Jones & Company's headquarters were designed by Swanke Hayden & Connell; the* Wall Street Journal *Washington-bureau chief who hired Karen House was Norman "Mike" Miller; and Peter Kann's "Ode to the Typewriter" was published in 1994.*

*A passage in "The Ghost and Mr. Giuliani" (September) should have referred to "a period of campaign trips to Georgia and Massachusetts" but not Michigan. Also in September, Andrew Cockburn was mistakenly identified as Alexander Cockburn in the article entitled "Spielberg's Choice."*

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oughout each day, visit the **Gucci Timepiece** and **Seiko Watch** counters for a gift with-purchase (while supplies last), enjoy the sounds of the enties, courtesy of **Paco Rabanne** and relax with a hand massage at the **Borghese** counter. While shopping, refresh yourself with plimentary coffee sweetened with **Natrataste**.

an Francisco, fall apparel from **Guess?** and **Liz Claiborne** will light up the runway in a fashion presentation. Los Angeles customers can see a ion show featuring the newest looks from the **cK Calvin Klein Collection**. The shows will begin promptly at 2:00 pm in both locations. ure to visit each individual department for unique gift-with-purchase opportunities (while supplies last).

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ddition to the in-store events, the Passport fashion shows take place at Fort Mason Center in San Francisco, September 17th, 18th and 19th and at Barker Hangar in Santa Monica on September 26th. After the Passport fashion shows, join Vanity Fair, super models, fashion designers, special guests **Hennessey Cognac** at the **Cast & Crew** parties:

**Club Townsend** • 177 Townsend at 3rd St. • Friday, September 19th, 10:00 pm • San Francisco
**Billboard Live** • 9039 Sunset Blvd. • Friday, September 26th, 10:30 pm • West Hollywood

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## FIRED UP

ng a new trail through the Indie Film Landscape, the **FUEL FILM TOUR** will

ut four exciting new American independent films and introduce filmakers to

n cities this October. The roster includes Suzanne Myers' "Alchemy," Chris

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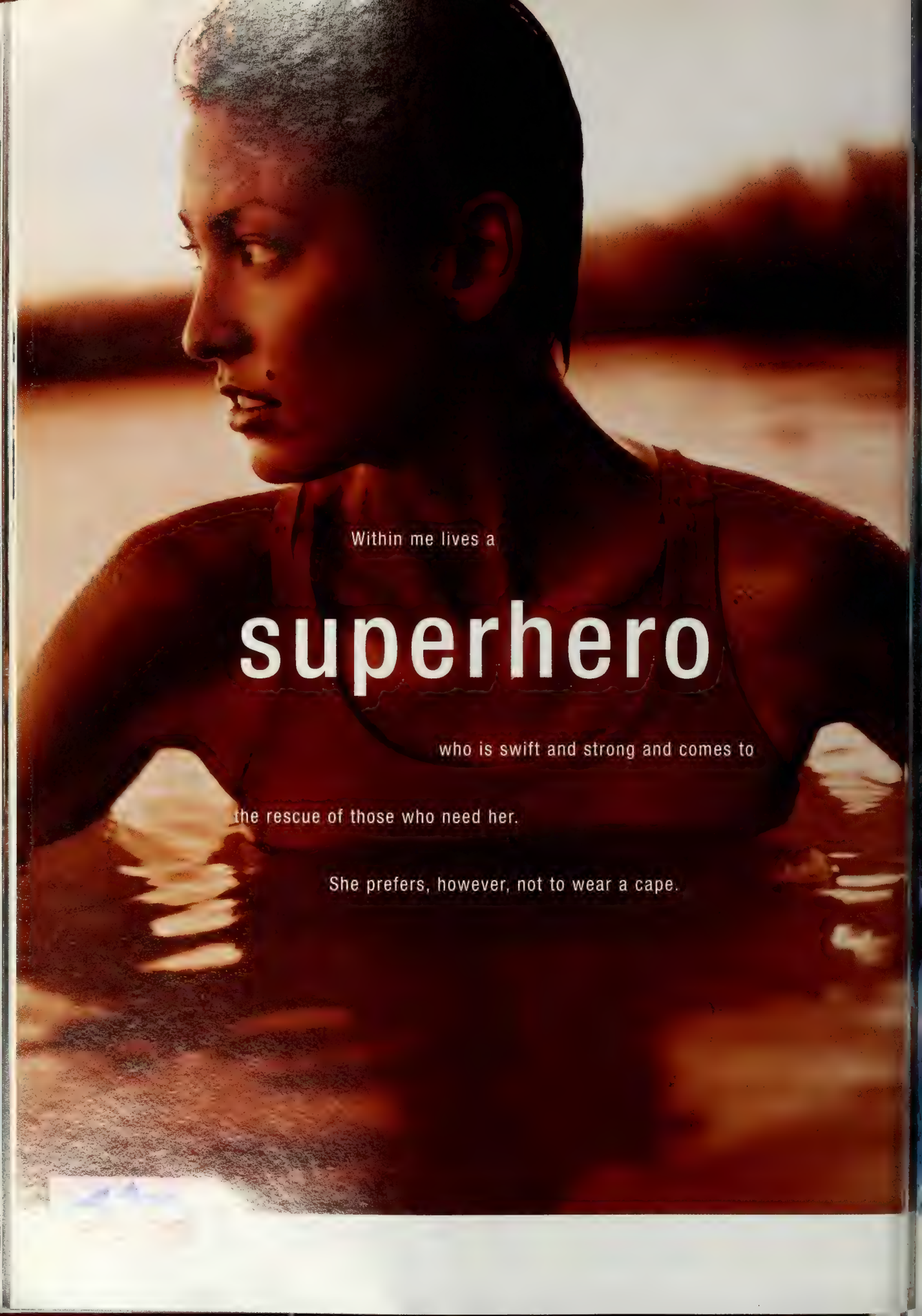
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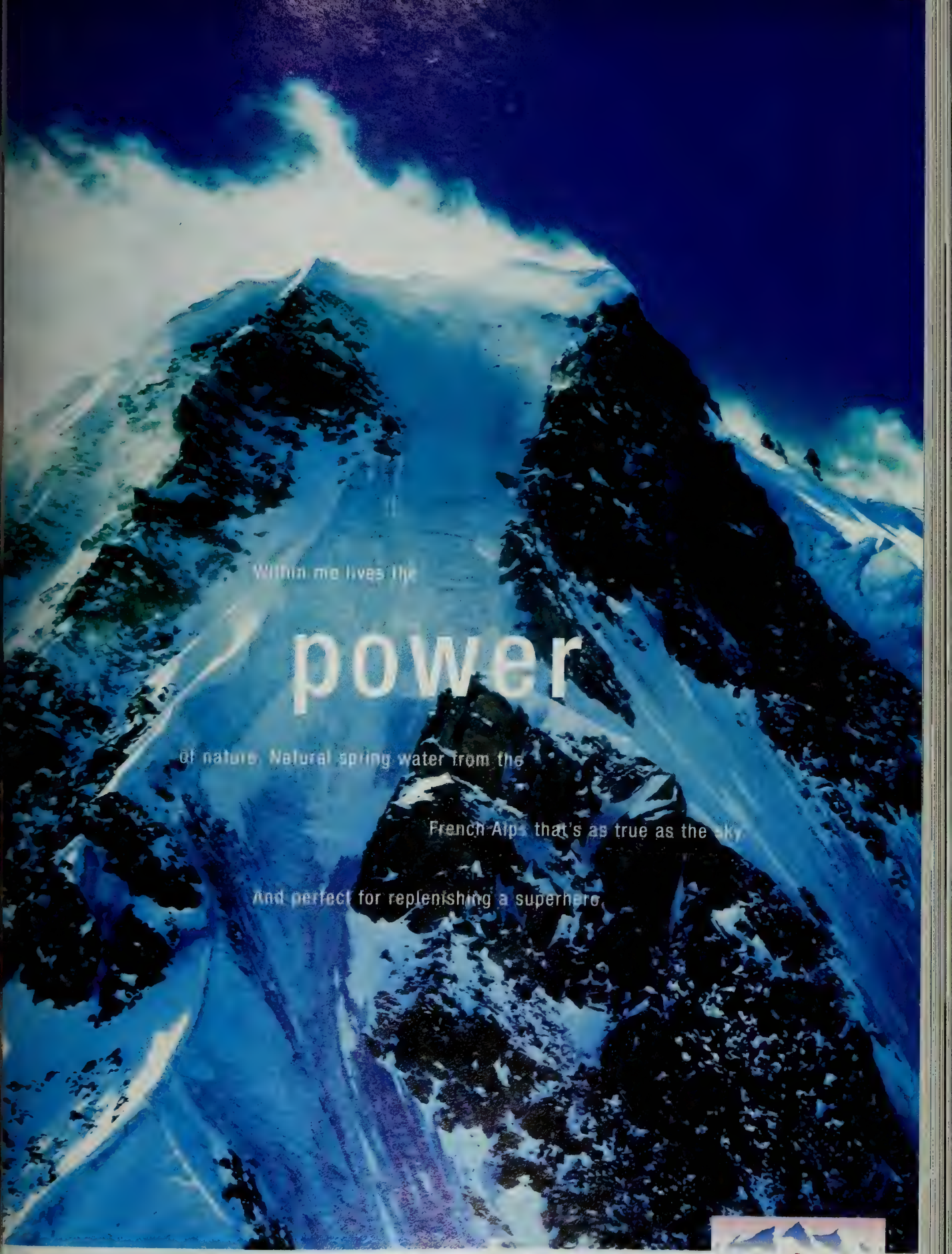
ls and the Independent Film Channel, the festival will bring a veritable film

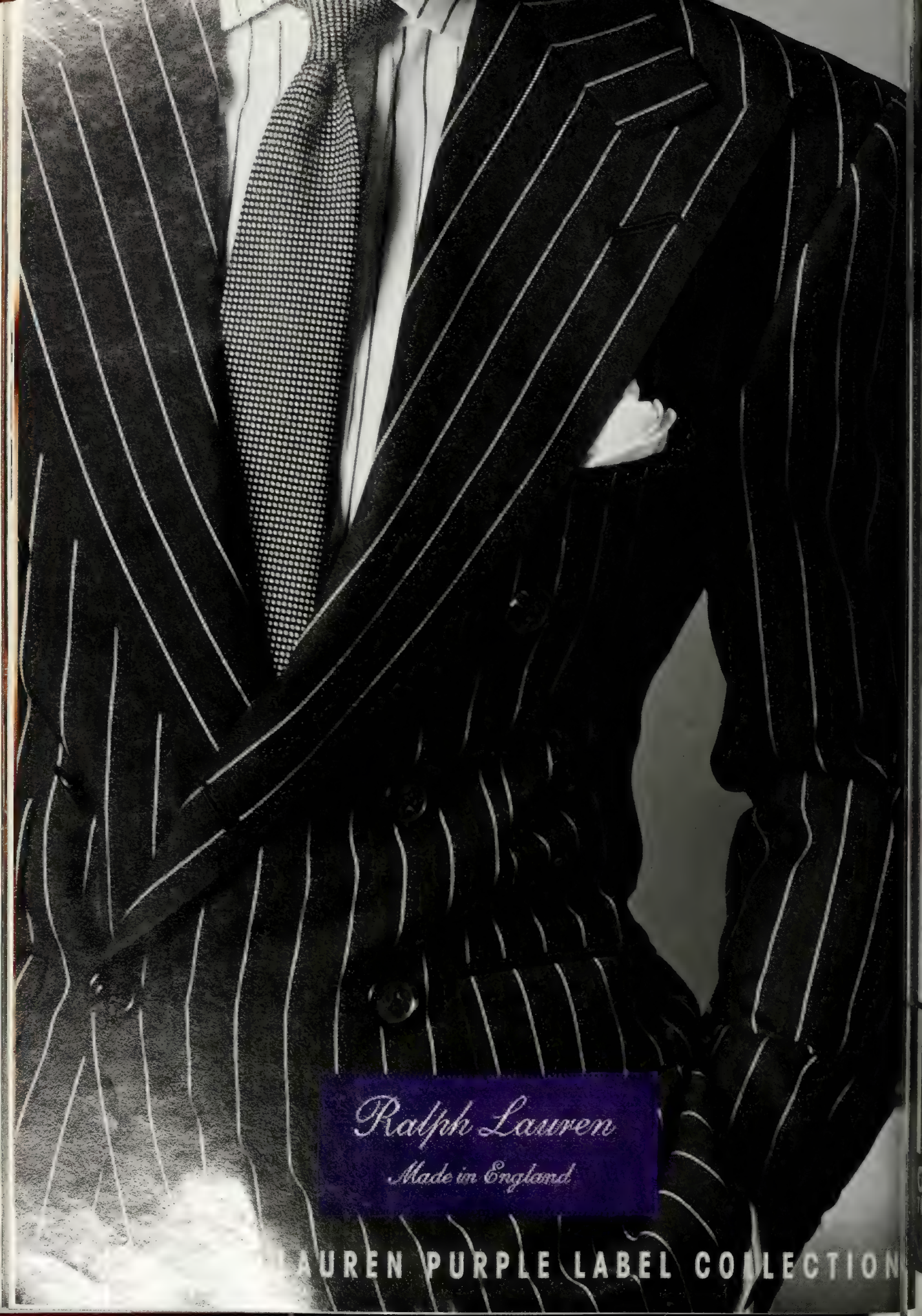
o audiences and movie theaters across the country:

| DATES | CITY | VENUE |
|---|---|---|
| October 1-7 | Raleigh, NC | Rialto |
| October 3-9 | Washington, DC | Key |
| October 8-14 | Providence, RI | Cable Car |
| October 8-14 | Cambridge, MA | Kendall Square |
| October 10-16 | Philadelphia, PA | Ritz at the Bourse |
| October 15-21 | Columbus, OH | Drexel, East |
| October 17-23 | Cleveland, OH | Cedar Lee |
| October 20-23 | Chicago, IL | Facets Multimedia |
| October 22-28 | San Francisco, CA | Landmark |
| October 22-28 | Seattle, WA | Landmark |
| October 31-Nov 6 | Portland, OR | Cinema 21 |

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who is swift and strong and comes to
the rescue of those who need her.
She prefers, however, not to wear a cape.


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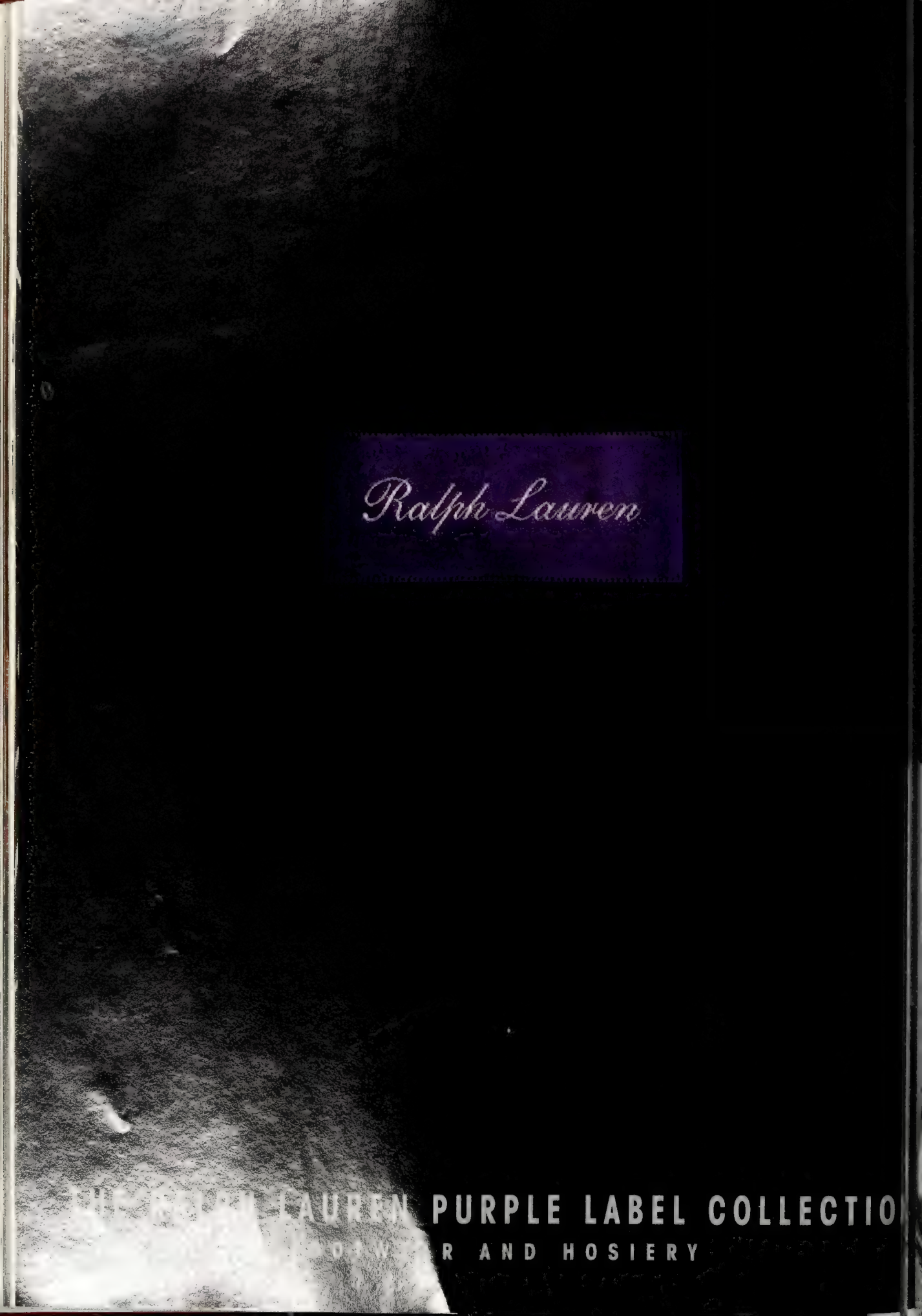
OCTOBER 1997

# VANITY FAIR'S THIRD ANNUAL



# 50 LEADERS OF THE INFORMATION AGE

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142


Ralph Lauren
PURPLE LABEL COLLECTIO
R AND HOSIERY

# SUN VALLEY 1997



It was a year in which Microsoft chairman Bill Gates continued his unending march toward world superiority. And [illegible] his net worth increased at an [illegible] Information [illegible] great year.

There was Murdoch v. Levin, Katzenberg v. Eisner, and Bronfman v. Redstone. It sometimes seemed as if the primary activity for moguls on the upper reaches of the New Establishment food chain was suing one another—and anyone else who got in their way. But there were other high-



**THEIR OWN PRIVATE IDAHO**
The New Establishment gathers at the Trail Creek Inn during the Allen & Company, Inc., annual conference in Sun Valley, Idaho, July 11, 1997. *Back row, left to right:* Berkshire Hathaway chairman Warren Buffett, Universal chairman Frank Biondi, Time Warner president Richard Parsons, TCI chairman John Malone, NBC president Bob Wright, Sony's Howard Stringer, Seagram president Edgar Bronfman Jr., Universal president Ron Meyer, Intel chairman Andrew Grove, Warner Bros. chairman Terry Semel, Comcast's Ralph Roberts (father of Brian), News Corp.'s Rupert Murdoch. *Center row:* Microsoft's Nathan Myhrvold, Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin, Orca Bay Capital Corp. chairman John McCaw Jr. (brother of Craig), ICM's Jeff Berg, DreamWorks partner David Geffen, Washington Post Company chairwoman Katharine Graham, Microsoft chairman Bill Gates. *Front row:* Herbert A. Allen of Allen & Co., Sony president Nobuyuki Idei, HSN chairman Barry Diller, DreamWorks partner Jeffrey Katzenberg.

lights. Cable was spoken of in polite company again, thanks to Gates's $1 billion investment in Comcast. (Though his minor investment in Apple helped Microsoft more than the struggling computer-maker.) The phone companies abandoned most of their grand programming visions and went scrambling after one another's customers. Michael Ovitz got what comes around, setting off an orgy of Schadenfreude on two coasts. And, most surprising, Ted Turner settled in at Time Warner as one-half of the oddest corporate couple in American business history.

# No. 1

# BILL GATES



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., MICROSOFT CORPORATION

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 1

DEALS AND DEEDS: Is there no limit to Gates's paper fortune? As we went to press, his Microsoft stock was worth $38 billion—more than twice last year's figure. (A Web site exists solely to track the number in real time—this year, the value of his stock grew $634 per second.) Although the 41-year-old Gates used to prefer building his own operations, he has begun to open up the checkbook. He invested $1 billion in Comcast, the No. 4 cable-TV operator, and paid $425 million to acquire WebTV, a Silicon Valley start-up that makes inexpensive Internet computers that hook up to TV screens. He even tossed a few dollars ($150 million) at Apple, to keep Microsoft's share of the Macintosh market going. Meantime, Gates was the center of attention at Davos, the annual confab of international leaders in Switzerland. Inspired, he hosted his own mini-Davos: the May C.E.O. Summit, in Seattle, which featured more than 100 bigwigs, including Al Gore, outgoing F.C.C. chairman Reed Hundt, failed presidential candidate Steve Forbes, and journalist-cum-Microserf Michael Kinsley.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Silicon Valley denizens who used to loathe Microsoft now pray that they'll work for Gates—or, better yet, sell their company to him. Dimension X, a small, $11 million software company that did just that, recently held a "Selling Out to the Man" party, replete with a cake picturing Gates as the evil Borg, a character from *Star Trek*. The Comcast and WebTV deals seem too rich to many shrewd observers, who have long admired Gates's tightfisted management. But by buying a piece of potential rivals, Gates seems assured of getting control of The Next Big Thing, whatever it is—assuming the Justice Department doesn't stop him. In the recent book *Overdrive*, writer James Wallace claims that Gates threatened to move Microsoft offshore if the Feds didn't cool their anti-trust fervor.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Gates is so cocky that after waiting 20 minutes for a scheduled White House meeting with President Clinton he got up to leave. (His advisers persuaded him to stay.) There are also reports that Gates's hygiene is variable, though almost none of his associates have urged him to clean up his act, as it were. Moreover, colleagues are alarmed that Gates likes to read while driving. But mock him at your own peril: when America Online published a satire called "The Secret Files of Bill Gates," Gates's lawyers claimed defamation, and the on-line service wiped out all traces of the feature.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

# No. 2

## RUPERT MURDOCH



LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 2

DEALS AND DEEDS: The ecstatically dishy coverage in Murdoch's *New York Post* of the contretemps between him and Time Warner's Ted Turner masked a trying time for the 66-year-old head of News Corp. H[illegible] to persuade Time Warner's cable sys[illegible] to carry [illegible]-hour Fox News Channel (a direct competitor of Turner's CNN), and though he eventually got his way, it cost him dearly, both in dollars ($11 million) and in face (he had to make nice with Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin). Another awkward moment was when his $1 billion EchoStar satellite-broadcast deal fell apart—he's now the uneasy partner of Time Warner and TCI in their satellite consortium. That's not to say that Murdoch is done scrapping with Turner, though—at press time he was trying to get baseball-league owners to approve his $350 million purchase of the Los Angeles Dodgers from the O'Malley family, a deal that if completed could pit him in a National League playoff against Turner's Atlanta Braves. In other News Corp. acquisition news, Murdoch bought coupon giant Heritage Media Corp. (in a $754 million stock swap) and acquired Pat Robertson's International Family Entertainment (for about $2 billion), thereby setting the stage for a far-reaching rightist electronic worship-and-entertainment empire.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: After the HarperCollins debacle and the Fox studio's poor showing gave Murdoch a second-quarter-1997 loss of $238 million, News Corp. announced a $1 billion stock buyback. Murdoch's management skills aren't winning accolades—nor is his character. "He's a riverboat gambler," says one insider, "an outsider, New Establishment by default." "Plays by different rules," says another detractor, "a means-to-an-ends guy." Critics point to the EchoStar debacle as proof of his volatile tactics.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: His second wife, Anna, signs as many of the political checks as Murdoch himself. She made hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of donations this year, including $250,000 to the National Republican Senatorial Committee in November. But the focus is on their children, all three of whom are now high-profile News Corp. employees, and a close associate says Murdoch will play an increasingly backstage role to them in the next five years. Though his daughter by his first marriage, Prudence, a London mother of three, is close to her siblings, she remains resolutely uninterested in the family business.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

# No. 3

## GERALD LEVIN



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., TIME WARNER INC.

LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 4

DEALS AND DEEDS: "The emphasis," Levin says of the company synergy, "has been on enhancing what you have and acquiring what you need." By his thinking, the acquisition of Ted Turner's $7.5 billion empire left Time Warner "strategically complete," so this year Levin, age 58, was satisfied to trim and fine-tune his leviathan of a company. He canned the interactive Florida-based Full Service Network—a mere $100 million loss—began plans to spin off his business-telephone unit, Time Warner Communications, and, in the soothing atmosphere of Herbert Allen's Sun Valley ranch, settled a nasty squabble with US West Media Group president Charles Lillis over their joint cable operation. A meeting with Murdoch, also at Sun Valley, finally led to a truce in the New York

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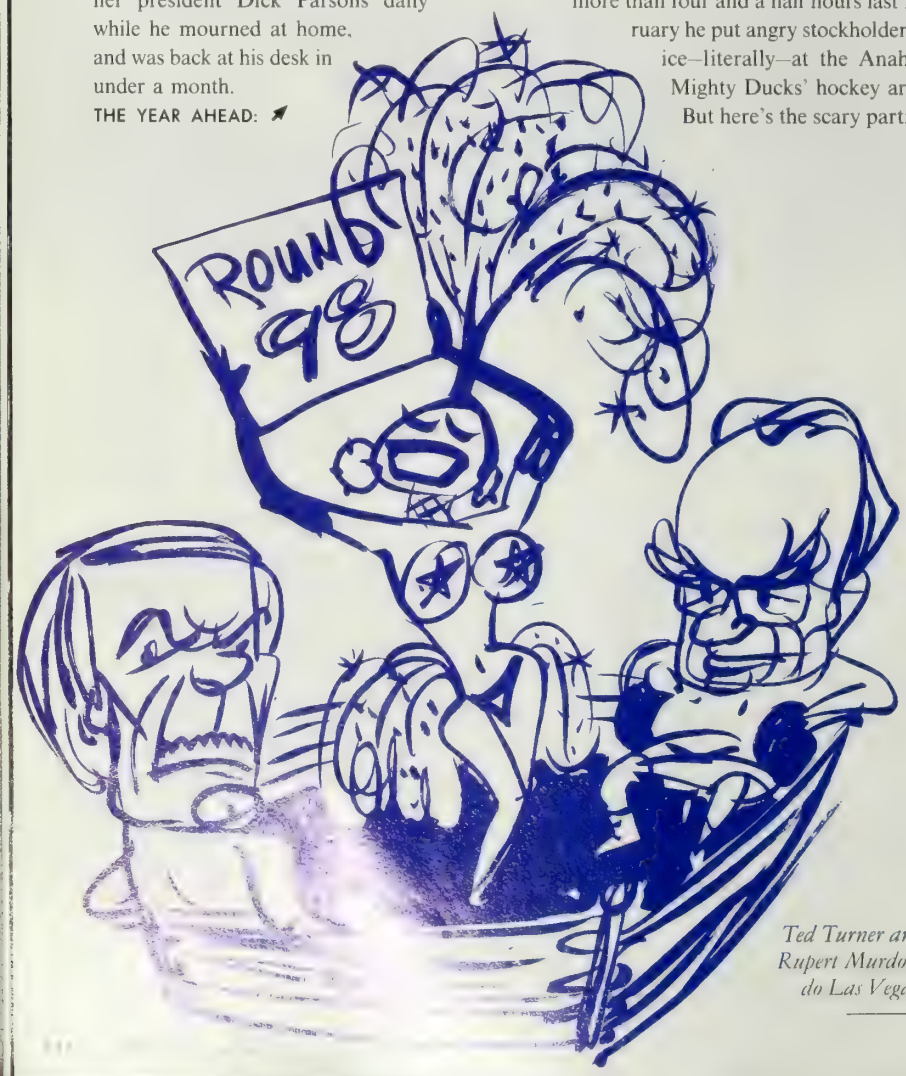
http com

cable war: Murdoch gets his Fox News Channel on Time Warner cable, while Time Warner reportedly gets $10 for each subscriber. Levin's reward for all this? The stock price rose almost daily. Last year's quote was 32; this year it's pushing 55.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Levin, who took home a stock-and-salary package of $6.3 million in 1996, is getting credit for the upswing. But the talk is less about the portfolios he commands than about the personalities he manages. Is he really in charge? Yes, it's Levin—not Turner—who's running the company. As one member of the Time Warner team puts it, "Levin has to get the credit for allowing Ted to run wild."

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** The murder of his son Jonathan, in May, which occurred just when things were finally running smoothly, affected all at Time Warner. "Everyone took it personally," says one higher-up. Levin received commiserating calls from other fathers in the business who have lost sons, notably Gordon Crawford and Henry Kravis. Kravis told him that the way he'd coped with his loss was to throw himself into his work with renewed vigor. It was advice Levin heeded. Though obviously devastated, he spoke to Time Warner president Dick Parsons daily while he mourned at home, and was back at his desk in under a month.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➶




*Ted Turner and Rupert Murdoch do Las Vegas.*

## No. 4
## MICHAEL EISNER



CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 3

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** The happiest kingdom on earth? Not likely. Clearly, the year's main event was the brooming of Michael Ovitz. Or was it Ovitz's $95 million kiss-off? Or the $700 million compensation deal that Eisner cut for himself? Or the public meltdown of neurasthenic ABC programming chief Jamie Tarses, a fall that paralleled the network's dismal ratings—developments that have buried the 55-year-old Eisner in the minutiae of program scheduling? At Disney, chaos is so prevalent that the in-house romance between ABC News president David Westin and his communications V.P., Sherrie Rollins, has almost slipped under the radar. So has Jeffrey Katzenberg's $250 million breach-of-contract suit against Eisner, who lately has evinced a siege mentality. For more than four and a half hours last February he put angry stockholders on ice—literally—at the Anaheim Mighty Ducks' hockey arena. But here's the scary part: the stockholders, who were there for their annual meeting and wanted to know why they were paying out such vast sums to their C.E.O. and his disastrous pick for a number two, were so mad they waited him out.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Disney stock has stayed aloft, more or less, thanks to bustling attendance at the parks, the bull market, and ESPN's healthy profits. If you're Michael Eisner, that's what counts. Next year, the Disney Cruise Line ships sail and the Animal Kingdom park near Orlando opens, so those engines should stay fueled.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Eisner delayed the publication of his autobiography for at least six months (it was supposed to hit shelves this fall). Now, it turns out, Katzenberg may be the book's first reader; as part of the litigation, his lawyers have successfully subpoenaed the notes made by Eisner and his ghostwriter. Focus groups weren't exactly wowed by Eisner's taped introductions to *The Wonderful World of Disney,* which is set to return to ABC on Sunday nights this season. The test audience specifically cited Eisner's lavish paycheck and the Ovitz fiasco as turnoffs.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➶

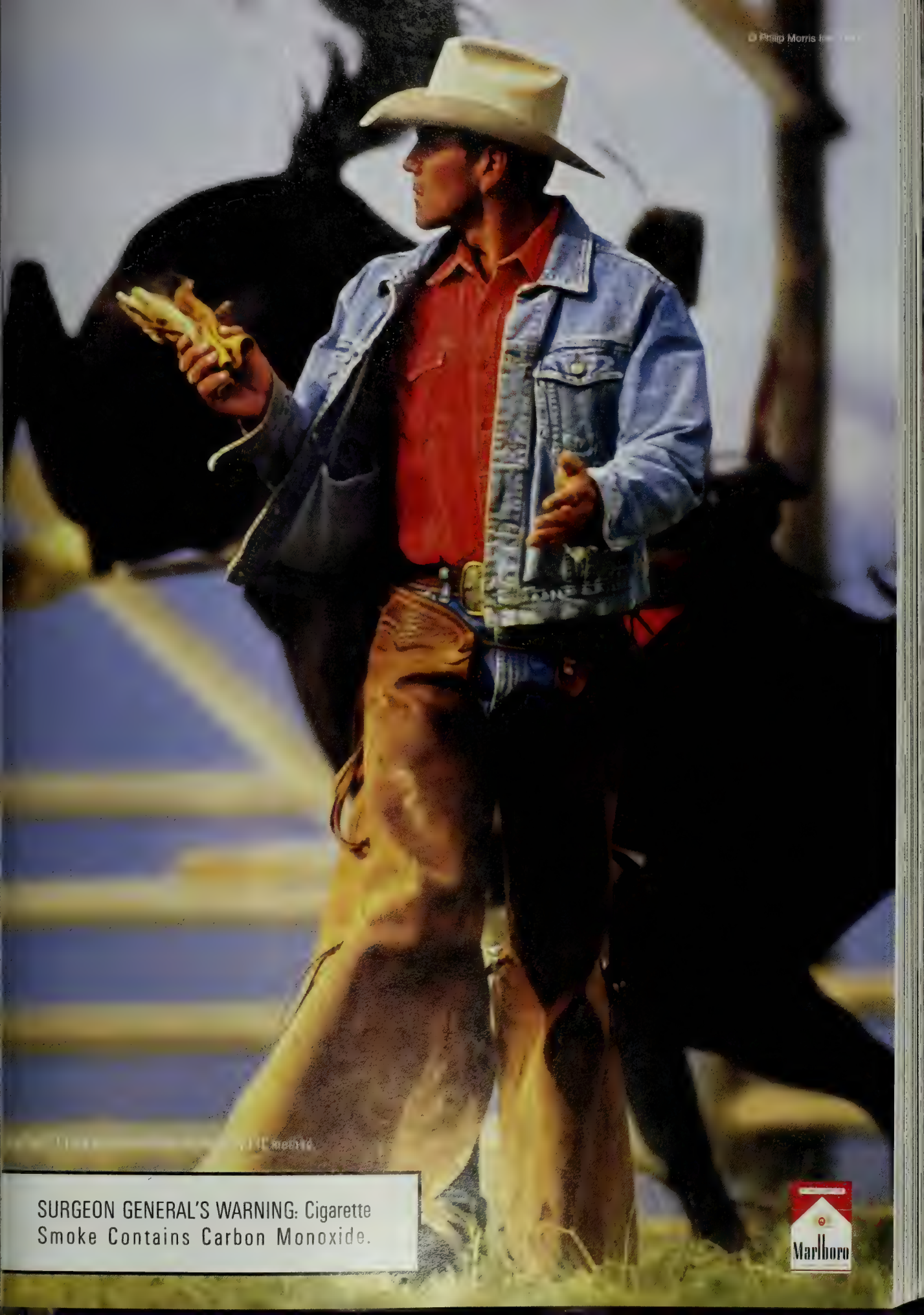
## No. 5
## ANDREW GROVE

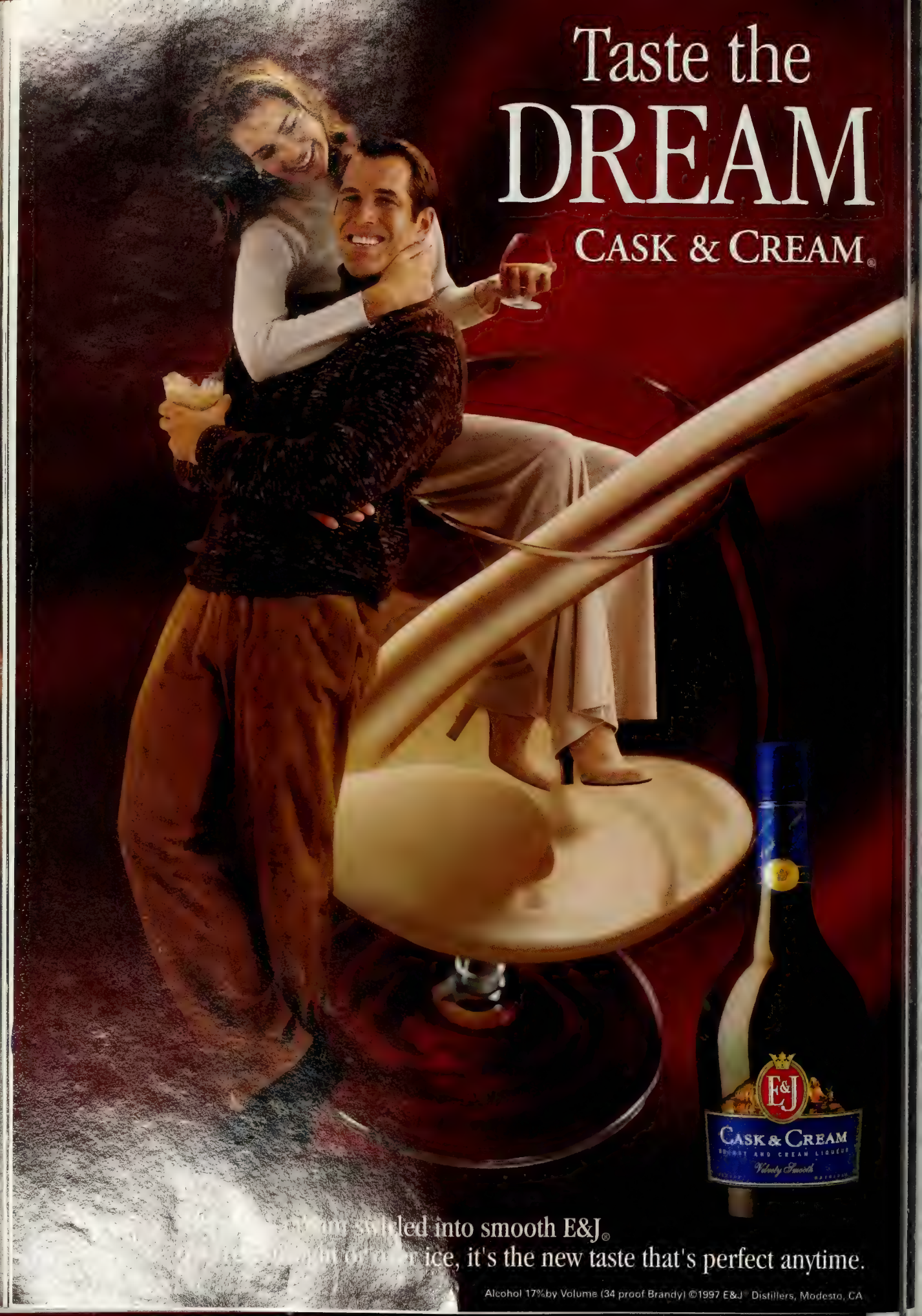


CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., INTEL CORPORATION

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 5

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Intel made one of the first computer chips to go to Mars—the 19-inch, rock-sniffing Sojourner Rover has a solar shield controlled by an 8085 Intel chip. Despite heightened challenges from rival chip-makers, which are enjoying increased success with clones of Intel's microprocessors, Grove maintained the company's extraordinary dominance (90 percent of the P.C. market). He took over the chairman's post from legendary Intel co-founder Gordon Moore, who has more or less retired, and he reaped big rewards, making $94.5 million by cashing in stock options in 1996, and another $48 million from a single day of selling shares (he still holds $207 million of Intel stock). His 1996 paycheck—$3 million—pales by comparison. Grove triumphed on other fronts as well: His first-person account of how he beat prostate cancer, published as a *Fortune* cover story, won a National Magazine Award. Grove's literary stardom was enhanced by his best-selling book, *Only the Paranoid Survive,* thanks in part to Doubleday, which wisely


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scrapped his original title, *Navigating Strategic Inflection Points.*

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Wasn't this story a Disney production? It's about a master of the universe who, after a brush with death, appeases Wall Street by designating a successor even though he's in no hurry to relinquish power. Michael Eisner, right? Now Grove is starring in the sequel. Long ago Grove announced plans to retire at 55; he turned 60 last September. Though he recently elevated C.O.O. Craig Barrett to president and heir apparent, the 58-year-old former Stanford professor is neither young nor dynamic, and he lives near Intel's Arizona plants instead of the company's Silicon Valley headquarters. Give Grove credit: he knows how to pick a number two.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** When he emigrated from Hungary in 1957, Grove was housed at a former P.O.W. camp in New Jersey. He said, "[I] thought that all the Communist propaganda was true, that America was just another drab, totalitarian state." Only later did the streets turn out to be paved with silicon and gold.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

## No. 6

## TED TURNER




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 18

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Well, he's not roaming with the bison on any of the one-million-plus acres of land he owns in Montana and New Mexico. He's brandishing his saber in the corridors of Time Warner's Rockefeller Center headquarters, severing a deal to sell Court TV, temporarily axing Murdoch's plan to put his Fox News Channel on Time Warner's New York cable, slashing costs here, slicing egos there. All the while he protected the value of his 61.6 million shares, watching it rise by about, oh, $92 million in the course of just one afternoon in June. The 58-year-old Turner may not have the discipline to run Time Warner, but he does have Gerald Levin's ear. These two seem to have only one common trait: prominent gray mustaches. But with their odd combination of id and superego, Ted 'n' Jerry have become a split personality to be reckoned with.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Depends whom you talk to. Either Turner's a crazy old uncle meddling where he's not wanted or he's a brilliant prophet and Time Warner's true salvation. Still, with everyone so intently focused on the [illegible] Warner Bros co-chairmen [illegible] have had their noses put a bit out of joint by Turner's arrival but who each own a significant number of Time Warner shares—applaud him for driving up the stock price.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** We'd heard that Turner had his executives see his shrink. What we didn't know was that the executives were there for tips on How to Handle Ted. Step One, for instance: Make him come out from behind his desk. Most people go into therapy to learn to cope with reality. Turner's therapy involves reality learning to cope with him.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↑

## No. 7

## LOUIS GERSTNER




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 9

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Credit Gerstner, 55, with continuing the company's remarkable resurgence. He has increased the value of its stock fourfold in the last four years. Even IBM's once stuffy, white-shirt public image is improving: the company may have had trouble tracking the statistics for the Atlanta Olympics (massive computer glitches delayed IBM's vaunted "instant" on-line data), but it redeemed itself with Deep Blue, the computer that stunned the world by defeating chess champion Gary Kasparov last May.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Gerstner was right when he announced that the death of the mainframe computer (an IBM stronghold) was greatly exaggerated. But Big Blue–watchers still worry that most of IBM's sales come from newer, lower-margin businesses such as P.C.'s, and that its revenues are growing at a slower rate than those of other technology powerhouses. The dirty little secret of IBM's turnaround: Gerstner, who still travels in a Gulfstream IV and made more than $20 million last year, laid off 80,000 employees. Then, to boost the stock price, he spent $13 billion buying back the company's shares. He can be arrogant and brusque, preferring one-minute phone calls and 15-minute meetings. In other words, he's a C.E.O. only stockholders could love.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** He went to the same Catholic high school in working-class Long Island as NBC's Bob Wright. And as if Gerstner's image weren't tough enough, he's missing parts of two fingers, like some kind of James Bond villain. (They were cut off in a lawn-mowing accident.)

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↑

## No. 8

## STEVEN SPIELBERG




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 17

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Remember 1993, the year of *Jurassic Park* and *Schindler's List*? This year is shaping up to be even more boffo. Just weeks after the record-breaking Memorial Day opening of *The Lost World,* which out-earned its dinosaur dad by more than $20 million, came the Spielberg-produced *Men in Black* (more than $300 million worldwide to date). *Amistad,* the director's slave-ship-revolt story, which will reach theaters in December, promises to be a *Schindler*-style triumph of artistic integrity and authenticity: a distinguished African scholar devoted weeks to teaching Morgan Freeman, among others, to speak perfect Mende. Spielberg spent the summer in Europe shooting yet another high-toned drama, *Saving Private Ryan,* a Normandy-landing epic due in the summer of 1998; he and Tom Hanks, the film's star, are reportedly forgoing salaries for 40 percent of the back end. Of the three DreamWorks amigos, Spielberg has emerged as first among equals. He signs off on all important decisions and was responsible for one of the year's major coups: getting Bob Zemeckis (*Forrest Gump, Contact*) to agree to a five-year nonexclusive directing deal.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** What more *can* you say? Well, if you must, you might suggest that Playa Vista, the 1,087-acre waterfront site near LAX—where DreamWorks' vast new studio is supposed to be built—may have more to do with Spielberg's edifice complex than with reality. (Environmentalists continue to protest the plan's destruction of wetlands, and construction has been delayed 17 months.) You also might counsel against a sequel to *Director's Chair,* Spielberg's how-to CD-ROM, which somehow manages to make his job sound like jury duty.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** If two recent unauthorized Spielberg biographies are any indication, maybe it's simply the case that moviemaking is boring. Both books are unbearably juiceless: loner whiz kid goes to film school, makes movies, makes good. But according to a British paper, Kate Capshaw, Spielberg's second wife, made the director sign a pre-nup promising her $22 million if the marriage failed to last five years. Spielberg, notorious for his studied aversion to picking up lunch tabs, reportedly admitted, "My CONTINUED ON PAGE 157




# ART & SOUL

*Life is about celebrating what's meaningful and lasting; deciding what is important and making time to appreciate it. In today's fast-paced, relentlessly hi-tech world, the thought of "de-acceleration" evokes a certain kind of civility. For over 90 years, Montblanc has created products with soul; objects of beauty and fine craftsmanship that help to preserve the moment. On the following pages, we set forth de-acceleration with the help of some of today's most thoughtful artists of the stage, screen and print.*

"I STRIVE TO MAINTAIN A BALANCE IN MY LIFE."
*-Carrie Fisher*



Actor, author, screenwriter, producer, mother, daughter, friend; Carrie Fish the woman behind the film, *Postcard from the Edge* is all of these things. How does she maintain balance in her life? By continuing to do what she loves—write. Known for writing her best prose in bed, Carrie is currently working on her fourth novel. Carrie holds a Montblanc Meisterstück Hommage à Wolfgan Amadeus Mozart Fountain Pen an wears a Montblanc Meisterstück Automatic Watch in 18k gold.

"I FEEL MOST CREATIVE VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING, BUT I'M NEVER AWAKE THEN."
*-Elliot Goldenthal*



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"LUXURY TO ME IS DOWNTIME."
*-Jane Rosenthal*



A busy mother and high-profile producer, Jane Rosenthal is co-founder of Tribeca Production and Tribeca Film Center with Robert De Niro. Having recently wrapped-up production on Barry Levinson's *Wag the Dog*, Jane take a moment to reflect on what luxury means to her—spending quality time with her family. Jan wears a Montblanc Meisterstück Quartz Watch in 18k gold.

I HAD TO LEAVE MY CHILDREN JUST ONE PIECE OF ADVICE, IT WOULD BE TO LIVE IN THE MOMENT."
*- Nicholas Evans*



Nicholas Evans, author of the internationally best-selling novel, *The Horse Whisperer,* lives in England with his wife and their two children. For Nicholas, living in the moment means not letting life be clouded by pointless worry about the past or the future, but rather living each "now" fully in its turn. Currently at work on his second novel, Nicholas travels to the United States several times a year but prefers, when he is writing, to be in the familiar surrounds of his home in London. Nicholas uses a Montblanc Meisterstück Limited Edition Fyodor Dostoevsky

"LIFE INSPIRES ME. MUCH IS REVEALED BY A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF LIFE."
*-Edward Zwick*

"HISTORY GENERATES IDEAS FOR ME—I'M FASCINATED WITH THE PAST."
*- Marshall Herskovitz*



Edward Zwick and Marshall Herskovitz formed The Bedford Falls Company, named for the town in *It's A Wonderful Life*, as a "home" for their film and television projects which include *thirtysomething*, *Legends of the Fall* and the upcoming film *Courtesan*. The beauty of their work is how accurately it portrays the many varied aspects of human emotion. Working together in two-part harmony, they know firsthand the complexities of modern-day relationships. Edward holds a Montblanc Meisterstück Ramses II Fountain Pen. Marshall wears a Montblanc Meisterstück Chronograph in 18k gold.

Cover: Montblanc Meisterstück Réserve de Marche in 18k gold. Montblanc Meisterstück Solitaire Inkwell and Solitaire Sterling Silver Fountain Pen.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150 heart stopped for a minute when Kate told me what she wanted." But then, he said, "I told her, 'Dear, you're worth every cent.'"

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➔

## No. 9

## EDGAR BRONFMAN JR.




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 14

DEALS AND DEEDS: The 42-year-old Seagram heir put the past behind him when he cleverly renamed MCA, the entertainment giant he bought in 1995, after its movie studio—Universal Studios, Inc.—and the billions he has invested in the company may be starting to pay off. Universal's performance improved this year after a dismal 1996, in which it hit a five-year low. L.A. is a tough town and Bronfman just got tougher. First he sued Sumner Redstone, charging that the notoriously hardball Viacom chairman had violated the terms of their joint ownership of USA Networks by launching new cable channels outside their partnership. Redstone said that if Bronfman wanted a war, he'd give him one. Both moguls ended up on the witness stand, where Bronfman suggested that Redstone had been, shall we say, less than truthful in their dealings, and Redstone made the same charge about Bronfman. The Delaware judge appeared to side with Bronfman but urged an out-of-court settlement. The prize? Control of USA Networks, a highly desirable TV distribution channel for Universal's programming.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The jury's still out on whether the Universal purchase was brilliant or a big mistake. Bronfman sold Seagram's $9 billion stake in DuPont to fulfill his dream of owning a studio. Today that block of DuPont stock is worth $20 billion. Given the sorry state of the liquor business, however, a growing number of Bronfman defenders say Universal may look like a shrewd move in five years.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Universal submitted "Whenever There Is Love," the theme song to the Sylvester Stallone film *Daylight,* for Oscar consideration without revealing the identity of the song's co-writer "Sam Roman" Edgar Bronfman Jr. (He jettisoned his old songwriting pseudonym, Junior Miles, last year.) It didn't get nominated.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➔

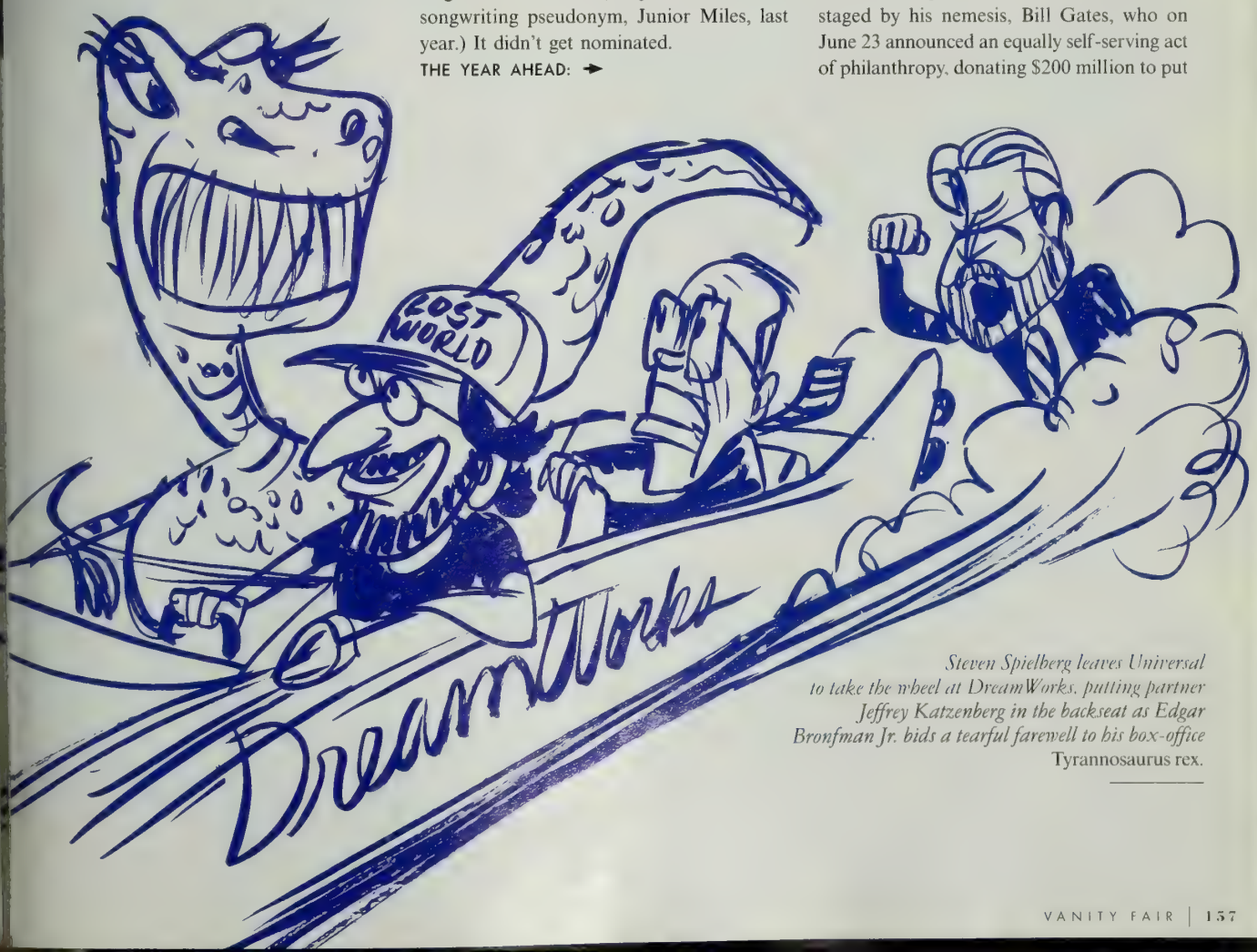
## No. 10

## LAWRENCE ELLISON




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 15

DEALS AND DEEDS: Ellison has secured his reputation as the Prince Hamlet of the New Establishment—smart, tortured, and maddeningly indecisive. To take over Apple Computer, the down-and-out company co-founded by his best friend, Steve Jobs, or not to? Ellison second-guessed the decision for so long—and so publicly—that the drama became embarrassing. He even urged *San Jose Mercury News* readers to send him E-mail about whether he should buy the company—a bizarre move, given that it boosted Apple's stock price. But that's Ellison: anything for a little attention. In June he booked Radio City Music Hall to show off his inexpensive network computer, which debuts this Christmas. (He brought along his chum Colin Powell for good measure.) On June 24, Ellison was set to donate $100 million worth of N.C.'s to public schools, but he was upstaged by his nemesis, Bill Gates, who on June 23 announced an equally self-serving act of philanthropy, donating $200 million to put




*Steven Spielberg leaves Universal to take the wheel at DreamWorks, putting partner Jeffrey Katzenberg in the backseat as Edgar Bronfman Jr. bids a tearful farewell to his box-office* Tyrannosaurus rex.

libraries on-line—using Microsoft software.
**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** On *Oprah,* he expressed his desire to meet and mate—then was deluged with videocassettes from prospective dates. They may have known Ellison is worth $9 billion, but apparently they weren't reading Bay Area newspapers, which were filled with details of a sexual-harassment suit against the 53-year-old bachelor, who had maintained overlapping relationships with two young female employees. The relationship with one of the women, Adelyn Lee, soured when Ellison refused her request for a $150,000 loan so she could get a better apartment and play the stock market.
**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** After dining with Sharon Stone in the Sonoma County wine country, Ellison boasted about their "date." Stone was said to be miffed by his grandstanding. The reason she agreed to meet Ellison was to persuade him to contribute to a charity run by her sister.
**THE YEAR AHEAD:** →

## No. 11
## JOHN MALONE


CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., TELE-COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 7
**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Hello, big sell-off; good-bye, top-10 ranking. Malone has willfully turned TCI into the incredible shrinking giant. Having spent 24 years building an empire of 4,500 cable franchises boasting 14 million subscribers, Malone was carrying $15 billion in debt. So this year, he and his deputy, TCI president Leo Hindery, adopted a downsizing strategy, swapping vast groups of customers for equity stakes in other cable companies. "He's regrouping before the next attack," says an insider, i.e., increasing TCI's value so he can leverage it for whatever he wants to do next. Malone plans to off-load some 840,000 viewers nationwide, not counting the 89,000 customers who canceled their cable subscriptions out of disenchantment with TCI's service and prices. He spun off his satellite operation and is aiming to take it public along with his other Primestar partners (Time Warner, Comcast, et al.) for about $1.7 billion. He tried to get rid of his Liberty Media programming arm, and is keen to dump his 50 percent stake in the fledgling Fox Sports cable network, hoping his buddy Rupert Murdoch will buy it back for $1 billion. Malone's strategy has produced its desired effect: slowly but surely [illegible] prices [illegible] from the [illegible]

## No. 12
## SUMNER REDSTONE

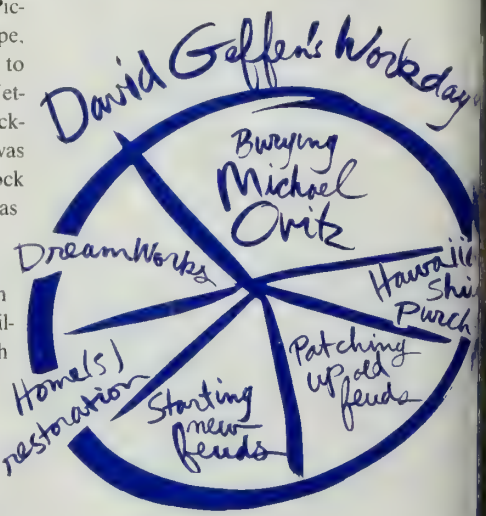

CHAIRMAN, VIACOM, INC.

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 8
**DEALS AND DEEDS:** "I now control, take my word for it, the best media company in the world," Redstone said in March. So why don't people believe him? Though Paramount Pictures is in bad shape, Redstone sold Viacom's radio stations to raise cash ($1.1 billion), and his MTV Networks, which includes MTV and Nickelodeon, remains strong. But Wall Street was wildly unimpressed. Today, Viacom's stock languishes at 30, about half of what it was worth at its 1993 peak before Redstone bought Paramount Communications. Because most of his own wealth is tied up in the company, he's worth only about $3 billion, $2 billion less than what he was worth then. Viacom is still staggering under the huge debts incurred by the Paramount purchase—$10 billion—and the problems at its troubled Blockbuster unit forced the company to write off $300 million this spring, which didn't help Redstone's testy relationship with his stockholders. These days, he hovers over his top executives and wants to be in on every decision—which, says one industry insider, doesn't make Viacom a happy place to work right now.
**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** That the 74-year-old Redstone is a visionary builder who should now leave Viacom for others to manage. Redstone is still haunted by the perception that he fired his respected number two, Frank Biondi, because he didn't want to share power and credit. As one Wall Street analyst puts it, "There's a megalomaniac discount on Viacom stock."
**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** "I plan to run this company from the grave," Redstone has said. But others believe that his 43-year-old daughter, Shari, will take over when Redstone gets there. Right now, she heads Viacom's successful movie-theater business and is one of the few people Redstone actually gets along with. Smart, tough, and tenacious, she's so much like her father that one Redstone crony calls her "Sumner in a dress." Sounds like a skit for Herbert Allen's Sun Valley conference, where Redstone was a last-minute no-show.
**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↓

## No. 13
## DAVID GEFFEN


PARTNER, DREAMWORKS SKG

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 10
**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Need a billionaire mediator who never wears a tie? Then Geffen's your man. "David is always the court of last resort," says a DreamWorks executive. "David is the negotiator." Indeed, he helped partner Steven Spielberg smooth over a budget dispute with Sony regarding *Men in Black,* which was produced by Spielberg's Amblin




shop. He was instrumental in working out a deal whereby DreamWorks could co-produce Spielberg's upcoming Normandy-invasion film, *Saving Private Ryan,* with Paramount, which owned the script. Geffen also put a stop to a very nasty spat that was

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*Bill Gates and Larry Ellison vie for the title of Most Philanthropic Multibillionaire*

brewing between his other DreamWorks partner, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and NBC's Don Ohlmeyer, over the ownership of DreamWorks programming that airs on that network. He is currently remodeling Belle Rive, Claudette Colbert's old estate on Barbados, and will soon celebrate the completion of seven years of renovations on his Beverly Hills mansion, the famed Warner estate, which will house his formidable contemporary-American-art collection. (Jack Warner's leather-walled office has been left intact.)

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** One of the gag gifts at this year's Sun Valley retreat was the DreamWorks doll: you wind it up and it doesn't do anything. Geffen was expected to work his old Asylum magic on DreamWorks' music division, but thus far he has little to show for his efforts—albums from George Michael, Henry Rollins, Morphine, and Chris Rock have just kind of sat there, and only the original-cast recording of *Rent* fulfilled sales expectations. The music business is tough all over, though, so no one's written any obits just yet.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** That Geffen's authorized biographer, Tom King, has the 54-year-old mogul rattled? Geffen was annoyed because the *Wall Street Journal* reporter interviewed Geffen's brother without his permission.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** →

## No. 14
## HERBERT A. ALLEN


PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., ALLEN & COMPANY, INC.

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 6

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** The *other* bankers at Allen & Co. advised Rupert Murdoch on his ultimately doomed partnership with EchoStar, counseled NBC, helped Barry Diller on his investment in Ticketmaster, and worked on TCI's attempted spin-off of Liberty Media for John Malone. Allen himself, like Talleyrand, subscribes to the never-look-as-if-you're-trying-too-hard approach to life. "I've done next to nothing," he says. "I should be taken off this list." That's impossible: he's the person others in the New Establishment turn to for guidance and introductions, and, once again, the July getaway at his Sun Valley ranch attracted everyone who was anyone. Witness the photographs that Allen posts on a board each day and then mails to the moguls for their private collections; you'll see Bronfman, Diller, Malone, Turner, and Levin decked out in their Patagonia-wear, smiling like old friends, looking downright civilized. Without the 57-year-old Allen, there might not *be* a New Establishment—he's perhaps the only man in the world who can keep the boys from brawling long enough to deserve the title.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** That by trying to help Michael Ovitz find a new job he's facing the toughest challenge of his career. Allen, however, denies he's peddling the former agent.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** The billionaire doesn't rate his profession very highly; he told *Forbes* he could teach his dog over a long weekend to be an investment banker. We asked him why it would take so long. "Because my dog," he said, "is not that smart and neither am I."

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** →

## No. 15
## BARRY DILLER


CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., HSN, INC.

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 13

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** "We're a work in progress," Diller says of HSN, Inc., the holding company he formed with a merger of Home Shopping Network, Savoy Pictures, and Silver King Communications, his cluster of small TV stations. Though Diller has been reticent about the company's activi-

Guitars courtesy
*The Chinery Collection*



*Gibson Super 400, 1934*



*Rickenbacker Electro Spanish, 1937*



*Epiphone Emperor, 1949*



*Grady Martin Bigsby Double-Neck, 1952*



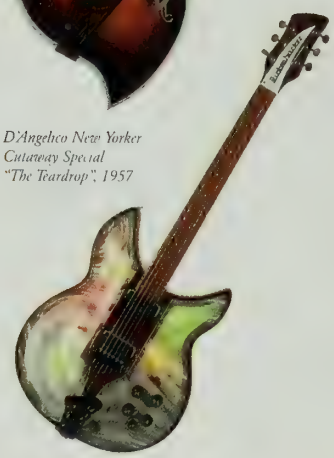
*D'Angelico New Yorker Cutaway Special "The Teardrop", 1957*



*Gibson Explorer, 1958*



*Fender Stratocaster, 1964*



*Rickenbacker 331 "Lightshow", 1971*



*Gibson Les Paul '59 Flametop Reissue, current*

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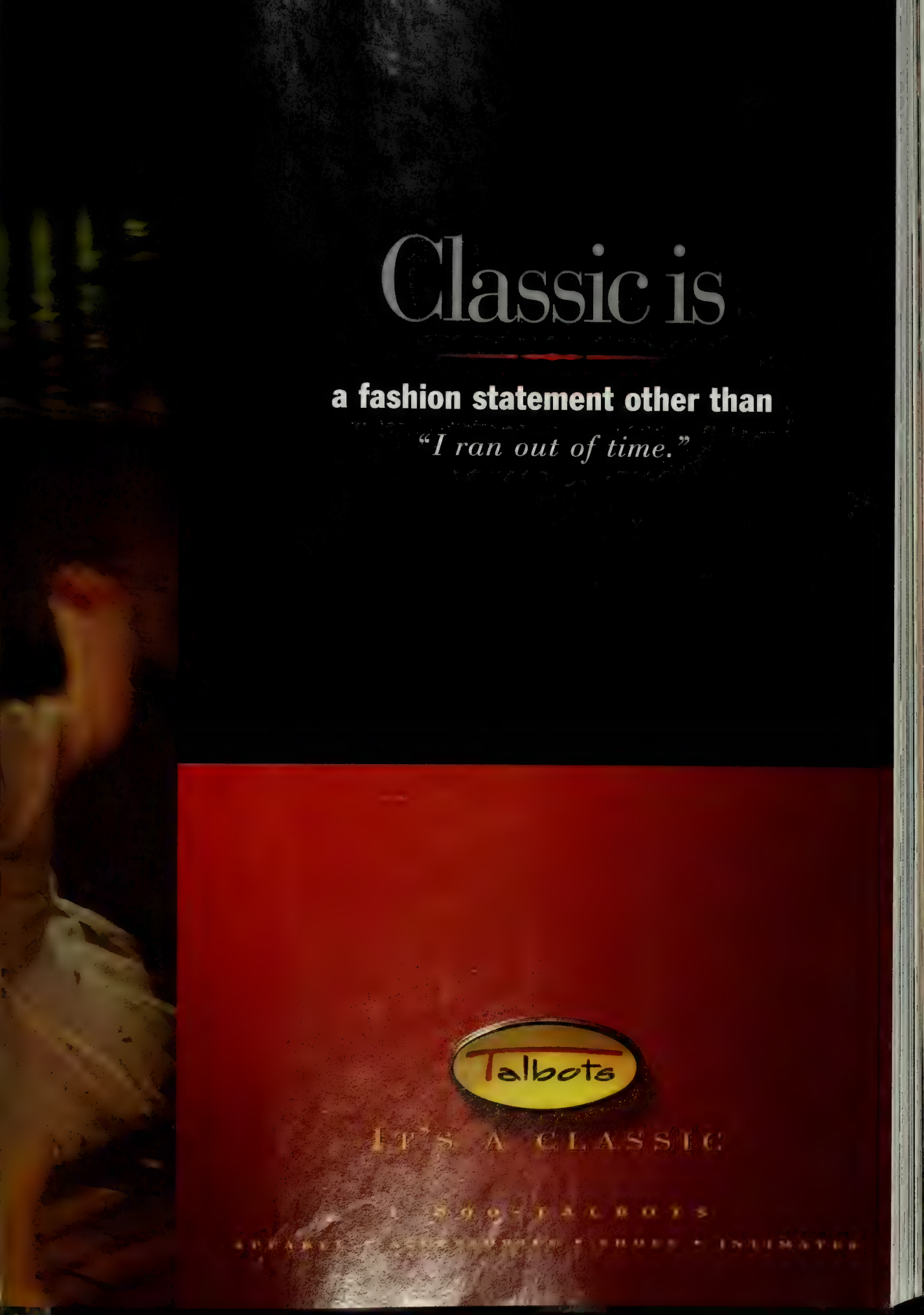
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ties, HSN has tripled its stock price on the NASDAQ and more than tripled its cash flow since January 1995. And Diller's plan to fold HSN's 12 UHF stations into a seventh broadcast network (featuring in-depth local news and electronic shopping) received a boost last March, when the Supreme Court ruled that cable operators must carry all broadcast (i.e., free) stations in their service areas.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Diller still enjoys an intensely loyal following among New Establishment players, even as HSN remains a murky proposition. "Barry knows exactly what he's doing," says David Geffen, who owns 416,000 shares of HSN (worth more than $12 million); Herbert Allen, who raves about Diller's brilliance, applauded when HSN bought a controlling stake in Ticketmaster from Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen in a stock swap valued at about $209 million. The move will further expand Diller's customer base in the electronic marketplace.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Diller is often at sea in one of his three boats, including an Onassian 155-foot sailing vessel that is soon to be refitted in Southampton, England. And talk about the Midas touch—one of the mechanics who serviced Diller's Gulfstream IV won the California Super Lotto (jackpot: $31 million).

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

## No. 16
## WARREN BUFFETT




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 22

DEALS AND DEEDS: He paid $1.5 billion to buy FlightSafety International, an aviation-training company, boosted his holding in McDonald's to $1.3 billion, or 4.3 percent of the company, and held tight to his title as America's second-richest man (net worth: $23.2 billion), ranking just after his good friend and fellow eccentric Bill Gates. But this year what Buffett said was more important than what he did. At Disney's annual meeting in February, he defended Michael Eisner against stockholders furious over Disney's $95-million-plus severance payment to Michael Ovitz, calmly advising them, "Keep your shares." (Buffett famously kept his—all 25 million of them.) And when he announced on March 13 that he believed the stock market was "overheated" and the risk of overpaying "quite high," the market dropped 81 points.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The country's most brilliant investor is a real ham. For the second year in a row he was moved to sing before the tough Sun Valley crowd, this time inviting his wife, his daughter, two sons, and two daughters-in-law to join him in serenading his fellow moguls. The Buffett family wrote the lyrics, which were set to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." A sample: "We hear Jack [Schneider, Allen & Co. master of ceremonies] rib both Wayne [Huizenga] and Barry [Diller] for their lack of hair / We learn how far a golfball goes when played in mountain air. . . . Our horde comes marching in."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: The 66-year-old Buffett doesn't just sing—he swings! In his home base of Omaha, he cohabits with a companion. But at Sun Valley, wife Susan was at his side. Apparently Susan got tired of Omaha and wanted a different kind of life, choosing to set up her own roost in San Francisco. Which, friends say, hasn't much changed Buffett's feelings about her. "Warren," says one, "is madly in love with Susie."

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

## No. 17
## BOB WRIGHT




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 35

DEALS AND DEEDS: Wright scored a rare TV hat trick by making NBC the No. 1 network in news, entertainment, and sports. And while ABC decided against launching a 24-hour news service, Wright forged ahead with MSNBC, the lavishly promoted (if little-watched) 24-hour cable venture with Microsoft. NBC has also been aggressively expanding into cable systems, the Internet, and outlets in Europe and Asia. And don't forget CNBC, the business-news cable channel, which has a cult following on Wall Street. The Peacock is now twice as profitable as ABC Television—it earned almost $1 billion for its parent company, General Electric, in 1996.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: The 54-year-old Wright's best year ever wasn't without its traumas. News star Bryant Gumbel went to CBS, and West Coast president Don Ohlmeyer—one of the brains behind NBC's prime-time turnaround—went to Betty Ford. But Wright is very close to G.E.'s legendary chairman, Jack Welch, and he is in the running to become cardinal-in-charge of G.E.'s global communications business.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Wright and his wife, Suzanne, get a kick out of buying houses, renovating them, then selling them for tidy profits. They just bought a spread in Palm Beach, and they also own a getaway on Nantucket, where Wright is part of a group that has built a first-class golf course (membership fee: more than $200,000).

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

## No. 18
## STEVE CASE




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 20

DEALS AND DEEDS: First the good news—Case signed up the long-distance operator Tel-Save, earning AOL a badly needed $100 million advance. While the 39-year-old Case has personally earned $33.5 million over the past three years, his company posted a net loss of $154.8 million during the final quarter of 1996. After the March Tel-Save deal, AOL tried to claim a tiny total profit of $2.6 million for the first quarter of 1997, but was slapped down—once again—for sloppy accounting by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Case then made a three-year deal with shopping-service giant CUC International, which will bring in $50 million. He also hired MTV cofounder Bob Pittman, who seems to be pals with absolutely *everyone* in the New Establishment. ("I know Michael Eisner. Know Herb Allen. . . . Levin, Turner, and Daly and Semel—they're like *family*," says Pittman, running down the list.) Now the bad news—AOL's $19.95-per-month unlimited-access plan was a complete disaster; the company was forced to offer refunds and credits to customers who were unable to connect to the overloaded service. Attorneys general in 36 states took action against AOL, which quickly ordered up TV ads to calm furious Net heads.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Analysts are warming up to AOL, and Wall Street is responding to Case's cost-cutting measures: the company's share price hit a high of 75.5 in July. He still hasn't mollified subscribers, though, and they're getting restless. "One hundred twenty-five thousand new modems," Case raved on-line to frustrated customers, promising another 25,000 modems by June. But in one recent industry survey, more than a million of AOL's 8.6 million members said they were "somewhat" or "very" likely to end their subscriptions to the service in the coming months.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: During the furor over AOL's overcrowded lines, Case made the


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mistake of sending E-mail to customers asking them to "show some restraint" in using the service. They sent him so many angry replies, his own mailbox crashed.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

## No. 19
## BRIAN ROBERTS




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 24

DEALS AND DEEDS: This was the year that John Malone, cable's dark king, appeared to abdicate his throne—and that young Brian Roberts, a mere boy of 38, appeared to seize it. Last winter, he persuaded Michael Eisner to put up all the money ($320 million) for Comcast's purchase of a majority interest in E! Entertainment Television from Time Warner while yielding none of his own control. Then he talked Bill Gates into buying $1 billion of nonvoting Comcast stock. The infusion/alliance is meant to speed Comcast's laying of fiber-optic "big pipe" across the country, through which Microsoft will send its Internet software to digital TV sets. During cable's doldrum period of the past three years, Roberts resisted the pressure to sell. Now that the telephone companies have retrenched and the Murdoch satellite scare has passed, cable's promise as the Ultimate Conduit is bright once more—and Roberts looks very much like a visionary.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Comcast's purchase of the Philadelphia Flyers, 76ers, and Phantoms inspired the company to start up a regional sports network, which debuts this month as a basic cable-service channel. The question now is whether Roberts can capitalize on an apparent loophole in the 1996 Telecommunications Act in order to lock up the Philly area's sports programming. "We don't like to use the words 'corner the market,' because the government watches our behavior," Roberts says with a laugh. "Let's just say we've been able to do things before they're in vogue."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Roberts claims he no longer bets on every hole of a golf game, nor does he put in long, exuberant hours at the craps table. Instead, he's dusted off his squash racket. Once a nationally ranked player, he's back in top form; he even skipped this summer's Sun Valley conference to participate in the quadrennial Maccabiah games—the so-called Jewish Olympics—in Israel. "It was the first time I was able to compete in the 2[illegible]-over division," Roberts explains.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

## No. 20
## STEVE BALLMER




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 33

DEALS AND DEEDS: If Bill's Lexus gets hit by a truck, Steve's the man. Long content to stay in Gates's shadow, he cut a much higher profile this year, appearing solo on the cover of *Forbes*, which dubbed him "Microsoft strongman." The article quoted Gates as saying that Ballmer, 41, was his best friend and clear number two—an important distinction, since Gates recently expanded his kitchen cabinet from a three-man Office of the President to a nine-man Executive Committee. Ballmer's 5 percent stake in Microsoft rose to $7.8 billion, making him perhaps the richest non-C.E.O. in America. He now oversees a 10,000-person operation and is Microsoft's point man in the battle against Sun Microsystems and Oracle.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: According to Microsoft-watchers, Ballmer deserves credit for his "ability to mobilize the troops," his "sheer aggressiveness and loudness," and "this manic quality he can deliver at will—to shout at a crowd and get them to do great things." He once needed surgery on his vocal cords after an especially energetic performance at a company meeting.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Ballmer has repeatedly claimed that Gates beat him on the Putnam national math competition when they were at Harvard. But Gates biographer Steve Manes discovered that Ballmer, who knows not to show up the boss, scored higher.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

## No. 21
## NATHAN MYHRVOLD




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 23

DEALS AND DEEDS: Just a year after Gates named Myhrvold as co-head of a group that included Microsoft Office software (a crucial $5-billion-a-year cash cow) and such high-profile media ventures as MSNBC and *Slate*, Myhrvold has been given yet another new title: chief technology officer. In this capacity, Myhrvold is now charged with tripling the research staff to 600 savants. More notable, Gates has relieved him of any direct business responsibility. With Microsoft's clout and treasury, Myhrvold has already lured star professors away from places such as Stanford and Carnegie Mellon, and he used his ties to his former mentor, Stephen Hawking, to spearhead a Microsoft research lab in Cambridge, England, in June.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Silicon Valley types have always been envious of Myhrvold, in part because of Gates's proclamations that Myhrvold is his personal guru and intellectual superior. So it's no wonder Myhrvold's title switch has been cast in some circles as a demotion—he was "reorged," the gossip goes, because he couldn't run a business. Myhrvold's response: "For Bill to make me chief technology officer wasn't a booby prize or a pasture. He saw the need for me to play a broader role and have impact on more of the company. This is a promotion." He's still involved in strategy and media, and dines solo with moguls such as Michael Eisner.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: On a family vacation in Alaska, while trying to photograph a bear, Myhrvold got stuck in quicksand and sank up to his chest. And for the Seattle lakeside home he's building near Gates's massive construction, he created a photorealistic computer simulation that ensures he'll be able to see the sun rise *and* set over Mount Rainier while in bed.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ➚

## No. 22
## GEORGE LUCAS




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 28

DEALS AND DEEDS: The Jedi returned, the Empire struck back, and everyone in the movie business felt the Force again. The re-release of Lucas's *Star Wars* trilogy outpaced everyone's expectations by grossing more than $250 million in the U.S. alone. Now, for the first time in 20 years, Lucas is behind the camera again, filming a *Star Wars* prequel starring Liam Neeson, Ewan McGregor, and Natalie Portman on location in Tunisia and on 50 different sets that he has had constructed at Leavesden Studios, outside London. Hasbro, Galoob Toys, and Mattel have already been in heated competition over the toy license for Lucas's three planned prequels (to be released in 1999, 2001, and 2003), with bids reaching as high as $1 billion.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Is there anything in our vaults worth trotting out for an anniversary run? Paramount is considering a re-release



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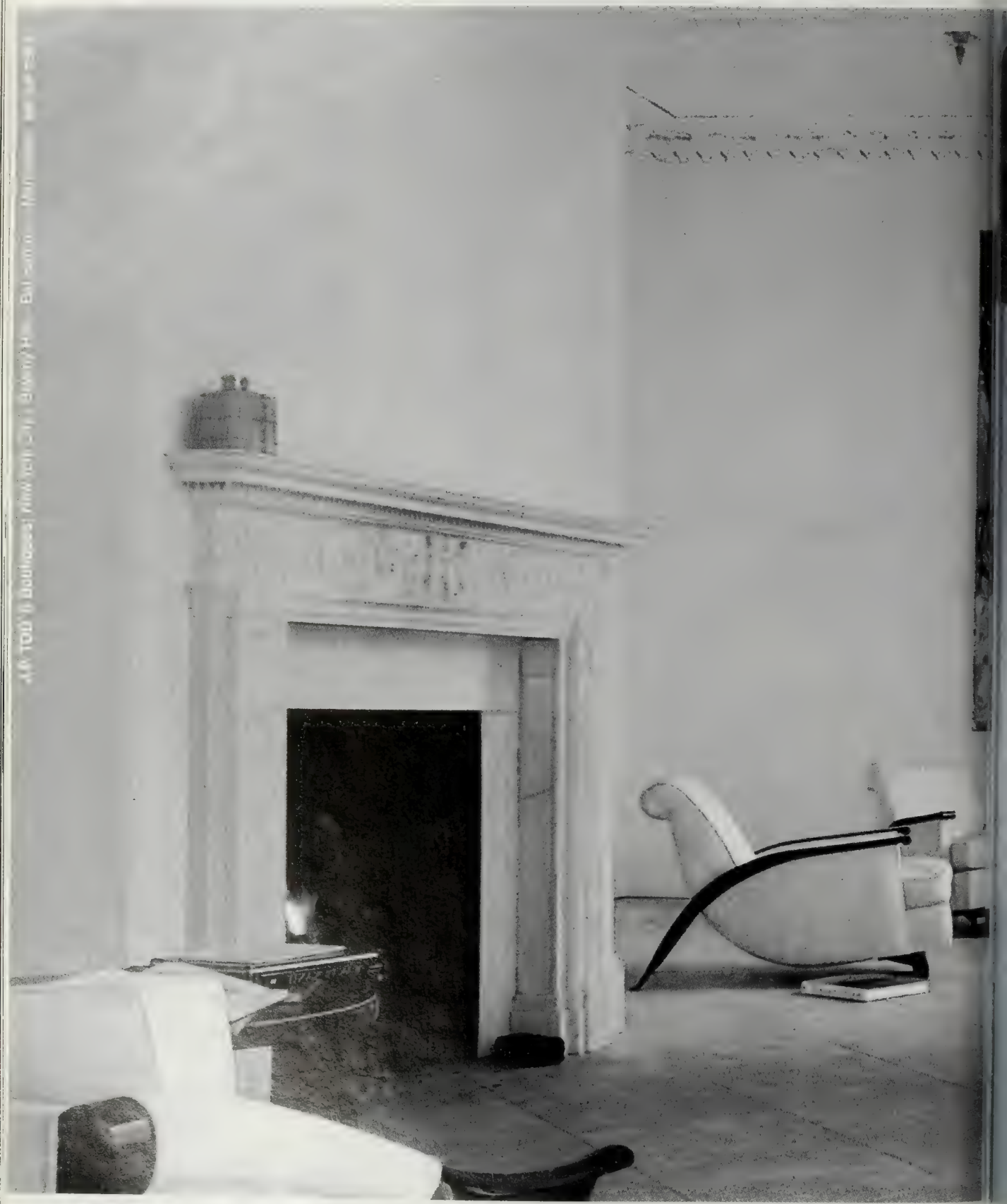
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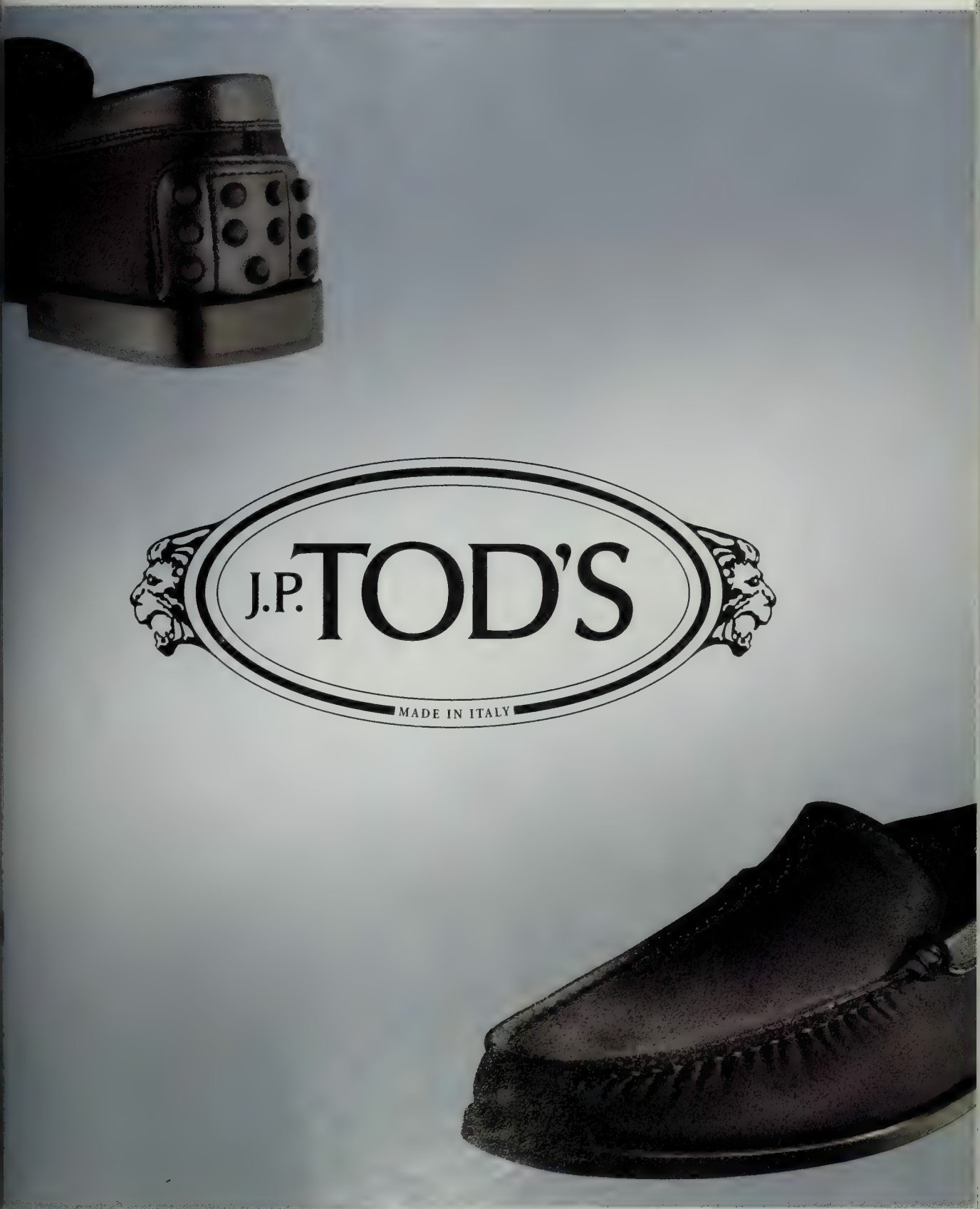
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London interior, 1997




City loafer in smooth black satin, 1997

of *Grease* (with new footage cut from the original!) early next year, and Warner's might do the same with *The Wizard of Oz*. Meanwhile, Lucas and his pals Steven Spielberg and Harrison Ford are kicking around the possibility of a new *Indiana Jones* installment.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Lucas, a single father, wouldn't let his four-year-old see *Star Wars* on video; he took the boy to Westwood for the big-screen experience. The very private Lucas writes at home, by longhand, and guess who's doing script polishes on his new *Star Wars* installment? She has firsthand experience as Luke Skywalker's sister and Jabba the Hutt's slave girl—Carrie Fisher.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➔

## No. 23

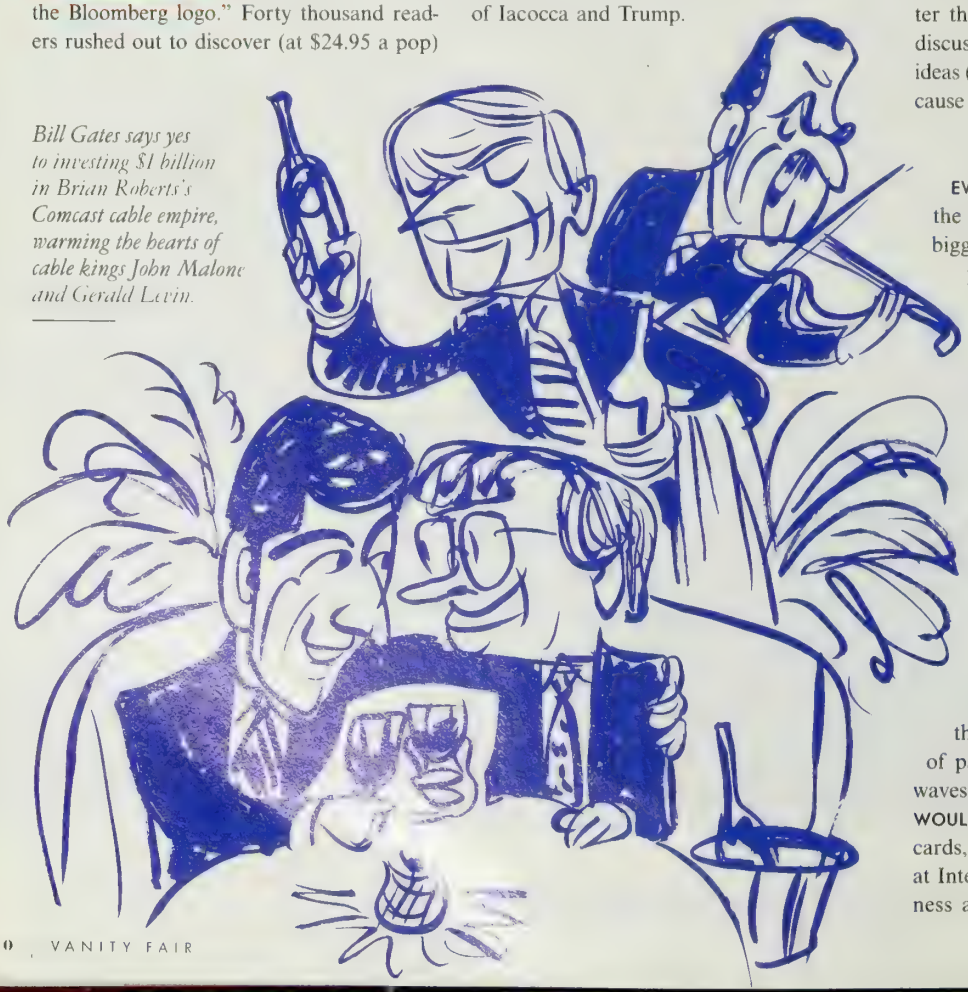
## MICHAEL BLOOMBERG




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 30

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Another year of touting the Bloomberg name and product, culminating with the publication of *Bloomberg by Bloomberg*, the "visionary man's" intimate look at "the mind and personality behind the Bloomberg logo." Forty thousand readers rushed out to discover (at $24.95 a pop) that behind the Bloomberg logo is, yes, an outsize ego. Meanwhile, Bloomberg—did we mention the name?—leased time on the New York local affiliate WBIS to provide 12 hours per day of business news to the city, then promptly signed a deal to broadcast the same to 3.2 million households in the rest of the nation via Cox Communications, the country's fifth-largest cable operator. Bloomberg also convinced Mayor Rudolph Giuliani that Bloomberg Television, along with Murdoch's Fox News, was entitled to one of New York's public-access channels. In light of the WBIS deal, it was a concession, he now admits with rare embarrassment, that "we don't need."

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** The money continues to pour in. Bloomberg's financial-markets service adds 100 customers a day, mostly from the securities industry, at an annual fee of $14,400. Perhaps this is the reason Bloomberg gave his book royalties to the Committee to Protect Journalists and still hasn't cashed his $1 advance check. The lifelong Democrat recently hired a lobbyist to help him win approval to air Bloomberg Television in the House and Senate—a move which sparked rumors that he was planning to run for office. Though the legislative branch doesn't interest him—"It would be boring"—he thinks a job in the executive branch might be "fun." Shades of Iacocca and Trump.



*Bill Gates says yes to investing $1 billion in Brian Roberts's Comcast cable empire, warming the hearts of cable kings John Malone and Gerald Levin.*

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** He cried at his elder daughter's graduation from the Spence private school.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➔

## No. 24

## JOHN DOERR

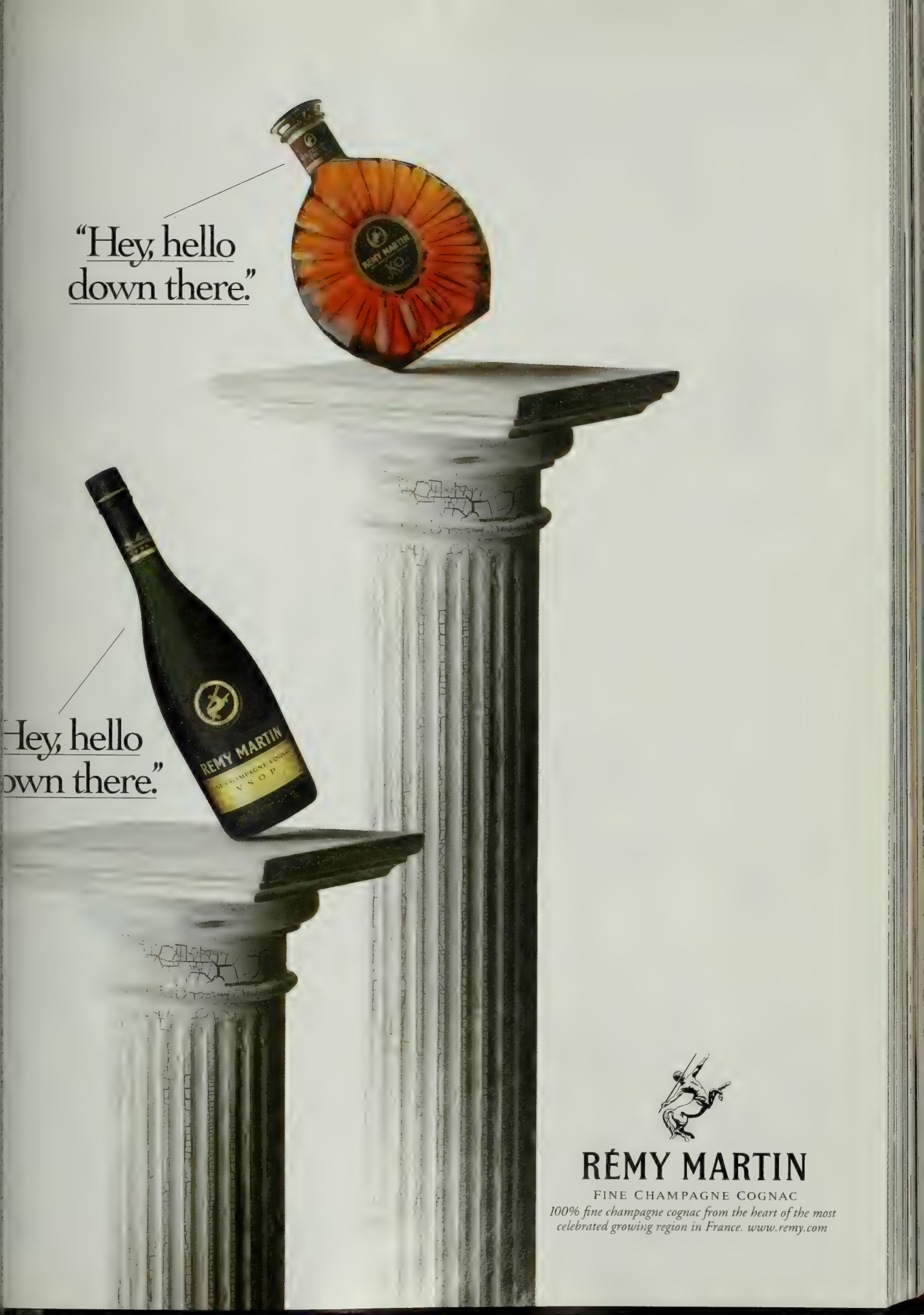



**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 27

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** The dean of Silicon Valley venture capitalists is now the technocracy's political leader as well, mobilizing C.E.O.'s who in earlier times wouldn't have gone near the Capitol or the statehouses. He helped raise $40 million to defeat California's Proposition 211, a bill to make it even easier for lawyers to file class-action shareholder suits against executives when their companies' stock prices fall, and he persuaded Bill Clinton to oppose the measure despite the president's coziness with big-donor trial attorneys. Although he's a registered Republican, Doerr became a fervent Clinton supporter in the '96 campaign, organizing a $50,000-a-plate dinner in Sunnyvale, California, which raised $500,000. After the election, Doerr held six roundtable discussions in which Valley types swapped ideas (if not jokes) with Al Gore. Doerr's new cause is education: he's leading 300 tech execs in a call for "voluntary" national standards in reading and math.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** After getting in on the ground floor of one of Wall Street's biggest scores ever—Netscape—what can you do for an encore? Doerr's blockbuster sequel was the public offering of the cable-Internet provider @Home, whose stock more than doubled in the first two days of trading. The company was valued at $2.6 billion, not bad for a start-up that had already lost $58 million and had signed up fewer customers (7,000) than attend a typical WNBA game. Doerr's firm posted $600 million in profits from that and other I.P.O.'s, including on-line bookseller Amazon.com (where Doerr's $8 million ante became $100 million). With a year like that, who cares that Netscape's stock has lost billions of paper wealth created during the early waves of hype?

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** In lieu of Christmas cards, Doerr and wife Ann (whom he met at Intel) send valentines to friends and business associates. But the most coveted let-


"Hey, hello
down there."
REMY MARTIN
XO
Hey, hello
own there."
REMY MARTIN
V S O P
RÉMY MARTIN
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
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ter to get from Doerr is an invitation to his annual Aspen summer-camp powwow, a younger, geekier version of Herbert Allen's Sun Valley gathering.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

## No. 25
## PAUL ALLEN




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 34

DEALS AND DEEDS: It was a year of questionable deals for the man with the overstuffed wallet. First he sold his 47.5 percent stake in Ticketmaster to Barry Diller's HSN, Inc., for $209 million. Shareholders were angry, and rightfully so, given that Allen received a nice premium for his shares (33 percent above market value), while they received nothing; it was Allen's duty, as Ticketmaster chairman, to look out for their interests. Having engineered this corporate deal, Allen took a creative approach to public finance, proposing a new, 72,000-seat stadium for the Seahawks football team, which he held an option to buy (and which would otherwise have moved to L.A.). The plan: Allen would put up $100 million toward the $425 million cost, and Washington State would pay the rest. He spent $2 million lobbying for a voter referendum to be held, $4.2 million to pay for the polling—yes, that's right—and another $5.4 million campaigning, saturating Seattle's TV airwaves with ads. The measure passed, but barely.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Allen's largesse comes with strings attached. When he spent $5 million helping the family of Jimi Hendrix in their legal battle for the rights to the late guitarist's music, he was hoping that in return they'd give him the rights to open a Jimi Hendrix museum. They didn't, and Allen renamed his venture the Experience Music Project; it's a $60 million, 130,000-square-foot interactive center with a guitar-inspired design by Frank Gehry. Aside from Hendrix, the museum, located near Seattle's Space Needle, will honor local talents from Bing Crosby to Nirvana. What's more, Allen's plan to build a high-tech lakeside campus for his company has been stalled by environmental concerns. All in all, locals are worried that Allen's great wealth and civic bent give far too much power to one man in the community.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: That a 44-year-old bachelor worth $14 billion still lives with his mother? Granted, she has her own, 6,500-square-foot house in his 74,[illegible]-foot compound, which includes a $6 million indoor sports complex (containing a basketball court and a pool, with women's bathing suits in every size), a 20-seat theater, and several Impressionist paintings. Still, visitors say the compound has all the charm and style of a midwestern civic center. Though a shy guy, Allen is hopelessly starstruck. He recently dated Monica Seles, and after the Cannes Film Festival, he held a costume party in Venice for the likes of Robin Williams, Sting, Geena Davis, Quincy Jones, Calvin Klein, Diane Von Furstenberg, Fran Lebowitz, David Geffen, and Barry Diller. Allen came dressed as the doge. But some unimpressed stars later complained that the jet Allen had chartered to fly them to Venice had coachlike seats, bad food, and no smoking.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

## No. 26
## GORDON CRAWFORD




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 19

DEALS AND DEEDS: His company's 10 percent share of Time Warner outperformed the market, and its 10 percent share of America Online rocketed upward in value. Still, it wasn't an easy year for the man who invests billions of mutual-fund dollars in the entertainment and media industries—or for the moguls who had to listen to Crawford speak his mind. He spent months urging John Malone to improve TCI's poor performance, and finally grew so fed up this spring that he told a group of TCI executives that they had created "a culture of arrogance" at their company. He also urged Sumner Redstone to sell Simon & Schuster and the ailing Blockbuster chain, which he calls Redstone's "$3 billion boo-boo." Redstone did neither. Crawford objected to Rupert Murdoch's partnership with the satellite venture EchoStar long before it fell apart, and repeatedly told the media baron he had to sell assets before he tried to break into the U.S. direct-broadcast satellite-TV market. But after the EchoStar debacle, Crawford "did a little bit of shuttle diplomacy," in his words, getting Gerald Levin and Ted Turner to stop feuding with Murdoch long enough to allow the News Corp. mogul into Primestar Partners, the cable-satellite TV consortium. Lately, Crawford has been urging Levin to restructure Time Warner, which he says "is impossible to fathom" in its present configuration, while endorsing Levin's efforts to unwind Time Warner's complicated partnership with US West. "I think US West has been incredibly greedy."

EVERYONE'S SAYING: This tough-guy, call-'em-as-I-see-'em shtick is new. For years Crawford has been known as one of the nicest, most diplomatic men in his field, a calm and measured foil to the temperamental moguls. Crawford says he's still that way and is just trying to help the media barons through their current problems: "It's painful to see them flounder when there are things they can do to get it all together."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Still devastated by the death of his 21-year-old son in a hiking accident in Taiwan four years ago, Crawford flew to New York to console Jerry Levin after the murder of Levin's son Jonathan in May.

THE YEAR AHEAD: →

## No. 27
## SCOTT McNEALY




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 29

DEALS AND DEEDS: McNealy enjoyed watching Sun's stock rise another 75 percent in the past year, driven by rising profits and investors' unending enthusiasm for Java, its two-year-old programming language for creating Internet software. He also introduced Sun's version of the "network computer," or N.C., a stripped-down, $500 machine designed to challenge the more expensive P.C. and thereby break the stranglehold of Microsoft and Intel. But the big-time donor to Republican candidates isn't trusting the free market to pick winners: he reportedly lobbied the Justice Department's anti-trust watchdogs to block Microsoft's acquisition of the hot start-up WebTV, which makes cheap Internet computers that hook up to home TV screens—and are the most direct competition to N.C.'s. (Washington is already conducting four Microsoft investigations.)

EVERYONE'S SAYING: While Java is largely responsible for Sun's high stock price, the reality is that the company makes very little money from the software language, which it licenses cheaply. Sun's profits come mainly from its less glamorous hardware, especially the "server" computers that hook up to the Internet. Shrewd insiders argue that Java is incredibly overhyped, has limited capabilities, and won't crack the Microsoft-Intel hegemony; an editorial in the influential *Microprocessor Report*, a newsletter worshiped by tech nerds, argued that "Java may be the grandest hoax CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

# LET'S SEE HOW INDEPENDENT YOU ARE.

Would you spend your life savings to make something you love? Would you flout the rules to create your vision? Would you do whatever it takes to let other people see what you've created? Those independent souls. We all admire them. The ones with the radical vision. And the determination to bring that vision to life.

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The FUEL Directors, all wearing DOCKERS® Khakis. "Arresting Gena," DANTE HARPER/CLC Films "The Delicate Art of the Rifle," CHRIS [illegible] "American Job" and FUEL founder, SUZANNE MYERS "Alchemy."



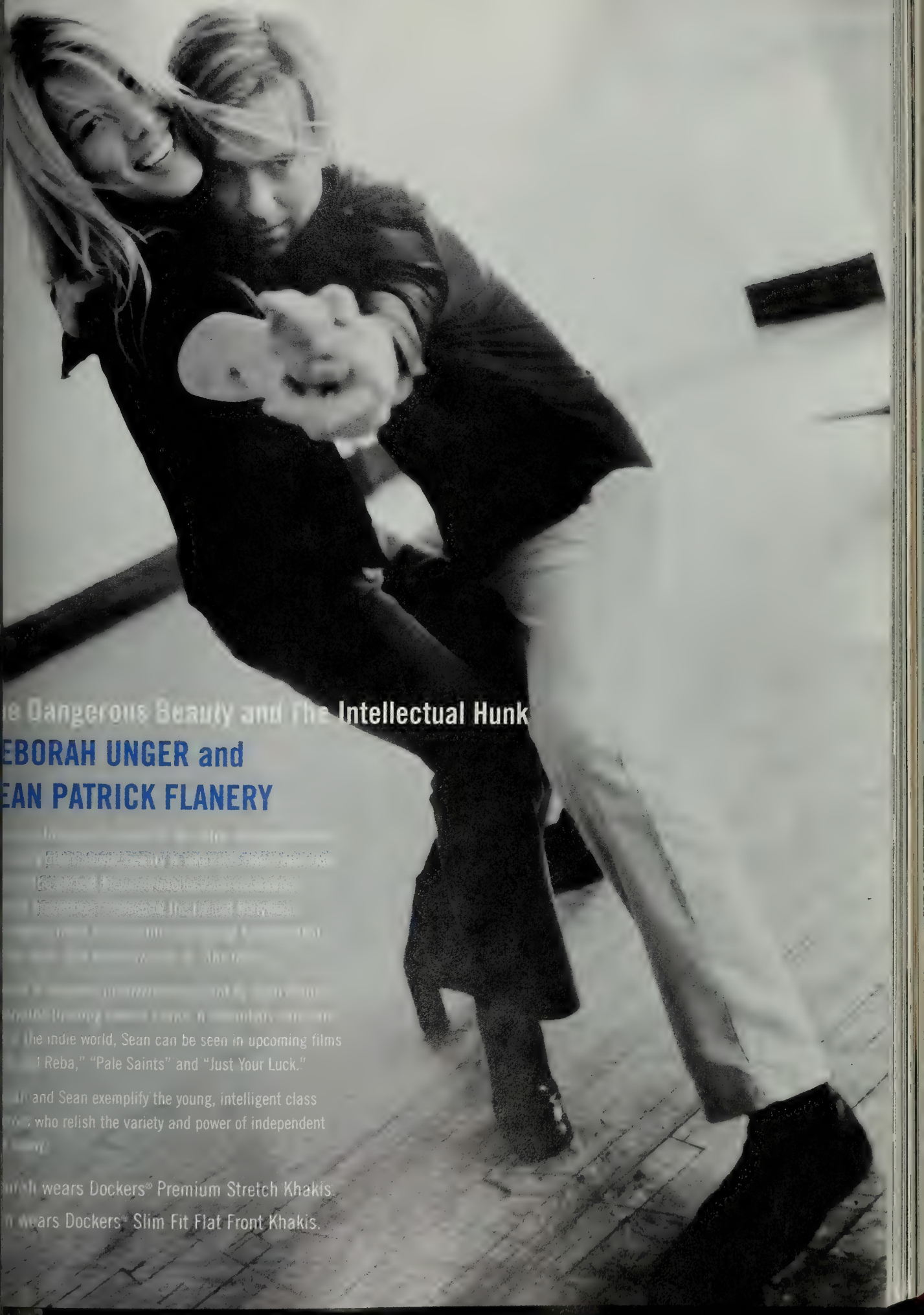
## The Renaissance Man

## JON FAVREAU

What do you do if you can't find the [illegible] yourself in Hollywood after years of minor roles? Write it yourself. Then produce it and act in it. Then, if you're Jon Favreau, watch it become the hit indie film of the year.

After his phenomenal success in "Swingers," made on the proverbial shoestring budget, Jon's at it again. He is currently writing "Leatherheads," a film about the early days of professional football, and will next co-star in "Deep Impact" as an astronaut who tries save the world.

Jon is wearing Dockers®
Authentic 05 Flat Front Khakis.


e Dangerous Beauty and The Intellectual Hunk
EBORAH UNGER and
EAN PATRICK FLANERY
the indie world, Sean can be seen in upcoming films
Reba," "Pale Saints" and "Just Your Luck."
and Sean exemplify the young, intelligent class
who relish the variety and power of independent
wears Dockers® Premium Stretch Khakis.
wears Dockers® Slim Fit Flat Front Khakis.



## The Ingenue:
## RACHEL TRUE

face. She's scintillating and
et enough of her. Rachel
ypical for most beautiful young

"Nowhere," the film in which
the actors to find internal resonances with their character.

Rachel wears Dockers Pleated Stretch Khakis

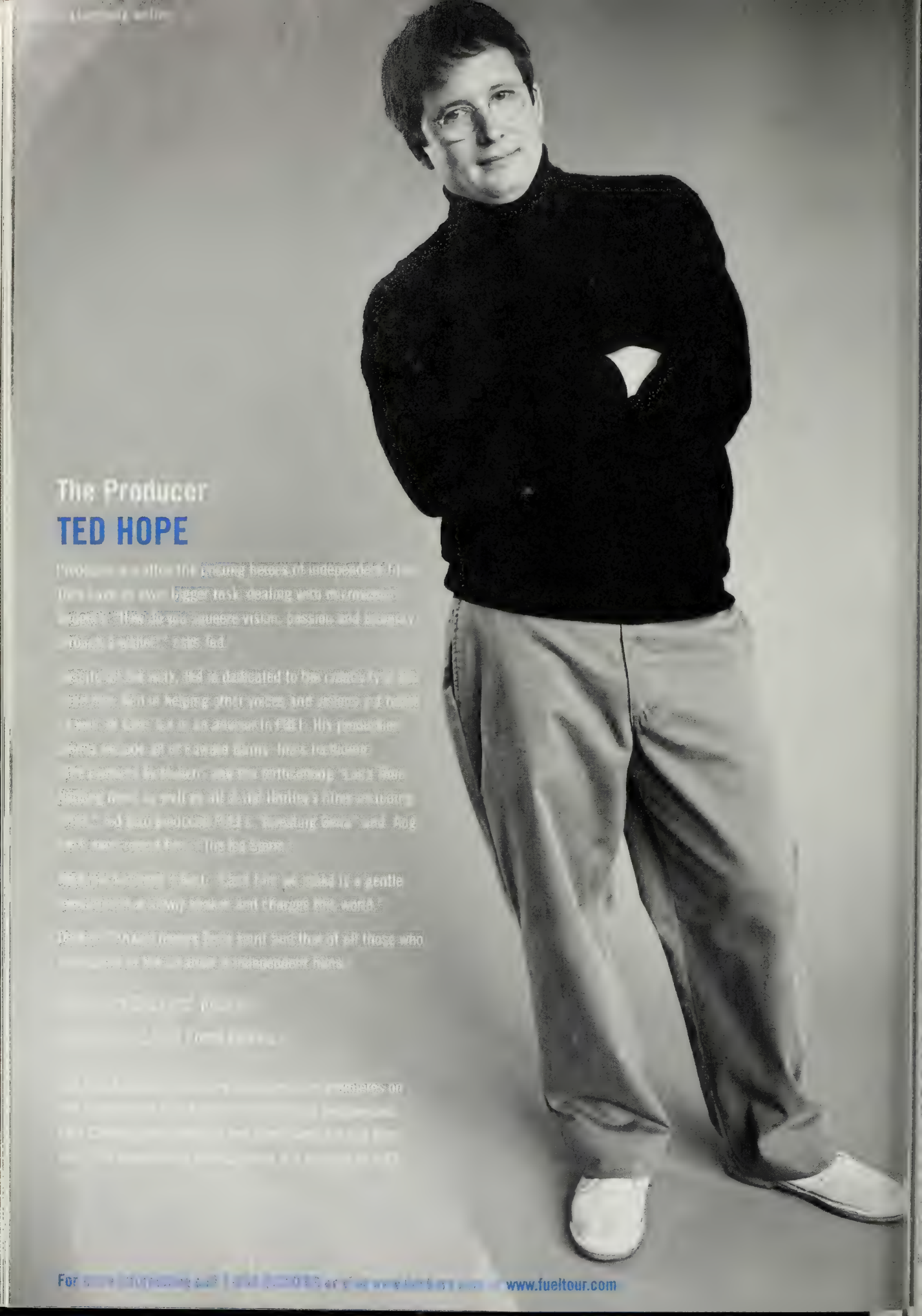


## ne Leading Man

## MES LE GROS

[illegible] James Le Gros appears
ave made an obsession out of it. In fact, James is
your average actor. He's the "over, under, sideways,
kwards 'king' of the independents." From "My New
[illegible]
laim for his many offbeat performances. Look for hi
he upcoming indie film "The Myth of Fingerprints."

nes is wearing Dockers®
t Check Corduroy Shorts.



## The Producer

# TED HOPE

For www.fueltour.com

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172 perpetrated on the computer industry in a decade."

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** McNealy's determination to master his own destiny is inspired by the abrupt reversals of fortune that befell his father, who was removed from the corner office twice—first as vice-chairman of American Motors after the '73 oil crisis (he was blamed for the AMC Pacer) and later as C.E.O. of leisure-goods giant AMF (when the company was taken over by raider Irwin Jacobs). However, McNealy has been estranged from his father ever since his parents divorced. Now it's his formidable mother whom he turns to for inspiration. She lives near his Woodside, California, home, decorated his house for him, and still cheers him on at Sun press conferences and events. At one such convocation, McNealy teed up onstage and drove golf balls over the heads of his startled audience.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↑

## No. 28

## JEFFREY KATZENBERG




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 38

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Maybe this is why no one has founded a studio for decades. Katzenberg has already weathered repeated storms in DreamWorks' television business, notably the canceling of *Ink,* the Ted Danson–Mary Steenburgen sitcom (make no mistake: the DreamWorkers are steamed at CBS over this), and the D.O.A. Arsenio Hall sitcom. The Connie Chung–Maury Povich newsmagazine show was a nonstarter, and ABC dropped the police drama *High Incident.* The only semi-bright spot was Michael J. Fox's *Spin City.* Much depends on *The Prince of Egypt,* the first DreamWorks animated film, expected in theaters in late 1998. This retelling of the Moses story—dubbed *The Zion King* by insiders—comes out of the box with a handicap: no big-bucks commercial tie-ins. (The burning-bush night-light concept went nowhere.) The 46-year-old Katzenberg says he's looking for creative returns as much as financial payoffs; he's pitching this one as Disney counterprogramming and going for a high-end presentation. That spin may not impress Hollywood, but Katzenberg has done a fabulous job of convincing the religious community that the film was made with the appropriate reverence. By the time Katzenberg's done, every priest and rabbi in town will think he's got back-end points.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** That DreamWorks is overspending and revising its revenue estimates in the wrong direction. After months of frustration, the studio still doesn't have a home. (Executives are shacked up in Spielberg's adobe complex on the Universal lot.) But it does have some material up its sleeve—a piece of two Spielberg movies, *Amistad* and *Saving Private Ryan,* coming out in December and summer 1998, respectively; *Small Soldiers,* with a combination of live action and computer animation, for summer 1998; and *Antz,* with Woody Allen, Sharon Stone, Sylvester Stallone, and Danny Glover as the voices of an ant colony. In his spare time, Katzenberg sues Disney. He's gleeful over a court ruling that Disney must cough up financial data, but deeply angered by Michael Eisner's dismissive accounts of him in depositions. Like everything in Hollywood, this is expensive fun—and Katzenberg has already mortgaged himself to become a DreamWorks partner.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Spielberg has kept his partner far away from the DreamWorks live-action slate. The notoriously hands-on Katzenberg got his first glimpse of *The Peacemaker,* the studio's big debut film, starring George Clooney and Nicole Kidman, when he saw director Mimi Leder's cut.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↑

## No. 29

## ROBERT DALY AND TERRY SEMEL




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 26

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Their hulking entertainment monolith expanded when Turner Broadcasting merged with Time Warner, as Daly and Semel took over Turner's syndication, home-video, animation, and consumer-products divisions, as well as Castle Rock Entertainment and the remains of Turner Pictures. On the other hand, they have been ordered to cut their costs. Does this mean the tales of infighting between Bob and Terry and Ted are true? "Look, in the beginning, people have to get used to each other," says Daly, carefully pointing out that every division of Time Warner is cutting back.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** The music division, which Daly and Semel inherited after Michael Fuchs was canned, has continued to flounder, their movie lineup was lackluster, and the fourth *Batman* had no wings. But the team has moved to fix those problems—promoting David Foster, the music producer behind such stars as Whitney Houston and Celine Dion, and hiring Mark Canton, who is looking visionary as the films he greenlighted before he was axed from Sony (*Jerry Maguire, Men in Black, Air Force One*) have made Sony the No. 1 studio. Daly and Semel aren't in serious trouble—they still have the respect of their peers on the West Coast. However, with Turner's arrival, the power in their company has shifted to the East Coast.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Perhaps to get closer to the action, Semel just bought Gordon and Ann Getty's 18-room apartment in 820 Fifth Avenue for $12.25 million. But Semel and Daly's attempt to replicate their double act—by naming Lorenzo di Bonaventura and Bill Gerber as joint heads of production—may fall flat: the two younger men are said to be at each other's throats.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

## No. 30

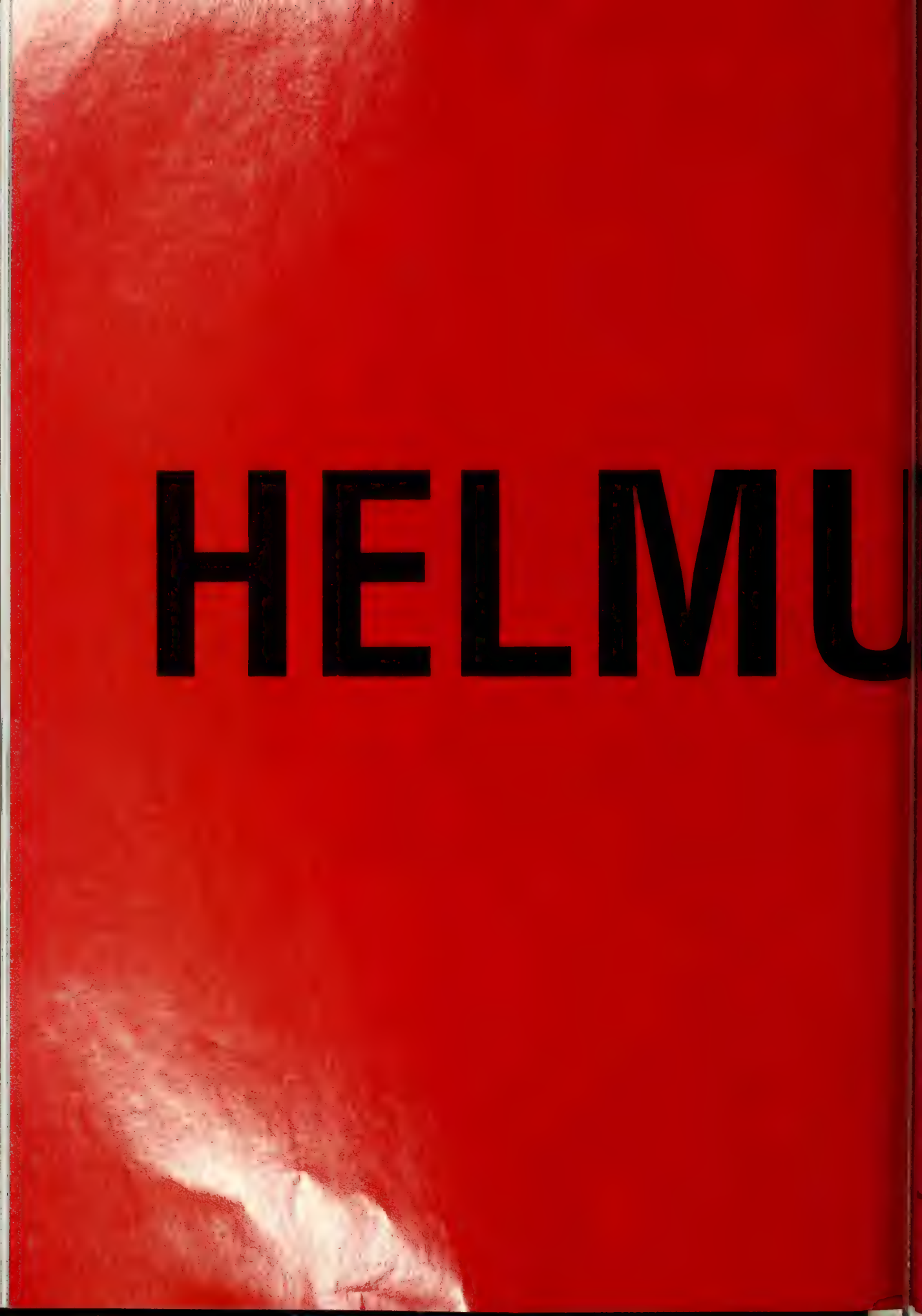
## FRANK BIONDI




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 32

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** He sold Putnam books to Pearson for $336 million, netted some $1.5 billion selling Universal's programming to German and French pay-TV outlets, bought 51 percent of October Films, and kept a stiff upper lip when Steven Spielberg ended his longtime, massively lucrative relationship with Universal after the release of *The Lost World* in May: "It was a bit of a negative," said Biondi with characteristic understatement. Actually, Biondi has proved deft in his dealings with Spielberg, nailing an agreement to distribute some DreamWorks films, while canceling Universal's money-losing production deal with Sidney Sheinberg, Spielberg's mentor and Universal's former president. "It was an obvious decision," says Biondi, explaining that Sheinberg's oddly named Bubble Factory, which produced duds such as *Flipper* and *McHale's Navy,* was "losing $25 million a movie."

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Considering Viacom's current troubles, getting fired by Redstone may have been the best thing that ever happened to Biondi. Which is not to say that his bid to reinvent the corporate culture at Universal's "Black Tower" has been smooth sailing. Still, Biondi and his team get points for plans to double the studio's movie production and diversify beyond big-budget event pic-


HELMU

**HELMUT LANG** """

*Untitled (Boots & Jeans, blurry)* photographed by Robert Mapplethorpe 1973
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# T LANG

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tures, and for the acquisition of Brillstein-Grey, the hot production boutique responsible for such hits as *NewsRadio* and *3rd Rock from the Sun.*

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** He remained graciously tight-lipped when Redstone kept telling the press that he'd fired Biondi because he was too "laid-back" to run an aggressive media conglomerate. But when he testified against his former employer last fall in the battle between Viacom and Universal's parent, Seagram, Biondi dented Redstone's case by saying his ex-boss had "selective recall" about major events. Biondi describes the courtroom experience as "weird," adding, "It was a little like arguing against yourself."

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➶

## No. 31
## JAMES BARKSDALE


C.E.O., NETSCAPE COMMUNICATIONS CORP.

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Now that Netscape is well beyond its launch phase, Barksdale takes over the day-to-day responsibility of running the company from visionary chairman and co-founder Jim Clark, who is pursuing new start-up prospects. Barksdale, a former number two at Federal Express and McCaw Cellular, knows he has his work cut out for him. Following the precipitous slide of Netscape stock from its peak value of $85 in December 1995 to a lowly $25 last April, he slashed his own salary from $100,000 a year to $1, a move reminiscent of Lee Iacocca's symbolic gesture at Chrysler in the 80s. Not that he's scraping by; before he took the pay cut, he cashed in $100 million of his own shares. Though Netscape is still enmeshed in the Internet-browser wars with Microsoft (Gates's August investment in Apple will land Microsoft's Internet Explorer on every new Macintosh, a serious blow to Netscape's Navigator), Barksdale is also taking on IBM's hugely popular Lotus products by branching out into business software. No wonder he's turning to Washington for relief. In what has become a standard tactic for Gates foes, he has asked the Justice Department to investigate Microsoft for unfair competition.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Though the 54-year-old Ole Miss alum is respected for his track record and well liked for his slow drawl and relaxed charm, his courtly-southern-gentleman persona sometimes comes across as cloyingly anachronistic in the blunt, charmless climate of techno-land. After hosting a dinner at the high-tech Agenda conference in Phoenix, Barksdale ordered up two limos—one to take the men to a pool hall, the other to take the women back to the hotel. And he'll use foul language in meetings, then ostentatiously excuse himself when he realizes that a "lady" is present.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** As a teenager Barksdale literally helped build the information highway—one summer he worked putting up telephone poles in rural Texas.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➘

## No. 32
## STEVE JOBS


CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., PIXAR ANIMATION STUDIOS

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 36

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Just two years after taking Pixar public in a frothy market, the 42-year-old Jobs continues to conjure astonishing deals. He sold his long-struggling NeXT software company to Apple for $430 million, receiving $175 million for his personal stake—even more than he made in the old days as Apple's wunderkind co-founder. In his role as Pixar impresario, he cut a 10-year, five-film deal with Disney, which is eager to repeat the runaway success of 1995's *Toy Story,* the first animation collaboration between the two companies. So happy is Jobs with the Disney deal that he gushed to *Newsweek* that Eisner is his "role model." But being Eisner's friend means you get his enemies for free. Pixar's work in progress *A Bug's Life,* a cartoon about insects, will inevitably be pitted in the public's mind against Jeffrey Katzenberg's similarly themed DreamWorks animated feature, *Antz.* (Pixar has a head start, though—its movie is scheduled to come out in late 1998.)

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** First as "part-time adviser" and then as de facto head of Apple (following the July ousting of Gil Amelio, the company's third C.E.O. in four years), Jobs has been a holy terror, as mercurial and obsessive as ever. He got plenty of exposure with his announcement that Microsoft would invest $150 million in Apple. But the front-page *New York Times* photo of Jobs dwarfed by a huge screen image of Gates said it all: the deal helps Microsoft a lot more than it helps Apple.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** After Oracle's Larry Ellison began boasting to the media that he and Jobs would acquire Apple, Jobs broke ranks with his best friend and claimed he had no interest in heading the firm for a second time. Funny how he ended up at the helm anyway, appointing himself and three friends (including Ellison) to the board. But he can't be accused of being too Machiavellian; he sold 1.5 million shares of Apple just two months before the deal with Gates goosed the stock—thereby losing out on a $16 million windfall. His current Apple holdings? A single share.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➔

## No. 33
## CRAIG McCAW


CHAIRMAN, TELEDESIC CORP.

**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 39

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Teledesic. McCaw's vision of an "Internet in the sky"—via globe-girdling low-altitude satellites—won a crucial operating license this March from the Federal Communications Commission. Six weeks later, a jubilant McCaw and partner Bill Gates announced a $9 billion satellite contract with Boeing, which in turn committed $100 million to say, Hey, this will happen. Closer to earth, McCaw is playing a variant of the game that earned him his first billion: he's quietly acquiring local phone networks that can compete with the Baby Bells; in May, three of his original cohorts at McCaw Cellular (which he sold to AT&T for $11.5 billion in 1994) left AT&T and rejoined McCaw at the helm of OneComm, a bid to muscle in on a $100 billion market. AT&T was quick to sign a letter of agreement with the upstart.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** When Teledesic was inaugurated, experts pointed out that 20 percent of all satellites launched never make it into orbit, and that typically such satellites must be replaced every 10 years. Not surprising that McCaw has dialed back his original plan from 840 to 288 satellites. He *does* have the backing of the richest man on the planet. Still, to launch and maintain a vast orbiting system covering 95 percent of that planet is no small ambition. Even his revised budget (a mere $20 million per satellite) and launch date (2002) seem optimistic.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** After more than two years of legal wrangling, the most expensive divorce trial in Washington State history is due to start next month, and McCaw's wife of 23 years, Wendy, could get half of his estimated $1 billion fortune under Washington's community-property law. The two may yet reach a private settlement, though: they recently agreed to share their Gulfstream IV corporate jet and Mediterranean superyacht (with chopper pad). Wendy was given $21



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Actress Dominique Swain wearing Classic Collection [illegible]bs™ Ellipse pictured on right.

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*In Venice, Paul Allen plays host to,* clockwise from top, *Robin Williams, David Geffen, Barry Diller, nicotine addict Penny Marshall, Michael Keaton, Geena Davis, Sting, and Quincy Jones.*

million to see her through the ordeal—and gets to keep the $9 million, 24-acre ranch in Santa Barbara that she bought out from under Michael Eisner.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↘

## No. 34
## JOE ROTH



LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 41

DEALS AND DEEDS: After a solid performance last year—*Ransom, The Rock, Phenomenon,* and *101 Dalmatians*—Roth's biggest challenge is to repeat his success. This year's prospects aren't quite as fabulous (*Con Air* was no *Rock*), but Disney remains the undisputed champion of shameless, enormously remunerative merchandising tie-ins. One new Roth strategy is to [illegible] live-action library for remake [illegible] (this holiday season brings Robin [illegible] in *Flubber,* a reworking of the Fred [illegible] Murray vehicle *The Absent-Minded Professor*) and establish franchises in either sequels or direct-to-video. Also on deck is director-star Robert Redford's *The Horse Whisperer,* due out at the end of the year; Roth saw an hour of the film in progress and cried through the whole thing.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Unlike his predecessor, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Roth doesn't control the animation domain, so he gets only partial credit for efforts such as *Hercules*—he oversaw the marketing, but not the making. (This may be just as well, given *Hercules*'s un-Katzenberg-worthy box office.) But Roth has his hands full with live-action features, television, video, and a charge to fix Disney's feeble music division. Hollywood Records, Disney's attempt to start a label from scratch, has been a costly flop, so the studio recently spent $25 million to acquire one of the hottest independents in years, Mammoth Records.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Forget celebrity softball—the 48-year-old Roth is the coach of the Palisades 14 and Under Boys All-Star soccer team, and his kids have won the city championship, the county championship, and the five-state championship.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

## No. 35
## HARVEY AND BOB WEINSTEIN




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: 43

DEALS AND DEEDS: Twenty nominations, 12 statuettes. In other words: *The English Patient.* While the '96 slate is a hard act to top (some of these accolades went to *Sling Blade, Emma,* and *Trainspotting*), the Weinstein brothers are releasing a whopping 30 movies in 1997—even more than Disney, their nominal employer. Each year, their grosses have spiked upward: $195 million in '95, $256 million in '96, $233 million as of August of '97. Bob, 43, handles finances and busies himself with Dimension Films, their genre-movies-at-

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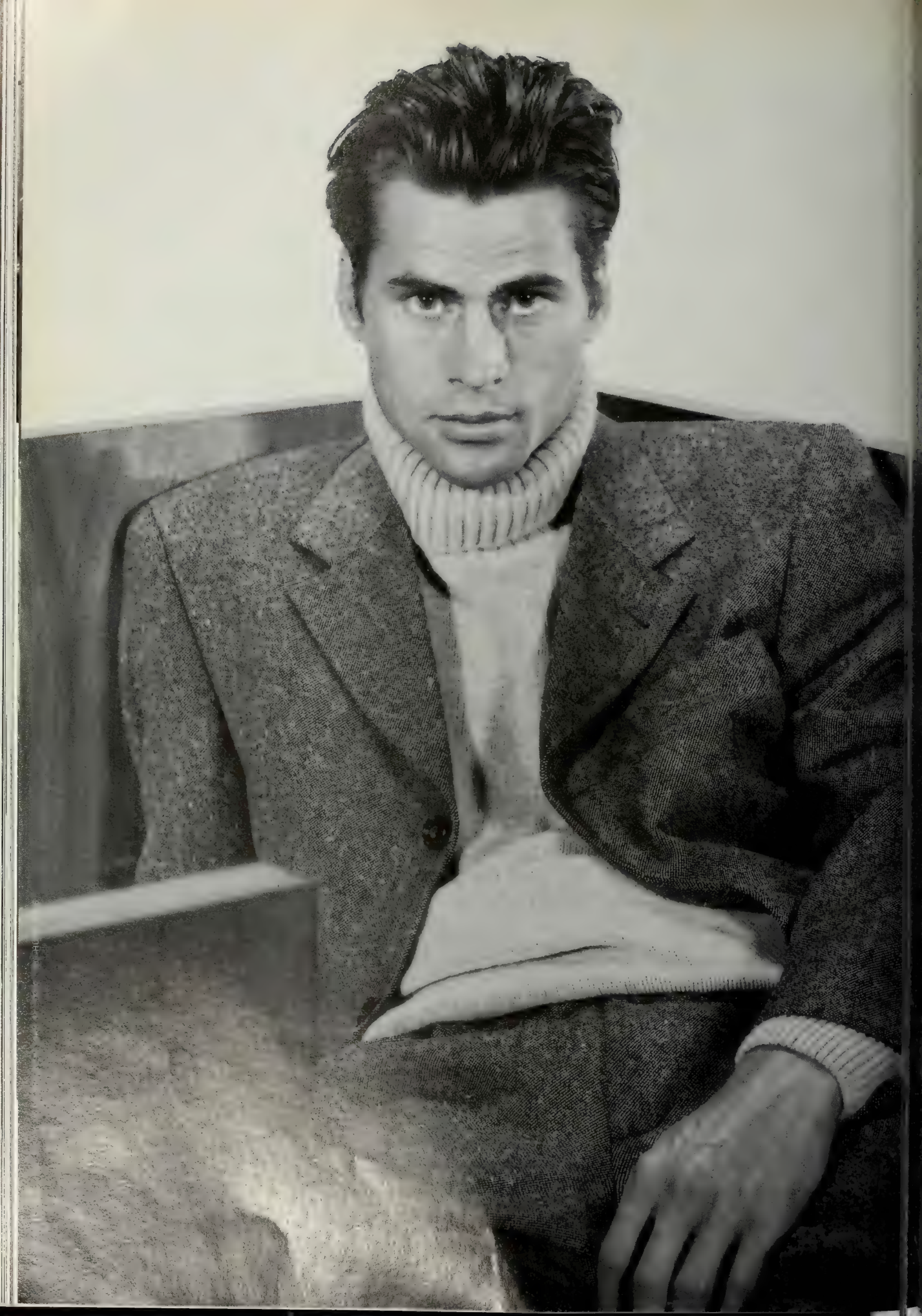

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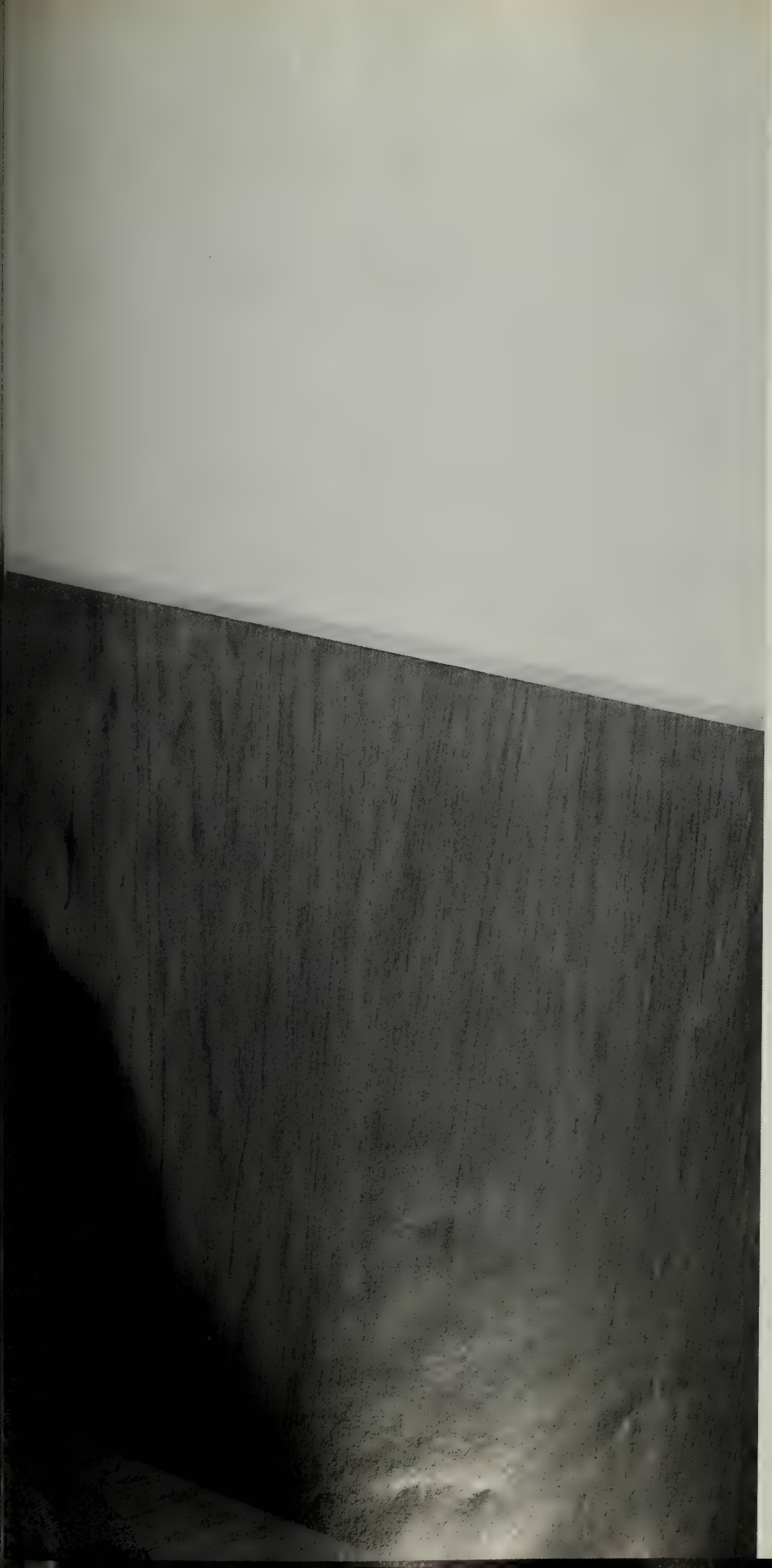
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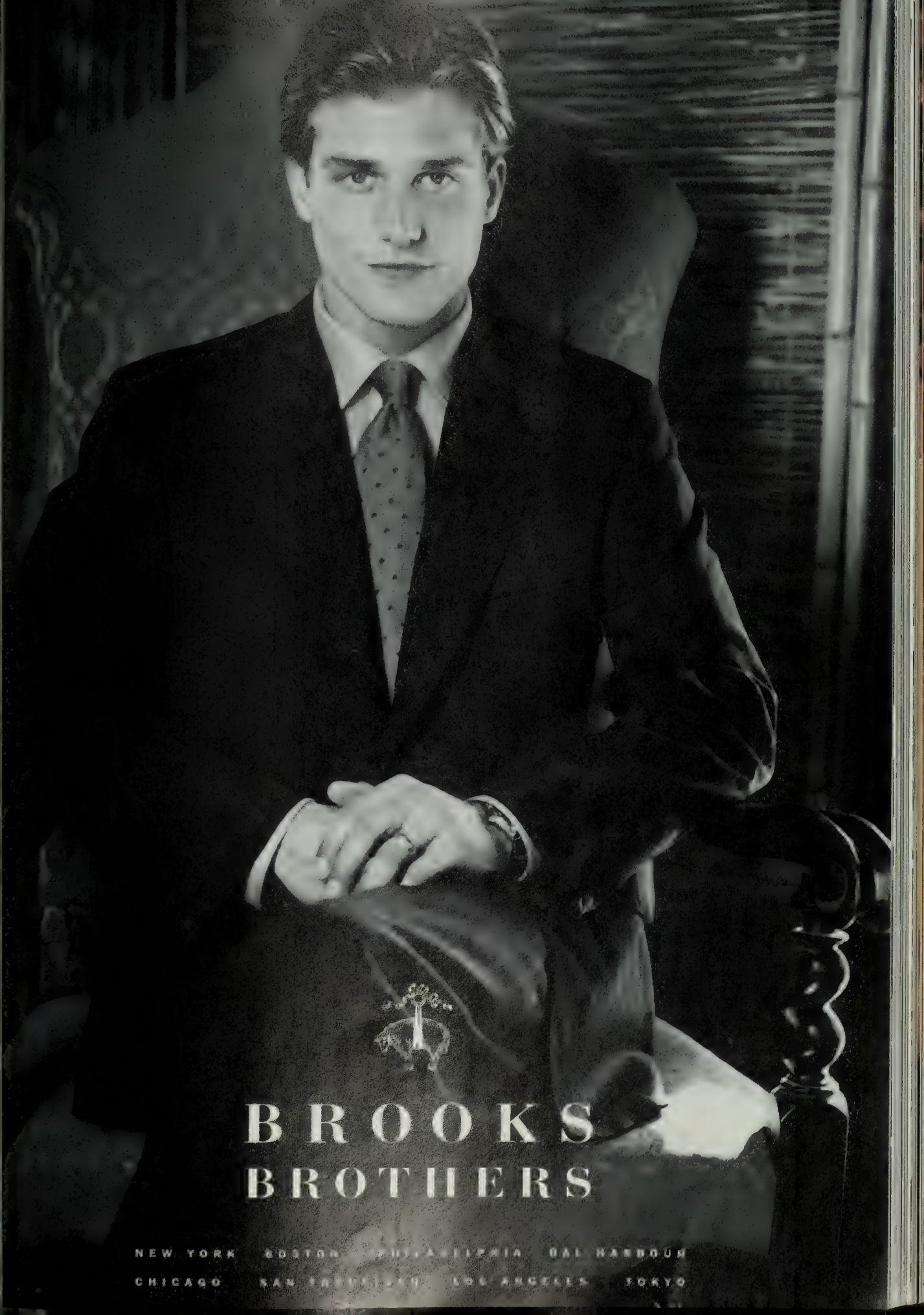
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cost division (which produced the sleeper hit *Scream* and a rush-job sequel coming to theaters this December), while Harvey, 45, schmoozes agents and talent. After resurrecting John Travolta with *Pulp Fiction,* Harvey got him to do *She's So Lovely* for $2 million, shoeshine money compared with his usual fee.
**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Harvey and Bob aren't shy about using their sharp elbows. They're hard on competitors, unrelentingly awful to their staff, and sometimes get tough on the talent. For instance, Sharon Stone balked at the casting of young Kieran Culkin in *The Mighty,* a sensitive coming-of-age film. Stone: "I don't want to do it if he's going to be in the movie." Harvey: "I have two words for you: Kim Basinger." Guess what? Sharon showed up.
**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Harvey has such a bad smoking habit that Hugh Grant has dubbed the company jet the Flying Ashtray. But the Miramax staff calls the plane Unhealthy Airlines, and not just because of the smoke. You might think all those Oscars and all that money would make the bosses happy. But the staff has received little stroking, no days off, no respite. Here's a verbatim transcript of Harvey yelling at an assistant for sending a fax to the wrong number: "I want you to repeat after me: I am an asshole. I am a stupid asshole."
**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↑

## No. 36
## PETER CHERNIN




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE
**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Quite a job title, isn't it? If only Rupert didn't cast such a giant shadow. Chernin's biggest challenge is to beat the rap that he's just another caretaker until Murdoch decides he wants someone new. This past year, Chernin was involved in the Dodgers deal, the acquisition of Pat Robertson's International Family Entertainment, the HarperCollins restructuring, and the formation of the new Fox Television Studios. But Chernin's major achievement to date may have been dodging the bullet with regard to the slate of films he had put into place when he departed Fox's movie operation for the front office at News Corp. The studio got creamed on *Volcano* (which was beaten out of the box by Universal's equally naff *Dante's Peak*), murdered on *Speed 2: Cruise Control,* and made a huge and risky investment ($100 million) in animation.
**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** And then there's the matter of that little $200-million-plus period piece setting sail this Christmas—a few months late, adding millions in interest to the already staggering price tag. The risk *Titanic* entailed was supposed to be shared with "partner" Paramount, which is safely capped out at $65 million and letting the world know. Though *Titanic* was green-lighted and begun on Chernin's watch, current studio chief Bill Mechanic is now in the line of fire.
**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** The 46-year-old Chernin might appear to be the ultimate suit, but at times he was the only Fox executive whom James Cameron, *Titanic*'s temperamental director-*auteur,* would speak with.
**THE YEAR AHEAD:** →

## No. 37
## RON MEYER

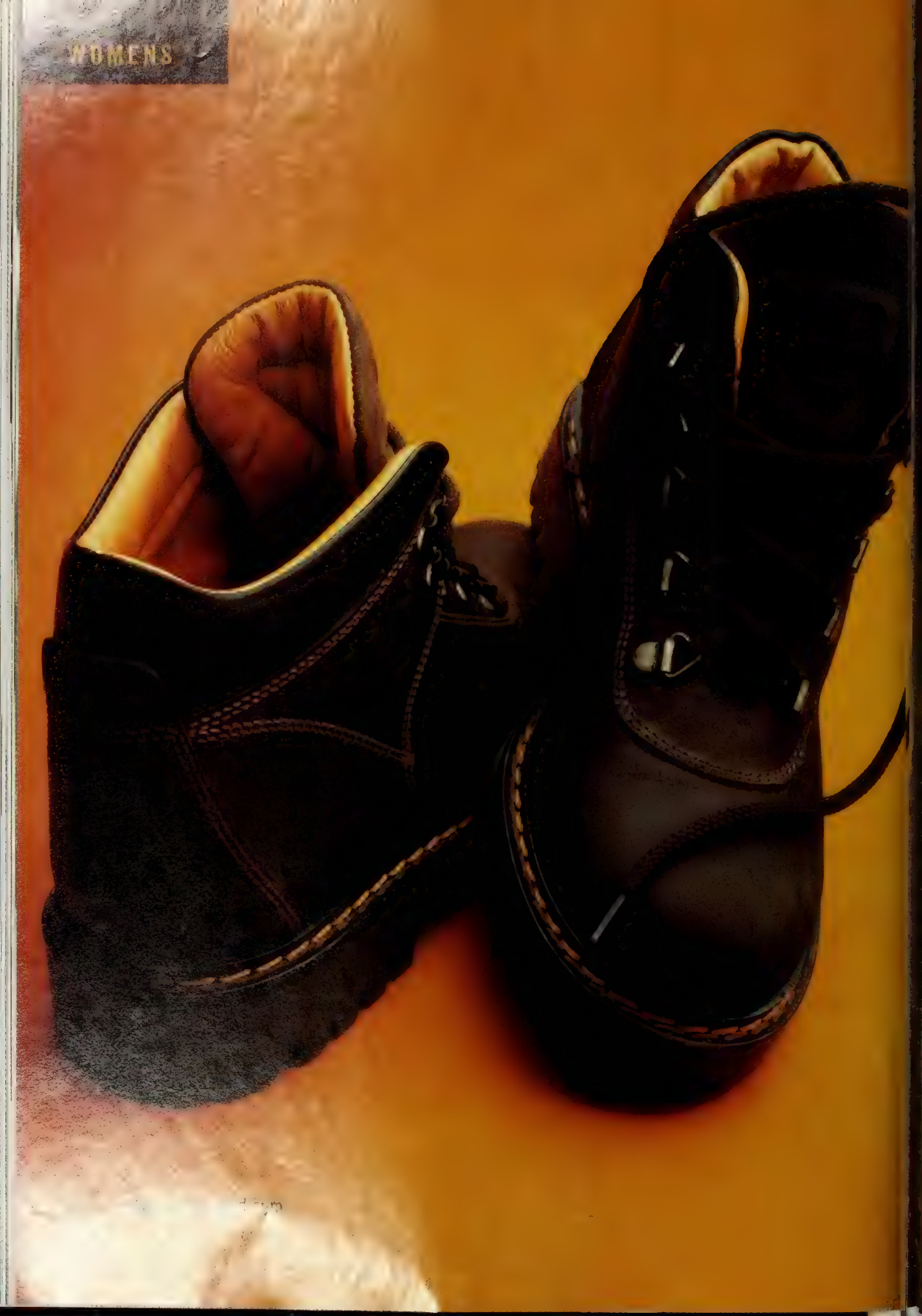



**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE
**DEALS AND DEEDS:** It's not easy to do a radical overhaul of a corporate culture while maintaining a nice-guy reputation, but Meyer has a secret weapon—his former lawyer and present "chief of staff," Howard Weitzman. Weitzman is the man who wielded the hatchet in what has been alternately called a "trimming" and a "wholesale head-cutting." Virtually every senior-management position has turned over since Meyer arrived in August 1995, and the rigid structure built by Lew Wasserman is now a loose—some say directionless—triumvirate. Bronfman, Biondi, and Meyer all sit in offices on the same floor of Universal's "Black Tower," with the emphasis on teamwork, teamwork, teamwork.
**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Forget a 10-year plan; longtime industry observers are wondering whether Universal has even a 5-year strategy. Meyer is banking on growth in Universal's theme parks—expanding the site in Orlando, Florida, in 1999, opening a new one in Osaka, Japan, in 2001, and perhaps a second elsewhere in Asia. More important, Meyer's first slate of movies is about to be put to the test. A remake of *The Day of the Jackal,* starring Bruce Willis and Richard Gere, reaches theaters this November, Mike Nichols's *Primary Colors* (with John Travolta, Emma Thompson, and Billy Bob Thornton) is due out in the spring, and *Meet Joe Black,* with Brad Pitt and Anthony Hopkins, will follow in the summer. Universal's Oscar contender is tipped to be a December release, *The Boxer,* directed by Jim Sheridan and starring Daniel Day-Lewis.
**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Meyer, 53, is a billiards fanatic, so much so that architect Charles Gwathmey is including a poolroom in his design for Meyer's new Malibu home. He plays regularly with Weitzman and director Rob Reiner, and with Miami Heat coach Pat Riley when Riley's in town. "I've seen him play professionals and beat them," says Weitzman. The popular Meyer gave his chums David Geffen, Terry Semel, and Jeffrey Katzenberg a ride to Sun Valley on his company's Gulfstream IV this year. Sure, they all have their own, but why fly solo when you can jet-pool?
**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

## No. 38
## STEVEN RATTNER




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 45
**DEALS AND DEEDS:** The former *New York Times* reporter's ascension to the top of Lazard Frères's New York operation may come across as the logical result of his well-publicized ego clash with managing partner Felix Rohatyn last year. But Rattner's current, pleasant situation—a brand-new title, the plum deal of brokering Bill Gates's $1 billion investment in Comcast—comes after months of tumult in which the only certainty was that Rohatyn, 68, was approaching mandatory-retirement age. At first, Lazard C.E.O. Michel David-Weill appeared set on having his unpopular son-in-law, Edouard Stern, succeed Rohatyn. Then, after Stern's angry exit in May, David-Weill nominated 80s wonder boy Bruce Wasserstein, who was perhaps even less popular than Stern. Rumors swirled that the partners were in revolt. By mid-May Rattner, who had harbored fruitless political ambitions, emerged as the consensus candidate. (Though he had donated $185,000 to the Democratic National Committee and slept in the Lincoln Bedroom, he never made the cut for any of the top Washington economic posts.)
**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Rattner has proclaimed an end to Lazard's every-man-for-himself climate, and convened cozy get-togethers. But skeptics remain dubious about his ability to attract deals outside his media bailiwick. "Rohatyn did everything," says one industry observer. "Even industrials."
**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Rattner still meets up with his old *Times* chum Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the paper's publisher, for 5:45 A.M. workouts at the Reebok club.
**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗


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## No. 39

## MICHAEL MILKEN




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 12

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** "Milken continues to be a major player," says one of the last people Milken wants vouching for his importance—a high-level source at the Securities and Exchange Commission. The S.E.C. is still investigating whether the former junk-bond king, who served 22 months in a federal prison camp for securities fraud, has violated the terms of his 1990 agreement, which banned him for life from the securities industry. What particularly aroused the S.E.C.'s suspicion was Milken's whopping $50 million fee for advising Ted Turner on the 1996 sale of Turner Broadcasting to Time Warner. Milken has handled the situation blithely, continuing to put together minor deals for his rich and powerful friends while consenting to have his probation extended several times.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Milken claims that he hasn't collected a dime for consulting since 1995, and Wall Street types confirm that they no longer see his footprints on big Information Age deals. "Important businessmen are shying away from Milken," says an investment banker, "because they know that any deal in which Milken is involved, the S.E.C. will start issuing subpoenas."

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Sometimes you just can't shake off that Master of the Universe chutzpah: his publishing venture, Knowledge Exchange, puts out a business encyclopedia that describes him as "the most important financial thinker of the century."

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↓

## No. 40

## HOWARD STRINGER



**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 49

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** "You know that saying 'The past is prologue'?" asks a remarkably cheerful Howard Stringer from his plush new office at Sony. "Well, I like to say the past is analogue." Having been rescued by the Japanese from the gloom of Tele-TV, the [illegible]vitz-inspired plan to turn three of [illegible]Baby Bells into video providers, Stringer is happily doing "real work again," overseeing a global strategy for Sony's three all-important American divisions: music, electronics, and movies and television.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** That all the power resides in the Far East. But even though Tommy Mottola, Carl Yankowski, and John Calley—respectively, the three bosses of the American divisions—report to Tokyo rather than to Stringer, the job must have some clout. He's popular with the Japanese and gets on well with Sony president Nobuyuki Idei. And don't forget that Michael Ovitz wanted the position pretty badly before nice guy Howard beat him out, or that the new job prompted Stringer's first-ever invitation to Camp Allen in Sun Valley. "It's very tricky talking about this," says Stringer mischievously, "because I've actually got more power than I want anybody to know."

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Stringer had turned down an offer to run Britain's ITV and was on the shortlist to head up Channel Four, another British network, when the Japanese finally put their offer on the table. "Working for the Japanese is much more akin to working for the British," he says—meaning far less complicated and intrigue-laced than working for Americans. But his homesick British wife, Jennifer Patterson, a dermatologist, was "gutted" when Stringer decided to stay in the U.S. To make it up to her, Stringer is buying a country house back in England and has signed only a three-year contract.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

## No. 41

## DAVID BEIRNE




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Beirne has emerged as a key player for the New Establishment moguls—their headhunter of choice. He's expert at scouting out the best, hungriest number-two executives at big companies, guys who have made their pile already but still need to prove their greatness. So far his biggest personnel triumph has been wooing Jim Barksdale from AT&T to run Netscape. He also persuaded AT&T number two Alex Mandl to defect to a little-known but promising wireless start-up called Associated Communications. And he got Richard Thoman, the second fiddle at IBM, to leave his mentor, Lou Gerstner, for the promise of a quicker ascension to the throne at Xerox. Only 34, the six-foot-six Beirne recently lengthened his own C.V. by moving from Westchester County to Northern California to become a partner at Benchmark, a Silicon Valley venture-capital firm, where he hopes to "build the Netscapes of the future." He remains chairman of his headhunting firm and continues to work on "marquee searches," but with Benchmark he's now in the odd position of competing for deals with one of his biggest Ramsey/Beirne clients, venture capitalist John Doerr.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** He has almost single-handedly turned headhunting into as quasi-glamorous a field as Hollywood agenting, and he is seen as the spiritual heir to Old Establishment kingmaker Gerry Roche (his longtime idol) of Heidrick & Struggles. When Heidrick & Struggles was stuck on two hard searches—spending 18 months looking for a Xerox heir and 16 months for a Microsoft C.O.O.—the companies turned to Beirne, who delivered both with alarming speed. For Microsoft, Beirne, in a dizzying rush of Jerry Maguire–style phone work, placed 400 calls, put 79 candidates on his long list, conducted 29 face-to-face interviews, and showed 5 people to Gates, all in a mere 11 weeks. (Gates picked Procter & Gamble veteran Bob Herbold.)

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Beirne's approach to luring stars is creating what he calls "the suck zone." "You have to build up so much momentum around an individual," he says, "that you sweep them off their feet." This can mean relentlessly lobbying an executive's wife and friends while he's off on a business trip. The son of a top G.M. executive, Beirne co-founded his firm the day of the 1987 stock-market crash.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

## No. 42

## NORMAN PEARLSTINE




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 37

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** While contemplating potential synergistic matchups between Time Inc. properties and the newly acquired Turner holdings (such as CNN and TNT), Pearlstine worked out TV deals with Turner competitors: CBS will produce six one-hour prime-time specials with *Time*, and NBC's *Dateline* has an agreement to cooperate on stories with *People*. He also supervised what he calls "a period of intense evaluation" of prospects for new media, joking that with the Pathfinder Web site Time Inc. has "a business, but no business model." Finally, he re-



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*Michael Eisner, David Geffen, and Jeff Berg (*clockwise from top*) try to ensure that Michael Ovitz's career is terminal.*

organized Time Inc.'s international magazine operations, which were losing money, though *Time* correspondents still live in subsidized homes that are so expensive they are referred to as "embassies" by envious rival newsmen.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: Just two years into his job, Pearlstine is seen as the most powerful top editor at Time Inc. since founder Henry Luce. He reads most of *Time* and good chunks of *Fortune, Sports Illustrated, People,* and *Entertainment Weekly* before publication, and oversees 30 magazines. Though he bridges the traditional Time Inc. separation of church and state, with "business-side" responsibilities for international, TV, and new media, Pearlstine (like outside observers) credits C.E.O. Don Logan for Time Inc.'s recent financial success: "He makes the money, I spend it."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: [illegible] straitlaced in the workplace, [illegible] has been known [illegible] at social events [illegible] love parties he sha[illegible]

[illegible]

attention-getting shoes were, he explained to friends, a gift from his wife, the well-known author Nancy Friday.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↗

## No. 43
## RICHARD LOVETT




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: The *Über*-agency still rules. After Michael Ovitz left for Disney and Ron Meyer went to Universal two years ago, CAA floundered and stars such as Sylvester Stallone, Madonna, and Whoopi Goldberg made grand exits. Now Sly and Madonna are back, and CAA's clients have the lion's share of this year's top-grossing movies: Steven Spielberg's *The Lost World: Jurassic Park* grossed $227 million, Will Smith's *Men in Black* grossed $230 million, director Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* grossed $143 million, and Nicolas Cage's *Face/Off* grossed $108 million. The agency also represents the largest number of high-profile pop-music tours from Bob Dylan to Celine Dion to Jewel, and is showing tremendous strength in the television department. CAA has stabilized under the guidance of 37-year-old Richard Lovett, a Milwaukee gynecologist's son, who began in the mailroom and worked his way to Meyer's glass-walled office. He has kept the other Young Turks (Bryan Lourd, Kevin Huvane, and David O'Connor) hungry and the older agents (including co-chairmen Rick Nicita and Lee Gabler) happy. Still, CAA's ego has been bruised by competition with Endeavor, the upstart agency created by a group of young agents who defected from ICM in 1995, much the way Ovitz and company bolted William Morris to found CAA two decades earlier. Resurgent or not, CAA can ill afford the messy "double-booking" situation it got into recently: both Paramount and Warner Bros. thought Nicolas Cage was free to shoot films for them at the same time.

EVERYONE'S SAYING: That CAA is back to its core business--taking care of stars. Lovett is an agent in the Ron Meyer mold: he is good at stroking talent, "the kind of guy you call in the middle of the night if you're a star and don't like the size of your trailer," says one observer. The agency also managed to lure back Sandy Climan, a respected financial strategist and Ovitz's nuts-and-bolts deal-maker, who had defected to MCA in September 1995.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE: Lovett teaches a weekly class at Venice High in—what else?—self-esteem.

THE YEAR AHEAD: ↑

## No. 44
## TOM FRESTON




LAST YEAR'S RANKING: NONE

DEALS AND DEEDS: Freston is the man who runs—and pretty much built—MTV, Nick at Nite, and VH1, collectively the crucible of middlebrow hipsterism. Since he also heads Nickelodeon, if you are between the ages of 5 and 34 and own at least two articles of clothing from Banana


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Republic, you are culturally enslaved to his cable-programming fiefdom. It reaches some 300 million households around the globe, and its immense profits help keep troubled parent Viacom afloat these days. This year Freston expanded MTV further, launching an Australia/New Zealand version, revamping MTV Europe, and putting the finishing touches on MTV Russia, which will debut later in 1997. He put Nickelodeon on the Web and introduced a new, Latin-American version of the children's channel. He made additional millions for Viacom this winter by producing *Beavis and Butt-head Do America,* and won the hearts of critics and brainy, alienated girls with the new animated hit *Daria.*

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Eminently middlebrowhip himself, Freston, 51, hangs out with rock stars such as Neil Young, Bono, and Counting Crows, and parties until four A.M. on school nights. But he's as intense and scary as any of his fellow moguls when he needs to be. Though benign toward Nickelodeon, the most profitable of his $1.3 billion enterprises, he's coming down hard on the brass at MTV, where ratings are off 20 percent for the first half of 1997 and coolness is as distant a memory as 1991, the year grunge broke.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** He spent most of the 1970s living in Afghanistan and India, where he never once saw a television. And he was arrested in Vietnam in 1992 on a trumped-up charge of espionage.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

## No. 45
## MEL KARMAZIN




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** As the head of Infinity Broadcasting Corp., he was the biggest mogul in the radio business, the man who brought the nation Howard Stern and Don Imus, but until this year few people had even heard of Mel Karmazin. That changed on New Year's Eve, when he sold Infinity to Westinghouse for $3.9 billion and became the largest individual shareholder in CBS's parent company. He lost no time making his presence felt in the boardroom, complaining about the dismal performance of the company's stock and what he deemed [illegible] he'd spooked CBS [illegible] so much Karmazin was [illegible] ning all of CBS's TV an[illegible] Days later CBS's popular [illegible] Lund, quit, and Karmazin's po[illegible] complete. Or was it? Already there's speculation that Jordan's job will be the next one Karmazin gets.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** "He's not a chickenshit weenie," according to Don Imus. High praise indeed. But some people wonder if Karmazin is too tough. This 53-year-old son of a Queens taxi driver has spent most of his life in the radio business, and there's concern that his slash-and-burn management style, evidently effective in radio, won't translate in the more decorous environs of TV.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Before his divorce, the obsessively private Karmazin lived in a New Jersey suburb and never met any of his neighbors. Since then, he has lived by himself in an apartment just across the street from his 57th Street office. The convenient location allows for rigorous micromanagement: until recently, he insisted on signing off on every check over $500 paid out by CBS Radio. The limit is now up to $2,000.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↑

## No. 46
## JEFF BEWKES




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** NONE

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Practically an HBO lifer, having worked for the cable channel since 1979, when he was 27, Bewkes ascended to the top two years ago, when Time Warner head Gerald Levin abruptly fired his boss, the widely respected Michael Fuchs. But despite the difficult circumstances surrounding his promotion (he was close to Fuchs), Bewkes has effected a smooth transition, building on Fuchs's magic formula of commissioning top-notch original programming for cable. (Glenn Close, Demi Moore, Tom Hanks, David Mamet, Christopher Reeve, and Garth Brooks have joined resident stars Garry Shandling, Tracey Ullman, Chris Rock, and Dennis Miller on HBO in one capacity or another.) For the first time, HBO beat out the TV networks with 90 Emmy nominations in July—and also received its second Academy Award, for *Breathing Lessons.* Satellite subscribers continue to boost HBO's market share both in the U.S. and throughout Latin America and Asia, and pre-tax earnings were up at $350 million in 1996, leaving HBO one of Time Warner's biggest moneymakers.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Fears that Fuchs's ouster would deal a serious blow to the quality of HBO's programming seem to have [illegible] founded. The highly rated *Gotti* was the last of the original shows developed in the Fuchs era, and now come promising new projects such as Tom Hanks's series of movies about the Apollo missions and a Mamet screenplay about Meyer Lansky. Although industry insiders claim Bewkes has been instrumental in managing HBO all along—and the cable channel is widely regarded as one of the best-run companies in the business—many also insist that he is a bean counter, not a programming guy. But Bewkes says he is eager to experiment with unorthodox formats, not to mention unorthodox content, such as that of the violent, prison-set *Oz,* HBO's first drama series.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** When he's not attending movie-premiere galas with A-list guests at Le Cirque 2000 and the Guggenheim, Bewkes occasionally mingles with the crowds at HBO's free weekly summer screenings in Bryant Park. And, resisting the nefarious call of Mammon, he dutifully stayed home with his new baby and family instead of heading out to Sun Valley this year.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ↗

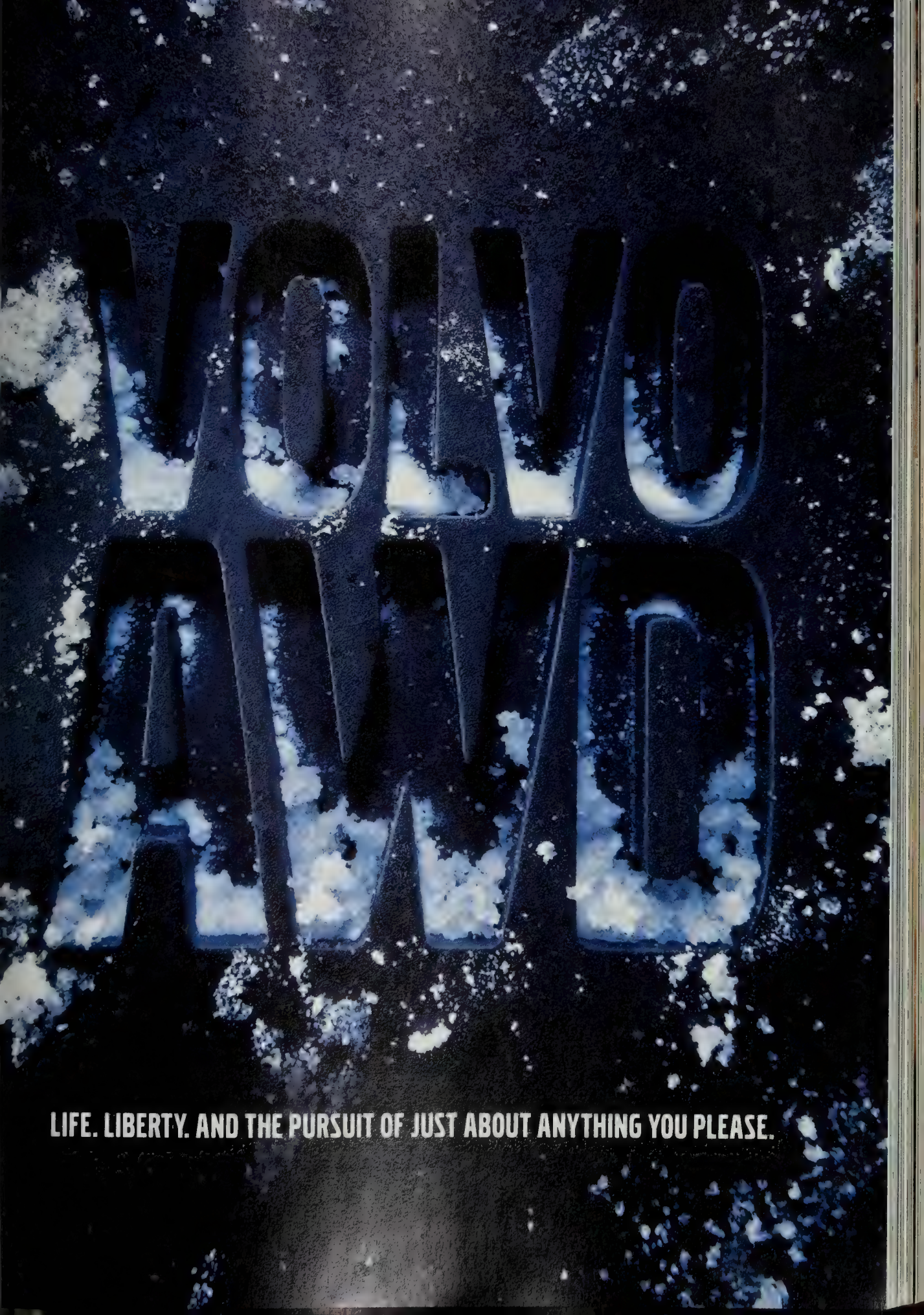
## No. 47
## ESTHER DYSON




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 40

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Of late, Dyson's big project has been writing her first book, *Release 2.0: A Design for Living in the Digital Age,* which is being published this month simultaneously in 12 nations. She has also been advising Ira Magaziner in his capacity as the head of the White House Internet task force—the notorious policy wonk is pushing his old pal Bill Clinton to persuade governments not to regulate the Net. Dyson has also acted as an informal adviser to the governments of the U.K., Russia, Poland, Hungary, and Norway, and runs a small venture-capital fund that invests in overseas start-ups such as Poland Online.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Literary agent Andrew Wylie got Dyson a rumored seven-figure advance from Broadway Books, but the technosavvy are skeptical of her book's mass-market appeal. Her reputation-making *Release 1.0* newsletter, which she wrote from 1982 to 1992 and still edits, is considered brilliant but too arcane and unreadable for all but the most fervently eggheaded. Last year Dyson shocked the digerati by telling a *New York Times* interviewer that she does her writing on XyWrite, a primitive, antiquated word-processing CONTINUED ON PAGE 203


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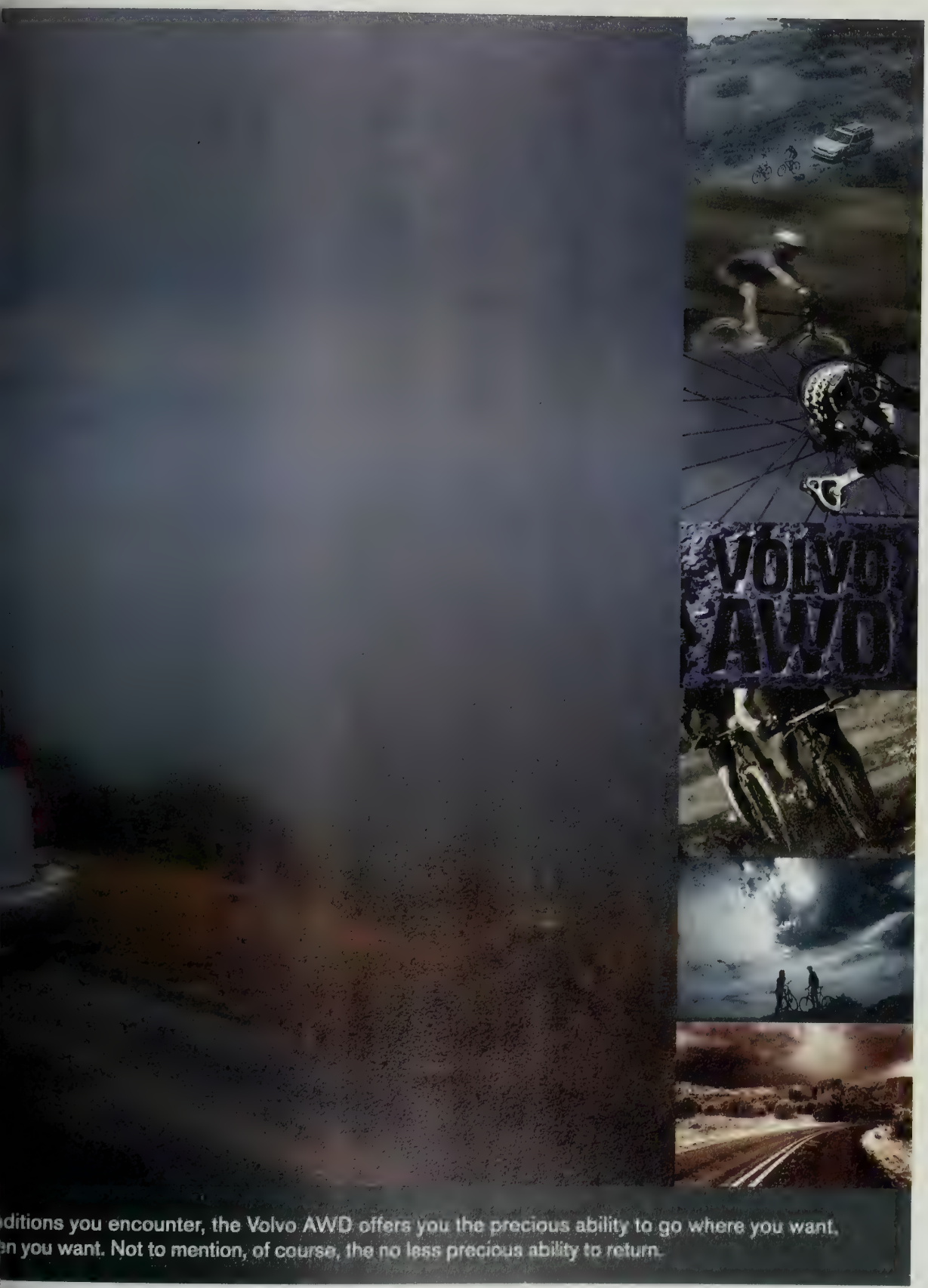


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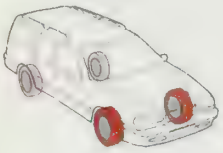






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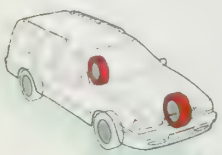
How the Volvo All-Wheel-Drive System Functions



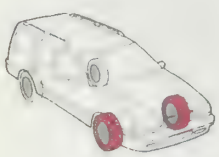
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194 program favored by technology-wary print journalists.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Dyson was one of only three women at Bill Gates's 100-person C.E.O. Summit (the others: Mattel C.E.O. Jill Barad and Autodesk C.E.O. Carol Bartz), though she slept that night in a Netscape T-shirt. As for her personal life: "I haven't come out—as anything."

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➔

## No. 48
## ANN WINBLAD




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 48

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Such is the clout of this San Francisco venture capitalist, who invests only in software companies, that with seeming ease she raised a fresh $100 million investment fund from partners, including Bill Gates, Craig McCaw, and Ivy League endowments. She turned away a further $100 million from eager would-be silent partners. It's her rigorous approach—"auditioning" some 2,000 software start-ups, scrutinizing business plans, and interviewing entrepreneurs before deciding on a dozen new ventures to back—that has reaped fans and windfalls. Meanwhile, she has become a favorite talking head where tech stocks are concerned, popping up on *Charlie Rose,* CNN, and CNBC, in print publications, in on-line forums, and at conferences.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Winblad claims she spent the past few months trying to "live down" revelations about her relationship with Bill Gates in *Time*'s January cover story on Mr. Microsoft. The article alleged that the mogul actually asked for permission from Winblad (his old flame, 1984–87) to marry Melinda French, and also disclosed the strange arrangement whereby Bill gets to spend a long weekend every year with Ann at her beach house in North Carolina—a setup that elicited raised-eyebrow commentary in the papers.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Hoping to identify and court future New Establishment members, Winblad recently threw a lavish dinner at Manhattan's restaurant-of-the-moment, Balthazar, for a bunch of New York's promising young tech and media types. Matt Dillon was at the next table, but rather than impressing the whiz kids, he was the one impressed, approaching their table to chat up Brazilian techno-documentary filmmaker Iara Lee (*Synthetic Pleasures*).

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➔

## No. 49
## ROBERT IGER




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 50

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** By all rights these should be the best of times for the debonair, John Gavinesque Iger; the balance sheet is all black ink, he is married to newsreader and sports-guy-fetish-object Willow Bay, and his domain (combined revenues: $1.6 billion) includes ESPN, the Disney Channel, and ABC Radio, all strong performers financially. But the very public travails of his company's showpiece, the ABC Television Network, have dented his reputation. *L'affaire de* Jamie Tarses, ABC's unraveling 33-year-old entertainment-division president, is not entirely his fault—she is actually a legacy of Michael Ovitz, who, during his brief stint as president of Disney, ABC's owner, lobbied Michael Eisner on the untested programming whiz's behalf. But Iger managed Tarses like a Steinbrenner charge; he undermined her confidence before she had any real chance to prove herself, and last summer he installed ABC veteran Stuart Bloomberg above her just one year into her tenure. Meanwhile, ABC's third-place prime-time schedule continues to underwhelm, and Eisner is said to be bristling. "My secret dream," Eisner confessed in a recent interview, "is that I could go down to the smallest ABC office somewhere, where people didn't know me, and really see what I could do." Not helping matters for Iger was the ouster of 65-year-old ABC News godhead Roone Arledge, who was kicked upstairs in March to make way for the nonjournalist David Westin, who had his own P.R. problems when his affair with his former subordinate Sherrie Rollins (then wife of right-wing political strategist Ed) came to light.

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** Though Iger is known for his corporate survival skills, some believe he will be the company's next demotee if the network's ratings don't improve fast. Eisner has dropped not-so-subtle hints in the press that he expects a quick turnaround. And although Disney earnings have as yet been unaffected by the slump, one analyst ominously asserts, "We aren't recommending Disney stock, because of the ABC issue."

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Iger is a real Zwick-Herskovitz fantasy hybrid of masculinity and liberal enlightenment. He often joins in on the Steve Rattner–Arthur Sulzberger Jr. early-morning sweat klatch at the Reebok club on New York's West Side, is an excellent chef (he handled Thanksgiving dinner for his family and the in-laws), and has done fund-raising for the NOW Legal Defense and Education Fund and a Harlem women's shelter. He left his 52-foot Hinckley sailboat behind when he headed to Martha's Vineyard this summer—a stack of cookbooks in hand—to a house he rented not because it had such a great view but because it had such a great kitchen.

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➘

## No. 50
## JEFF BERG




**LAST YEAR'S RANKING:** 47

**DEALS AND DEEDS:** Though he has failed to ascend to the status his rival Michael Ovitz enjoyed during CAA's years of Alexandrian dominance, Berg, an intellectual by 10-percenter standards, has emerged as the respected elder statesman of the current era. His animus toward Ovitz lingers, though: when the latter was booted out of Disney, an ICM agent recalls, the usually remote "Ice Berg" was so jubilant the agent half expected him to start "skipping around the office singing 'Ding Dong! The Witch Is Dead.'"

**EVERYONE'S SAYING:** At the end of the day, ICM still plays little brother to CAA. Sylvester Stallone and Madonna, who defected from CAA to ICM after the Ovitz ruptures, have defected back, and longtime ICM client Arnold Schwarzenegger has also left. The rap on Berg is that he's from the Chiang Kai-shek school of generals: his soldiers are more afraid of him than of the enemy, and he has absolute disregard for the quality of life of the people under him. As a result, ICM has lost not just talent but a critical number of up-and-coming agents to competitors—including Endeavor, the hot new boutique founded by four insurgent ICM employees.

**WOULD YOU BELIEVE:** Anywhere else on the planet, the 50-year-old Berg's devotion to his family and unagently lack of flamboyance would be commendable; in Hollywood it's called burnout. "He's not on the scene," scoffs a youthful competitor, who thinks Berg is simply bored with his job. "How many late-night calls from Streisand does he really want to answer?"

**THE YEAR AHEAD:** ➔

*—By Suzanna Andrews, Jennet Conant, Alan Deutschman, Emma Gilbey, Edward Klein, Kim Masters, Lynn Moloney, Maureen Orth, Michael Shnayerson.*

Christopher Hitchens

# FAIRY TALES CAN COME TRUE...

## A new movie starring Peter O'Toole and Harvey Keitel recalls the 1920 "fairy photographs" hoax that fueled the feud between Sir Arthur Conan Doy and Harry Houdini. But as the century ends, fairies are back— they may even oust angels as the mythological fetish of the moment



**CANDID CAMERA?** Ten-year-old Frances Griffiths poses for her 16-year-old cousin, Elsie Wright, surrounded by the Cottingley fairies, 1917. A new movie, *Fairy Tale: A True Story,* starring Peter O'Toole as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Harvey Keitel as Harry Houdini, *inset,* is fairy-friendly.

While making a film on religious racketeering in Los Angeles, I once went to interview the manager of the Bodhi Tree Bookstore: a spiritual supermarket in West Hollywood. He lurked lugubriously in a room piled high with books on healing, magic, and the transcendent. The session was not a howling success, partly due to his dismal catarrh and also to the weeping sores which covered all the unbearded bits of his face. Business appeared brisk and I strove to brighten him up by pointing this out. Yes, he agreed, in a voice that could have come from the tomb, sales were pretty strong. Anything going especially well these da ily inquired, hoping to salvage from the shoot. He turned his s ing features to the camera and, in the tones of a man forced to choose between the noose and the blade, announced that "angels are very big this season. Anything about angels."

That was then, of course. The angels have fluttered off, at least for now, and as the beating of their wings dies away we hear the tiny pipes and tripping feet of the fairy folk. Soon to fall from the press is *Fairies: Real Encounters with Little People,* an anthology of credulity slapped together by Janet Bord. A movie entitled *Photographing Fairies,* starring Ben Kingsley, is in readiness, and its producer, Michele Camarda, has candidly announced that 1997 is, in effect, the Year of the Fairy. "We are tapping into the millennium fever, where people are seeking something they cannot find in contemporary religion." The film takes its fictional point of departure from a real episode in the long, loopy history of psychic phenomena. It has been exactly 80 years since two British schoolgirl cousins, Elsie Wright and Frances Griffiths, returned from a ramble in Cottingley, West Yorkshire, and blithely declared that they had captured fairies on-camera. *The Case of the Cottingley Fairies,* a book on the controversy by the Yorkshire journalist Joe Cooper, is to be published in England next month. It will coincide nicely with *Fairy Tale: A True Story,* another feature film based on the Cottingley episode, more in the docudrama style, in which Peter O'Toole plays Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Harvey Keitel


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# "Nineteen ninety-seven is the Year of the Fairy."



takes the part of Harry Houdini. In their day, these men were the antagonists in an argument of Roswell-like proportions.

In 1917, Elsie and Frances, aged 16 and 10, respectively, borrowed Elsie's father's Midg camera, loaded with one cumbersome old-fashioned plate, and set off down the stream. or beck, at the bottom of their garden. The plate they came back with, when developed by Frances's father, seemed to show her festooned by a posse of prancing fairies. In the face of parental skepticism, and given a certain amount of notice, the two girls produced more exposures over the next few months. But the unimpressed senior members of the family kept the miracle dark, so to speak, until 1919, when Elsie's mother attended a local meeting of the Theosophical Society. This group had quite a vogue in the immediate postwar, because the loss of millions of men and boys between 1914 and 1918 had created a huge appetite for communion with the dead and missing. Mrs. Wright shyly mentioned the existence of the plates to the visiting speaker, who put them into the hands of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Doyle had lost his own son, Kingsley, in the war and had become a fanatical spiritualist. Utterly persuaded by the photographs, he wrote a then famous essay called "Fairies Photographed: An Epoch-Making [illegible] published in the *Strand* magazine [illegible] the Cottingley cover story in [illegible] being the core of a later boo [illegible] asked the two girls to



**SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS**
**As a cutout gnome mounts her skirt, Elsie Wright models for Frances Griffiths, 1917. *Inset, top,* a spread from *Princess Mary's Gift Book,* which inspired the cousins' photo prank; *inset, above,* Florence Hoath portrays Elsie in a Hollywood version of the controversy.**

more photographs, which at first they found they could not. Then they discovered they could—to the tune of three more. Then they stopped altogether. We do not, for the purposes of a controlled experiment, have the plates of the failed shots, but we do have the "Cottingley Fairies" sequence: five exposures which convinced, and still convince, many people that "there must be something in it."

The episode highlighted the growing dispute between Conan Doyle and his lifetime friend Houdini. The latter, having lost his adored mother and having tried the "spiritualist" route of re-establishing contact, had become utterly persuaded the other way. He toured far and wide, exposing and denouncing the callous hoaxes of the ectoplasm-artists and of those who dealt, for coin, in burblings from the beyond. He claimed that he could explain or duplicate any of the "special effects" produced at any supposed séance. This cut Sir Arthur to the very quick. What an ideal confrontation. In one corner, the noble creator of Sherlock Holmes and the respected author of forensic and detective prose. In the other, the hardscrabble immigrant son of a Hungarian rabbi, making an equally fabulous salary out of prestidigitation. But it's the magician who holds out for hard evidence and the use of reason, while the old sleuth-fancier falls to pieces in a Watson-like fit of buffoonery.

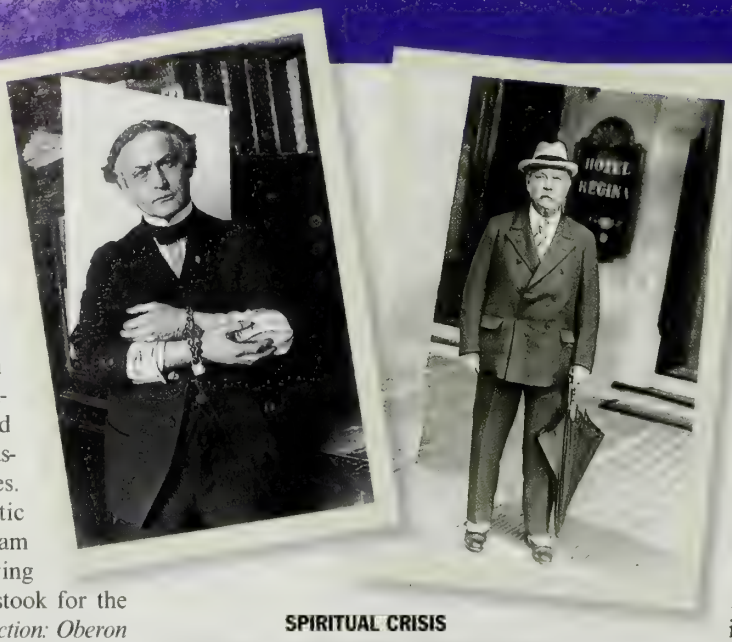
*Fairy Tale* is directed by Charles Sturridge, who brought *Brideshead Revisited* and *A Handful of Dust* to the screen. As before, his evocation of period and setting is masterly. He can "do" the London of the music halls and the magic shows, the country houses of Doyle and his circle, and the hermetic and fey world of a cutoff hamlet in the Yorkshire dales.

Only in context does the Cottingley affair make any sense, because the actual pictures were of a "Don't make me laugh" quality. Conan Doyle's 1922 book, *The Coming of the Fairies,* and the pro-fairy propaganda campaign waged by E. L. Gardner of the Theosophical Society could have succeeded only in a time when popular photography was in its infancy, and when people tended to believe that the camera could not lie. It also helps to have a fairy-saturated popular culture. Chaucer's Wife of Bath goes on about the fairy ancestors of the English in *The Canterbury Tales.* Edmund Spenser's *Faerie Queene,* a suck-up to Eliza-

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# Aren't the fairies dressed somewhat like fashion plates?

beth I, draws on the same mythology. And there's always *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Nearer the time of Cottingley there had been J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* and the elfish children's illustrations of Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac. My own favorite is the sinister mid-Victorian painter Richard Dadd, who executed two masterpieces on spectral themes. Dadd was a barking lunatic who, while confined in Bedlam hospital for the bloody slaying of his father (whom he mistook for the Evil One), painted *Contradiction: Oberon and Titania* and—one of the great canvases of all time in my opinion—*The Fairy Feller's Masterstroke.* (Somehow it's eerily appropriate that *Contradiction* was acquired in 1992 for $3.1 million by Andrew Lloyd Webber.) Good old Dadd reminds us that these illusions are not just whimsy and romance but have their *noir* side. Conan Doyle himself probably understood this in a confused way, since his own father also spent many years in a Victorian asylum, drawing fairies as if they were going out of style.



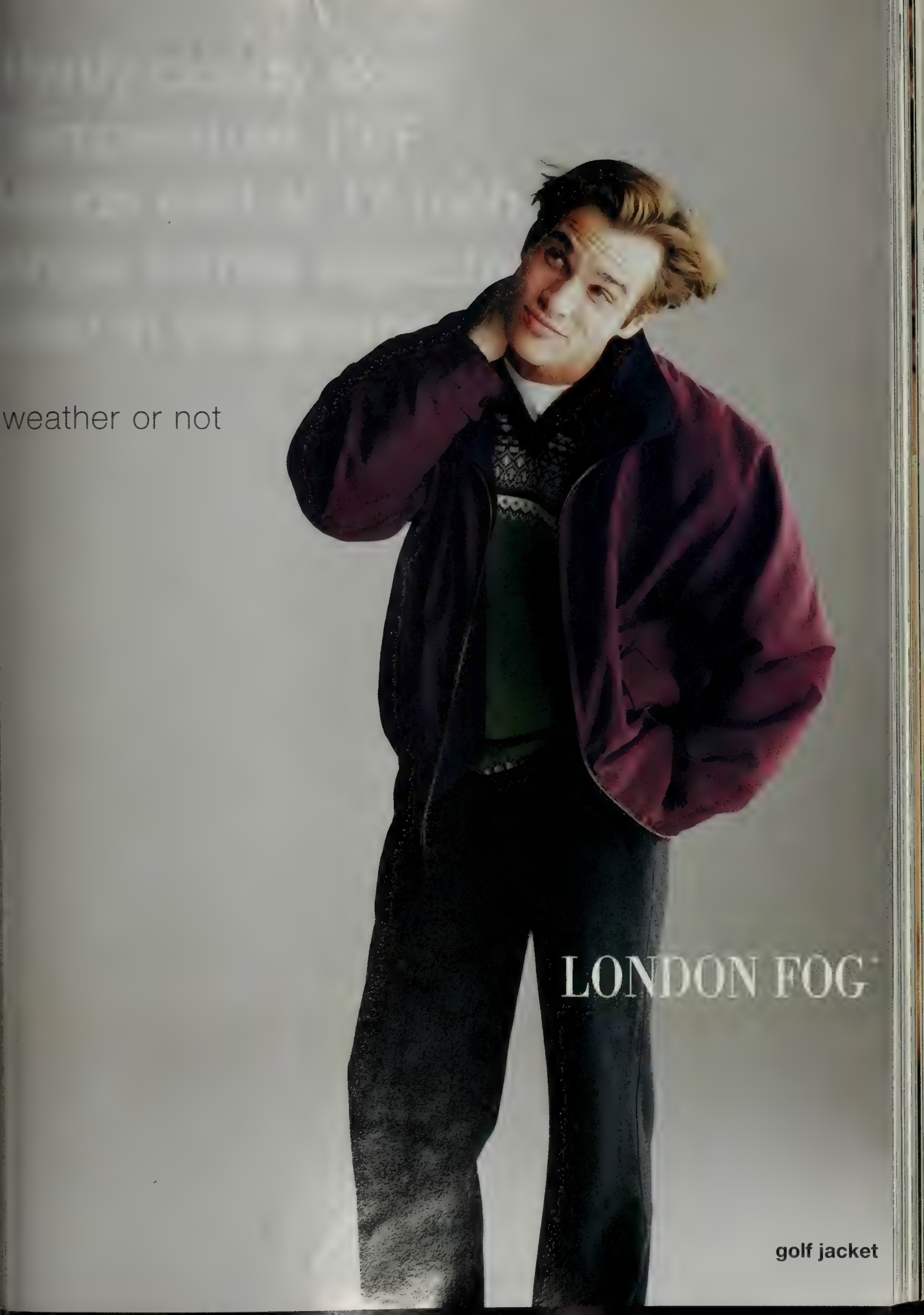

**SPIRITUAL CRISIS**
**Magician Harry Houdini—pictured, *above, left,* in February 1918—defied both spiritualism and handcuffs; *right,* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the Hôtel Regina in Paris, where he was attending the September 1925 International Spirit Congress.**

To my immense surprise, both Joe Cooper and Charles Sturridge return a sort of open verdict on Cottingley. No doubt this makes for a more intriguing book and a more multifaceted film. And don't get me wrong. I'm not one to spoil children's fun by brutish literal-mindedness. I dress up as Santa with the best of them ("Mummy, Father Christmas has fallen down again"). But actually, Elsie and Frances inverted the usual process. They were a pair of rather knowing children who did a great deal to sow superstition among adults.

Take a look at the first photograph. It "shows" Frances posing with a gaggle of merrymaking fairies. And at the second. It "shows" Elsie allowing a gnome to clamber on her skirt. Take another look. Frances isn't even directing her gaze at the tiny sprites. And what has happened to Elsie's hand in the second photograph? In both cases there a[illegible] from true believers. Conan [illegible] declared that Frances [illegible] the novelty of a c[illegible] era than by the appearance of tiny persons from another world or dimension, and thus fixed her eye on the lens. As for Elsie's grotesque fingers, they must be a trick either of the light or of (aha!) the camera or an ectoplasmic manifestation! A vast audience followed this ridiculous dispute. Since the girls had never asked for any money, it was argued that their naïveté favored their claim (a logic that would have amazing consequences if applied in general). Innocence was at a premium, since Elsie was approaching the awkward age and, as Conan Doyle gloomily minuted, "I was well aware that the processes of puberty are often fatal to psychic power." (Don't you hate it when that happens?) And then take another look. Aren't the fairies dressed and accessorized somewhat like fashion plates? And isn't the gnome a bit like our expectation of a cartoon? Who does these babes' hair? Where are their dressmakers? Why do they care about our standards of modesty? And don't they remind us of something? To be exact, of the drawings of fairies in *Princess Mary's Gift Book,* a popular volume for children published in 1915

Let me not keep you in suspense. Joe Cooper had been in touch with [illegible]e and Frances until close to the end [illegible]f their days—they survived into the 1980s—and one fine afternoon in September 1981 he kept a date with Frances. She asked him to take her to Canterbury cathedral, leave her there awhile, and pick her up, and then she told him, of her strangely disinterested gaze in the first photograph, "From where I was, I could see the hatpins holding up the figures. I've always marvelled that anybody ever took it seriously." And yes, she had owned a copy of *Princess Mary's Gift Book,* and given it to Elsie for tracing purposes. Quite simply, the two girls had got together, cut out some fairy silhouettes from cards, propped them up in the grass, and snapped away. The detail about the hatpins is especially worth having because one of them protrudes faintly through the middle of the gnome photograph, and this childish blunder caused Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to pronounce gravely about gnomish navels and umbilical correctness, and the exciting (to him) idea that the little people reproduced in the same gross way that we do. But having led everyone on a fanciful dance for decades, Frances had decided to let go and come clean. In 1983, Elsie told the *Daily Express* the same story. The hoax had got out of control, she said, when someone as famous and beloved as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle became involved. "I felt we couldn't now say they were fakes. It might have upset him dreadfully." *É finita la commedia.*

But it's not so easy being a fairy-flattener. You take your shovel, you squash them like roaches and ignore their tiny yells, and then they leap up again giggling and gibbering in some other part of the garden. I had a long talk with Joe Cooper, a jovial and intermittently learned man who asked me my birth sign, enlightened me about my astral position vis-à-vis Mercury, and informed me about ectoplasm, about reincarnation in what he revoltingly termed "solid form" after three days, and about much else besides. In spite of having been given, somewhat against his will, every evidence of fraud, he is still convinced, as he


weather or not
LONDON FOG
golf jacket

maintains Frances was convinced, that the so-called "fifth photograph" of a gossamer fairy bower is absolutely genuine. As an adviser on the making of *Fairy Tale,* he says that without the "fifth photograph" he doesn't think Sturridge would have gone ahead. And then he lowers his voice. "Here's a bit of scoop for you. Frances was a suicide at the end. And Elsie wanted to kill herself, but her son wouldn't have it. They both had very painful years of illness. You see—the fairies like you to play straight with them."

Now, as it happens, this is exactly what Conan Doyle insinuated about the death of Houdini. The master illusionist had been injured in a freak accident offstage, and had died in agony from peritonitis, and the spiritually correct view was that this was otherworldly revenge for his subversive views about the crappiness of the occult movement. (Let us note in passing that men like Conan Doyle and Cooper, who normally hail fairies as lovely and stainless visions from wherever, can switch automatically when pressed, and give these same delicious pixies the power to inflict osteoporosis, peritonitis, cancer, and other less ethereal visitations.) Sturridge, when I spoke to him, said that he had always been "fascinated by the idea of a separate order." All right then—which one? The sweet, innocuous sprite or the rodent cell that metastasizes into the newborn's testicles? Which of these represents the unseen purpose? I only ask because Sturridge attended the same Jesuit school as Conan Doyle, and by the second millennium there ought to be some kind of on-the-record answer to this question.

His second reply—that "I've always been interested in why people want to believe things"—was altogether more promising. As the resigned old Jesuit Father Mowbray says in *Brideshead Revisited,* "the trouble with modern education is you never know how ignorant people are. With anyone over fifty you can be fairly confident what's been taught and what's been left out. But these young people have such an intelligent, knowledgeable surface and then the crust suddenly breaks and you look down into depths of confusion you didn't know existed."

I attended a screening of Sturridge's beautiful film in the company of Dr. Michael Shermer, the editor and publisher of *Skeptic* magazine and author of the splendid book *Why People Believe Weird Things.* Fairy-flattening is one of Shermer's regular tasks these days. He also has to go on the creation-science show circuit and combat Hale-Bopp[illegible] regression therapists, creationists, Roswell freaks, *Bible Code* babblers, Holocaust deniers, Farrakhanite spaceship cultists, astrologers, ESP artists, and escaped psychics. It sometimes seems as if the world's most advanced modern society has collapsed utterly into the worship of pseudoscience, with people possessing just enough education to get everything spectacularly fouled up in their minds. What could be more enthralling and awe-inspiring than to follow the adventures of Stephen Hawking, a genuine devotee of science and history and literature? Yet people will spurn this chance in order to gape at a palpably confected video of alien autopsies. It's like throwing away the truffle in order to gulp down the wrapper.

But there is always hope. Allied with Shermer and the Skeptics Society is James Randi, the Houdini of our time and a tremendous popularizer of reason and mental hygiene. There's nothing dry about Randi. He has unpacked Uri Geller, tossed and gored George Harrison's levitating maharishi, showed the dowsers and water-diviners to be all wet, and untrousered the faith healers and psychic surgeons. It's been 15 years since, in his fabulous book *Flim-Flam!,* he showed (without any knowledge of the confessions of Frances and Elsie) that the Cottingley snaps—particularly the "fifth photograph"—were a not-very-ingenious practical joke that got out of hand. Like his role model Houdini, Randi has issued a challenge to all peddlers of paranormal piffle: if they will submit to a test of their miraculous skills, under agreed-upon controlled conditions, and bring off a result, he will pay them $1.1 million. Since he doesn't have the money himself, Randi has a thing called the 2000 Club, whereby supporters pledge a minimum of $1,000 to insure him against any defeat at the hands of the wizard-witch-and-warlock community. (Penn and Teller have kicked in $100,000.) Some takers so far, but no winners, and the bounty is getting bigger all the time. As my contribution to the millennium celebrations, and the tsunami of piffle that is about to break over us, I have pledged my apartment to the 2000 Club, and I expect to be living there, reading stories of enchantment to my children, but with no pixie-ridden brook to excite any feebleminded adult neighbors, at least until I move, or until I have passed over to that undiscovered region that is beyond the reach of Tinkerbelle's [illegible] vengeance. □

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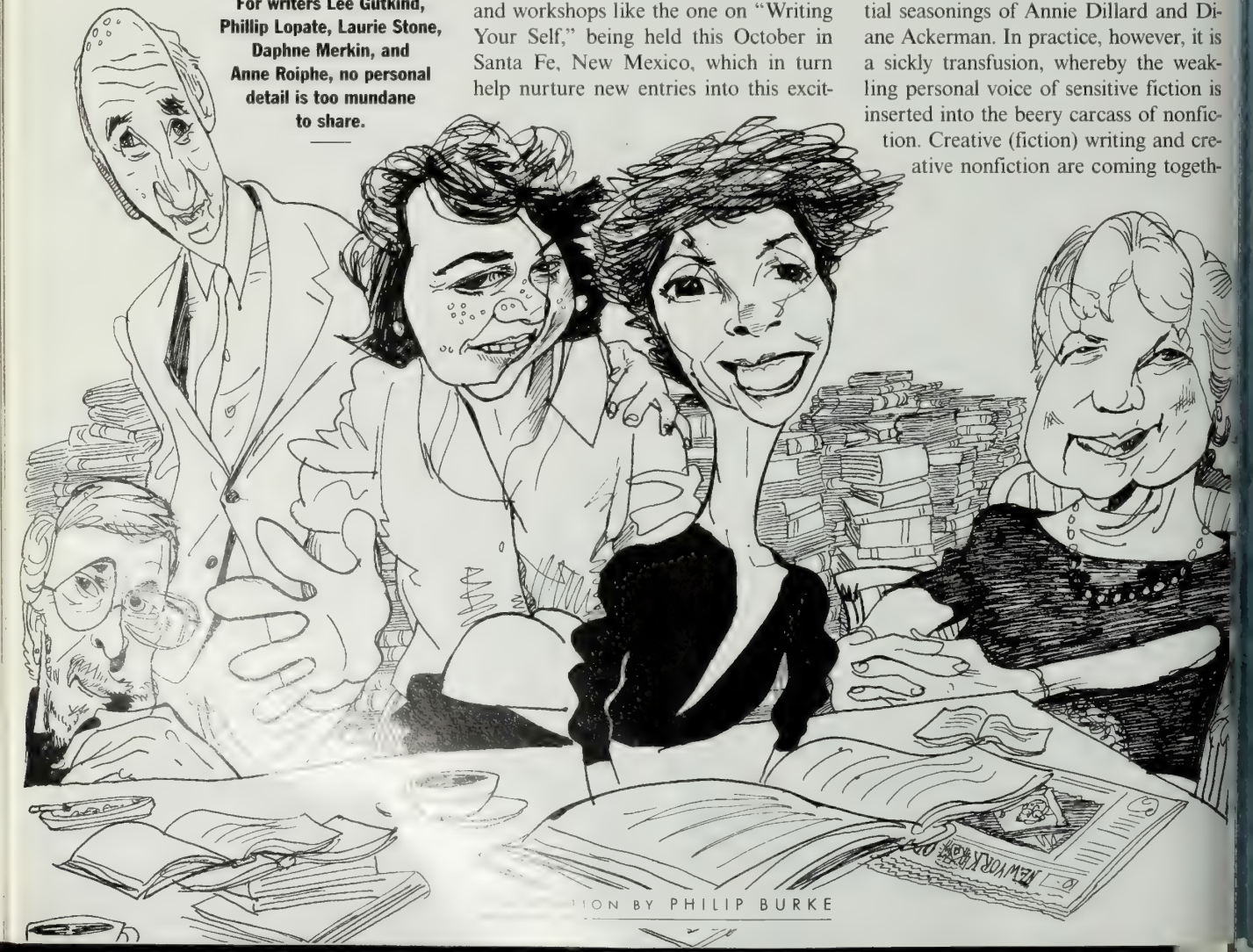
# ME, MYSELF, AND I

## The new, confessional school of writing known as "creative nonfiction" has spawned workshops, journals, manuals, college courses—and an avalanche of needy, self-parodic memoirs. Never have so many shared so much of so little

Confessional writing—it sounds so agonizing and covert, a solitary activity, done in the blues of the night. But after the bedazzle of *Angela's Ashes, The Liars' Club, Drinking: A Love Story, Autobiography of a Face, The Kiss,* and *The Shadow Man,* everybody seems to be trying to pile into the confessional; it's gotten as packed as a phone booth in a college prank, a giant pretzel of jumbled limbs and smooshed faces. In the annals of intimacy, never have so many shared so much with so many. Like members of a support group (touchy in both senses of the word), memoir writers pet and promote one another, circling the laptops whenever one of them is maligned. (Luc Sante and Tobias Wolff, both of whom blurbed Kathryn Harrison's *The Kiss,* sprang to a standing position to defend milady's honor and the good name of the memoir form.) Much of this Three Musketeers act is typical literary back-scratching, like poets helping one another over the hedge at Yaddo or MacDowell. The recent spate of memoirs has spawned guidebooks such as Judith Barrington's *Writing the Memoir* (Eighth Mountain Press) and workshops like the one on "Writing Your Self," being held this October in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which in turn help nurture new entries into this exciting growth field. You can almost see their hopeful little heads poking out of the soil.

Under the surface, however, a deeper shift is occurring. The confessional mode, whether it bears the label "personal writing" or "crisis memoir," is becoming formalized and institutionalized in college courses and workshops as a foster child to the creative writing of fiction. This new addition is called, in fact, creative nonfiction, a term which seems harmless enough, denoting a pedigree line of journalism that stretches from the classic reporting of A. J. Liebling, George Orwell, and Joseph Mitchell to the jitterbug New Journalism of Tom Wolfe, Joan Didion, and Hunter S. Thompson, up to the celestial seasonings of Annie Dillard and Diane Ackerman. In practice, however, it is a sickly transfusion, whereby the weakling personal voice of sensitive fiction is inserted into the beery carcass of nonfiction. Creative (fiction) writing and creative nonfiction are coming togeth-

**NAVEL GAZERS**
**For writers Lee Gutkind, Phillip Lopate, Laurie Stone, Daphne Merkin, and Anne Roiphe, no personal detail is too mundane to share.**



ION BY PHILIP BURKE


The possibilities are endless.
Liz claiborne
Liz Claiborne, New York

er, I fear, to form a big, earnest blob of me-first sensibility. Both share the same premise—that writing is primarily self-expression, not a voyage out but a foraging in. The academic community accepts this phenomenon with open arms (and legs) because it is in the thick of its own pierced-navel-gazing orgy, as evidenced by books such as *Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment* (Duke University Press), by Jane Gallop, the pony girl of student-teacher shenanigans, and the anthology *Confessions of the Critics* (Routledge), whose editor, H. Aram Veeser, describes academics as "flashing their bodies between the folds of theory." It's as if postmodern eggheads were proclaiming, "It was really me crying all along beneath the steady drizzle of Wordsworth's Immortality Ode. Me! Me and my separation issues! My socially constructed body image! My burgeoning bisexuality . . . !"

The danger is that creative nonfiction could do to nonfiction what creative writing has slowly done to fiction—embalm it. The proliferation of creative-writing courses across the country hasn't expanded the audience for fiction, especially for short stories; if anything, there are probably more short-story writers in America now than short-story readers. The short story has become a minor arts-and-craftsy skill, like Indian pottery. All that sunless nurturing and fussy doting has rendered the form quaint and nearly extinct. It's dying of acute inwardness, a disease that could spread.

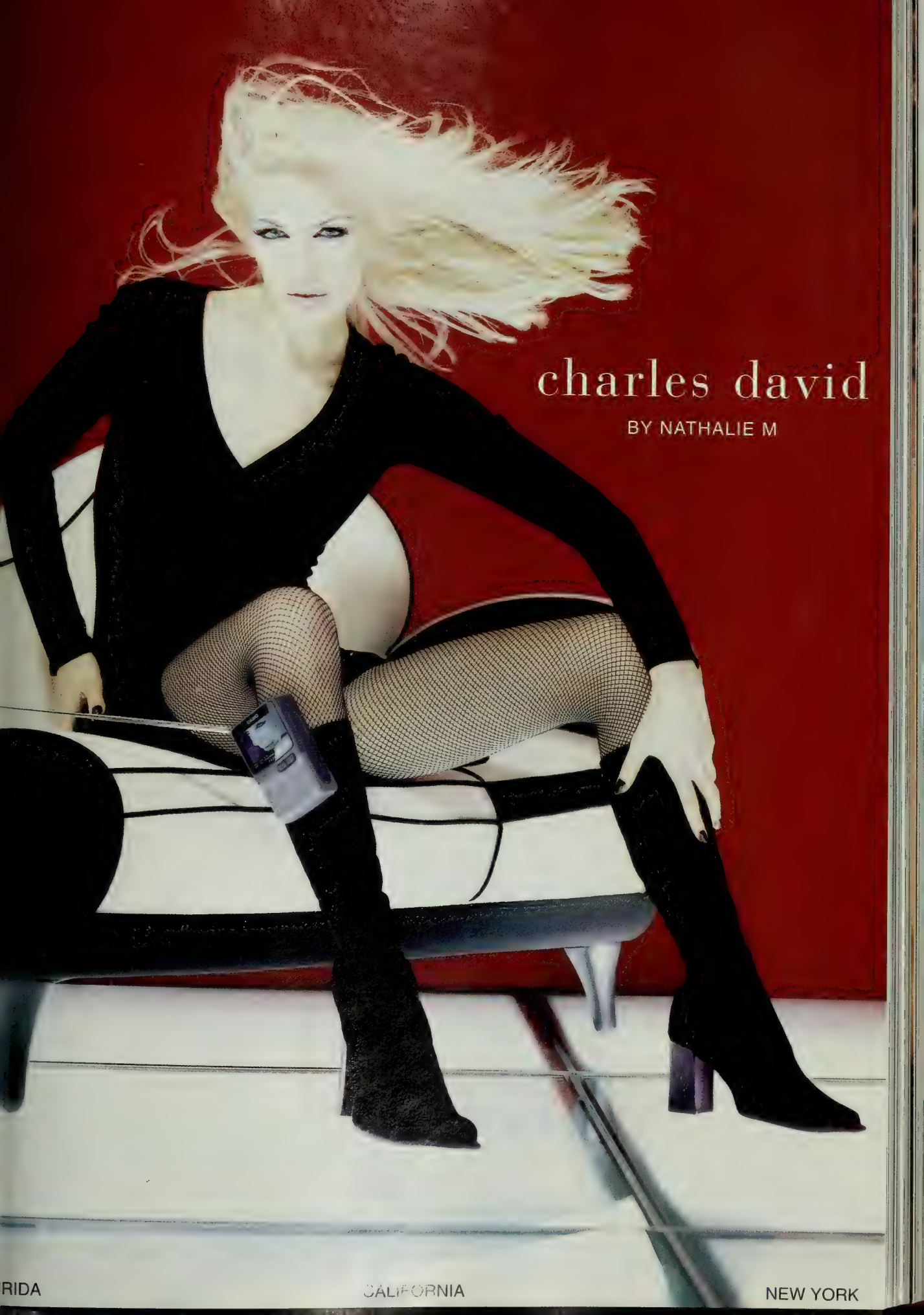
# Performance art is for people with more problems than talen

The godfather behind creative nonfiction is Lee Gutkind, a professor of English at the University of Pittsburgh, the first school to offer an M.F.A. degree in creative nonfiction. The author of several nonfiction books of his own on childhood illness and organ transplants, Gutkind is the editor of *Creative Nonfiction,* a journal published by the Creative Nonfiction Foundation; the editor of a series published by Duquesne University Press called "Emerging Writers in Creative Nonfiction," a talent search for fresh voices "on the threshold of prominence" ("Manuscripts must be accompanied by a $20 reading fee, which includes a complimentary subscription to the newly established *Creative Nonfiction*"); the author of a book for young adults called *Creative Nonfiction: How to Live It and Write It* ("1 P.M. I walk down the street to pick up my son Sam for lunch. We usually go to one of the coffee shops in our neighborhood where we share bagels, apple juice, fruit and, of course, a cookie, preferably chocolate chip").

For all his whirlybird self-promotion, Gutkind has a rather poky persona on the page. (It must be all those cookies.) Unlike a literary guru (and *Creative Nonfiction* contributor) such as Gordon Lish, he doesn't appear interested in founding a personality cult; he's a mild apostle. And it's understandable why name writers would participate in his outreach mission. Given what a gerbil existence the daily slog of writing can be ( . . . back into your shoebox), who wouldn't seize the opportunity to talk shop, play mentor, and get some feedback for a change? It beats counting the ceiling tiles, and there might be free drinkies. The issue is whether what Gutkind calls creative nonfiction and what I would call literary journalism needs this sort of caretaking. Creative nonfiction seems to be nothing more than factual writing with flair, encompassing everything (to use current examples) from Oliver Sacks's case histories to Calvin Trillin's true-crime stories, David Foster Wallace's epic, convoluted guitar-solo riffs to Janet Malcolm's elaborate charades of transference/counter-transference. Such real-life curios are hardly an endangered species, even in our celebrity age. Indeed, it is often difficult to tell the difference between the creative nonfiction Gutkind is propounding and old-fashioned feature writing. Most of the advice he dispenses in *The Art of Creative Nonfiction* is standard bird feed on Knowing Your Market, Creating Lively Dialogue, and Making Your Characters Come Alive, aimed at an audience of nincompoops: "What are these literary devices to which I refer? Think about some of the novels mentioned in this book so far, such as *The Bridges of Madison County* or *Jaws.* Or stroll through the stacks of your public library for favorite titles; browse your neighborhood bookstore for the newest and hottest bestsellers."

It is in *Creative Nonfiction* the quarterly that the true direction of Gutkind's mission is revealed. Although he argues in *The Art of Creative Nonfiction* that writers must move beyond the merely personal, the two most recent issues of *Creative Nonfiction* have been theme issues entitled "Mostly Memoir" and "Surviving Crisis" (the latter a special double issue also being published in book form by Tarcher/Putnam). Both emphasize the private sphere, the inward crawl. "Mostly Memoir," despite its roster of lustrous names (John McPhee, Ellen Gilchrist, Phillip Lopate), is an assortment of dusty indoor plants, the jes'-folks domesticity of the issue best conveyed by this excerpt from a psychotherapist's journal: "I'd rather read regular people's poems than most poems by real poets. I'd also rather eat macaroni and cheese or tuna casserole than fresh salmon or abalone." It sounds like a James Taylor song refusing to come to life. Even McPhee's autobiographical mosaic "An Album Quilt" is a stiff presentation, as if he had dug himself out of the snow and was cracking stalactites from his beard. "Mostly Memoir" practices what they called during Watergate modified limited hangout.

With "Surviving Crisis," *Creative Nonfiction* consummates the psychodramatic journey of this journalism of the self. Many of its authors seem to be reaching for a phantom nipple. Where the "I" in "Mostly Memoir" is usually a witness, a bemused bystander, the "I" in "Surviving Crisis" is a center-stage protagonist showing us the trail of cuts beneath the running makeup. Subtitled "Twenty Promi-


charles david
BY NATHALIE M
RIDA
CALIFORNIA
NEW YORK

nent Authors Write About Events That Shaped Their Lives," "Surviving Crisis" reprints notorious articles such as Kathy Dobie's I Was a Teenage Slut backseat saga from *Harper's* and Marjorie Gross's wisecracky black-humor piece in *The New Yorker* about her cancer. Some of the entries here don't qualify as crisis narratives—Cynthia Ozick's "The Break" is an all-thumbs tap dance paying tribute to her powers of whimsy, and Annie Dillard's "An Expedition to the Pole" is an uncategorizable pastiche—but others more than compensate. One of the contributions is so clustered with child-abuse/drug-abuse/sexual-identity problematics that it almost seems like a parody of the transgressive genre. Its author, Judy Ruiz—whose work, Gutkind informs us, "is highly regarded among serious writers of nonfiction prose, primarily in the academic community and by many women who view her life as a metaphor of the feminist struggle" (uh-oh)—recounts in "The Mother, the Daughter, and the Holy Horse: A Trilogy" that she lost her virginity before the age of two, was molested by a succession of "the usual laps with bulges," was chased by her no-good husband, "who emptied a nine-shot automatic at my running-away back," became addicted to drugs, attended anger workshops, underwent electroshock, and "spent five years of my life trying to pass myself off as a lesbian" before meeting the right guy. Her writing is, understandably, a trifle demonstrative.

The most telling chapter in "Surviving Crisis" is "Dominique," the profile of a "young and spirited stripper" by Lisa Hay, a co-worker. Introducing the story, Gutkind says that although Dominique flaunts a tough shell, "the crack in her facade and the emergence of a fragile vulnerability is quite affecting." This special pleading is reminiscent of the contributors' notes in *Story* magazine, where the fiction writers not only describe how their stories came to be written but cue our responses and the lessons to be imparted. (In a recent issue, one *Story* writer said of her protagonist, "It may seem contradictory to write a story about a woman who not only kills rattlesnakes, but skins them for trinkets, but I think of Lila's obsession as symbolic and transitory and necessary to her own salvation.") Hay's actual story is more ambiguous than Gutkind's gloss, Dominique being obviously bogus in her bluster (she claims to own two houses, a condominium, and two apartments) and on behavorial autodestruct (downing six shots of Cuervo before boarding her plane). Yet the author too buys into Dominique's act—"I am proud of her for being strong," Hays writes, and there are lots of hugs. When Dominique finally departs, the last sentence catches her carrying a stuffed polar bear—the perfect clinching symbol for her childlike vulnerability. Thus, creative nonfiction co-opts the tricks of creative writing (another article in "Surviving Crisis" ends with a burying snowfall straight out of Joyce's "The Dead") to moisturize its subjects. The purpose of creative nonfiction is to promote empathy; it's civic journalism for the soul, *Tikkun* with more sex appeal. The authors tear off their clothes (or their subjects' clothes) to show us where it hurts.

# Creative nonfiction is civic journalism for the soul.

Daphne Merkin's penchant for spanking has been a tonic for her writing. . . . "Spanking: A Romance," her memoir of edge play, is written with so much passion it virtually levitates off the page.

—Laurie Stone, reviewing Daphne Merkin's collection *Dreaming of Hitler: Passions & Provocations, The Village Voice* (July 8, 1997).

The first time he drew me across his lap, I felt exposed. It was daytime, and light streamed over us. I said, "I have fat on my ass." He said, "I like the fat on your ass."

—Laurie Stone, "Hump," *Close to the Bone* (Grove Press).

The writer as bruised stripper is a metaphor that would make Laurie Stone shake her own ample money-maker in assent. As the editor of *Close to the Bone*, a collection of "memoirs of hurt, rage, and desire" being published in October, Stone posits personal writing as a species of peep-show performance—an interactive peel-off: "It's sexy. I'll show you mine if you show me yours." Her selection process was conducted without partitions. "As far as specific subject matter was concerned, I didn't want to be prescriptive. Everyone's pornography is their own." Compared with the hard-core action herein (Peter Trachtenberg on punk chicks, Jerry Stahl on doing crack, Jane Creighton on brother-sister incest—"In the late seventies we are both drawn to the movement against violence against [illegible] stay there for several years, then move on to U.S. foreign policy"), Gutkind's anthology looks like a Boy Scout's good deed (*Close to the Bone* is creative nonfiction with a punk soundtrack), but it isn't all jungle heat in Stone's disco inferno. Society frustrates our desire to boogie free. In her introduction, Stone describes the "entrapment in which we conspire (the way we hunker down in passivity and armpit smell)," and she should know, being a veteran byliner in *The Village Voice*, where the armpit odor of thwarted hope and revolution indefinitely postponed forms a thermal inversion. Indeed, her own chapter in *Close to the Bone*, "Hump" (taken from a Yiddish expression, "No one can see their own hump"), harkens back to 70s personal essays in the *Voice* such as Karen Durbin's influential "On Being a Woman Alone." Both essays are branches of wisdom literature in which the authors function as barometers for the buffeting of romantic longing and awakening of feminist consciousness before arriving at a Virginia Woolfish mini-epiphany about life's eddying flow.

But what a diff two decades have made. Where Durbin was discreetly indiscreet about her love life, the action transpiring behind novelettish gauze, Stone takes the attitude: It's my anthology and I'll vent if I want to. She reverts all the way back to the womb, informing us she was a C-section baby, detailing her potty training ("My shitting remained a bone of contention"—The Worst Sentence of 1997), and segueing into her dog's bowel-movement problems. To indicate she's also a sexual being, and how, Stone documents her S&M exploits with such proud, lurid spotlight heat that it's as if she were doing a lap dance for the reader. (You want to give her money to go away.) She doesn't bother to square her doctrinaire feminism with the pleasure she gets in seducing a married man, "where I get to cut a woman too." Not surprisingly, she has had fraught relationships with female friends which "sizzled, sputtered, and dragged on for more than fifteen years." Framing these bleary Polaroids from the past are episodes from Stone's difficult relationship with her mother. In memoir writing, it's always the mother, Mom being the ultimate destination for a return to the birth of one's pain. Among Stone's other selections for *Close to the Bone*, Catherine Texier's "My Father's Picture" features a


c'mon

# Anne Roiphe, not Susan Lucci, is queen of the soaps.

supereyeful of her mother. "My mother's breasts. They're always in my face. Maybe it's my height. I am seven or eight. I see them in the opening of her robe. Moving, free under the fabric. Alive." (We. Get. The. Point.) And Mom is the dominant power in Phillip Lopate's "The Story of My Father."

The Lopate memoir has the dubious distinction of having been selected by both Gutkind and Stone for inclusion, making Lopate, the author of such highly regarded books as *Against Joie de Vivre* and *Bachelorhood,* a crossover artist between the more traditional personal essay and what Stone calls the post-therapeutic memoir. ("The erotics of knowledge," she enthuses, though it sounds more like the erotics of neurotics.) Yet Lopate seems strangely out of place in both anthologies, as if he kept opening the wrong door and finding himself at a Nan Goldin shoot. With his civilized air and citations of Pascal, Schopenhauer, *Père Goriot,* and the poet Cavafy, he's like the last belletrist in the bikers' bar. His presence doesn't elevate the general tone; the grungy atmosphere contaminates his. "Wiping off my father's ass wasn't what I'd expected from the evening, but—all in the nature of reality." To adapt Gresham's law: Bad writing drives out the good—or, rather, drowns it out, making it harder to hold the audience's attention without shock effects.

As professional writers succumb to the ease of letting their fingers do the talking, words seem less adhesive today, sliding off the pages of magazines, newspapers, and literary quarterlies (and off the screens of on-line 'zines as well). The poignant end-page essays in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine,* with their calibrated heartbreak, the mangy mopheads of the *New York Press* and *Paper,* the diaries in *Slate* and the finger-pointings in *Salon,* the war stories from the dating scene in the glossy men's and women's magazines, even the prose poetry of Dominique Browning's ethereal editor's letter in *House & Garden,* where the cry of a whippoorwill resounds across the faint dusk of cocktail hour ("I am, by nature and by upbringing, a water person")—at their fli[illegible] teeny avalanche of trivialitie[illegible]ly of falling eyelashes.

One of the biggest producers of [illegible] writing that vanishes on contact is *The New York Observer,* a salmon-colored weekly whose success is due to being many papers in one: an upscale real-estate rag, an anti–Rudy Giuliani gripe sheet, a hotbed of Condé Nast Kremlinology, an elephants' graveyard for receding matinee idols like John Heilpern and Rex Reed, and a bull pen where younger writers limber up between meatier assignments. The op-ed page is where they're corralled, although Phil Weiss sometimes makes the front page when his penis is pointing north. (He recently embarked on a mock odyssey to get himself castrated à la the Heaven's Gate cult.) Over the years the op-ed columnists have become interchangeable and indistinguishable: Thomas Beller disassembling bookshelves, Adam Platt cultivating and contemplating his goatee, D. T. Max sniffing about the housemates in his summer share, Molly Haskell lovingly oy-vaying about her husband Andrew Sarris's food intake, my friend Nancy Lemann dictating a lament from her fainting couch—week in, week out, the same slow drip of petty disclosure. The most dogged monologuist is Anne Roiphe, who's had a lot of practice monitoring her pulse. In the 70s, Roiphe made a name for herself writing heartfelt articles about Judaism, the media, and the tribulations of the American family for *The New York Times.* She had then, as now, a special gift for getting on people's nerves. Reviewing the 1973 film *Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams,* Pauline Kael wrote, "The picture made me feel as if I'd been buttonholed by a bore—an exhibitionistic bore who was whipping up a batch of stale emotions and bogus goodwill for want of anything better to do. It's the same feeling I get when I read Anne Roiphe's pieces in the *Times Magazine.*" In the *Observer,* Roiphe has kept the faith and retained her wind, managing to turn every topic back on herself and into schmaltz:

> I look around. I am the only non-Hispanic white person on this train. (Is this a racist observation? Would the Simpson jury send me to racial rehab?) A man curls up on the bench at the end of the car. His pants are ripped. He is unshaven. Sleep in peace, I think. Is he having crack dreams? Did he waste his life because of [illegible], or is his fate his own fault?
>
> [illegible] his mother responsible, and what [illegible] daddy? Was it the drug lords that did it to him, or the chasm, the third rail between rich and poor? I wonder about the place where individual will joins with the social dance. My liberal friends believe that the dance is all; my conservative friends believe only in individual will. I have lost my convictions either way. Is this what W. B. Yeats meant when he said, "The best lack all conviction"?

Anne Roiphe, not Susan Lucci, is the true queen of the daytime soaps.

Not every writer leans on the first-person pronoun like a crutch or plucks it like a lute. To punt *Close to the Bone,* "Surviving Crisis," or the dribblers in the *Observer* into the end zone is not to consign an entire tradition to oblivion (even if one could!). I happen to like a number of naked individualists on the page, from the late Seymour Krim (whose account of his suicide attempt and nervous breakdown in "The Insanity Bit" beats the traffic out of anything in *Close to the Bone*) to the early Nora Ephron. I eat literary memoirs like candy, if there's a crunchy Mary McCarthy anecdote inside. My own prejudice favors anything that's funny, which is why my ideal of a personal column is Jeffrey Bernard's "Low Life" in *The Spectator,* where he is rude, rueful, ash-gray with mortality, but always crackling. It's the hard-line defenders of the confessional movement who have made it an either/or situation, saying, in effect, If you accept Saint Augustine's *Confessions* and F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-up,* you must validate the latest damage report from [fill in the blank]. But criticism is conducted on a case-by-case basis, the caseload forms a trend, and the trend takes on its own traits and characteristics. The new confessionals are tonally and psychologically different from what's come before—needier, reedier, the worst of them evincing a flayed, righteous, yet willowy sense of grievance that's like *Mein Kampf* on spiritual retreat, while others piddle away into pointless passive-aggressive chat. On the page or on the stage, performance art is primarily for people with more problems than talent. Exhibitionism with an agenda pales before the spectacle of *Into Thin Air* and *The Perfect Storm,* nonfiction which reminds us that the world is wider than we are, more varied and ridged. Nature remains the biggest mother of all. □

**Renegades**

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# Fran Lebowitz on Race

## In which the famously contrarian humorist spells it out in black and white

*Do you think the proper way to talk about race now is to talk about multiculturalism?*

I came from a town where there were two races, black and white. There were a few Chinese people, and this may sound shocking, but I had no idea they were a different race. I thought they were a different nationality, like Italian or French. Now you have people coming here from Cambodia, from Egypt, from Colombia, from places you never thought would be sending us their huddled masses. I mean, surely 20 years ago no one could have imagined a more unlikely pair of words than "Korean deli." And all these people think of themselves as being members of different races. Ethnic groups have taken on the same weight as racial groups, with the same demands, the same notion of themselves.

To me, this plays into the hands of the people in power—the white people. If you want to ensure generation after generation of Mexican gardeners in California, you insist on bilingual education in the grammar schools. You can pretend that you would just as soon have your cardiologist speak to you in Spanish, but if you don't speak Spanish, you would just as soon not.

If you're black, don't you say to yourself, "We've been here for a zillion years, and here are all these people coming along, acquiring power by saying they're powerless—acquiring power by equating their lot with ours"? Blacks are the standard of oppression. People are always taking appalling historical events that one would hope are unparalleled and making absurd and immoral equations: the police raid the Stonewall Inn and instantly and forever it's "Bull" Connor turning the fire hoses on the marchers in Birmingham; anti-abortion maniacs throw fetuses at abortion-performing doctors and an absolutely unembarrassed analogy is made to a lynch mob. These things are categorically unrelated, as are most things. Things are very rarely exactly like other things. If they were, people would be less baffled in general, and perhaps less given to such statements as "This is like the Holocaust." Nothing is like the Holocaust. Not that there haven't been other tragedies, other genocides. But simply that they were peculiarly, specifically, intrinsically like themselves. Genocides are like snowflakes, each one unique, no two alike. You can't go around making these horrendously invalid comparisons. It is disgraceful and annoying. If you were in Auschwitz, you undoubtedly feel that on top of having been in Auschwitz you shouldn't also have to have your experience used to justify, say, gay marriage.

What is actually served by m[illegible] and all things attendant to it is the power of white people, and this, despite any and all such academic quibbling, is primarily accomplished by the continuing oppression of blacks. Because even though the conversation now includes all these other elements, the truth is that the farther you are from being black, the more likely you are to assimilate, to be more like white. The more you are like white, the less trouble you have—because the more you are like white, the less trouble you are.

*How do you think we should approach the topic of race in this country?*

Clearly in some other way—in as other a way as possible—because if ever there was an example of something not working, this is surely it.

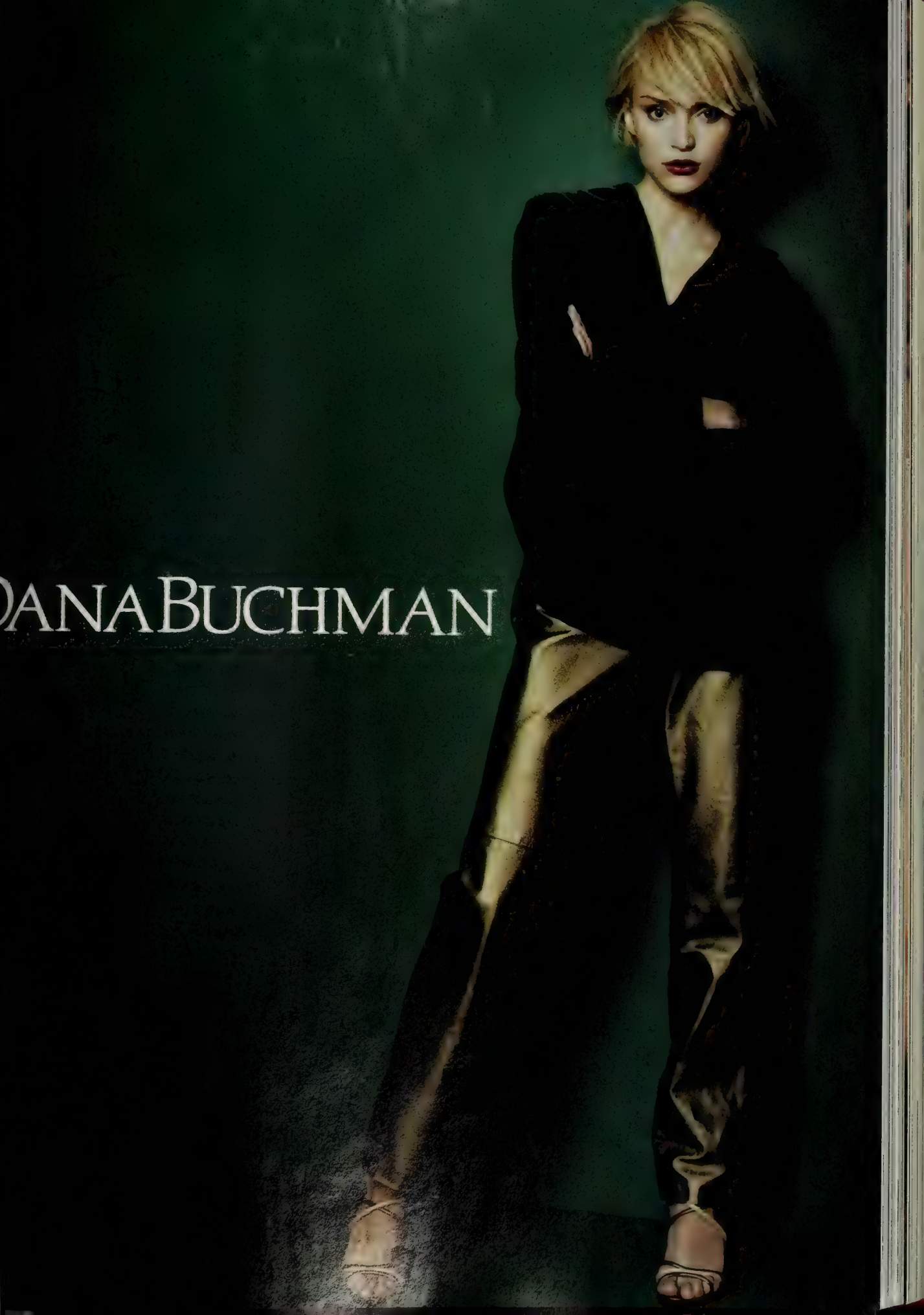
*What are we doing wrong?*

Well, first of all, by "we" I assume you mean the public, the public approach or the public discourse, which means the discourse that takes place in the media. And for the purposes of this discussion, let us imagine that the media is white and thus approaches the topic of race as if they (the white people) were the answer and them (the black people) were the question. And so, in the interest of fairness, they take their turn (having first, of course, given it to themselves) and then invite comment by some different white people and some similar black people. They give what purports to be simply their point of view and then everyone else gives their beside-the-point of view.

The customary way for white people to think about the topic of race—and it is only a *topic* to white people—is to ask, How would it be if I were black? But you can't separate the "I" from being white. The "I" is so informed by the experience of being white that it is its very creation—it is this "I" in this context that is, in fact, the white man's burden. People who think of themselves as well intentioned—which is, let's face it, how people think of themselves—believe that the best, most compassionate, most American way to understand another person is to walk a mile in their shoes. And I think that's conventionally the way this thing is approached. And that's why the conversation never gets anywhere and that's why the answers always come back wrong and the situation stays static—and worse than static.

*Well, that's part of the problem. What's part of the solution?*

The way to approach it, I think, is not to ask, "What would it be like to be black?" but to seriously consider what it is like to be white. That's something white people almost never think about. And what it is like to be white is not to say, "We have


DANA BUCHMAN

to level the playing field," but to acknowledge that not only do white people own the playing field but they have so designated this plot of land as a playing field to begin with. White people *are* the playing field. The advantage of being white is so extreme, so overwhelming, so immense, that to use the word "advantage" at all is misleading since it implies a kind of parity that simply does not exist.

It is now common—and I use the word "common" in its every sense—to see interviews with up-and-coming young movie stars whose parents or even grandparents were themselves movie stars. And when the interviewer asks, "Did you find it an advantage to be the child of a major motion-picture star?" the answer is invariably "Well, it gets you in the door, but after that you've got to perform, you're on your own." This is ludicrous. Getting in the door is pretty much the entire game, especially in movie acting, which is, after all, hardly a profession notable for its rigor. That's how advantageous it is to be white. It's as though all white people were the children of movie stars. Everyone gets in the door and then all you have to do is perform at this relatively minimal level.

Additionally, children of movie stars, like white people, have at—or actually in—their fingertips an advantage that is genetic. Because they are literally the progeny of movie stars they look specifically like the movie stars who have preceded them, their parents; they don't have to convince us that they can be movie stars. We take them instantly at face value. Full face value. They look like their parents, whom we already know to be movie stars. White people look like their parents, whom we already know to be in charge. This is what white people look like—other white people. The owners. The people in charge. That's the advantage of being white. And that's the game. So by the time the white person sees the black person standing next to him at what he thinks is the starting line, the black person should be exhausted from his long and arduous trek to the beginning.

*When did you first become aware of race as an issue in American society?*

I probably had some slight awareness of it from hearing about segregation at school, or eavesdropping on adult conversations, or seeing the sit-ins in the South on television. I had a very strong association, an exclusive association, of racism with southerners. To me as a child, it was a southern thing. I think it probably also had to do with the way they taught the Civil War to us in my northern grammar school. In real life, the first time I can remember thinking about it was when a neighbor called my mother to say, "Did you know that Fran is in the front yard playing with a little colored boy?" I was really young, about five or six. My mother got into a fight with the neighbor. We lived in a small house. It was summertime. There were screen doors. These things are important because you could always hear the grown-ups talking. This was the 1950s, an era when there was such a thing as adult conversation. An era when there was such a thing as an adult. An era when there was such a thing as conversation. Now children can hear everything, and adults speak like children. My mother was furious at the neighbor, and I was shocked that someone from a good state like New Jersey would have these bad southern views.

*That was the essence of it to you?*

Without question. To me as a child, all villains were to be compared to Communists. It was the height of the Cold War. It was a very Republican town. We were steeped in anti-Communist lore and so the worst people I could think of were Communists. They were the people I was scared of. Next were southerners—not as bad as Communists, because I couldn't imagine anything as bad as Communists, except, of course, Nazis, who, although definitely scarier than Communists, were, I felt, more my grandparents' department. My grandparents were in charge of Nazis. I was in charge of Communists.

Nazis were the worst, then Communists, then southerners. Although I had every belief that the Russians were plotting night and day to bomb Thomas Jefferson School in Morristown, New Jersey—every conviction that I was absolutely in the sights of the Russians—I had no notion that southerners or racism could be in my life. In other words, I had more expectation of having contact with Russian Communists, who were on the wrong side of the Cold War, than I did with southern racists, who were on the wrong side of the Civil War.

*Are black people cooler than white people?*

The notion that black people are cooler than white people is one that I am instinctively repelled by because it is adolescent, not only in content but also in form—it's a teenager's idea of an idea. It's the moron in the oxymoron. In this case, however, I think it is true. Not because of the obvious, even blatant coolness of such black inventions as jazz, or fun, or a certain kind of stylishness in dress, but because coolness is a sensibility, and sensibility, at least in this country, has chiefly been the province of the marginalized rather than the oppressed—an example being the homosexual invention of camp. Oppression is usually so annihilating that it destroys the very possibility of sensibility. The invention of cool, the invention of a sensibility, by people who are so oppressed is in itself conclusively cool. They were literally cool enough in the face of the heat of oppression to invent a sensibility, one that is in every respect as rarefied, as ornate, as redolent of connoisseurship as camp, and, unlike homosexuals, they kept it even when white people took it away and made it square. When straight people took camp away and made it square, homosexuals couldn't wait to join them in their squareness—to beat them to the

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# Genocides are like snowflakes, each one unique, no two alike.

punch. Who are now the most square people on earth? Who are the only people left who want to go into the army and get married? Homosexuals. Black people stayed cool even when white people stole it and made it square. That's undeniably cool. And that's what good sports black people are. With oppression staring them in the face, they averted their gaze and invented cool. Of course, as usual, they didn't do it on their own—they needed sunglasses.

*Traditionally, education is seen as the only real solution to the problems of black children. Do you think this still holds true?*
Absolutely—look how well it's working for white children. I think it is generally agreed that the great scandal in this country is the state of public education. But far worse than the problem is the currently fashionable, but in no way stylish, Republican proposal that it be solved by the use of school vouchers—a genuinely diabolical plan and one that, if instituted, would surely result in the end of any sort of democratic society. Recently a business magazine devoted an issue to this subject and used black parents who wanted school vouchers to argue their case for them. It's so profoundly deceitful for rich people to ask "Why should rich people be the only ones to send their children to private school?" when the answer is so plainly that they have the money. So serviceable, in fact, is this answer that for the edification of these bewilderingly bewildered millionaires I offer it also as the clear explanation to the centuries-old riddle of why only rich people own Sargent portraits, vintage Daimlers, and beachfront property.

These black parents are decoys, to distract your attention from what the Voucherites are doing—which is lowering taxes. School vouchers are advantageous because they would result, ultimately, in no public school system at all—there's no free lunch in the totally free market. School vouchers are, for the readers of such a magazine, about lowering taxes. Life, for these readers, is about lowering taxes. They look constantly for the cause of taxes the way oncologists look for the cause of cancer, and, like surgeons, cut them out wherever possible, even at the expense of what you might previously have thought of as a vital organ. The public school system—what an obvious cause of taxes, what a drain it is on our hard-gained capital.

Not to mention that even among not-so-rich white people there is a sizable constituency for the notion that the public schools attended by poor blacks are useful only as a source of professional basketball players—so, conceivably, one such school would really be sufficient. Perhaps I am judging them too harshly and what they are really doing is at long last making good on a very old promise: 40 Lakers and a school.

*Why are there so few black w*
There aren't few enough. There [illegible] ough white writers, either. One thing we desp[illegible] country is fewer writers of every color.

*What do you think are the most virulent stereotypes held by blacks of whites and by whites of blacks?*
All stereotypes held by all people are equally virulent—it's just that some are more fun than others. People hate the bad ones but love and even cultivate the good ones, despite the fact that they are imprisoning and diminishing to the same extent. Both pride and prejudice should be individually earned because allocating them at a group rate is, in fact, the very definition of racism. I say this even though I myself am guilty of taking pleasure—even sustenance, on those days when nothing else is going right—in thinking: Donald Trump is still not Jewish.

*There is a lot of opposition to affirmative action, even among liberals. What do you think is the basis of this?*
Well, some of it is simple racism and some of it is complex racism. By complex racism I mean the kind that argues for the color-blind society—the kind that is mendacious, that is corrupt, that harbors a little white lie. First of all, it is disingenuous at this point in time to equate race with mere color. The opportunity for that is long since gone. Initially, it was true that the only difference between blacks and whites was skin color, but the experience of centuries of racism has made that idea utopian.

Second of all, it should be more than apparent to anyone who has ever had occasion to observe the travel attire of the average American family as they snack their way toward the departure gate that a color-blind society is something we already have. A race-blind society is something we don't.

And since we don't, we need some kind of affirmative action. I am suspicious of the insistent and incessant focus on the exceptional. The endless discussion of law-school applications. The ceaseless debate regarding admission to medical school. Always the attention is placed on the gifted black person. So whites can point to these people and say, Yes, there's been historical progress. Yes, it is true that 50 years ago a black person with the I.Q. of Isaiah Berlin would have been a janitor, and now look: we've solved the problem of what to do with the black geniuses—they have the same opportunities as the white geniuses. But we don't need affirmative action for these people and we never did. The problem of the talented tenth was actually solved by the civil-rights movement. It is to create parity between the untalented 90th and its white counterpart that we require what are perversely called racial preferences—I say perversely because surely we all know which race is genuinely preferred, talented or not. We will have equality when dopey black people get into Harvard because their chair-endowing grandfathers went there. We will have equality when incompetent black people buy their way into the Senate. We will have equality when larcenous black union plumbers start not showing up in greater and greater numbers. We will have equality when the unjust deserts and ill-gotten gains are spread around impartially. One Clarence Thomas is not enough. □

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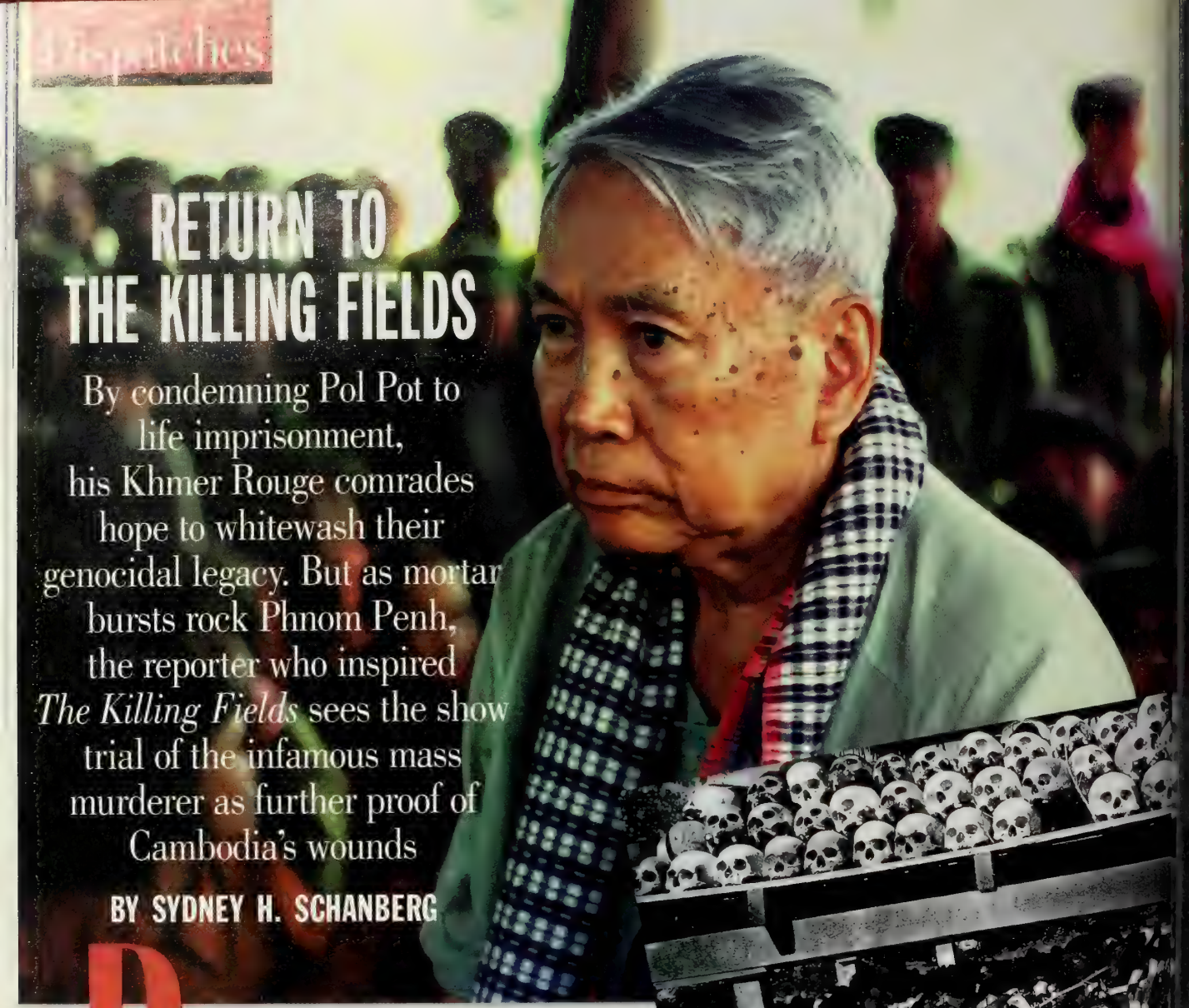
# JOE BOXER

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# RETURN TO THE KILLING FIELDS

By condemning Pol Pot to life imprisonment, his Khmer Rouge comrades hope to whitewash their genocidal legacy. But as mortar bursts rock Phnom Penh, the reporter who inspired *The Killing Fields* sees the show trial of the infamous mass murderer as further proof of Cambodia's wounds

BY SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG



**POT BOILER: Pol Pot at his show trial in Anlong Veng, Cambodia, July 25, 1997, for the murder of Khmer Rouge lieutenant Son Sen. The aging dictator was not charged with his most heinous crime: the genocidal slaughter of more than a million Cambodians during his brutal agrarian "revolution" in the 1970s. *Bottom,* Pol Pot in 1978.**

Pol Pot was already the world's most prolific living mass murderer, but this execution was special. The marked man was Son Sen, who had been part of Pol Pot's small inner circle since the beginning, before they built the Khmer Rouge into the most murderous guerrilla movement in history.

It was Son Sen who, in 1975, had led the final bloody drive into Phnom Penh and then, at Pol Pot's direction, forcibly evacuated two million of its inhabitants to the countryside- part of the Khmer Rouge's agrarian "revolution," which in [illegible] killed more than a million [illegible] of the country's population. And it was Son Sen who had serv[illegible] f executioner [illegible] rvised the infamous [illegible] Sleng, where [illegible] ans were [illegible] rimes and then [illegible]

Khmer Rouge were suddenly fragmenting after nearly two decades of guerrilla resistance in the jungles of northern and western Cambodia. Weary of Pol Pot's ruthless, hard-line demands, factions had been splitting off for a year, defecting to one side or the other of the bizarrely bifurcated government in Phnom Penh. Tensions built between the government's rival prime ministers, Hun Sen and Prince Norodom [illegible]nariddh, who had grown tired of [illegible] easy, U.N.-imposed power-sharing [illegible]t. The CONTINUED ON PAGE 233



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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 226 Khmer Rouge were a major reason why.

Pol Pot had learned that Son Sen was negotiating a deal with Hun Sen, the dictator's blood enemy. He may also have learned that other Khmer Rouge officers were talking with Ranariddh's rival royalist side. Pol Pot, hidden in his forested enclave in Anlong Veng, 200 miles north of Phnom Penh, had grown increasingly paranoid and delusional. He called a meeting of senior leaders for the night of June 9.

When Son Sen didn't attend, Pol Pot coolly ordered his security chief, General Sarouen, to kill the "traitor" and his family. Sarouen and 20 to 30 of his men drove to Son Sen's house after midnight and shot him dead in the night temple and cheek. They then killed his wife with shots to her left ear and right back. A dozen other family members, including a five-year-old child, were also murdered. Afterward, all the bodies were run over by a truck.

A few days later, in Phnom Penh, the royalists displayed gory photographs of the bodies strewn like rag dolls, with their heads leaking blood. The royalists announced that all of Pol Pot's lieutenants (who were seeking a deal with the government in Phnom Penh and worried that the purge might include them) had turned against the dictator known as Brother Number One, who was now on the run through the jungle. Prince Ranariddh (son of King Norodom Sihanouk) announced that his aides were in touch with Pol Pot's pursuers. There was talk of a deal in which the Khmer Rouge officials would receive amnesty and a role in Cambodian affairs—if they turned in Pol Pot and swore allegiance to the country's constitution. One angry Western diplomat summed up the proposed deal this way: "It was as if Göring, Goebbels, and Himmler said to the Allies, 'Exonerate us and bring us into the mainstream and we'll deliver Hitler.'"

By June the international press corps had descended on Phnom Penh. I arrived on June 30, shortly after the media circus began. It was my third trip to Cambodia since 1975, when I covered the fall of Phnom Penh for *The New York Times*—reporting that became the basis for *The Killing Fields*, the 1984 film about my experiences with my colleague Dith Pran. Phnom Penh had been a sleepy colonial-era capital. By the time I left, Cambodia had been devastated by carpet bombing, politically induced famine, and genocide.

Since my last visit, in 1991, the countryside was pretty much the same: poor and exploited. But Phnom Penh had been transformed into a seamy boomtown overrun by drug dealers, sex traffickers, and Asian organized crime. The U.N.-supervised elections of 1993 brought "stability"—and a flood of dirty money.

The world press generally ignores Cambodia unless it's the locus of a war fought by foreign powers—or unless Pol Pot enters the picture. This time was no different. Scores of foreign journalists began the Pol Pot Watch. How would Brother Number One be brought in? Would he be hidden from public sight or placed on view in a bamboo cage? Every day the story shifted as the royalists delivered yet another version of Pol Pot's whereabouts.

There were reports that Pol Pot was gravely ill with malaria and other ailments, that his loyal bodyguards were carrying him through the jungle on a hammock. Then came the story that he had taken some of his comrades hostage to shield his escape. Finally we learned that he had surrendered or been captured by his own troops, and that his former supporters were going to deliver him for trial by the international community for crimes against humanity.

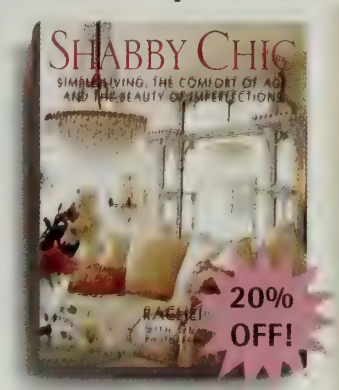
Washington said it would send a military team to airlift Pol Pot out of the jungle. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright asked her Canadian counterpart, Lloyd Axworthy, to hold the trial in his country.

A month later, in late July, the 72-year-old dictator finally appeared, in a videotape broadcast on ABC's *Nightline*. It was Pol Pot's first public appearance in nearly two decades. There he was, the world's most infamous living murderer: feeble, gray, hunched over a bamboo cane, his eyes impassive. He was in Anlong Veng, sitting in a large, open shed as 500 Cambodian peasants sat in rows in front of him. He was standing trial for treason and "rebellious acts." This wasn't a trial, however—it was a public-relations ploy staged by his estranged lieutenants. They wanted to prove that by punishing Pol Pot they were no longer gangsters—and no longer deserved to be international pariahs.

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ty should understand that we are no longer Khmer Rouge and not Pol Potists."

The well-rehearsed peasants raised their clenched fists and chanted: "Crush! Crush! Crush! Pol Pot and his clique!"

Wearing green civilian clothes and sandals, Pol Pot appeared frail and defeated. He held the cane in one hand, a rattan fan in the other. Three of his loyalists sat nearby, manacled and glaring at the crowd. They were also on trial, for carrying out the assassination of Son Sen and his family.

Pol Pot offered no defense and never spoke. It was a trial out of the Chinese Cultural Revolution—except that the penalty was conspicuously light for a convicted traitor: house arrest for life. And the tribunal ruled out turning him over to an international court, where he could be tried for crimes against humanity. After the trial was over, when two young soldiers helped him walk to a waiting vehicle, they did so with great deference.

Then Pol Pot went back into hiding, perhaps for the rest of his life. Given the obsessive secretiveness and xenophobia of the Khmer Rouge, the outside world may never know the full story of the events leading up to the trial or, more important, the motives and plots behind them. "In Cambodia," says an aid worker who has been in the country for several years, "there are always levels and levels—and then more levels—of intrigue and shadows."



**SON SET: *Above,* from left, Khmer Rouge officials Son Sen, Khieu Samphan, Nuon Chea, and Pol Pot, accompanied by Son Sen's wife, Yun Yat, and two unidentified women and a child, in western Cambodia, January 1986. *Left,* the Royalist Party's General Nhiek Bun Chhay displays a photograph of Son Sen's murdered body at a press conference in Phnom Penh, June 14, 1997.**

**"It was as if Göring, Goebbels, and Himmler said, 'Exonerate us and we'll deliver Hitler,'" an angry diplomat says of the amnesty deal proposed by Khmer Rouge officials.**

Pol Pot is a meaningless nom de guerre. He was born Saloth Sar in 1925, when Cambodia was a French colony, the eighth of nine children from a farming family in rural Prek Sbov. In 1931 the boy was sent to live with relatives in Phnom Penh, where he was a well-liked schoolboy with a love of French literature. He spent a year at a Buddhist school before winning a scholarship in the early 1950s to study in France.

Saloth Sar studied Marxism, joined the French Communist Party, and met the fellow students who would later become his Khmer Rouge coterie. He returned to Phnom Penh in 1953, where he led a double life: popular schoolteacher by day, active member of the Communist underground by night. In 1963, under increasing scrutiny by Cambodian authorities, he fled to the jungle, changed his name to Pol Pot, and, with his Pa[illegible]s, founded the Khmer Rouge.

By 1968 there were more than 500,[illegible] American troops in South[illegible] and a U.S. "secret" war in Laos. Prince Norodom Sihanouk had managed to keep Cambodia out of the war, by privately making concessions to both sides. But the U.S., having decided the war was lost, wanted an ally to aid its plans to withdraw from Vietnam. The opening came in 1970, when Sihanouk was ousted in a military coup by his defense minister, General Lon Nol, who was instantly embraced by Washington.

Within weeks, President Nixon had ordered American troops into Cambodia to find and destroy what he said was the Communist headquarters known as COSVN. COSVN was never found, but the Vietnam War then spilled into Cambodia and engulfed it.

The Khmer Rouge were supported by Sihanouk, Russia, Vietnam, and China in the early years, and then, by 1973, solely by China. The group eventually grew from a ragged band of 3,000 rebels into a brutal, disciplined force of perhaps 100,000. In 1975 they seized the capital, Phnom Penh, and launched Pol Pot's pathological Maoist experiment.

Pol Pot saw Cambodia, which he renamed Democratic Kampuchea, as a perfect agrarian nation. The country became a giant forced-labor camp the size of Missouri. Those who were not *borisot*—pure—were candidates for torture or death. "To spare you is no profit; to destroy you, no loss" was a Khmer Rouge slogan.

The core of Khmer life—the family—was shattered; children were taken from parents and indoctrinated against them. Schools were shuttered, currency abolished, factories left to rust, intellectuals tortured, monks killed or set to hard labor in the fields. By the end of Pol Pot's four-year purge, Cambodia's population had been reduced from seven million to perhaps five million.

In 1979, provoked by repeated border raids by Pol Pot's troops, the Vietnamese army swept into Cambodia and pushed

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the Khmer Rouge back into the northern and western jungles. Then they installed a friendly government in Phnom Penh. Cambodia's new foreign minister was 27-year-old Hun Sen, a former low-level Khmer Rouge commander who had managed to avoid participation in their purges and Draconian policies. He had been wounded in the final Khmer Rouge assault on Phnom Penh, in 1975, and lost his left eye, which was replaced by one made of glass.

Hun Sen defected to Vietnam two years later, then returned home during the Vietnamese invasion, in 1979. His critics have scoured the records of the Khmer Rouge period, but no evidence links him to any massacres or genocidal activities. And most analysts agree that although Hun Sen has maintained close relations with the government in Hanoi he has never been a puppet of the Vietnamese; in fact, he has sided against them on certain issues.





**LA VIE EN ROUGE: The fall of Phnom Penh, April 17, 1975, when the victorious Pol Pot began his genocidal purge. *Right,* a Khmer Rouge supporter arrested by Cambodian government troops, November 1973.**

After the Vietnamese invasion, Pol Pot and a group led by Sihanouk's son Prince Norodom Ranariddh formed a loose resistance coalition to fight Hun [illegible]." It and another non-[illegible] group were backed by [illegible] United [illegible]. intelligence data, and tactical guidance. But because the Khmer Rouge dominated the resistance coalition, Western aid ultimately flowed to them.

Washington's policy was frozen in the Cold War; it punished the victorious Vietnamese by imposing an economic embargo on Cambodia and impeding international recognition of the new government. As part of this effort, the United States made sure that the Hun Sen government was not recognized by the United Nations. The result was surreal: the Khmer Rouge, creators of the killing fields which Washington professed to revile, occupied Cambodia's seat at the United Nations, and their flag flew outside the Secretariat building in New York.

In 1991, peace talks were held in Paris. The major powers, including France and the U.S., decided that the Khmer Rouge had to be included in the negotiations as a full partner. To leave them out, it was argued, would guarantee that their guerrilla resistance would continue and that the country would remain unstable. To many analysts, it was the equivalent of inviting the Nazi Party to take a full role in the revival of post–World War II Germany. The Khmer Rouge were not just troublemakers; they were evil. Not only were the Khmer Rouge invited in, their genocide could not be mentioned in any document—the word could not be used. The accords called for disarmament on all sides, but that never happened. The Khmer Rouge returned to the jungle, from which they launched constant raids into government territory—on the orders of Pol Pot.

The 1993 election—boycotted by the Khmer Rouge—gave a brief, tantalizing taste of democracy to a people who had always lived under god-kings, selfish colonial rulers, and, since 1970, nothing but chaos and violence. When Ranariddh's party won, the volatile Hun Sen charged fraud at the polls and threatened action. He felt he had held the country together for the 14 years since the Khmer Rouge had been forced out (which was essentially true) and now it was to be handed over to the spoiled, privileged prince.

**"In Cambodia," says a local aid worker, "there are always levels and levels—and then more levels—of intrigue and shadows."**

To prevent civil war, the international community agreed to a hopeless power-sharing plan which called for two of everything: two prime ministers (Hun Sen and Ranariddh), two heads of each Cabinet department (one for each leader), and so on down the line. Hun Sen retained control of key police and security units.

Predictably, the Hun Sen–Ranariddh relationship quickly soured, and both men began building private armies, sometimes with dissident Khmer Rouge units. Hun Sen was faster off the mark. By early 1997, he had more than 1,500 private soldiers—perhaps twice as many as Ranariddh. He also held the loyalty of a majority of the regular armed forces, which number 100,000. Ranariddh was frantically trying to narrow the gap through secret negotiations with

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key officials at the Khmer Rouge's central command in Anlong Veng, the last stronghold of the unraveling guerrilla movement. Then, in March, men believed to be Hun Sen henchmen launched a grenade attack on an opposition rally, killing 16 people and wounding 130 others. After that, a warlord atmosphere gripped Phnom Penh.



**FORMERLY KNOWN AS PRINCES: *Right,* then prince Sihanouk returns to Cambodia from exile in November 1991. *Below,* Sihanouk's son First Prime Minister Norodom Ranariddh (left) with Second Prime Minister Hun Sen in Phnom Penh, June 22, 1997, shortly before the coup that ousted him.**



On the sticky, monsoonal night of June 17, a gun battle erupted in the capital between the two leaders' bodyguard units. Most of the fighting occurred near Ranariddh's luxurious compound in an affluent neighborhood that includes the residence of the United States ambassador, Kenneth Quinn. A stray rocket crashed into Quinn's garden, shattering glass doors and knocking family members out of bed. The outbreak—small-arms fire, B-40 rockets, tracer bullets arcing overhead—kept the population huddled inside for two hours. Two of Ranariddh's men were killed and several others wounded.

**"To spare you is no profit," the Khmer Rouge said during their purge of "impure" Cambodians. "To destroy you, no loss."**

In the following days, each side blamed the other for starting the violence. The clandestine Khmer Rouge radio, pledging allegiance to Ranariddh, issued an "appeal to all combatants" to "fight the nest of the Vietnamese genocidal enemy and its puppet Hun Sen."

On June 18, the day after the street battle, Hun Sen declared that Ranariddh had to choose either to "join the Khmer Rouge or [remain in] the government." A week later, Hun Sen and senior members of his Cambodian People's Party (C.P.P.) leveled fresh accusations at Ranariddh, charging that he had covertly moved illegally acquired arms and Khmer Rouge guerrillas into Phnom Penh. (Hun Sen failed to mention that he too had enlisted Khmer Rouge defectors.)

I arrived in Phnom Penh a few days later—just before fighting broke out between units of the opposing sides near a naval station on the Tonle Sap River, 15 miles northwest of Phnom Penh. The next day, about 200 of Hun Sen's C.P.P. military policemen halted and disarmed a motorcade carrying several of Ranariddh's top aides and bodyguards. Ranariddh's Cabinet director, Ly Thuch, who was in the motorcade, [illegible] ons at

try." Which was curious. The prince had been there the day before, so he must have flown out today. Why? And why was the trip not announced? Later, I learned that he'd gone to Paris.

That night the American Embassy threw its Fourth of July party at the Hotel Cambodiana. Ambassador Quinn, a 55-year-old career diplomat, stood in the receiving line with his Vietnamese wife, Le Son. Bunting and a string ensemble enlivened the ballroom, but the mood was foreboding.

Diplomats, politicians, and journalists weaved through the crowded room, exchanging anxious questions. Why, at the last minute, did Quinn move the party from his lawn to the enclosed, better-protected hotel? Could the coup rumors actually be true? Why is no one here representing Ranariddh?

Quinn stood on the podium, flanked by his wife and Hun Sen's defense minister, Tea Banh. The ambassador then made a Fourth of July wish for "peace without violence," adding, "Like all birthday wishes, we hope this one comes true." To some, his words seemed cryptic, as if he knew something we didn't.

While I was at breakfast the next morning, my wife, Jane, brought me a phone message from a reporter friend who had called our room. It read: "An unusual number of tanks around the airport. Troop movements and the sound of gunfire nearby. A report of armored personnel carriers on the outskirts of the city."

Jane and I headed for our car. Over the radio, Hun Sen's party reported the presence of "illegal" troops at various sites near the capital and said that government troops were moving to disarm them. One of Hun Sen's senior aides came on. He ordered all soldiers and police throughout the country to "halt any unauthorized troop movements."

My interpreter and I headed to the airport, where several of Ranariddh's military posts were located. At first the road looked normal. But then, in the ditches alongside the highway, we saw Hun Sen's soldiers crouched and at the ready. Still, we heard no battle sounds, and the airport remained open.

We headed south toward Hun Sen's personal military compound at Takhmau, which was about 10 miles from Phnom Penh. At the guarded entrance to Hun Sen's compound, I asked to see the prime minister. (A formal interview request had been sent a few days earlier.) The guard called his superior officer, then he hung up and shook his head. "It's tense," he said.

Just then, pickup trucks filled with heavily armed soldiers came out of the compound and sped past us, spinning up clouds of red dust. They were carrying

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shoulder-fired rockets, rifle-propelled grenades, and automatic weapons. Then a white sedan with darkened windows pulled up and stopped. Hun Sen's media adviser, Om Yien Teng, got out and strode toward me, his face taut with anger. He chewed me out for being an *effronté*—a brazen person. Clearly, he was worried that I might have seen something I shouldn't have.

**"Hun Sen will kill them one by one," a Cambodian said of the fleeing royalists. "He learned well from his brother Pol Pot."**

Hun Sen's compound—known as "the Tiger's Lair"—was about one square kilometer, making it one of the largest military bases in the country. According to those who'd been inside, it housed tanks, trucks, armored personnel carriers, a Russian Mi-26 helicopter, and sophisticated communications equipment. Hun Sen had lightheartedly boasted that he could easily rain artillery shells onto Ranariddh's compound in the center of Phnom Penh.



**GUNFLIGHT: After the coup, fleeing Cambodians waited to board an evacuation flight at the Phnom Penh international airport, seen from the bullet-riddled departure lounge, July 9, 1997.**

That afternoon Hun Sen accused Ranariddh of an "unforgivable betrayal" of the nation by "illegally negotiating with the Khmer Rouge ringleaders in Anlong Veng." If not blocked, he said, this would lead to "the return of the genocidal regime to massacre the people anew." He also blamed the prince for virtually all of Cambodia's social ills—"such as drug trading, artifact smuggling, ship robbery . . . armed robberies, murder and ransom, kidnapping . . . "

(Days later, we learned that Hun Sen had found out, on July 4, that Ranariddh's chief commander, General Nhiek Bun Chhay, had just concluded an agreement with the Khmer Rouge that would bring their troops into the royalist fold. In response, Hun Sen apparently decided to head off Ranariddh before the agreement was announced.)

By afternoon, skirmishes had been reported at Ranariddh strongholds on the outskirts of the city. Meanwhile, Hun Sen's soldiers were surrounding other royalist sites, including Ranariddh's heavily armed compound in the city. The U.S. Embassy advised all Americans to [illegible]

[illegible] Hun [illegible]

[illegible]

going on. Things weren't critical yet—both Pizza Hot and Happy Herb's were still delivering.

The defense minister repeated Hun Sen's claim that this was not a coup. He called the fighting "an operation mopping those anarchic forces." The Japanese ambassador, falling victim to language confusion, asked the minister to explain the "mapping operation." No one laughed—they were diplomats.

"Most foreigners are here because they want to help Cambodia," Quinn said at the conference a bit later. "They don't deserve to be put in danger."

During this meeting, we heard a report that the airport had been shut down, raising the possibility that Hun Sen was duplicating the events of 1970, when Lon Nol had closed the airport to keep Sihanouk from flying back from France to try to reverse the coup. When we headed to the airport, the city was filled with soldiers. Roadblocks had been set up, no one was being allowed in or out of Phnom Penh, and all vehicles were being inspected. The airport had indeed been shut down.

We turned around and headed back. The road ahead was empty—in Cambodia, that's always a dangerous sign. Suddenly several Russian-made T-54 tanks appeared, followed by pickup trucks jammed with soldiers and weapons, not to mention Lucky Strike cigarettes and bottled water. The soldiers had little strips of red cloth on their rifles or uniforms, to identify themselves as Hun Sen's forces and thus cut down on friendly-fire casualties, since both sides wore the same camouflage uniforms.

Then, as suddenly as the road had closed, it opened again. We drove at 70 miles an hour in order to reach the city before the route closed again. By now the big explosions had begun—rockets and mortars, possibly tank fire. It was three P.M. and the constant battle noise was spreading apprehension throughout the city.

That afternoon CNN reported that Ranariddh had been taken prisoner by Hun Sen's troops. A half-hour later, the network quoted Ranariddh's aides as saying that he was in the capital and in charge. Neither report was true, since Ranariddh was in Paris. CNN, it seems, does not have a great reputation in Cambodia. Expatriates who watch it say viewers must always apply the "C.D.F."—the CNN Discount Factor.

In the early evening, during a break in the bombardments, Jane and I took a short walk to the corner of Monireth and Mao Tse Tung Boulevards, a major intersection. A half-dozen boys were happily watching the skirmishes from afar. One of them excitedly made the two-handed motion of a machine gunner. Then he asked us for money. Poverty is never far away in Phnom Penh. When a shell exploded behind some nearby buildings, we flinched. But the boys just laughed—they were used to this.

Although the artillery and mortar fire were intense, the shooting was confined to specific targets—Ranariddh's strongholds—and the fusillades were brief: a burst, then CONTINUED ON PAGE 245


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NTINUED FROM PAGE 240 a lull. This was coup, an intimidation strategy to scare e other side into giving up; it wasn't l-out warfare. One of the targets was e heavily guarded villa of Ranariddh's ilitary chief, Nhiek Bun Chhay. Joe ochrane, a reporter for *The Cambodia aily,* briefly got through to him. "Can't lk now," the general said. "I'm busy. m busy fighting."

Fearing for their lives, royalist offi- als took refuge in hotels and safe ouses, and residents began evacuating eir homes. From our 13th-floor win- ow, Jane and I watched people flee n foot, in cars, on motorbikes; some ere pushing carts filled with their be- ngings. Cambodians have a lot of ex- erience at this.

In France, Ranariddh called Hun en's charges a "pretext" for a coup and emanded that he be punished. Mean- hile, the prince's father, King Sihanouk, ho was receiving medical attention in eijing, appealed for a cease-fire and eace talks. Hun Sen responded tersely, ying, "It is too late," and calling Ra- ariddh *chao prey*—"thief in the jungle."

The Khmer Rouge radio was also ac- tive—but too late. Khieu Samphan, a member of the movement's inner cir- e, announced the results of the deal ith Ranariddh. Without mentioning the rince or his political party, Khieu Sam- han said that the Khmer Rouge now cognized Cambodia's constitution, and at their political wing wished to partic- ate in elections, which they had previ- usly boycotted and tried to disrupt.

The next morning we left the Inter- ontinental and went over to the Hotel ambodiana, which was farther from e fighting, but it was full. With a little aksheesh, however, a room was found. utside, fires were multiplying, mostly the western quarter of the city and rther out, by the airport. Huge black umes of smoke darkened the sky.

By evening, Hun Sen's superior num- ers had prevailed. Ranariddh's sol- ers surrendered by hanging white oths on the walls of his villa and par- headquarters. Several of the prince's ilitary leaders had already fled the pital, and warrants were issued for eir arrest. Soon royalists were dis- med and Hun Sen's soldiers were oting the airport, completely ransack- g it—the passenger terminal, the unges, the duty-free shop. "There's othing left," said the airport director. There are no lights. No technicians. nly soldiers."

The fighting was over in the morning. The sun was out and the city, for a time, looked shiny.

By afternoon, looting had spread to the city, and almost all of it was done by Hun Sen's soldiers. On the airport road, they were pillaging car showrooms, auto-parts stores, warehouses, electronics shops, and some homes. At Prince Ranariddh's villa, soldiers were taking anything they could find: a jade vase, a refrigerator, a VCR, a set of golf clubs, a television, even a case of canned corned beef. Occasionally, civilians moved in and grabbed what was left. Everyone else just stood on the sidewalk, grimly watching the rampage. Cambodians were never fond of this army, which had a reputation for extortion and other banditry, but now they didn't trust it at all.

As I watched, I was struck by how similar the feel and look of these troops were to those of the Khmer Rouge guerrillas who entered Phnom Penh in 1975. Except for the different uniforms—camouflage fatigues and boots instead of black pajamas and rubber sandals—their demeanors were the same: icy, fierce, closed off.

Late in the day, four countries—Thailand, Singapore, Malaysia, and Australia—announced plans to evacuate their nationals by air. Perhaps they had been watching the hyperbolic television reports. One example came from CNN's John Raedler, who reported that some of the fire damage looked "like Hiroshima after the bomb." Later, an American engineer watching the exodus sighed, "This evacuation was ordered by CNN."

That same day, July 7, one of Ranariddh's chief advisers, Ho Sok, was shot dead after being seized by Hun Sen's security police. In the days ahead, additional Ranariddh supporters were arrested or killed; sometimes their eyes were gouged out or their bodies were burned to prevent identification. "They're literally incinerating the evidence," said a human-rights official.

Royalist officials were sleeping in different places every night. By day, they looked for ways to get their families out of the country. Human-rights workers protected as many as possible, but they could do only so much. "He will kill them one by one," one of my Cambodian acquaintances said of Hun Sen. "He learned well from his brother Pol Pot."

At this point, nasty allegations began to circulate that Ambassador Quinn had

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known of the coup in advance, and that he'd refused to help Ranariddh supporters, even those with American passports. "It's an absolute disgrace the way Western embassies have reacted," said one experienced human-rights official. "We've begged them to open their gates for people who are clearly targeted for persecution, and the Americans, the Australians, flatly said no."

These charges—leveled by overworked, overstressed rights workers—were unfair. Like every other diplomat in Phnom Penh, Quinn had been following the coup rumors for months, and he'd been warning Washington that the situation was headed for a violent blowup. But he strongly denied he had been tipped off, and there's no evidence that he knew when the coup would happen or what form it would take.

As for talk that the American Embassy had turned away desperate Ranariddh supporters, the State Department had given Quinn firm instructions that no sanctuary or visas could be granted without advance approval from Washington. So when Ranariddh supporters asked him for protection, Quinn was caught in the middle. Ultimately, though, he sided with those in danger. "In the end," he told his staff, "we're going to be judged as human beings. If people come to our door in imminent danger, we're going to let them in. We can't allow ourselves to wake up in the morning and have people lying dead on the doorstep."

As it turned out, such a situation was largely avoided. Some Ranariddh supporters were escorted—in embassy cars—to the Hotel Cambodiana. And later, after receiving a frantic call from a Ranariddh official trapped near the airport, Quinn slapped an American flag on his car's fender, got in, and drove out to rescue the man, who couldn't be found. (He eventually turned up safely at the Cambodiana.) "Since I've been ambassador," Quinn said, "no person has been turned away who was in danger and asked for help. And no person will be."

Diplomatic sources said Quinn had grown disillusioned with the disengaged, often feckless Prince Ranariddh. Quinn [illegible] that he was a Hun Sen supporter [illegible] that the prime minister [illegible] democratic [illegible]

[illegible] the ambassador. "He sees him also as a leader strong enough to get things done."

By Tuesday, July 8, the number of "extrajudicial killings" had risen to more than 40, and hundreds of Cambodians had been arrested. Some of Ranariddh's soldiers were tortured, and human-rights workers were hiding at-risk Cambodians and shepherding them to the airport. Some of my Cambodian friends said it felt a bit like the Pol Pot days. "It's already begun," said one. "People are being careful about what they say, looking over their shoulders. You cannot tell the neighbors what you think."

Foreigners were fleeing in droves, and a kind of temporary panic set in. Commercial flights had been suspended, so people left on planes flown by charter services which charged double the normal fares. Eventually, 6,000 of the city's 8,000 expatriates left. Most will probably come back. Nonetheless, Cambodians routinely gathered at the departure gates and sadly watched the foreigners fly away.

**"It is too late," Hun Sen said of a suggested cease-fire. Then he called Ranariddh *chao prey*—"thief in the jungle."**

Several foreign-investment projects were put on hold, and some countries, including the United States, temporarily suspended government aid. In Washington's case, that's about $40 million a year. (Washington also reduced its 61-person embassy staff to 20, citing an "uncertain security situation.") All told, foreign-government aid to Cambodia is about $350 million to $400 million a year—half the national budget. A significant reduction could unhinge the country's economy.

At the airport, while surveying the looting damage, Jane and I ran into Al Rockoff, a freelance photographer who lives in Cambodia. Rockoff was a friend and colleague of mine when the Khmer Rouge seized Phnom Penh in 1975. (He was played by John [illegible]ovich in *The Killing Fields*.) Now [illegible]ded a ride to check on two tanks destroyed in a fierce battle he'd witnessed two days earlier. As usual, he described the scene breathlessly, almost without punctuation. "Both tanks were Hun Sen's—they're T-55s, Soviet or Chinese. Came into Sihanoukville two years ago on a ship to Mozambique with 80 other pieces. The first tank had no idea, turned down a side road right into the teeth of an oncoming royalist tank. The Hun Sen driver was hit just below the face. He was vaporized. The turret commander was hit low. He'll probably lose both legs. The second tank was knocked out about an hour later. I don't know the casualties there. If I was the tank commander, I'd have moved 10 degrees to the right . . . "

After Rockoff got out of the car, he grinned, said, "Hey, just like the bad old days, huh?" and loped off.

Another friend from the 70s was also in town: Jon Swain, a correspondent for *The Sunday Times*. (He was played by Julian Sands in the film.) We met on my first night back, at the atmospheric Foreign Correspondents Club. Nothing like this place existed back then. It was a sweet reunion; we hadn't seen each other in eight years. Predictably, we talked about how things had changed in Cambodia, mostly for the worse. The city's charm was gone, we agreed, replaced by big, ugly glass buildings.

We also talked about Pol Pot, the reason we were back in Cambodia. Swain recalled his interview with one of the dictator's brothers, Saloth Nhep, a farmer who lives up in Kompong Thom Province. Saloth Nhep hadn't heard from his brother in decades; until he saw a photo of him in 1978, he had no idea that his brother was the despicable Pol Pot. Saloth Nhep was still angry, since his family had suffered under Khmer Rouge rule just like everyone else. "My brother does not deserve to live," he told Swain. "If he is captured, then every Cambodian should be given a razor blade and allowed to make one cut."

It didn't work out that way. When Pol Pot finally appeared at his show trial this summer, his personal safety seemed assured. In fact, much about the trial had been orchestrated, including the press coverage. The only reporter invited in was Nate Thayer, a writer for the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, who had been pursuing Pol Pot for years. (He was also allowed to take a cameraman.) Ultimately, though, Thayer was not allowed to ask Pol Pot

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**AU REVOIR: When Hun Sen's coup spilled into Phnom Penh on July 6, 1997, Cambodians gathered their valuables and evacuated on foot—just as they had done in 1975.**

any questions. A day after the trial, Thayer sold the videotape to *Nightline* for a reported $650,000.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the tape was what we *didn't* see. Clearly, Pol Pot was not being tried for the deaths of perhaps two million Cambodians, only for killing Son Sen and his family. The Khmer Rouge were not really acknowledging their genocide; they were merely getting rid of a leader whose evil reputation was impeding their political makeover. With Pol Pot gone, they believed, their campaign to oust Hun Sen could resume in earnest.

Also missing from the trial were Nuon Chea, known as Brother Number Two, and Ta Mok, known as the Butcher. Both shared Pol Pot's complicity in the Cambodian holocaust. These two almost certainly arranged the trial, perhaps hoping that Pol Pot's punishment would mollify the public and save their own lives. A senior Khmer Rouge military official at the trial said that although Ta Mok and Nuon Chea are quite old they are still consulted on all important Khmer Rouge [illegible]

[illegible] trial, th[illegible] States [illegible] have [illegible] Hun [illegible] Pol Pot and [illegible] tribunal [illegible]

for the violent coup. This is an odd diplomatic pressure play, for if Washington and the other major powers had wanted to bring Pol Pot to justice they could have mounted a "snatch" operation at any time in the 1980s, when he was at his sanctuary in Thailand.

The current chaos is not just a bad patch for Cambodia. It's the by-product of 30 years of war and madness and guns. Cambodia has become an anarchic, anything-goes playland for every sort of criminal activity—a mecca for those who wish to exploit some of the poorest, most vulnerable people in the world.

In a single week during my visit, the newspapers reported on a pattern of police torture in Battambang, Cambodia's second-largest city; an American tourist who was mugged and shot dead in Phnom Penh; and a 53-year-old Canadian man convicted of sex trafficking in young boys (his sentence: four months). Meanwhile, AIDS is approaching epidemic proportions—100,000 are infected. And the country's primitive health-care system can do little to stop the epidemic. "Sick politics, rotten politics," says one of my Cambodian friends. "That's what's ruining everything."

The economy, meanwhile, is at the mercy of foreign companies, those equal-opportunity exploiters. One of the best jobs an average Cambodian can hope to find is in the garment industry, making clothes for Montgom[illegible]y Ward or the Gap. Garment work[illegible]rn about $40 a month, but it [illegible]t least $150 a month to live at subsistence level in Phnom Penh.

**"Hey," said Al Rockoff, my friend from the *Killing Fields* era, "just like the bad old days, huh?"**

Some Asia experts believe that Cambodia's future depends on which corporate and military interests Hun Sen decides to embrace. The future may also hinge on how well the prime minister holds off the ancient expansionist desires of Thailand and Vietnam.

It's not clear what would satisfy Washington and the other major powers—countries that created the unworkable system they now condemn. These countries talk about the need for a free and open society, with independent courts, well-trained lawyers, a healthy press, and a commitment to human rights. In fact, some of these institutions and traditions had been slowly developing over the past several years, but now their future is uncertain. (Witness *The Cambodia Daily,* a feisty, independent little paper with a staff of 16 young Westerners training 30 Khmers.) And a new leadership group had just begun forming when Hun Sen's power grab set it back dramatically.

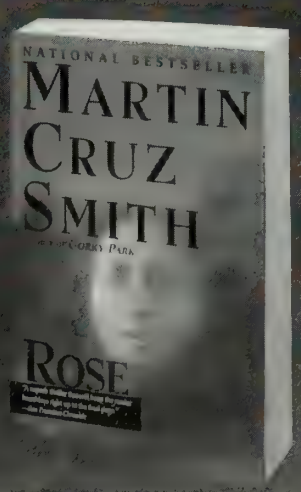
The prospects for the Phnom Penh government are equally bleak. Hun Sen isn't popular enough to win a free election, so more strongman tactics are likely. Then again, one knowledgeable Western diplomat thinks the prime minister could be talked into sharing power and accepting a pluralistic system—but only if he is allowed to keep control of a significant portion of the nation's military and security forces.

And the Khmer Rouge? Marginalized by defections, attrition, and a loss of aid from China, they are no longer a military threat to Phnom Penh. But they are still a piece of the puzzle—even with Pol Pot out of the picture and perhaps gravely ill. The guerrillas continue to hold chunks of Cambodia—perhaps 15 percent of it—as their private fiefdoms. As long as they do, Cambodia will remain a torn country—and will find it painfully difficult to exorcise the ghost of Pol Pot. □

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# CAMERAS COURAGEOUS

## Legendarily fearless A.P. photographer Horst Faas has compiled a book of pictures by colleagues killed in Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos. Due out this month, *Requiem* is the homage of a man whose luck held to those who never came home

**BY DAVID HALBERSTAM**



**WAR HORST.** *Top,* Horst Faas at his villa in Saigon with the bicycle he rides to work, London, August 2, [illegible], Faas, then U.S. troops in Vietnam, 1967. [illegible] believe he had a sixth sense about the battlefield [illegible] about where the action was going to come from [illegible]

On the day President Kennedy was assassinated, Horst Faas, the Associated Press photographer, having not yet heard the news, left the small villa he and I shared in Saigon and went to Tan Son Nhut, the main airport of Saigon. He was supposed to get on a Huey early the next morning and fly to the dangerous Camau peninsula to shoot a combat operation. Just before leaving on the mission, as he ate breakfast at 4:30 A.M. Faas learned of the tragedy. He returned immediately to the villa and did not go out in the field for another week. He was not about to risk his life in a shooting war when the rest of the world was transfixed by a story elsewhere, and when no editor in the world was going to use his photos. He would take any risk—and this was to become something of a trademark—save a futile one.

He was distinguished by high ambition and singular toughness from the start. He grew up in Germany, started working for the Associated Press in the late 50s, and made his way to the Congo in 1960 just as it underwent its turbulent separation from colonial Belgium. We met in the Congolese capital, then known as Léopoldville, in July 1961, a few weeks after he had had a legendary confrontation with several Danish U.N. soldiers at a pizzeria there. The Danes apparently took exception to Horst's cameras and profession and started jostling him. His colleague Dennis Neeld, a burly A.P. journalist, intervened and took on four of the Danes. The last thing anyone saw was Neeld going down under the soldiers' blows, with Horst diligently photographing the event.

From the start I loved working with him. Smart, funny, and generous, he was always ready with an epigram. After covering a failed coup by four French generals in Algeria, he told me, "Ah, David, most generals, in civilian clothes they look very small, huh?" Complaining about his wire-service editor's perpetual desire to have a shot of the principals shaking hands at all meetings, he once said to me, "Adenauer lands at Orly. De Gaulle greets him. Adenauer surprises everyone by punching de Gaulle in the nose. I am the only photographer who catches it. That night I get an angry rocket from Associated Press asking me where my handshake photo is."

A.P. (and later CNN) reporter Peter Arnett, who worked with Horst in countless combat situations, believed that he had a sixth sense about a battlefield—where the action was going to come from, where to shoot the pictures from, and, above all, how to survive. Horst was not just a great photographer but a great reporter as well. Whoever debriefed him when he got back from the field was lucky indeed. I realized this very early on, because he helped me enormously in the Congo.

Horst was nothing if not inventive. He used rubber condoms to protect his film from the muck of the Mekong delta. He was the first photographer I ever met who carried dummy rolls of film and hid his good stuff so that if the authorities questioned him he could, with a great show of reluctance, hand over the fake rolls. He was one of the first photographers to use Leicas in Vietnam instead of Rolleis and Speed Graphics. Because the Leica allowed the photographer to look forward instead of down and didn't block the view with the film, it gave a better and somewhat safer view of combat.

In combat situations, he always wisely measured the risks. In the early days in Vietnam, when we went out with South Vietnamese troops, he would carefully observe the weapons and kits of the units he was accompanying in order to find out what might happen if they were hit by the Vietcong. By

PORTRAIT BY JONATHAN BECKER

the end of the war, when the American troops had departed, he kept several hundred dollars carefully hidden away in his knapsack so that if he was wounded he could buy his way out.

During his 12 years in Vietnam, he probably participated in more combat operations than any journalist in history (save, perhaps, his running mate Peter Arnett), and he became something of a legend within the profession. He won the Pulitzer twice, once in 1965 in Vietnam and then in 1972 for photographs of an execution in Bangladesh (with Michel Laurent).

Oddly enough, the American military leadership loved him. The U.S. commander in Vietnam, William Westmoreland, who, to put it mildly, was not fond of Arnett, adored Horst—this brave young foreigner who seemed to spend all his time in the field and whose photos did not seem particularly political. Arnett, often cold-shouldered in the field by Westy, would watch with amusement while the general greeted Horst warmly—apparently ignorant of the fact that many of Arnett's best stories came from Faas.

When Horst arrived in Vietnam in 1962, there was a certain

**During 12 years in Vietnam, Faas probably participated in more combat missions than any journalist in history.**

resentment of him, partly because he had replaced Fred Waters, a popular A.P. photographer from the Korean War days, and partly because he was German. Gradually, though, he was accepted and even admired, but admired, I thought, for the wrong reasons—as someone, it was claimed, who loved "the boom-boom of war." I always believed that reputation was dead wrong. Horst was so good because he was tender, and deep down he hated war, forcing himself to be brave only to do a good job.

There were moments when his sensitivity was revealed. In the early 1960s he trained a young Vietnamese photographer, Huynh Cong La (alias Huynh Thanh My); in 1965, Cong La, then aged 28, was killed photographing in the delta. Horst was devastated, as if he had been personally responsible. After the funeral, Cong La's father asked Horst to hire his younger son. When the 15-year-old arrived the first day, he said, "Associate Press my family now. I stay with you now." Faas took him in, treated him as a son, and let him sleep in the A.P. darkroom. His real name was Huynh Cong Ut, but the Americans called him Nick Ut. Horst and the others trained him, and eventually he became a dazzling A.P. photographer himself; it was his devastating photo of a naked Vietnamese girl running from a napalm attack that won the Pulitzer in 1973.

It is the same sense of obligation and duty which drove Horst to compile what will surely be one of the most brilliant photographic books of this fall, *Requiem,* showcasing the work of all the 135 photographers who were killed or reported missing in both the French and the American Indochina wars.

*Requiem* is an homage to those who did not come back, by a man who took great risks himself but whose luck held. Horst, along with his colleague the equally fearless British photographer Tim Page, put it together painstakingly over a period of five years, accepting no money for their work. It is an astonishing accomplishment, one which started out as an act of conscience but which has resulted in nothing less than an aesthetic masterpiece. □

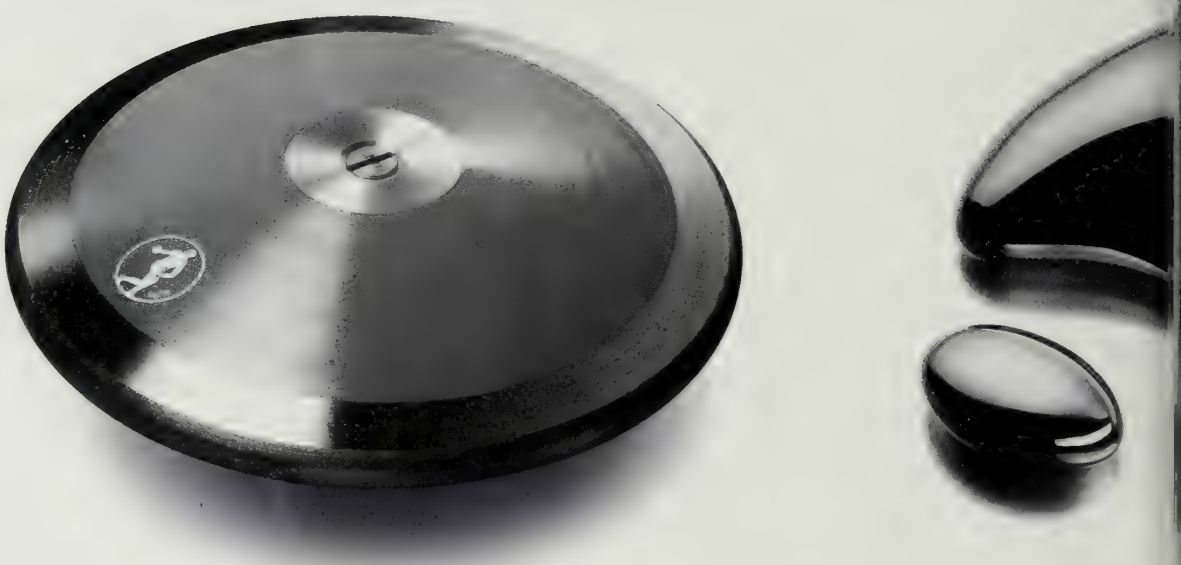






**IMAGES OF WAR BY FAAS**
***From top,*** **women in a canal, taking refuge from Vietcong fire at Bao Trai, January 1966; a Vietnamese stretcher-bearer passes troops slain at the Michelin rubber plantation, November 1965; soldiers execute captives in Bangladesh, December 1971 (part of a Pulitzer-winning series by Faas and Michel Laurent); an oxcart with corpses from the battle of Binh Gia, January 1965 (also from a Pulitzer-winning series).**





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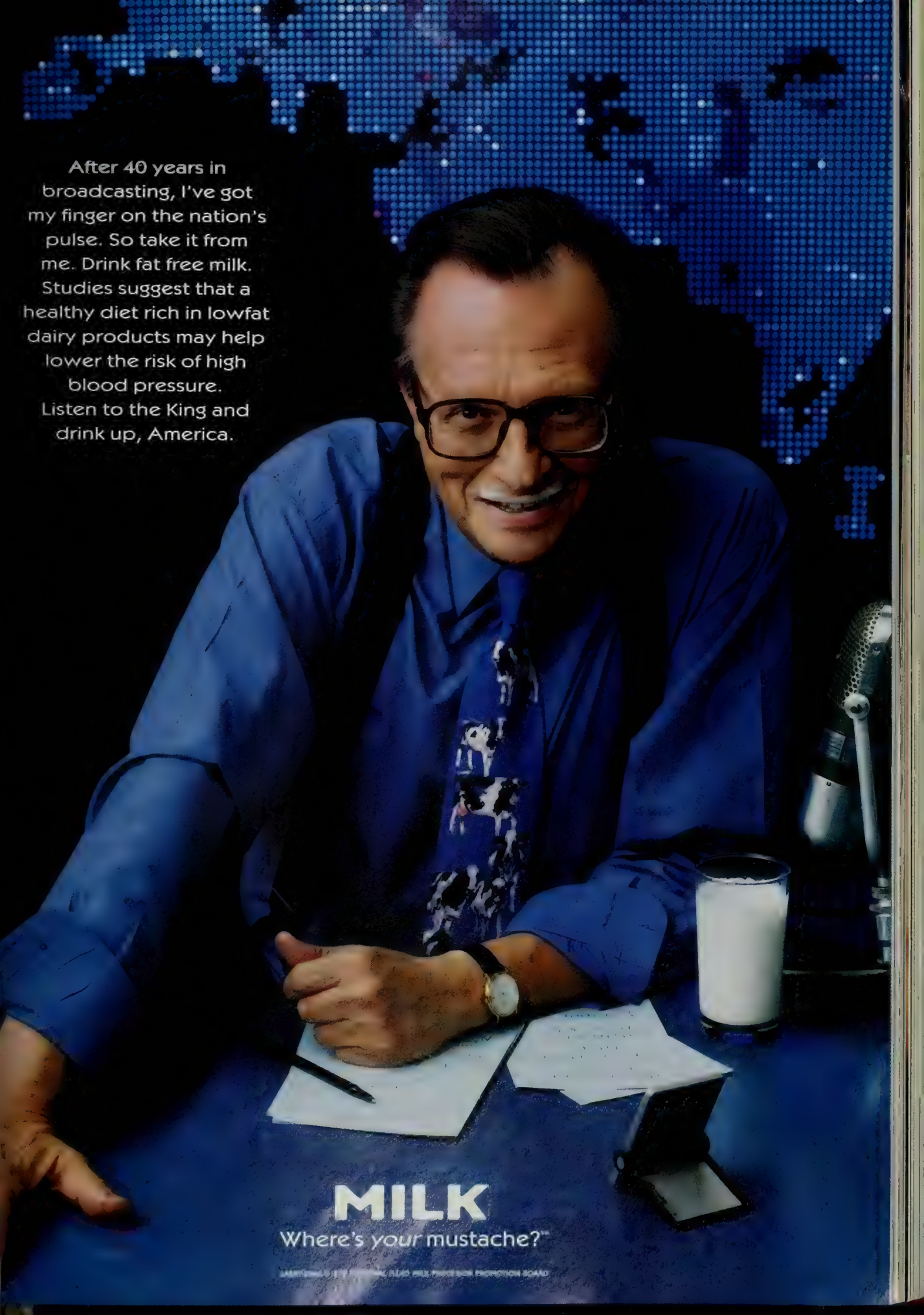
# Linda Greenlaw



Linda Greenlaw, the first female swordfish-boat captain in New England, aboard the *Mattie Belle* off Isle au Haut, Maine, July 14, 1997

BECAUSE after graduating from Colby College she mastered one of the most difficult and dangerous jobs in the world: offshore fishing in the North Atlantic. BECAUSE she was the first woman captain in the swordfishing fleet and one of the best captains, period, in the entire industry. BECAUSE she commands absolute respect from her crew even though "they're not exactly Boy Scouts," as she puts it. BECAUSE she remains good-natured about the inevitable gibes that come in over the radio. ([illegible] tick," a captain on another boat kept saying. "What's that?" someone finally radioed. "[illegible] clock," the captain replied.) [illegible] boat through two of the worst storms of the century: the Halloween Gale of 1991 and the March Gale of 1993. "When it first starts to blow, you get a whistling sound in the rigging," she says, "and then a moaning sound, and finally it sounds like a church organ, but a church organ played by a child." BECAUSE she was one of the last people to talk by radio to the six-man crew of the *Andrea Gail,* which went down in hurricane-force winds and monstrous waves off Nova Scotia in 1991. BECAUSE, since taking up lobster fishing, she has been embraced by the lobstermen, who have been known to threaten and harass newcomers to the business. BECAUSE 15 years of offshore fishing with some of the roughest characters anywhere has not dulled her enthusiasm for life—or for the sea. —SEBASTIAN JUNGER

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY


After 40 years in broadcasting, I've got my finger on the nation's pulse. So take it from me. Drink fat free milk. Studies suggest that a healthy diet rich in lowfat dairy products may help lower the risk of high blood pressure. Listen to the King and drink up, America.
MILK
Where's your mustache?™

# BAD TROUBLE IN THE BIG WEST

## In 1905, when Idaho's former governor was blown up in front of his mansion, the killing ignited the American West, fueling a vicious labor war, heightening the bitter rivalry between two giant detective agencies, Pinkerton and Thiel, and setting the stage for one of the country's first celebrity murder trials

**BY J. ANTHONY LUKAS**




The Caldwell Tribune.

A COWARDLY CRIME

Governor Steunenberg Foully Assassinated

NO DOUBT BUT MURDERERS ARE IN TOILS OF AUTHORITIES

**A PARTING GLANCE**

*Frank Steunenberg (center) was "a fit subject for Rembrandt. He loved bearskin coats, doggerel verse, and the landscape of Idaho, where he migrated, at 25, to work at the* Caldwell Tribune, *which would report his death by dynamite.*

—I—

*"Caldwell is a straight business proposition. It is a cold-blooded money-making proposition. Your health will improve in Caldwell with the swelling of your assets, and salvation comes easier with prosperity."*

—From the *Caldwell Tribune,* 1893.

It began to snow just before dawn, chalky flakes tumbling through the hush of the sleeping town, quilting the pastures, tracing fence rails and porch posts along the dusky lanes. In the livery stables that lined Indian Creek, dray horses and fancy pacers, shifting in their stalls, nickered into the pale light. Off to the east, behind the whitening knob of Squaw Butte, rose the wail of the Union Pacific's morning train from Boise, due into the Caldwell depot at 6:35.

Sounding into Caldwell's jaunty new development in Washington Heights on that final Saturday of 1905, the whistle brought an unwelcome summons to Frank Steunenberg. The former governor of Idaho lay abed in his family's eccentric gray-and-white edifice, a hybrid of Queen Anne and American Colonial styles, bristling with gables, porches, columns, and chimneys.

The governor—as he was still known, five years out of office—had thrashed all night. So he hauled himself up and put on his favorite six-dollar shirt, with its flowered design.

"The good and evil spirits were calling me all night long," he told his wife before burying his face in his hands.

"Please do not resist the good spirits, Papa," Belle admonished, persuading her husband, who generally eschewed such rituals, to kneel and join her at the Scriptures.

Belle, a bit severe behind her spectacles, had "bundled up" and left for a time after her husband killed a fourth bull snake in the kitchen. A devout Seventh-Day Adventist, she had adopted the bleak ascetism of Ellen G. White, who likened each person's "vital force" to a bank account depleted by every withdrawal. Fearful of such diminishment, Belle largely abstained from conjugal relations.

After feeding his stock with the help of his English bulldog, Jumbo, the husky 44-year-old Steunenberg sat down with the children—Julian, 19, on Christmas

Excerpted from *Big Tro*
by J. Anthony Lukas, to b
by Simon & Schuster; © 1


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vacation from college; Frances, 13; Frank junior, 5; and eight-month-old Edna, an orphan the family had adopted that year. Their hired girl, Rose Flora, served up a breakfast of wheat cereal, stewed fruit, perhaps an unbuttered slice of oatmeal bread.

If the governor had allowed his melancholy to infect the morning, it would have been out of character. With his children, he was puckish and full of sly doggerel. For his daughter he once composed: "Frances had a little watch / She swallowed it one day / Her mother gave her castor oil / To help her pass the time away."

Breakfast was followed by a phone call from A. K. Steunenberg, one of the governor's five brothers. A.K. served as cashier of the Caldwell Banking and Trust Company, of which Frank was president. A business associate, he said, wanted to meet the brothers. But Frank declined; he wasn't in the right frame of mind. The governor's disinclination to do business that day would later be much remarked upon.

Toward noon, young Theodore Bird, a representative of the New York Life Insurance Company, arrived from the capital to renew the governor's $4,500 life-insurance policy, which expired at year's end, barely 36 hours hence. Frank agreed to meet him later.

Most of the morning, as wind-driven snow hissed, the governor read and wrote. At four o'clock he put on his overcoat and a slouch hat, avoiding a tie: some said the aversion came from the governor's youth, when he was too indigent to afford such doohickeys. He just buttoned his shirt around his neck, leaving the uncovered brass collar button to glint like a gold coin at his throat. One bemused Wall Streeter remembered him as "a rugged giant who wore a bearskin coat flapping over a collarless shirt."

Bundled a bit awkwardly, the governor set off down Cleveland Boulevard, wondering at the transformation wrought in scarcely two decades. In 1887, fresh from the black loam of his native Iowa, he'd been dismayed by the alkali desert. He wrote to his father, of "land that . . . is 'death' on shoe leather."

On December 9, 1883—when Caldwell was only canvas tents and frame shacks strewn along a dusty track, the first issue of the *Caldwell Tribune* dubbed it the Magic City. Like other booster papers across the West, the weekly *Tribune* "sometimes represented things that had not yet gone through the formality of taking place."

Now Caldwell was booming. Over five years, it had added electric power (the generators ran dusk to midnight), two phone companies, a waterworks, Idaho's first public park, a county fairgrounds, flour mill, creamery, hotel, and several dozen stores. A new City Hall was rising, too.

In their rampant boosterism, Caldwell's promoters appealed to the naked self-interest of settlers. "The spirit of the times, which we called the spirit of progress," wrote Kansas editor William Allen White, "was a greedy endeavor."

As dusk gathered, the governor slogged through ankle-deep snow and eyed the symbols of prosperity surrounding him. Some 80 feet in breadth, Cleveland Boulevard was lined for two miles with western-Colonial or bungalow-style houses—rustic, rangy dwellings with graceful porch posts, bits of colored glass in door panels, dormer windows, and spacious verandas, for summer evenings amid the thrum of cicadas.

The turreted Queen Anne mansion of the governor's old friend John C. Rice, a lantern-jawed lawyer, was similar to dwellings rising in San Francisco and Chicago, and provided no fewer than four porches. Like the Steunenberg mansion, it was an outpost of gentility in a parvenu neighborhood that was home to no less than three saloonkeepers: Dan Brown, who ran the Caldwell Club, where he kept two bear cubs chained to a telephone pole; Perry Groves, co-owner of the Palace, which touted its fresh oysters and hot tamales; and Rasmus Christenson, whose Board of Trade saloon offered "clubrooms and pool tables." Christenson doubled as agent for Kellogg's Old Bourbon, one of the West's most popular brands.



**MUSIC IN THE MAGIC CITY**

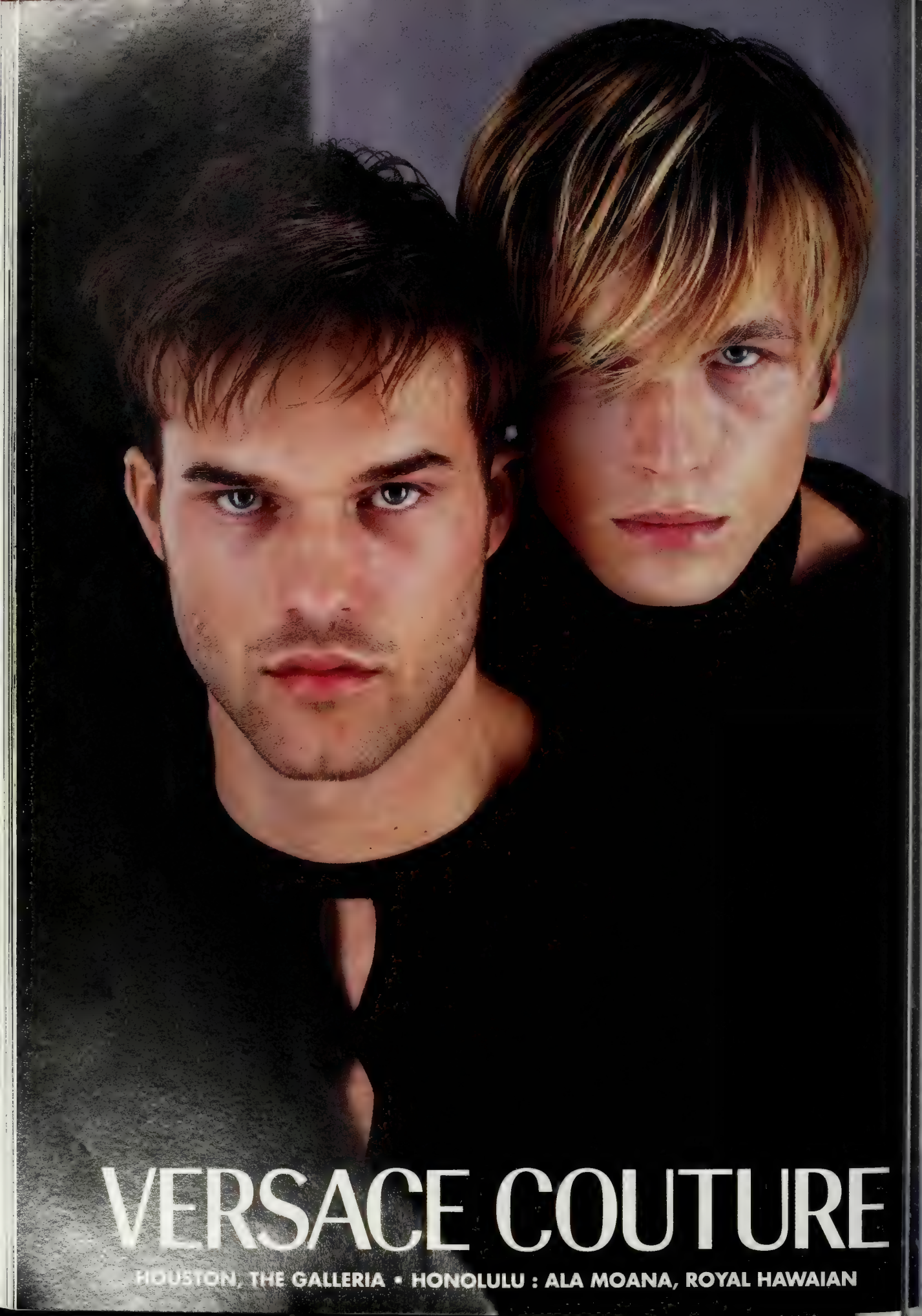
*The Caldwell Cornet Band in 1905 at Seventh and Main. At left is the Steunenbergs' Caldwell Banking and Trust, with its offices of polished oak wainscoting. At right is the Saratoga Hotel, where blackjack, faro, and roulette were played in the rotunda.*

Plunging into the storm, the governor managed to keep his footing on the icy boardwalk. Cement sidewalks were still rare in Caldwell, and in summer the powdery dust rose in choking billows. The municipal sprinkler wagon, with its driver dozing under his yellow umbrella, dutifully laid down a fine spray of water on each baking street twice a day.

Automobiles—"buzz carts" or "devil wagons"—had already appeared in Caldwell, among them a big black beauty belonging to the cashier of the First National Bank, and a sporty roadster belonging to Walter Sebree of the power company. But the roads were so bad that it took almost three hours to drive the 29 miles from Boise.

If the town still battled dust and mud, at least it had CONTINUED ON PAGE 269


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 262 beaten back the damned desert. Irrigation had turned the landscape from ghostly white to vivid green. Alfalfa, timothy, clover, sugar beets, apples, peaches, and pears all flourished. In 1890 alone, Caldwell had planted more than 4,000 trees: sagebrush and greasewood gave way to cottonwoods, box elders, Lombardy poplars and catalpas, black willows and elms. Nobody was more thrilled than Frank Steunenberg.

On a train trip in 1904, gazing at the dense woodlands of southern Indiana, he had written: "I never tire of looking at the graceful trees, now covering an adjacent hillside and again gracing a distant ridge with glory and grandeur. . . . Oh, the happy days of my boyhood amid the trees."

A weather vane in the shape of a great Percheron horse stood high for years atop one of Caldwell's stables. It was an appropriate symbol for a town where the bouquet of fresh manure hovered like the morning fogs that clung to the mud-slick roadways. (Some Cassandras believed that the practice of kicking piles of manure directly into Indian Creek might explain the raging typhoid epidemic.)

Livery was the town's principal industry: drummers rented rigs, fancy buggies, ladies' landaus, and arabesque sleighs, and the stables harbored vehicles from hackney coach to funeral hearse.

Yet when people said, "I'm going to the railroad," they meant Caldwell. The iron horse had made the town. The Oregon Short Line was so overburdened with freight and traffic that some businessmen thought of chipping in and hiring a man "to help the boys at the depot." That didn't mean the Short Line and its parent, the Union Pacific, were beloved institutions. Indeed, the "railrogues" were Idahoans' favorite objects of derision. Not so many years before, Populists had orated from a wagon near the Odd Fellows Hall in the light of a great bonfire made of railroad ties from "the great monopoly Union Pacific." In his 1901 polemic, *The Octopus,* muckraker Frank Norris had depicted the iron horse as the "galloping monster, the terror of steel and steam, with its single eye, Cyclopean."

Merchants, farmers, and mine operators alike seethed at the freight rates—which they considered extortionate—as well as at the railroads' practice of heavy rebates to the biggest shippers, like Standard Oil and Armour, which only drove rates up for smaller customers.

Judge Frank J. Smith of the Seventh Judicial District, which included Caldwell, feared that the railroads' clout could only stir deep unrest in Canyon County. "Conditions in Idaho," he warned in a press interview, "are bad enough to make anarchists of nearly everybody."



"YOUNG AND FULL OF BLOOD"

*New Year's Day 1889: a gathering of the Caldwell Bachelors' Club, including Frank Steunenberg's brother A.K. (far left, front). When Frank came in 1887, Caldwell had 45 bachelors and a half-dozen unmarried women.*

Picking his way through the manure-pocked, new-fallen snow, the governor hurried past C. E. Barnes's grocery, and signs offering candied orange peel and raisins. Reaching Main Street, he spied the familiar brick pressroom of the *Tribune.*

The future governor had published a small-town Iowa newspaper before A.K. bought the moribund *Tribune* and sent for help. By the time Frank and Belle arrived in Idaho on January 9, 1887, A.K. had published his first issue. "We are here for the money," he wrote, "because this country is going to go boom and we want to boom with it."

A.K., one of Caldwell's 45 randy bachelors, launched a column called "The Marriage Bureau," and invited ladies to write to "any name which may tickle their fancy." One addressed bachelor Orville Baker: "What's in a name? It's a man I want, and am perfectly willing to look over any minor issues. Do you mean biz? If so, say so and we'll hitch. I'm a gushing girl of 35 very short summers; your age is immaterial. . . . Yours for Business. Gushing Ann."

When Caldwell opened Idaho's first athletic club in 1891, its 40 members were "young and full of blood." ("They leaped into life like the boys they still were," A.K.'s daughter, Bess, recalled.) But marriage and children had inspired creeping respectability. Just days before Christmas, 267 residents had prayed for the city council to pass an ordinance closing the saloons on Sunday. The governor's wife and his sister Lizzie were charter members of their Idaho State Women's Christian Temperance Union chapter, which held receptions at the Steunenberg residence.

At the corner of Kimball and Main, the governor turned north up Main Street, past Ah Kim's, one of the four Asian restaurants where the residents of Caldwell relished chop sueys and egg foo yungs.

Children bought firecrackers from the pigtailed Asian who ran a laundry on Main Street, and women purchased vegetables from wizened China Jim's wagon. But people weren't pleased with 88-year-old Guy Lee, who was said to be running an opium den, and weren't entirely comfortable with the influx of Chinese workers to the lower end of town.

Many of the Chinese were former railroad workers now digging Canyon County's irrigation ditches. Thousands of "coolies" had been brought into the Idaho Territory to lay track for the Union Pacific. By 1870 they had dispersed to the mining camps, and the territory had the largest concentration of Chinese in the trans-Mississippi West outside California.

Tolerated by the earliest pioneers, they were not welcomed by the white miners. By 1900 the Chinese foothold in Idaho had shrunk to 1,467. In 1904, when a lone Chinese man disembarked from a stagecoach in Twin Falls, 180 miles down the Snake River from Caldwell, a citizens' committee gave the

resome Celestial" the best meal the town afforded, then took him to the ferry and told him to "hit the breeze" for Shoshone.

Caldwell wasn't exactly partial to Jews, Negroes, Italians, Indians, or Basques either. The one Jewish merchant—clothier Isidor Mayer—was something of a curiosity. One Halloween he found his shop door blocked by a huge boulder.

No Negroes lived in town (in 1900, a scant 293 could be found in the entire state), and some young folk had never seen one, save for McKanlam's Colored Vaudeville troupe, which played Isham's Opera House once a year.

Caldwell's opera house was a modest theater, with rows of benches toward the back, lines of kitchen chairs, a few proper theater seats (35 cents if reserved in advance), and, flanking the stage, boxes draped in velour. It was a regular stop for vaudevillians, blackface-minstrel shows, and itinerant culture on the Chautauqua lecture circuit, as well as traveling theatrical companies. On December 27, the place had been packed for the Great McEwan, a hypnotist and prestidigitator. Two other recent visitors, midgets known as the Lilliputian Sisters, offered Caldwell an "amusing, elevating and refining" evening of duets, dialogues, and posings.

The governor attended the theater every chance he got. A passionate fan of the dramatic arts, he preferred "those entertainments that pictured the lighter side of life," and that drew great guffaws from his substantial belly.

Across the street from Isham's, the Caldwell Banking and Trust Company was a graceful structure erected the previous year by Frank and A.K. at a cost of $20,000. Seeking something distinctive in the "commercial style," the Steunenbergs had turned to Idaho's pre-eminent architects, J. E. Tourtellotte and Company of Boise, who designed hallways lined with polished oak wainscoting. Frank's spacious corner office was bathed in light from five arched windows.

Theodore Bird, the agent whom the governor had agreed to meet at the bank, represented the nation's largest insurance company. New York Life had been active in Idaho for four decades, paying its first death claim [illegible] 1895, it had estab- [illegible] f agents called [illegible] conventions, [illegible] Song."

If, after the departure of the insurance man, Frank Steunenberg had rested his feet on the big oak partners desk—on which he liked to whittle with a favorite penknife—and gazed out his wide windows, he could have reflected on the solvency of his banking, real-estate, and commercial enterprises. Altogether, the governor was worth more than $55,000—equivalent to around $325,000 in 1997 dollars. It was an impressive figure for a man who had come west 18 years before with only a few hundred dollars, and who earned only $3,000 a year during his four years as governor.

Yet prosperity hadn't brought him peace of mind. The sepia photographs and other memorabilia of his gubernatorial years that covered his office walls never failed to stir a sense of loss, even bereavement.

**The Caldwell Club had bear cubs; the Palace touted its oysters and hot tamales; at the Board of Trade, Kellogg's Old Bourbon was favored.**

Frank, a Democrat from a Republican family, couldn't escape the feeling that high office had been snatched away from him unjustly, that he'd been blamed unfairly for mishandling labor unrest in the state's northern panhandle.

He dreamed of running for the Senate, and his frequent trips around the state, to his sheep ranches, banks, and irrigation projects, were convenient excuses to get back in touch with his supporters. On a recent election day, when talking of politics, Steunenberg had exclaimed: "Oh, I love it! It's a great game, and I would rather play than do anything."

As the governor left his office at about five o'clock, he paused in the blowing snow to cast a proprietary glance at his family's latest venture: the half-sunk foundation of a matching office building, to be called the Steunenberg Block, which would soon rise beside the bank. Three broad-shouldered emporiums would elbow one another at street level, with offices on the floor above. The name Steunenberg would be carved in a rectangular stone above the second-story windows. The governor could be pardoned if he relished the notion of future generations seeing his name chiseled there in stone, impervious to wind, storm, and the passage of time.

As Frank Steunenberg crossed Seventh Avenue, he approached the pale-cream façade of the Saratoga Hotel, built in the French-château style with a mansard roof, corner turrets, a Palladian window, and bay windows. From its arched doorway, a broad corridor led to a rotunda, where tables provided blackjack, faro, and roulette.

Just before six every Saturday the governor crossed the Saratoga's threshold to pick a *Tribune* from the stack of papers on the gift-shop counter. Press time was five P.M., so the copies were barely an hour old. How he loved their inky smell.

Sinking into a creaking leather chair by the hearth in the Saratoga barroom, Caldwell's first citizen may have ordered a cup of the hotel's mulled cider—strictly nonalcoholic—to dispel the blizzard's chill. Then, with a flush of satisfaction, he skimmed the week's news.

At six P.M. he set off through the darkening evening toward his own glowing hearth. As usual, he attracted his fair share of attention as he moved past the store windows still decked with illuminated balls, red and green crepe paper, and heaps of pine boughs. One amiable commentator once dubbed him "a fit subject for a portrait by Rembrandt." Another thought he had "the face of a Roman senator," not that of Marcus Antonius, but rather the slightly cockeyed visage of Popillius Laenas. A friend fondly remarked, "He didn't have so many peculiarities, but those he did have, he hugged very close."

Entering 16th Avenue, the governor saw warm light filtering through the lace curtains of his living room, where, minutes before, Belle and two of the younger children had knelt for evening prayers.

He reached down and pulled the wooden slide that opened the gate leading to his side door. As he turned to close it, an explosion split the evening calm, demolishing the gate, the eight-inch-thick gatepost, and the nearby fencing, and splintering yards of boardwalk. The governor was hurled 10 feet into his yard.

Thirteen-year-old Frances, glancing


BOTTEGA VENETA
YORK BEVERLY HILLS CHICAGO
RANCISCO PALM BEACH HOUSTON
AS COSTA MESA BAL HARBOUR
T HILLS BOSTON HONOLULU

notably at Haymarket Square in Chicago in 1886, where a bomb had been thrown into the ranks of policemen dispersing a workers' rally. The event became a symbol of the chaos lurking beneath the era's gilded crust.

The end of 1905 and start of 1906 was an especially nervous time. The memory of the assassination of President William McKinley remained vivid. Five days after Steunenberg's assassination, Mrs. Minor Morris—the 50-year-old sister of an Ohio congressman—was seized roughly, when she demanded to see President Roosevelt about her husband's dismissal from the Army Medical Museum. Secret Service men had ripped her organdy dress. Mrs. Morris—whom a White House memorandum described as "a woman of generous build"—kicked and tried to bite the officers, and screamed, "Do you know who I am? I am an authoress and a highborn lady!"



THE BUCK STOPS HERE

*Frank Steunenberg (center), circa 1899, during his term as Idaho's governor. He had been elected as a friend of labor, but was ultimately labeled the Benedict Arnold of the miners' struggle. With him are his secretary and a friend.*

—II—

*"I didn't believe one man should have so much service and another man should have none."*

—Leon Czolgosz, after murdering President William McKinley.

Floundering through snowdrifts toward his brother's deathbed, Will Steunenberg had thought, It's the Coeur d'Alenes! Within hours of Steunenberg's death, Governor Frank Gooding reached the same conclusion. Their simultaneous convergence on these "troubles" reflected the strange power of those remote episodes.

The mineral riches buried beneath the ragged peaks and sculpted valleys of the northern-Idaho panhandle had remained hidden until August 1883, when Andrew Prichard and his grizzled partner, Bill Keeler, strode to the bar of a Spokane Falls saloon, their buckskin pouches bulging with four pounds of gold nuggets and flakes. Two hundred men surged around the pair, pressing for details of the find, which had occurred on a small tributary to the North Fork of the Coeur d'Alene River. [illegible] marked the start of the gold rush. [illegible] by the time the spring sun and warm chinook winds filtered through the pine and larch forest, it was clear that most of the good diggings had already been snapped up.

In early 1884, swarms of the now resentful prospectors raced to sample the swift creeks emptying into the South Fork. They found not gold but a black substance called galena, or sulfide of lead, which was often mixed with zinc and silver. A few soon recognized its value, but knew that the impure veins of galena couldn't be exploited without capital, technology, and operations beyond the means of small companies. Into this vacuum moved heavily capitalized corporations with stockholders such as Andrew Mellon and John D. Rockefeller.

The hopeful prospectors were transformed into laborers with no hopes beyond survival.

"View their work!" wrote Eliot Lord of Nevada's Comstock mine workers. "Descending from the surface in shaft-cages, they enter narrow galleries where the air is scarcely respirable. The stenches of decaying vegetable matter, hot foul water and human excretions intensify the effects of the heat. The men throw off their clothes. . . . Only a light breechcloth covers their hips, and thick soled shoes protect their feet from the scorching rocks and steaming rills of water."

By the 1860s, prompted by these difficult conditions, hard-rock miners in Nevada and California began to organize workingmen's associations. Unions reached the Coeur d'Alenes much later.

In 1887, workers at the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine formed the Wardner Miners Union, which was followed by similar units at the Gem, Burke, and Mullan mines. On New Year's Day of 1891, the four unions formed the Miners Union of the Coeur d'Alenes.

Seven weeks later, 13 mineowners founded an organization known as the Mineowners Association (MOA). By year's end, spurred by a decision of the Northern Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads to raise their rates for ores shipped to Omaha and Denver smelters, the mineowners shut down all mines under their control. Two thousand miners were out of work.

Though the railroads restored the old rates on March 15, the mineowners remained determined to reduce wages, at least for unskilled car men and shovelers. When the unionized miners struck, the owners locked them out, attempting to break the union. By June, 800 non-union miners had arrived, allowing some mines to resume operations.

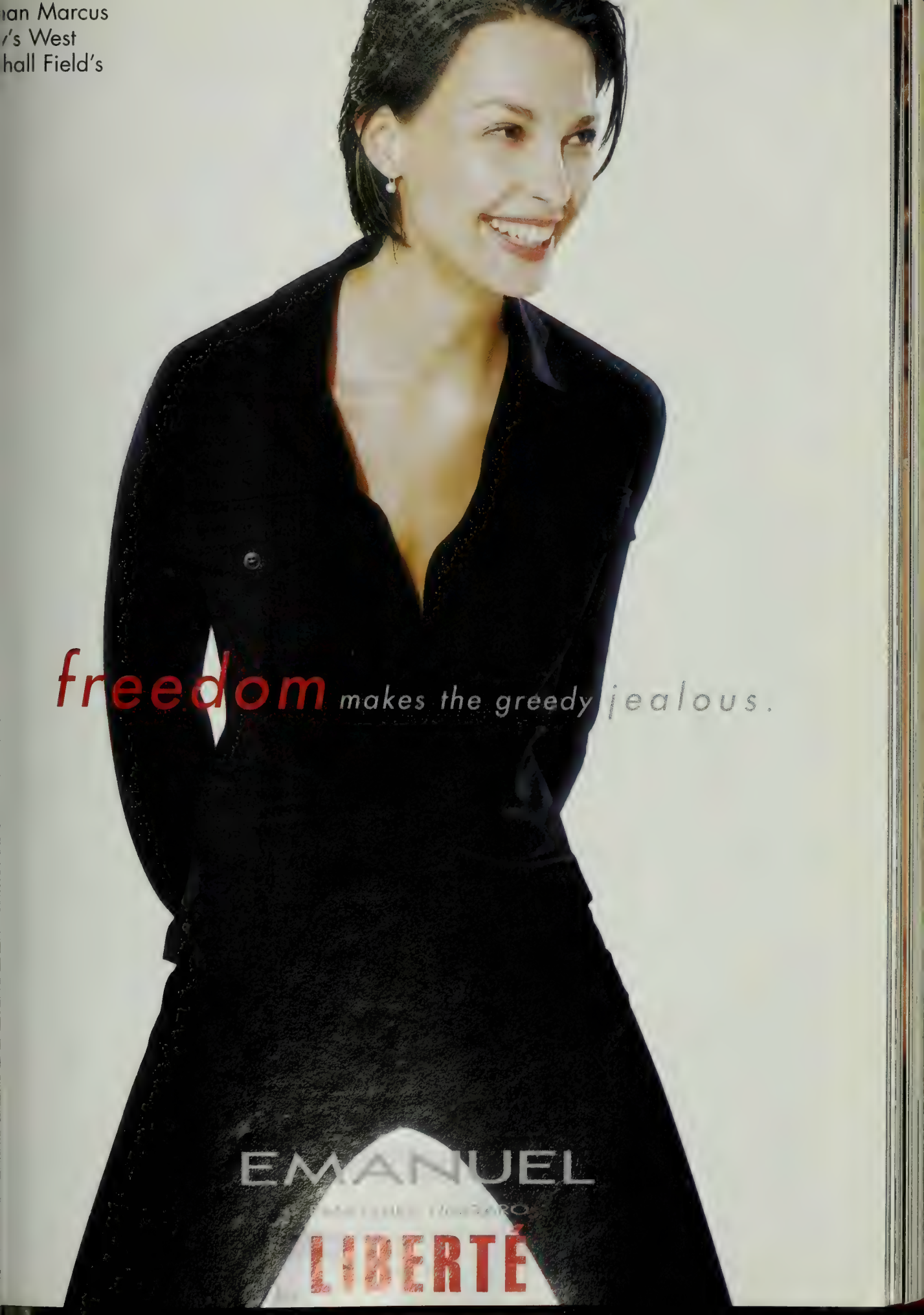
Then, in early July, members of the Gem union discovered that one of its most trusted men, Charles Siringo, was an undercover employee of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, one of the huge companies which played a major role in law enforcement before the state and federal governments developed investigative capacities. The Pinkertons had become known as protectors—some said private police—of industry and often intervened in strikes.

In September 1891, as tensions built in the Coeur d'Alenes, the mine owners asked the Pinkertons to send an operative to infiltrate the union. The agency sent Siringo, a 44-year-old "cowboy detective" from southeast Texas. As a young man he'd run a combination cigar store, ice-cream parlor, and oyster bar in Caldwell, Kansas. A phrenologist who ran his hand through Siringo's hair declared, "This is a fine head for a newspaper editor, stock-raiser, or detective."

Siringo chose the latter.

By Saturday, July 9, 1892, Gem's sin-

ıan Marcus
/'s West
hall Field's



the street was surging with angry union members brandishing rifles. Siringo was in hiding. At five A.M. on July 12, unionists in the hills above the Gem's neighboring Helena-Frisco mine began to exchange gunfire with non-union men behind the scab forts at the old four-story mill. At around nine, a charge of dynamite came hurtling down the penstock and the mill blew, killing one non-union worker. Some 60 scabs marched out under a white flag and were held prisoner in the union hall. At Gem, the gunfire killed a guard, a non-union worker, and three union men. Ultimately, 70 non-union men surrendered.

Barely 48 hours later, Norman B. Willey, Idaho's Republican governor, ordered in six companies of Idaho's National Guard and asked President Benjamin Harrison for federal troops.

Beginning on July 15, the troops arrested some 600 union miners and sympathizers, placing them in "bull pens," wooden warehouses surrounded by 14-foot stockade fences. For two months, the prisoners languished without hearings or formal charges. By September, most were released, but charges were brought against dozens of union leaders, with Siringo as principal witness.

As edited by A. K. and Frank Steunenberg, the *Caldwell Tribune*'s commentary on the Coeur d'Alene events was extremely cautious. As a Democrat, Frank Steunenberg might have assailed the pro-owner Republican governor. As a former union typographer, he might have rallied to support embattled labor.

He did neither.

As the 1896 campaign began, few Idahoans envisioned Steunenberg, the mild-mannered country editor, as governor. But in that year's presidential race, a Democratic Populist had risen from the Nebraska plains. At that July's Democratic convention, William Jennings Bryan mesmerized delegates with a fervent declaration: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold," he thundered.

Steunenberg's supporters seized on his youth and midwestern birthplace to align him with Bryan in the minds of voters. With the support of Democrats, Populists, some Republicans, and organized labor, Steunenberg defeated the G.O.P.'s David H. Budlong by the largest margin ever received by an Idaho governor. Bryan swept Idaho, but lost the nation to William McKinley. With Steunenberg as governor, the Populist era, the miners' unions grew more confident.

On April 17, 1897, the Populist commissioners of Shoshone County wrote Steunenberg, asking him to disband two National Guard units widely perceived as the Bunker Hill Mining Company's private army. But after a non-union foreman of the Helena-Frisco mine was marched through the streets of Gem and fatally shot, Steunenberg declined, shattering the electoral alliance that had put him in office. In the election of 1898, the Populists detached themselves from the Steunenberg Democrats. The governor triumphed by a much narrower margin than before.

Along Canyon Creek, most mine-owners gradually accommodated themselves to the Populists and the union, hiring union workers and paying all underground workers the union wage of $3.50 a day. But the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company flatly refused to hire known union men.

**The killing of Steunenberg was the first successful use of dynamite—associated with anarchism and industrial warfare—in an American assassination.**

By April 1899, the miners' union concluded that the time had come to confront Bunker Hill. On April 26, some 150 unionists, many armed, forced workers away from the mine.

Early on April 29, the Northern Pacific's "down train" was about to make its seven-mile morning run when the engineer and conductor noted 250 miners, masked or armed with rifles, climbing aboard. A mile down the track, in the mining camp of Mace, a hundred more miners got on. The masked men ordered a stop at the powder house of the Helena-Frisco mine, where workers loaded 80 wooden boxes, each containing 50 pounds of dynamite.

At Gem, another 150 to 200 miners armed with rifles joined their colleagues.

At Wallace, the station platform seethed with 200 more armed miners. The masked men in the cab ordered the engineer to head for Wardner, 12 miles west. A mile from there, several hundred men from the Bunker Hill and Last Chance mines managed to squeeze aboard. When the "Dynamite Express" pulled into the Kellogg depot, which served as the railhead for Wardner's mines and mills, nearly a thousand men were jammed aboard.

Disembarking at Kellogg, many men sought "liquid courage" while others piled the dynamite into a five-foot pyramid in the street. Shortly thereafter, a group turned toward the Bunker Hill concentrator—one of the world's largest—which had cost the company some $250,000.

About a half-mile from the concentrator, this forward party halted. Riflemen fired toward the concentrator, and a 28-year-old union man was killed by his own colleagues. A non-union worker was shot in the hip and died a few days later. Another prisoner, a Bunker Hill company stenographer, was slightly wounded.

Sixty boxes of dynamite were placed at three locations beneath the concentrator. At 2:35, the union men lit the fuses. In a few seconds three consecutive blasts reduced the concentrator to splintered wood and billows of dust. The Bunker Hill office, and all its records, were also destroyed.

In bed with a severe case of the grippe at Boise's St. Alphonsus Hospital, Frank Steunenberg was unable to attend to state business. But against his doctors' advice, he hurried to his office, and met with his war cabinet. With all 500 members of the Idaho National Guard currently on duty in the Philippines, Steunenberg had no troops. He wired President McKinley, asking him to call in U.S. military forces.

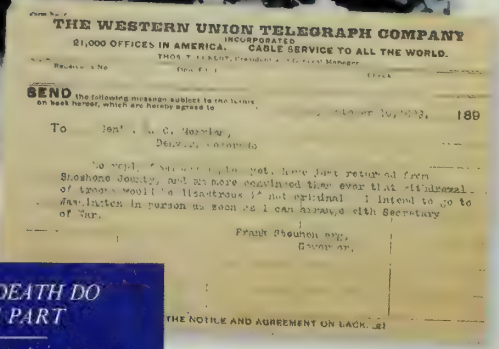
The president had, by the evening of the 29th, delegated the matter to the War Department, where Assistant Secretary George D. Meiklejohn was temporarily in charge. McKinley, relentlessly political, avoided situations that might damage his reputation. The president, wrote William Allen White, "walked among men a bronze statue, for thirty years determinedly looking for his pedestal."

Adjutant General Henry C. Corbin chose the operation's commander, Brigadier General Henry Clay Merriam. Hastily assembling his field kit, Merriam and


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To Gen' ... C. Merriam, Denver, Colorado
Shoshone County, and am more convinced than ever that withdrawal of troops would be disastrous if not criminal. I intend to go to Washington in person as soon as I can arrange with Secretary of War.
Frank Steunen eng, Depty Gv.
THE NOTICE AND AGREEMENT ON BACK

a young aide-de-camp set out for Boise on May 2.

In the general's mind his dismounted cavalry of 65 troopers was only a supplement to the force on which he counted to restore order: the Twenty-Fourth Infantry Regiment.

The Twenty-Fourth was widely regarded as one of the best of the 17,000 troops in the continental U.S. But it was also one of the army's four regiments of "colored" troops led by white officers. Merriam may have summoned these troops to ensure that his men wouldn't bond with the white rioters.

Reaching the Kellogg depot at noon on May 4, Merriam was delighted to find a contingent of the Twenty-Fourth. Also on the platform was Steunenberg's newly appointed personal representative in the Coeur d'Alenes, Bartlett Sinclair, the state auditor. He had been given authority to use all means necessary to suppress rioting and punish the guilty. On May 1, Sinclair had gone to Wardner to supervise the first round of arrests by state deputies.

On May 4, Sinclair organized a more ambitious venture into the Burke mining camp, where the Dynamite Express had been hijacked.

To Sinclair it was clear that the entire community of Burke "had been engaged in the crime" of April 29, so "the entire community, or the male portion of it, ought to be arrested."

Conner Malott of the Spokane *Spokesman-Review,* who witnessed the events, wrote, "It was one of the most remarkable arrests ever made in any country. The captors recognized neither class nor occupation." They searched every house, and if nobody answered their thumps, they broke down the door. As Sinclair had ordered, they arrested every male: miners, bartenders, a doctor, a preacher, even the postmaster and school superintendent.

After a transfer by train to Wardner, about 10 P.M., the 243 men were herded into an old barn, 120 feet long by 40 feet wide, where prisoners from Kellogg and Wardner were already detained. The frame structure came to be known as the old bull pen. Sinclair later conceded that the men held there, most of whom had been snatched from their homes and workplaces without so much as a blanket, suffered from the cold.

Ultimately, the prisoners' ranks would swell to 1,000, the number aboard the Dynamite Express. On May 9, carpenters and reluctant prisoners set to work with raw pine boards on a new bull pen, which, for extra security, was surrounded by a six-foot barbed-wire fence patrolled by Winchester-toting soldiers. Conditions were primitive. Three inmates died. Accused of aiding and abetting the miners, the county's Populist commissioners were confined for days in the tiny guardhouse with only a scattering of hay on which to sleep.

Sinclair installed county coroner Hugh France, a pugnacious hard-liner, as the new sheriff. France summed up his duties tersely: "The disease," he noted, "needs radical treatment."

The day he had arrived in Wardner, Merriam telegraphed Washington: "Indications are most leaders of mob have escaped," he reported, "going east or west into Montana and Washington; others hidden in the mountains."

With Sinclair and Steunenberg press-

### *TILL DEATH DO US PART*

*The Trade Dollar miners, members of one of the many unions formed in Idaho as the 19th century ended. Its members included "Big Bill" Haywood, circled. Inset: a cable, dated October 10, 1899, from Governor Steunenberg petitioning for the continuation of U.S. troops in the Coeur d'Alenes after the mass arrests in the region.*

ing for vigorous efforts to capture these men, Merriam authorized a bold strike into Montana and chose as its leader Captain Henry G. Lyon, a seasoned veteran of riot duty.

His 65 black soldiers entrained for Missoula, where they arrested a reported ringleader named Eric Anderson, and later captured another suspect. At Thompson Falls, they made three more arrests.

But Montana officials wouldn't cooperate and attempted to free Lyon's prisoners through a writ of habeas corpus. Finally, on May 10—after intercession from Idaho, Lyon received a telegram from Governor Robert B. Smith, saying Montana "would not interpose any objection to removing prisoners to Idaho without requisition papers." Lyon turned 10 prisoners over at Wardner. One was a Montana resident with no connection to the Wardner events.

The legal deficiencies of the Montana raid were deep: a deputy of one state had no power to arrest citizens in another without authorization from that state. Moreover, it was by no means clear that Governor Smith was actually legally empowered to waive formal extradition proceedings. Altogether, Lyon's raid seemed "a gross violation of the law," as later charged by congressional Democrats.

The slightly recovered Steunenberg met in Spokane on May 12 with 11 of the district's leading mineowners. For four nights he was a guest of Charles Sweeny, an owner of the Empire State Mine. To a *Statesman* reporter, Steunenberg claimed he was determined to "totally eradicate from this community a class of criminals who have for years been committing murders and other crimes in open violation of the law." He claimed that "the Coeur d'Alene labor organizations have been, and are now, controlled by desperate men" who'd imposed a "reign of terror."

As descriptions of the bull pen and its deprivations filtered out, unions and other labor sympathizers raised hell. On May 14, New York's Central Federation Labor Union protested General Merriam's "unwarranted use of military power to browbeat the striking miners." Its statement was [illegible] a resolution from the [illegible] Labor Union [illegible] the slaughter and [illegible] right to counsel [illegible] rights of life.

Public charges of such an incendiary nature prompted second thoughts by the bronze statue in the Oval office. Returning to Denver, Merriam found a telegram from the secretary of war ordering him to tell his successor at Wardner "that he is to use the United States troops to aid the state authorities simply to suppress rioting and to maintain peace and order." Alger emphasized that these had been Merriam's original instructions.

With pressure building, the bull pen's inmates were being released in large numbers. Ultimately, only 13 men were tried in federal district court on a minor charge—interfering with the United States mails—based on evidence that the mail carried by the hijacked train had been delayed for 24 hours. Ten defendants were convicted and sentenced to 20 to 22 months in San Quentin.

These convictions scarcely satisfied Steunenberg, who still insisted that murder charges should be brought against some of the April "rioters." By midsummer, a state grand jury had indicted nine men for murder, arson, conspiracy, or some combination of the three. Most were ordinary unionists. James Hawley, one of the prosecutors, said later that the state wanted to try someone of high standing to demonstrate that "the law could reach anyone."

Ultimately chosen was Paul Corcoran, the 34-year-old financial secretary of the Burke Miners Union. The state had no evidence that he had wielded the rifle that killed the non-union worker, or that he had even been present at the scene of the crime. The state, however, did produce witnesses who had seen him riding atop the Dynamite Express.

**In early July 1892, the Gem union discovered that one of its most trusted members was an undercover employee of the Pinkerton Detective Agency.**

The father of three and a highly respected member of the Burke community, Corcoran went on trial on July 10. The decisive stroke came when prosecution co-counsel William E. Borah, at risk to life and limb, re-enacted Corcoran's putative ride atop the boxcar, grasping a rifle in one hand as the train raced down the track at 30 miles per hour. On July [illegible] Corcoran got 17 years of hard labor.

Facing an election in 1900, McKinley grew increasingly sensitive to the Coeur d'Alene furor. The War Department sent out a statement noting that "the presence of troops in Shoshone County, Idaho, is due to the request of the Governor of that State. . . . The constitution and laws of the United States required the President to comply with this requisition."

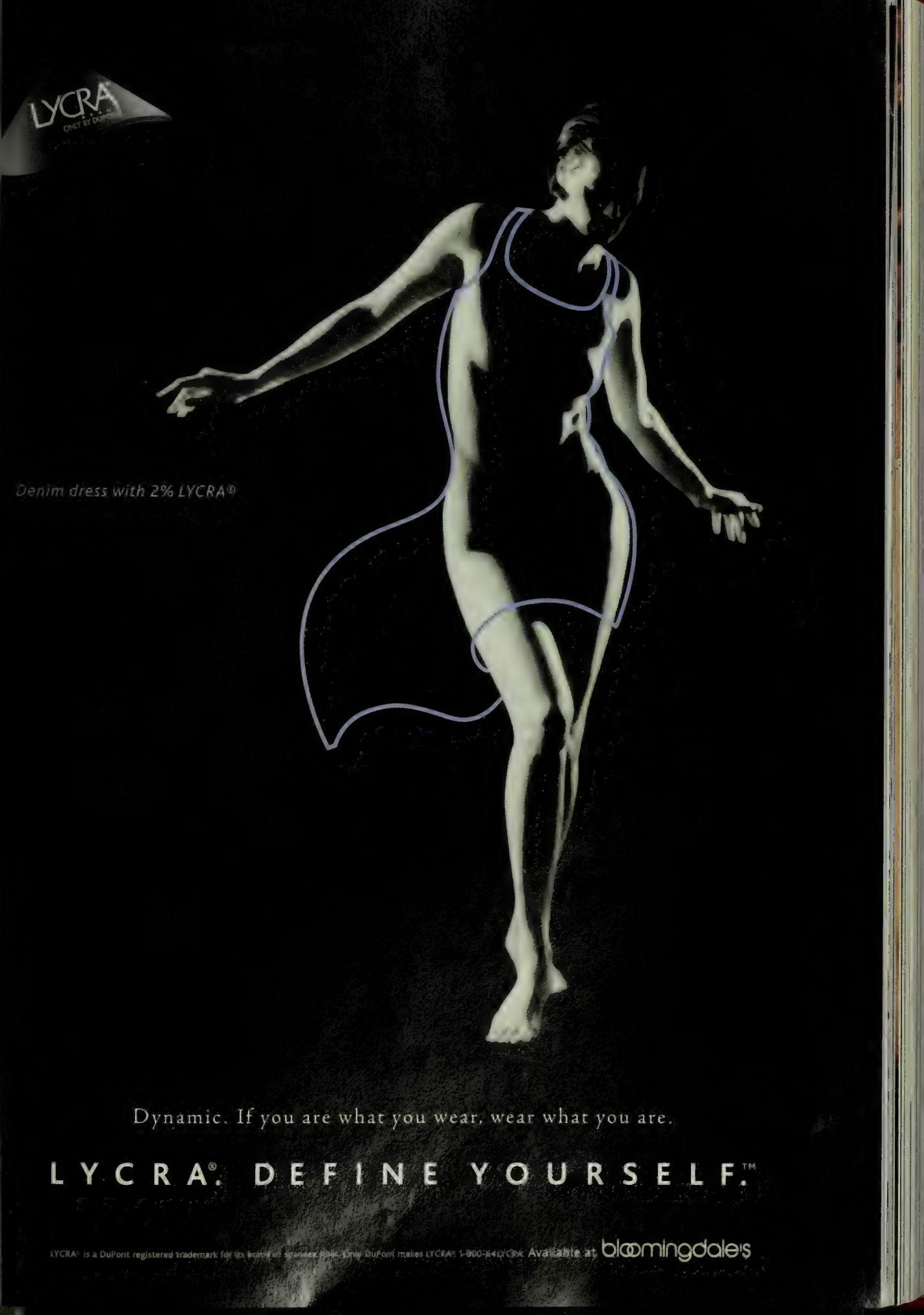
On September 28, the new secretary of war, Elihu Root, wrote Steunenberg, seeking once more to disassociate McKinley and the army from the troubles in Idaho. The secretary said he was "much disinclined" to have U.S. troops detain citizens "who have remained so long without being tried."

Steunenberg urged the administration to maintain the troops but gave the president the assurance he'd sought: "The State of Idaho is responsible for all that has been done in Shoshone County, relative to [the] call for troops, and the arrest, detention and care of prisoners."

Root declared later that the governor was "one of the strong men of the country." Although this was widely publicized, it did not dilute resentment toward Steunenberg, who was seen as a turncoat, a man who sold out his one-time supporters. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, noted that Steunenberg had been an honorary member of the Typographical Union, adding that noble causes can engender ignoble acts. "Our revolutionary war . . . had its Benedict Arnold," he said. That organized labor should have a Steunenberg "may be cause for chagrin but not for dismay."

With the 1900 presidential race heating up, the furor became politicized. In December 1899, Congressman John Lentz, a partisan Ohio Democrat, demanded an investigation of charges that Merriam had imprisoned hundreds of United States citizens "under the most brutal and tyrannical conditions" and had otherwise violated the rights of Idahoans. The Committee on Military Affairs convened in Washington early in the New Year to hear testimony from the miners and many others.

Merriam spent four days at the witness table, but the governor got an an-

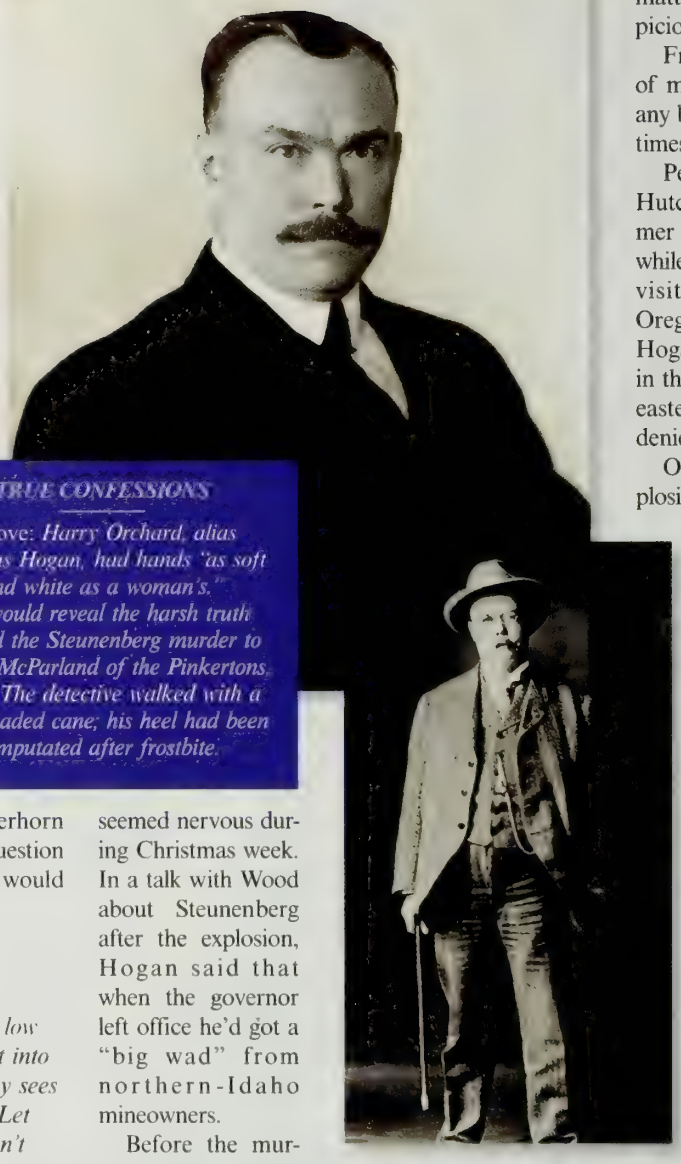

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...nistic eight-day grilling. Representative Lentz vented his fury. "You do go breaking into the houses of innocent men and women, through soldiers, do you not?" he asked.

"I refuse to reply to such a question as that," said Steunenberg. "It's an insult."

But he never dodged blame. "I assume responsibility," he said, "for every arrest made in Shoshone County. . . . I acted according to my . . . conscience and desire to bring order out of chaos."

In mid-March 1900, Steunenberg encountered F. B. Schermerhorn, a friend from the Iowa Agricultural College. Remarking, in melancholy tones, that this might be their last meeting, he produced a well-thumbed stack of letters threatening his life. "He knew that he was a marked man," Schermerhorn recalled, "and that it was only a question of time as to when the Federation would get him."



**TRUE CONFESSIONS**

Above: *Harry Orchard, alias Thomas Hogan, had hands "as soft and white as a woman's." He would reveal the harsh truth behind the Steunenberg murder to James McParland of the Pinkertons,* right. *The detective walked with a gold-headed cane; his heel had been amputated after frostbite.*

## — III —

*"When a detective dies, he goes so low that he has to climb a ladder to get into Hell. . . . When his Satanic Majesty sees him coming, he says to his imps, "Let him start a Hell of his own. We don't want him in here, starting trouble."*

"Big Bill" Haywood

After the inconclusive questioning of several suspects, the attention of those investigating the murder of Frank Steunenberg was drawn to a man who had been in Caldwell on and off since September. On December 13 he'd signed the register at the Saratoga as "Thomas Hogan" of Denver. Dressed in a dark three-piece suit and a bowler hat, evidently "well supplied with money," he claimed to be an itinerant sheep dealer. Or a gambler. Other times he seemed interested in real estate. He was known to sleep late in the forenoon—a mark against him in Caldwell.

Most of the time he lounged around

seemed nervous during Christmas week. In a talk with Wood about Steunenberg after the explosion, Hogan said that when the governor left office he'd got a "big wad" from northern-Idaho mineowners.

Before the murder, Hogan had been in the Saratoga's cardroom kibitzing a game of solo whist. He left briefly, but returned three minutes after the murder. (A detective later found that it took two minutes and 56 seconds to go from Steunenberg's gate to the Saratoga.) Half an hour after the explosion, Hogan was in the hotel dining room, but the waitress noticed that he ate very little.

On Sunday morning, George Froman, Caldwell's ex-marshal, passed the Saratoga with his friend Peter Steunenberg. Froman had been one of the first people whom Hogan had approached. A real-estate agent now, Froman had assumed the newcomer was "on the square" when he said he was looking for sheep and grazing land. When Hogan told Froman he was a Mason, the agent invited him to the annual installation ...t at Caldwell's Mount Moriah ... No. 39. But the traveling man re... ...nself as ignorant of Masonic matters, and Froman grew suspicious.

Froman said, "He has plenty of money, but he doesn't have any business here. And a coupla times he asked about Frank."

Pete passed this on to Joe Hutchinson, the aggrieved former lieutenant governor. Meanwhile, a Sheriff Brown, who was visiting from Baker County, Oregon, thought he recognized Hogan as a miner he'd known in the Cracker Creek section of eastern Oregon. Hogan stoutly denied ever being there.

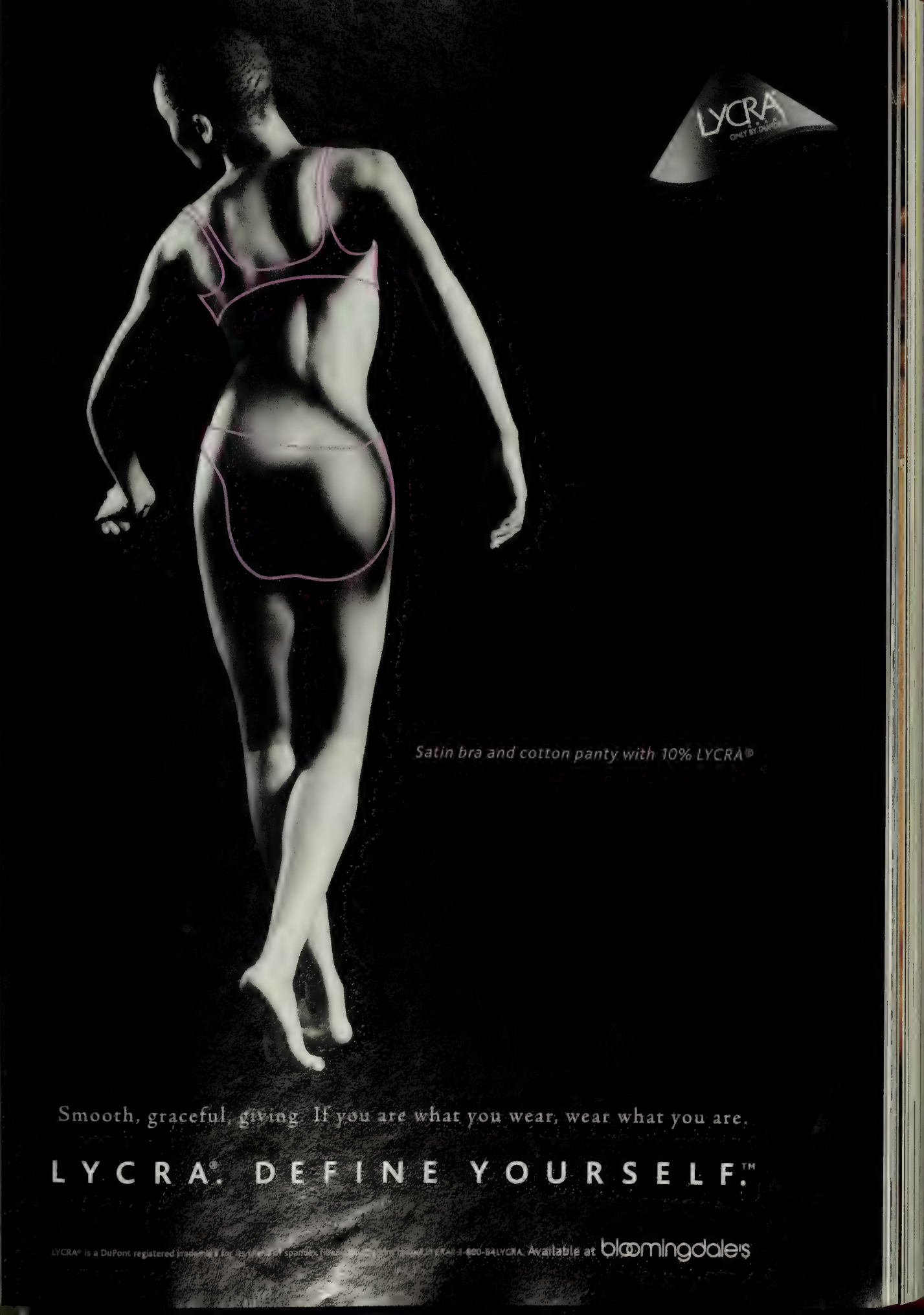
On the morning after the explosion, Hutchinson talked with several of the Saratoga's employees, who provided new information.

A Japanese chamber man known as Charlie Jap looked after Hogan's room at the hotel, and told Hutchinson, through an interpreter, that he'd worked on the railroad and was familiar with explosives. One day, in front of Hogan's bed, he'd noticed a "white substance" similar to guncotton used for blasting on the railroad.

Lizzie Vorberg, a waitress in the Saratoga's dining room, found Hogan a "perfect gentleman." He had a rifle and, on occasion, would invite Vorberg to go target shooting. A few days before the assassination he had grown "gloomy and morose" and told her, "You think me a good fellow, but I am not. Some time you may learn what a villain and scoundrel I really am and despise me for all time."

When Hogan entered the dining room after the explosion, Vorberg recalled, his face was white and his hands trembled. He didn't look up or smile and kept his eyes on the tablecloth. Suddenly, with an "icy chill" in her heart she realized that he was the assassin and she should run to denounce him. But somehow she couldn't.

The next day, Vorberg got Hutchinson the key to Hogan's room, No. 19, on the second floor. It afforded a good view across Seventh Avenue into the governor's office at the bank. While Vorberg's sister stood guard, Hutchin...


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son, George Froman, and Jasper P. "Jap" Nichols, the Canyon County sheriff, keyed in. They found that towels had been draped over the inside doorknobs so as to block the keyholes. In the chamber pot they found traces of plaster of Paris, which investigators believed had been used to hold elements of the bomb together. On the carpet they found traces of the powder Charlie Jap had described.

At the Canyon County Probate Court, the first business of 1906 was a complaint charging Hogan with murder in the first degree.

Soon after the jailhouse door slammed on the accused, a husky man with a walrus mustache stepped off the four P.M. train from Spokane. Captain Wilson S. Swain was northwestern manager of the Thiel Detective Service, headquartered in Chicago. The ever confident Swain arrived in Caldwell with a reputation for aggressive law enforcement and a spastic trigger finger which had been proven lethal.

After six years with Thiel's Spokane branch, Swain enjoyed close relations with the Idaho mineowners. He had supervised the agency's undercover infiltrations of union operatives into the mines and smelters to report on the union.

The moment Swain heard of Frank Steunenberg's assassination he calculated its connection to northern Idaho's persistent mining unrest. He wired Governor Gooding to say that he and several Thiel "operatives" were on their way.

The day after the murder of Steunenberg, Charles O. Stockslager had placed a call to the Pinkerton National Detective Agency in Denver, asking to speak with James McParland, the manager of Pinkerton operations west of the Mississippi.

Stockslager, Democratic chief justice of the Idaho Supreme Court, hoped to unseat Governor Gooding in the gubernatorial race. He saw the murder of Steunenberg as a political wild card which he hoped to play to his advantage. He and McParland had known each other for two decades. With a friend serving as chief investigator, St[illegible] knew he might influence, if [illegible], the course of the [illegible]

[illegible]

of the appropriate division within the region—in this case, James Nevins in Portland.

The next afternoon—New Year's Day—Stockslager drafted a telegram to Nevins. Governor Gooding had initially gone along with the McParland idea, and Stockslager wired his friend to prepare for departure.

But before Gooding could send his wire to Nevins, Swain had wired with the news that he and his operatives were on their way. Swain's association with the Coeur d'Alene mineowners put the governor in a bind: the mineowners were a powerful constituency he could ill afford to offend.

Undeterred, Stockslager continued to press for the Pinkertons, if only as partners with Thiel. The competitive Swain couldn't have welcomed this notion, but eventually acquiesced. The Pinkertons were then officially invited to join Thiel in the case.

The turn of the century was a boom time for the Pinkertons. In 1899 alone the agency had hired 58 new detectives, the next year another 65. Between 1895 and 1907 it opened 12 new offices, bringing its national network to 20.

The agency had become well known during the lawless period following the Civil War. A host of new banditti—the Youngers, the Daltons, the Renos, the James boys—had brought bloody terror to the plains, robbing trains and banks. "It must be war to the knife and knife to the hilt," Allan Pinkerton declared. Sometimes the agency's methods, which included kidnapping, seemed worse than those of the criminals. The men certainly believed in settling scores. When Pinkerton lost three agents in his pursuit of Frank and Jesse James and their allies, the Youngers, he vowed revenge. Hearing that the James boys were visiting their mother at her farmhouse in Clay County, Missouri, the Pinkertons threw an explosive into a window; it tore an arm off the Jameses' mother and killed an eight-year-old brother. But the James [illegible] themselves weren't there.

Labor's Samuel Gompers noted somewhat later that "never has the private detective been used to such an extent, or with such unscrupulousness," as during the first decade of the 20th century.

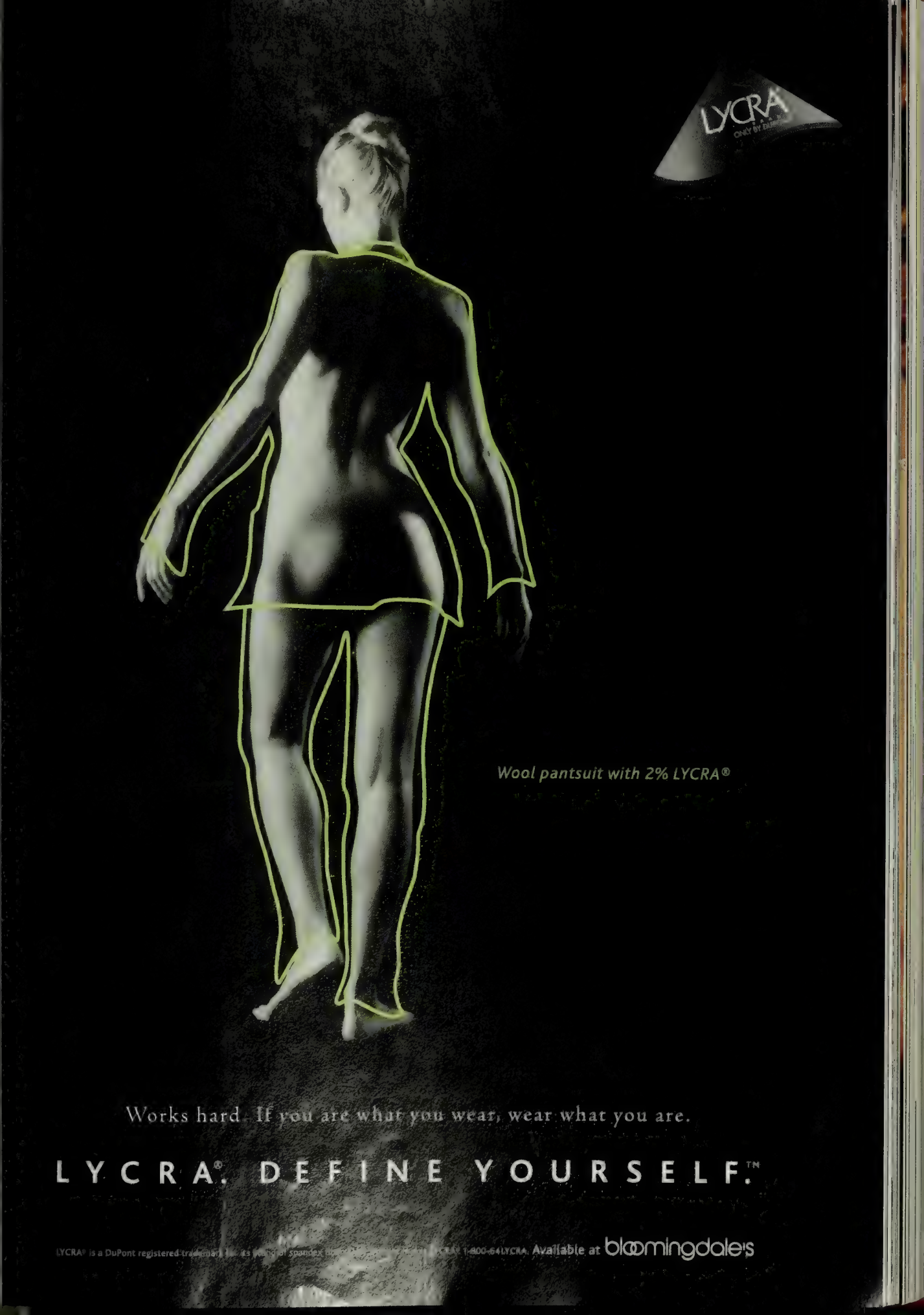
Before leaving for Boise, McParland wrote superintendent Nevins in Portland, suggesting that the Steunenberg case could have important consequences for the agency—by weaning the mineowners away from Thiel. "This is one of the most important operations ever undertaken in the Portland District," he wrote, "and if through our offices we are successful, it will mean a great deal so far as the mine operators are concerned."

Shortly after Hogan had a hearing, Swain and Sheriff Nichols searched the prisoner thoroughly for the first time and found, secreted in his shoes, keys to his trunk, a suitcase, and a valise. The trunk contained clothing (a blue Cheviot coat, a Panama hat, two striped flannel nightshirts, a pair of balbriggan drawers); two pairs of rubber-soled shoes, one pair still wet and muddy; a stack of calling cards for "Thomas Hogan, Silverton, Colorado, Agent Mutual Life Insurance Company"; a fishing rod with tackle; a Winchester shotgun, sawed off so it could be hung around the neck and concealed under a coat; and a cloth mask.

**James McParland was the possible model for a celebrated Dashiell Hammett gumshoe who "could spit icicles in July."**

In the valise they found a fishing reel with the line missing; a pair of field glasses; an electric flashlight; a set of brass knuckles; a loaded Colt automatic with a shoulder holster; 21 shells; a fuse; a pair of wire nippers of the kind miners used to set caps in gunpowder; a sack of plaster of Paris; four packages of chemicals, several of which were found to contain explosives; and a leather postcard with New Year's greetings addressed to Charles Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, the Denver-based organization that represented all gold, silver, lead, and copper miners west of the Mississippi.

After completing this inventory, the investigators went to the Steunenberg house, where they picked up a few good tracks in the snow. When the wet shoes found in Hogan's trunk were fitted to these tracks, they—and


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particularly a set of nails in the soles matched perfectly.

While examining hotel registers in Caldwell and Nampa, two of Swain's operatives discovered that Hogan had checked into hotels in both towns during the preceding months with a man named J. Simmons. From his description, the detectives suspected that Simmons was actually L. J. "Jack" Simpkins, a former organizer for the Western Federation of Miners in northern Idaho and, since 1902, a member of its executive board. When agents produced a photograph of Simpkins, several hotel employees said that he was indeed the man they'd seen.

Meanwhile, Sheriff Edward Bell of Teller County, Colorado—who had sped to Caldwell with an attorney of the Colorado Mine Owners Association—took one look and identified Hogan as Harry Orchard, a miner who had worked in the Cripple Creek–Altman region. This identification was confirmed by Sheriff Brown of Baker County, Oregon, who had thought Hogan reminded him of Orchard.

Another piece of the puzzle fell into place the same day with the arrival of a telegram from Spokane, paid for by the law firm of Robertson, Miller and Rosenhaupt. The message said simply: "To T. Hogan, care sheriff, Caldwell, Idaho: Attorney Fred Miller will start for Caldwell in the morning. [signed] M." Since Hogan had sent no messages since his arrest, Fred Miller must have been acting on his own initiative or in response to some client's wishes. The firm had close ties to the mining unions and had represented Idaho miners charged with serious crimes in 1899.

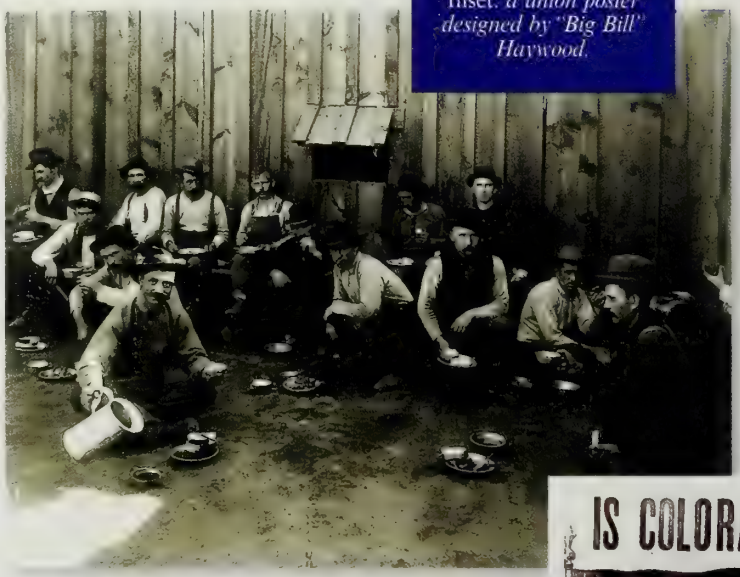
At seven the following Wednesday evening, as arranged, McParland met Stockslager and Gooding at Boise's best hotel, the Idanha. The governor told McParland that he hoped the Pinker- [illegible] work [illegible] junction" with [illegible] refused. [illegible] t. the [illegible]

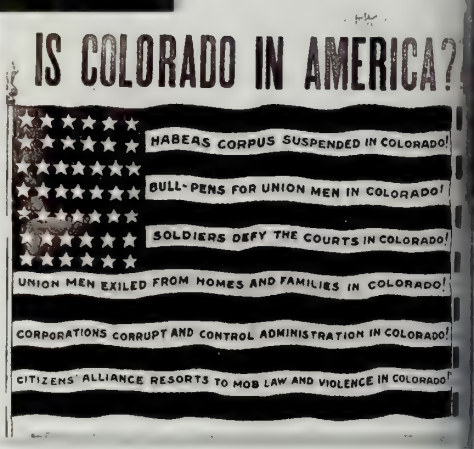
terned the Old Man in his *Continental Op* series after James McParland. No one can say for certain. But Hammett seems to have him right in *Red Harvest:* "The Old Man . . . was a gentle, polite, elderly person with no more warmth in him than a hangman's rope. The Agency wits said he could spit icicles in July."

McParland had begun on the Pinkerton agency's lowest rung, as a spotter on the city's trolleys, watching conductors suspected of pocketing fares. But he caught the attention of Allan Pinkerton, and was handed one of the most dangerous—and rewarding—jobs in the agency's history: infiltrating the Molly Maguires, a secret society in Philadelphia inspired by a group that had operated in north-central Ireland, which had threatened, beaten, and sometimes killed English landlords.

**BULLY FOR YOU**

*One of the Idaho bull pens. nearly every male in town was thrown in "like so many cattle for the-slaughter." Inset: a union poster designed by "Big Bill" Haywood.*






Infiltration had long been one of Allan Pinkerton's crime-fighting techniques, but this assignment required a special breed of operative. Since the Mollies were believed to be Irish Catholics, the agent must be one himself. Since they worked in mines, he must be strong enough to bear heavy manual labor. He should be a gregarious sort, who could drink and roughhouse. And since the Mollies were regarded as ruthless killers, he should be unmarried, so if it came to that, he wouldn't leave behind a [illegible] and a brood of helpless babes.

The Mollies had discovered McParland's treachery, his penalty would almost certainly have been death. Twelve dollars a week was modest pay for such a risk. Pinkerton wrote that McParland would have to "degrade [himself] that others might be saved." The "savage" nature of the Mollies, on the other hand, allowed McParland to go beyond civilized techniques—to treachery and perhaps provocation of violence—in extirpating them.

Ultimately, 20 Mollies were convicted and sentenced to death. On June 21, 1877—Black Thursday in Irish-American circles—10 men were hung in the yard of the red-brick Schuylkill County jail in Pottsville, 4 others died in Mauch Chunk, 40 miles to the east. Over the next two years, 10 more Mollies went to the gallows.

Of the 20 deaths, McParland could be directly credited with 9, including a broad swath of the society's leadership. Indirectly, McParland's testimony paved the way for executing the other 11 men and sentencing another 26 to terms in county jails, as well as putting a price on the heads of 9 or 10 fugitives.

It was the 20 executions, the affecting stories of Molly after Molly walking to the gallows in the pale light of dawn, often holding a single rose sent by a wife or girlfriend, that stirred people's morbid curiosity. Some wondered how such men's deaths affected the detective who sent them there. After all, these were men with whom McParland had lived for two and a half years, working in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 291




# FENDI

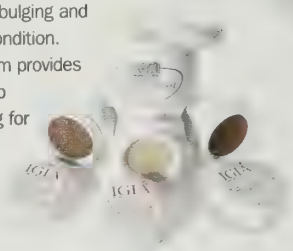
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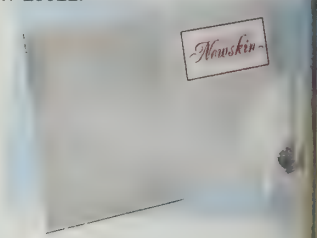


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 286 mines, singing ballads, swapping yarns, and getting drunk. Did he feel even the slightest pang of regret?

Apparently McParland was able to move beyond whatever reservations he might have felt. For years he basked in the admiration of politicians, the press, and the public.

At 2:15 P.M. on Monday, January 22, McParland, whose heel had been amputated after a case of frostbite and who got around with the help of a gold-headed cane, boarded the streetcar outside the Idanha Hotel. He rode to the end of the line, at the eastern edge of town. There he was met by Warden Eugene L. Whitney, attended by two trusties, who drove him in a rig to the Boise penitentiary. Whitney escorted McParland to his office, introduced him to Harry Orchard, then left the two men alone.

Taking their seats on hard wooden chairs, the detective and the prisoner studied each other. Orchard saw a corpulent man of 62 with a broadbrim hat pulled well down over his forehead, covering all but a few thin strands of silver hair; a silk cravat fixed with a jeweled stickpin; and, behind gold-rimmed spectacles, a pair of shrewd blue-gray eyes, sizing him up.

What McParland saw was a stocky (five-foot-eight, 180-pound) man half his own age, whose face struck the detective as "about as determined a countenance as I have ever seen on a human being, with the most cold, cruel eyes I remember having seen."

McParland led off with a carefully prepared statement of some 25 minutes, in which he argued the case for cooperation with the prosecutors. If Orchard admitted his role, and gave evidence about his co-conspirators, he might reasonably expect a certain leniency in his sentence.

McParland asked if Orchard knew of the prosecutions of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coalfields some 30 years before, in which several important Mollies who became state witnesses were spared the death sentences imposed on the others?

Oh yes, Orchard knew about the Molly Maguires.

Had he ever seen a photograph of James McParland, the Pinkerton detective who assembled the most damaging evidence against them?

No, Orchard said, he hadn't.

Well, the detective said with calculated flourish, I am that McParland.

Once Harry Orchard realized just who his visitor was, he sat a little straighter in his chair. Quick to exploit the opening, McParland returned to his lesson: the happy fate of the Mollies who had turned state's evidence, notably one Daniel Kelly, alias Manus Cull, alias Kelly the Bum.

Orchard paid close attention to McParland, but offered nothing. Eventually, he began to complain that it wasn't right to put him on murderer's row before he was even tried. His cell was cramped, he said, and he needed exercise.

McParland explained that Orchard was in the pen to "protect him from his friends, as he was a menace to those whose orders he had obeyed, until such time that they killed him or that the state convicted and hanged him."

**Harry Orchard struck McParland as having "about as determined a countenance as I have ever seen, with the most cold, cruel eyes I remember."**

At 5:30 P.M., after three hours of conversation, McParland left the penitentiary, and that evening he gave the governor such a detailed briefing on his meeting with Orchard that the pair didn't adjourn until a half-hour past midnight.

The second meeting between the detective and the accused assassin lasted some three and a half hours. According to his reports, McParland began by asking whether Orchard had thought about their conversation, particularly about the treatment of state witnesses. Orchard said he didn't quite understand why the detective seemed to have such an interest in him.

Oh, McParland said, in one respect he had no interest in him whatsoever, no more than he would have in any other "wilful murderer." On the other hand, as an advocate of law and order, he had an interest in the welfare of not only Idaho but every state that was affected by the blight of the Western Federation of Miners. And knowing full well that Orchard was simply the tool of the federation's inner circle—something Orchard himself surely knew—he couldn't help having a certain sympathy. Clearly, McParland said, Orchard was a man of intelligence and reasoning. This was indicated by the shape of his forehead.

When Orchard asked if they were speaking confidentially, McParland assured him that they were. "That being the case," said the prisoner, "let us suppose a case for the sake of argument. I will now say to you I am guilty of the crime as charged. I have committed the crime." He paused.

"Now you understand this is not a confession," Orchard put in, "but for the purpose of getting information that I want, or rather for argument's sake." McParland readily assented.

"Now, you are the detective; you have already stated to me that you have absolute proof of my guilt. Such being the case, why do you come to me and talk to me as you have done?"

McParland reminded the prisoner that, on the first day they'd spoken, he hadn't asked whether Orchard set the bomb that killed the governor. The state had "proof positive" of that. But since Orchard was the tool of the W.F.M. inner circle, hanging him would give the state little satisfaction. If he'd confess, the state would "no doubt take care of him." But if he confessed, he must not cover up for anyone.

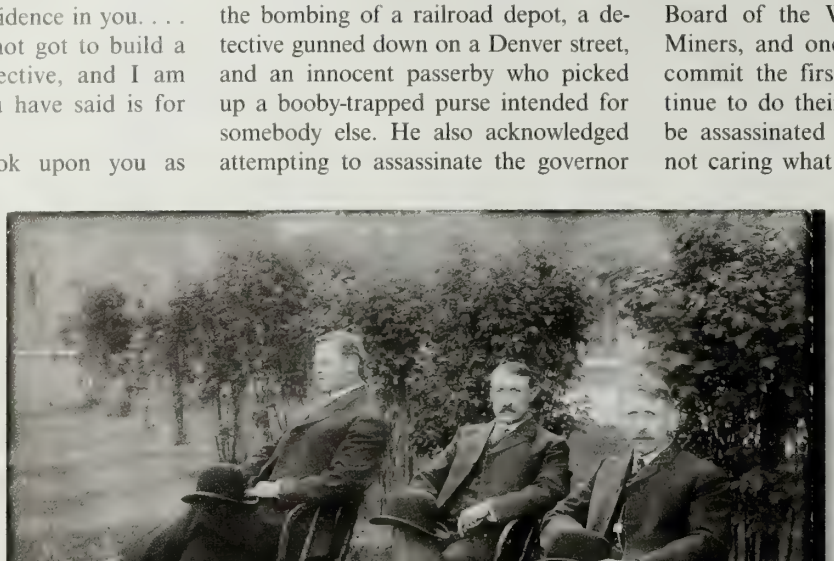
Orchard paused, fixing the detective with a hard look. "Suppose," he asked, "several parties had guilty knowledge of a murder that was committed and were not present at the murder, what good would it be for the murderer to make a confession?"

Absent other evidence, McParland went on, the state would simply try you, "convict you and hang you, but if you confessed, it would be quite different as your testimony would reach the very foundation and the head of these cut-throats known as the Inner Circle of the Western Federation of Miners. This being the case, the State would gladly accept your assistance as a State witness and see that you are properly taken care of afterwards." (In his report, McParland hastened to add that he hadn't promised Orchard immunity

prosecution, or even from the death penalty, though surely he came very close.)

According to McParland, Orchard exclaimed, "My God, if I could only place confidence in you. I want to talk. I ought to place confidence in you. . . . You certainly have not got to build a reputation as a detective, and I am satisfied that all you have said is for my good.

"I don't now look upon you as a snide detective, the same as the damned sons-of-bitches that they threw into the cell with me at Caldwell," he continued, according to McParland's report. "If it were not that their actions were so contemptible I would have pitied them. They are the kind of men that swear men's lives away. I know that you would not take the witness stand and testify as to one word that has passed between you and I here, nor would you add a word to what I have said. I have that much confidence in you."



THE BRAINS BEHIND THE BLAST

Fingered by Harry Orchard, three officials of the Western Federation of Miners were indicted in the conspiracy to murder Frank Steunenberg. They were (from left) "Big Bill" Haywood, who always posed sideways for photos, Charles Moyer and George Pettibone.

Orchard may indeed have made the statements as reported, but they seem a trifle too convenient. The detectives placed in Orchard's cell at Caldwell were Thiel men, operatives of McParland's bitter competitor. It suited McParland's purpose to have Orchard disparage his rivals. Moreover, the encomium to McParland placed in Orchard's mouth fit perfectly with the way the legendary detective wished to be perceived—as the senior statesman nonpareil of his profession.

McParland returned to Orchard's cell day after day accompanied by his stenographer, Wellington [illegible] hour, Hopkins [illegible] shorthand. By [illegible] Great Detec- [illegible] pages of confes-sion in the history of American criminal justice. Not only did Harry Orchard confess to setting the bomb that killed Frank Steunenberg, he accepted responsibility for killing 17 other men—two supervisors in a mine explosion, 13 men in the bombing of a railroad depot, a detective gunned down on a Denver street, and an innocent passerby who picked up a booby-trapped purse intended for somebody else. He also acknowledged attempting to assassinate the governor of Colorado, two Colorado Supreme Court justices, an adjutant general of Colorado, and several corporate officials, all on behalf of the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners, particularly Charles H. Moyer, the federation's president; William D. "Big Bill" Haywood, its secretary-treasurer; and George A. Pettibone, the former Coeur d'Alene miner who had been imprisoned for a time after the hostilities of 1892 but was now an honorary member of the organization and a close adviser. Finally, Orchard identified other men, including Jack Simpkins, who had been accomplices.

Orchard's confession was so damning that McParland had to ask him whether he thought McParland himself or anyone else had used force or coercion to obtain the statement or had made any promises of immunity. To both questions, Orchard answered no.

Then why, McParland asked, would anyone incriminate himself and his confederates in this fashion?

"I awoke," said the accused man, "as it were, from a dream, and realized that I'd been made a tool of, aided and assisted by members of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners, and once they had led me to commit the first crime I had to continue to do their bidding or otherwise be assassinated myself, and therefore, not caring what would become of me, knowing that I did not deserve any consideration . . . I resolved, as far as in my power, to break up this murderous organization and to protect the community from further assassinations and outrages from this gang. That is all I have got to say on this matter."

At the bottom of the last page, James McParland added the following note, an appendation offered in a spirit similar to his other "observations": "Orchard broke down and cried several times while making the above statements, but seemed very much relieved after he got through."

## —— IV ——

*"The jury are the most wonderful-looking men I've ever seen. They were all ranchers with the bluest eyes, like sailors eyes, used to looking at great distances. They made me think of Uncle Sam . . . without the goatee. They were magnificent."*

—Ethel Barrymore

The most celebrated book of 1907 was *The American Scene,* the fruit of Henry James's year-long sojourn in his native land after an absence of 22 years. Twined in a dense thicket of Jamesian prose was a cranky, if original, view of America at the century's turn. Mildly apprehensive as he toured the Hudson River Valley in Edith Wharton's new motor car, the expatriate had come in search of the "spirit" of the crude, pushy land he had once called his own.

What James discerned in American


ONIA RYKIEL
PARIS



was a new kind of willingness, even eagerness, to live their lives in public. Some dated the change that James perceived to an evening in the 1890s when a former champagne agent named Henry Lehr induced Mrs. William Astor, the diamond-tiara'd queen of New York's aristocracy, to attend a dinner at Sherry's restaurant. The next morning, a society reporter exclaimed, "I never dreamt it would be given me to gaze on the face of an Astor in a public dining room." Henceforth, it was permissible for even the most exquisite members of the Four Hundred to venture into the public realm, where the eyes of the nation were increasingly focused.

The attention drawn by the trial of "Big Bill" Haywood and his fellow accused was further evidence of the new importance of things public. It was one of the first national events that would draw the collective attention of Americans in the decades that followed, from crimes and courtrooms to political scandals and [illegible] ruled not

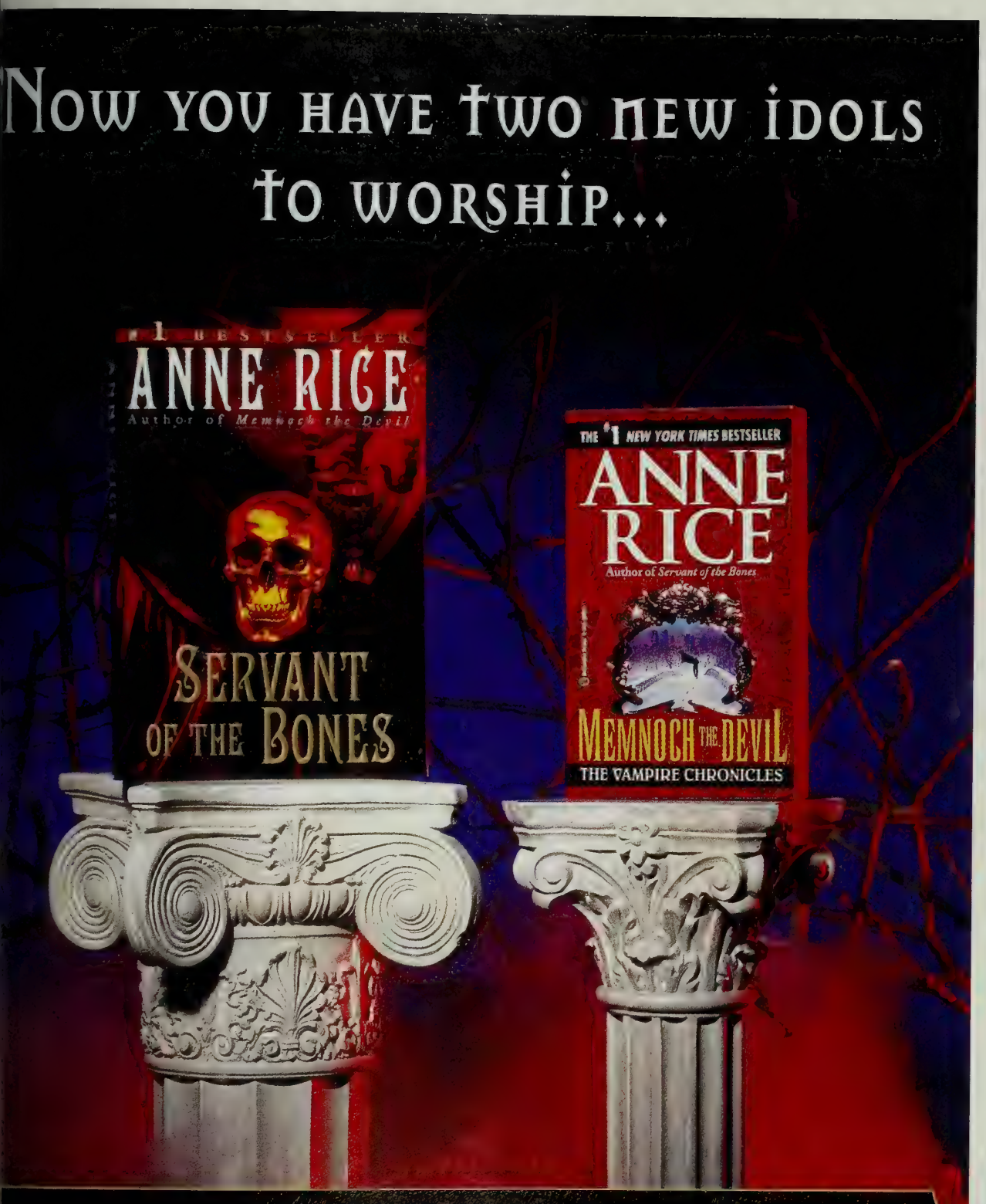
The trial followed an almost certainly illegal Pinkerton-style, McParland-concocted extradition, or kidnapping, of the three defendants from Denver to Idaho. It was accomplished, with the help of the Union Pacific Railroad, through the use of a special train, later nicknamed "the Pirate Special" by socialist critics. Tracks, with the help of the railway companies, were cleared for most of the delicately timed, throttle-out mission. The special train consisted of a steam engine and three chair cars. Food ($44.95 worth) for the hungry servants of justice was supplied by Denver's Watrous Café, and it was a big spread according to the standards of most Colorado cookhouses or campfires: 20 turkey sandwiches, 20 chicken sandwiches, 20 beef sandwiches, 20 ham sandwiches, six cans of sardines, a quart of dill pickles, five bottles of olives, a bottle of mustard, three jars of raspberry jam, a basket of apples, three dozen hard-boiled eggs, a loaf of rye bread, a loaf of white bread, several pounds of Swiss cheese, a hundred cigars, three dozen quarts of Budweiser beer, and a quart of Old Crow bourbon.

**THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY**

*The 1907 trial of Haywood, whose defenders included Clarence Darrow, would obsess the U.S. and lure such notables as actress Ethel Barrymore. Inset: in a letter of April 1908, Harry Orchard pleaded with Peter Steunenberg for the death sentence.*

The raid went off smoothly, but even the deputies from Iowa had some surprises. "Big Bill" Haywood, the towering, radical legend who supplied the Western Federation of Miners with both its volcanic anger and its penchant for violence, had told his wife, Nevada Jane Minor, that he would be spending the

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relaxing at a Turkish bath. When authorities burst in on him he was stark naked and in the company of his lover, stenographer, and sister-in-law, Winnie Minor. But the extradition was a legal nightmare; the subjects were literally abducted in violation of existing procedural regulations. Socialist leader Eugene V. Debs and other members of the American left would make the unorthodox methods of the reviled Pinkertons and police authorities into a national cause célèbre which would remain a crucial issue throughout the legal battle, even after a Supreme Court ruling supporting the State of Idaho.

The prosecution team—given the technicalities of the extradition and the lack of substantial evidence against the indictees—faced a difficult day in court. The chief prosecutors were former U.S. attorney and Boise mayor James Hawley, the very model of a rough-hewn Western attorney, and William Borah, a brilliant courtroom attorney who was also Idaho's most accomplished orator and Boise's most celebrated playboy. (He was dubbed "town bull," and according to legend was a particular favorite at two of the city's most notorious bordellos—Hattie Carlton's and Dora Bowman's. Later, he was rumored to have fathered a child with Alice Roosevelt Longworth, the married daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt). A close friend of Frank Steunenberg's, Borah worked for a quarter of Hawley's fee. The salaries of the prosecutors would become a source of contention and debate when evidence appeared that, despite Governor Gooding's denial, Hawley's fees were partly being paid by the mineowners, who were also underwriting detective work and other state expenses.

The Western Federation of Miners, backed by the International Workers of the World and the rest of organized labor, were determined to give Haywood and company the best defense available. Chosen for the job was famed defender of the dispossessed Clarence Darrow, who during the winter of 1902–03 had played a starring role in another national drama, the bitter strike by Pennsylvania's anthracite miners. Darrow's inspired advocacy had given the union a [illegible] victory, which Samuel Gompers described as "the most important single incident" in American labor history.

[illegible] match

but the novelist and social reformer Brand Whitlock termed it "a sort of beautiful ugliness," calling Darrow's smile "as winning as a woman's." George Bernard Shaw detected something wild in him. "With that cheekbone," said Shaw, "he wants only a few feathers and a streak of ochre to be a perfect Mohican."

Darrow spent the late spring and summer of 1906 rallying his forces. Knowing that he was confronting a formidable array of detectives under McParland, he put together his own detective force. McParland belived that, in the early summer of 1906, the Thiel agency turned, with its considerable information, to the aid of the defense.

By the first days of May 1907, scores of newcomers to Boise were shouldering their way through the brass doors of the Idanha Hotel and streaming across the gleaming Italian marble floor of the lobby to the reception desk, where the manager, E. W. Shubert, presided in black cravat and gray morning coat. There were defense attorneys (the prosecution team was "home-grown"), detectives from both camps, witnesses, reporters from New York, Chicago, Portland, and Denver, and a motley crew of stenographers, bailiffs, retainers, informants, grifters, courtesans, prostitutes, and all the other riffraff that public entertainments of the era invariably attracted.

For 15 months—since Governor Gooding and his family, in fear of assassination, had fled to a third-floor suite in the care of bodyguards—the hotel had served as prosecution headquarters. Governor Gooding had a close relationship with the place. His inaugural ball had been held there, with 800 of the state's elite waltzing in the glow of Japanese lanterns. One Sunday on the eve of the trial, Mrs. Gooding presided at a luncheon there, as if to demonstrate that she and her husband were unafraid of assassins.

On May 9—some 16 months after Steunenberg's assassination—*The State of Idaho* v. *William D. Haywood* opened to weighty expectations. "The eyes of the [illegible]ed world," wrote the *Idaho Daily Statesman*'s Harry L. Crane, were focused "on these great proceedings." John W. Carberry of *The Boston Globe* called it "one of the great court cases in the annals of the American judiciary." *The People*'s Wade Parks did not hesitate to call it "the greatest trial of modern times."

Notable visitors would include actress Ethel Barrymore, who was glimpsed in Boise wearing a tan linen suit with a touch of turquoise on the collar and cuffs. To top it off, the stage star chose a large black Milan straw hat trimmed with bird-of-paradise feathers—a hat, noted the *Statesman*'s society editor, "which on anyone less beautiful, would have been most trying." On the day of her visit, Barrymore followed Darrow closely but distrusted his slick performance. She recalled: "He had all the props: an old mother in a wheelchair and a little girl with curls draped around Haywood."

Also present in Idaho, studying Harry Orchard for *McClure's Magazine*, was one of America's best-known psychologists, Hugo Münsterberg, professor of psychology at Harvard and a protégé of William James's.

**Orchard confessed to setting the bomb that killed Steunenberg, and accepted responsibility for 17 other killings, one involving a booby-trapped purse.**

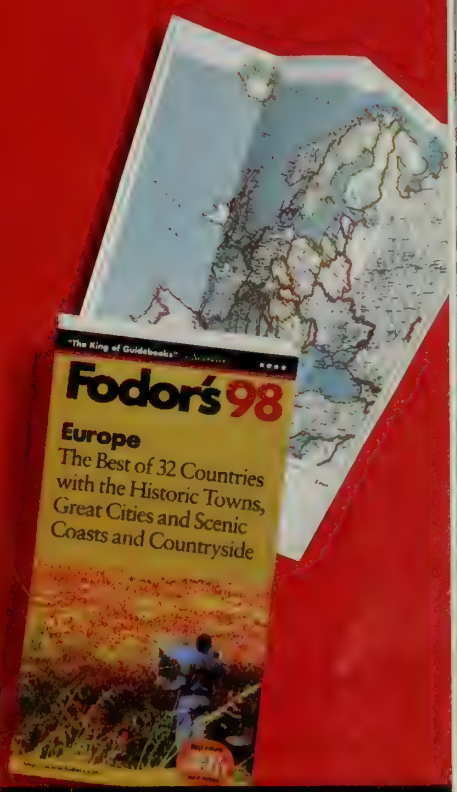
The trial itself was a saga of great performances, major and supporting, a tapestry of bribery, attempted bribery, scheme upon scheme, revelation upon revelation, and a verdict that, to this day, is a topic of heated debate. By the close of proceedings, the innocence of any party present in the Western region of the United States of America had been successfully called into question. Most surprising to many was not the fate of those prosecuted but rather the revelations about the business conduct of a man considered beyond reproach: Governor Frank Steunenberg. The words reported by several newspapers and magazines to have been his last—"What's the matter, Mother? What does it mean?"—would haunt many readers who heard, beneath the dying man's whisper, a nation stumbling in confusion toward a century of darkness.

But, as it happened, the quotation was purely apocryphal. □

page 297, Fodor's Gold Guide
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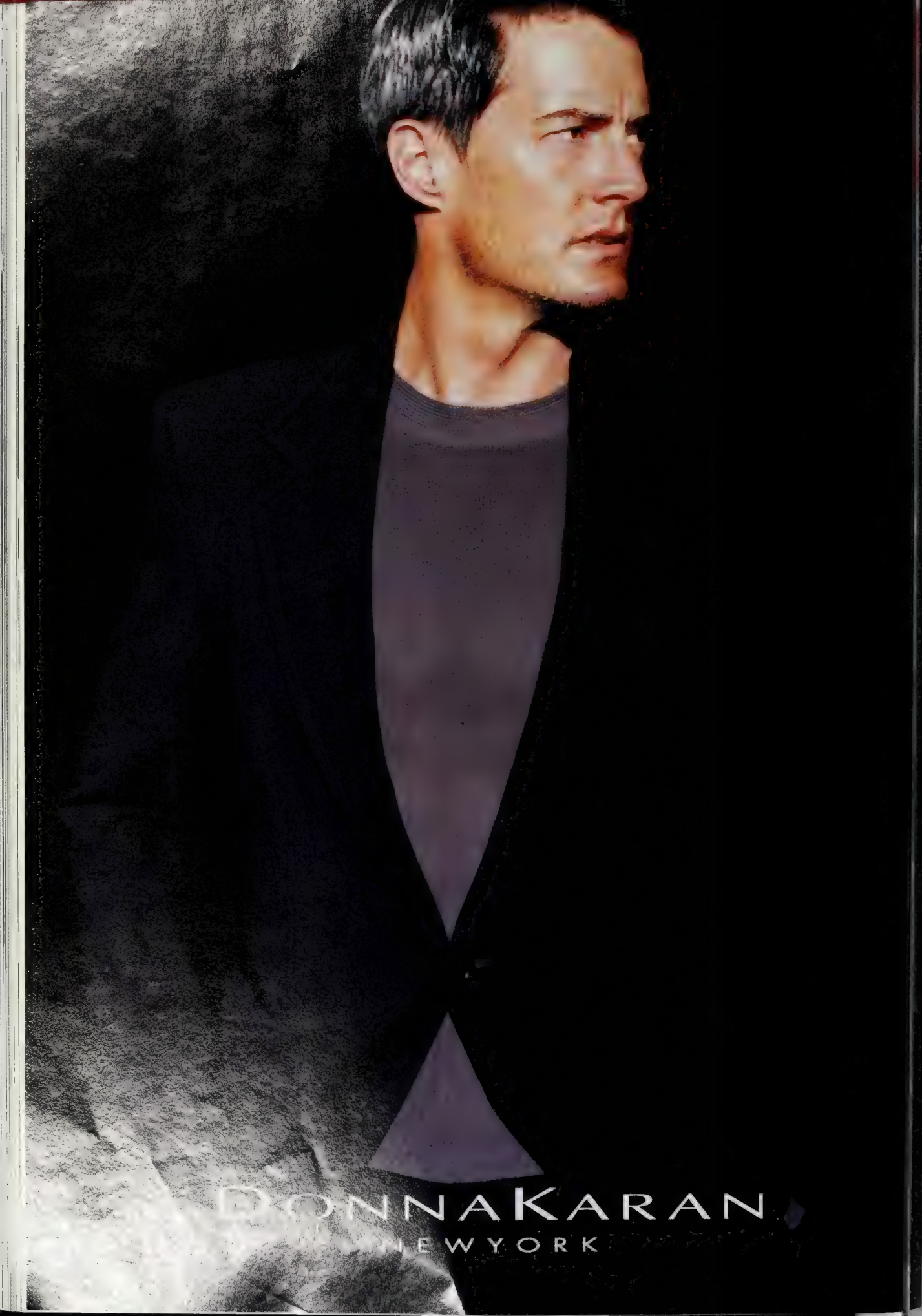
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## TOBEY OR NOT TOBEY

**Name and occupation:** Tobey Maguire, actor. **Age:** 22. **Credits:** *This Boy's Life* (playing Leonardo DiCaprio's teenage drinking buddy) and Griffin Dunne's Oscar-nominated short, *Duke of Groove*. **Coming soon:** Ang Lee's *The Ice Storm* (co-starring Kevin Kline, Joan Allen, and Sigourney Weaver) and Woody Allen's *Deconstructing Harry*. **On working with the heavyweight cast in *The Ice Storm*:** "It was a perfect movie to cut my teeth on. Joan Allen was phenomenal. Kevin Kline was awesome, too." **You were in good company for a relative newcomer:** "Occasionally I have to do a thing called a 'Check me out,' where you look at a situation and go, 'Holy shit, man, check me out.' Check me out. I'm doing a scene with Joan Allen. I'm [illegible] with his mom get a bag of groceries from his manager because we're so poor." **How he plans to be the Hume Cronyn of his generation:** "I want to [illegible] 80 years old. I want to always work with the [illegible] and scripts, and I think to do that you have [illegible]

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ERIC AOSHIMA


new york


GUCCI



Top to bottom: *faces carved out of pumpkins from Joost Elffers's* Play with Your Food; *the May 1954 cover of* MAD *magazine, illustrated by Basil Wolverton, parodied* Life *magazine, which threatened legal action; a plywood chair with metal legs, 1945–46, dubbed "DCM" (dining chair, metal), designed by Charles and Ray Eames.*




Must be the season of the witch: **PATRICIA PEARSON** effectively cremates the myth of innate female innocence by parading a violent chain gang of gals gone wrong in the compelling *When She Was Bad* (Viking).

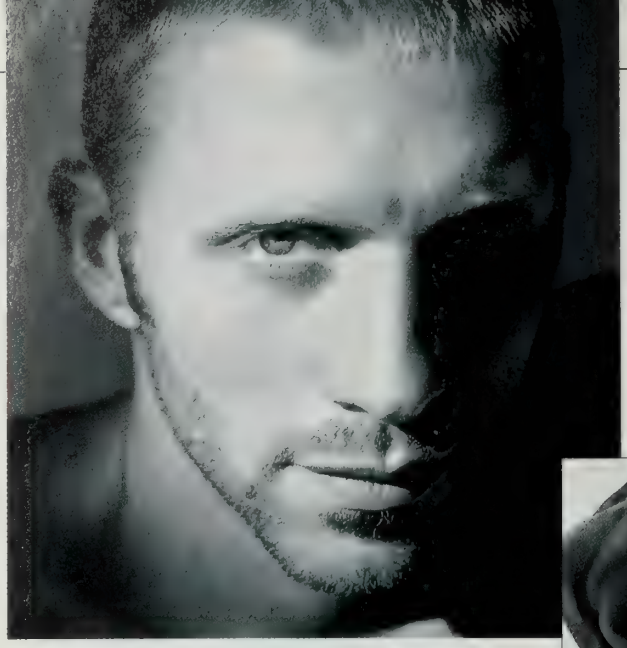
Also this month: **DARCEY STEINKE** drags you to the edge and forces you to peer into the murky abyss that is suburbia in *Jesus Saves* (Atlantic Monthly Press). What—me worry? The lusty lampooners of culture at that whoopee cushion of satire *MAD* magazine dust off some of their best from the era of Ike in *MAD About the Fifties* (Little, Brown). **MARK LEYNER**—who can be amusing to the point where it seems almost sadistic—presents his third novel, *The Tetherballs of Bougainville* (Harmony). **CHRISTA WOLF,** one of Germany's foremost intellectuals, divulges her personal post-Wall trauma in *Parting from Phantoms* (University of Chicago). From elegant uptown to arty downtown, **CHESSY RAYNER'S** *New York: Trends and Traditions* (Monacelli) toasts the architectural interiors of the Big Apple. In *God and the American Writer* (Knopf) the unstoppable **ALFRED KAZIN** ruminates on how writers such as Eliot, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Faulkner got religion in their work. Two blue-blooded British ostrich ranchers go to South Africa to make their fortune, and are drawn into a surreal caul-

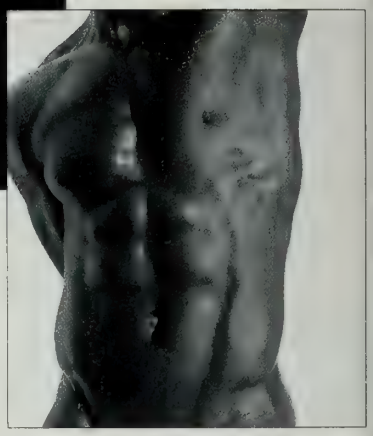
how Lewis and Clark headed up a mission to find the Northwest Passage, only to discover land, land, and more land. *Paris in the Fifties* (Times Books) is journalist **STANLEY KARNOW'S** glittering memoir of his days in the City of Light. **DORIS LESSING** recounts her bohemian phase in volume two of her autobiography, *Walking in the Shade* (HarperCollins). **STEPHEN GAN,** the big daddy of oversize designer mags, offers up *Visionaire's Fashion 2000* (Universe), edited by **ALIX BROWNE.** In *The Crystal Frontier* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Mexico's man of letters **CARLOS FUENTES** spins a Balzacian novel in nine masterly stories. **HUGH MONTGOMERY-MASSINGBERD** and lensman **CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES** conduct a grand house tour of the Highlands' most opulent abodes in *Great Houses of Scotland* (Rizzoli). *The Work of Charles and Ray Eames* (Abrams) celebrates the husband-and-wife design team who strove to better society by building beautiful, functional furniture. Dull dinner party? Let your inner caterer create: **JOOST ELFFERS** shows how to craft a virtual menagerie of gustatory delights in *Play with Your Food* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang). From Puritan Puffs to Flounder Wheels, **ALEXANDRA WENTWORTH'S** *The WASP Cookbook* (Warner) is proof that Wasps do ingest more than Milanos, Triscuits, and gin. Trick or treat? Yikes, it's **JOAN COLLINS**! The celebrity "novelist" opens a vein and lets the gossip flow in her hilarious autobiography *Second Act* (St. Martin's). Now where did I park my broom? —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

## Hot Type


GRANELLO

# Medal Heads





*The gold standard: Two images from Herb Ritts's photography exhibition of international champion athletes.* Left, *German tennis star Boris Becker, 1997, and,* below, *British hurdler Colin Jackson, 1997.*

Is Olympus a mythic mountain or a state of mind? Maybe it's a musculature. Herb Ritts has photographed 13 athletes—some of whom set the gold standard in Atlanta, circa 1996—in the nude, in black and white, in Miami Beach and L.A. And suddenly they look like gamboling godheads! There are Atlas-eternal action shots straight out of classical Greek sculpture, torsos that nod to Rilke's Apollo, and Art Deco curves in the manner of Leni Riefenstahl (or is it Mapplethorpe, who borrowed mightily from Riefenstahl's *Olympia?*). There's also a pinch of Pirelli Calendar: see Jean Galfione, the French pole-vaulter, do *The Thinker* in the waves.

This traveling exhibition of 40 photographs is the result of an imaginative advertising campaign by TAG Heuer which celebrates the Swiss company's new sports watch, the Kirium. The exhibition gets set and goes in New York this month, travels to Los Angeles, and then on to 38 more museums and galleries around the world. The list of superstar bods includes tennis great Boris Becker (the strawberriest of blonds), swimmer Amy Van Dyken (siren-sleek), decathlon gold medalist Dan O'Brien (moon over Miami!), and, perhaps the most beautiful shot of all, Swiss track-and-fielder Anita Weyerman, her hamstrings "like a tightened bow." The simile is Yeats, of course, describing none other than Helen of Troy. —LAURA JACOBS

# Night-Table Reading



**Anne McNally,**
*muse for Tom Ford:*
The Complete Works of Oscar Wilde,
*by Oscar Wilde*
*(Harper Collins).*

**Lady Amanda Harlech,**
*muse for Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel:*
Other Men's Flowers,
*edited by Lord Wavell*
*(Pimlico).*
*"Points of definition—*
*the coordinates*
*of a passionate, courageous*
*integrity that*
*push you to make the leap*
*of understanding."*





**Lisa Eisner,**
*muse for Isaac Mizrahi:*
Utopia Parkway: The Life and Work
of Joseph Cornell,
*by Deborah Solomon*
*(Farrar, Straus & Giroux).*
*"Cornell was the first stargazer*
*to see God in Garbo*
*and Garbo in God. Anyone who*
*could inspire Warhol,*
*Lennon, Rauschenberg, and*
*Tony Curtis is more than a genius—*
*he's an artistic Jesus."*

**Carine Roitfeld,**
*muse for Tom Ford, Gucci:*
The Death of Ivan Ilyich,
*by Leo Tolstoy*
*(Penguin).*
*"Fear, passion under a*
*formal harmony:*
*a real pleasure! I love*
*Russian writers*
*because they bring me*
*back to my roots."*




MARK CROSS
NEW YORK

# The Washington Universe

## Verner Liipfert Moon

Lloyd Bentsen, Jim Blanchard, Bob Dole, Tom Foley, Harry McPherson, George Mitchell, Ann Richards

## Venus

**Political love matches**

Howard Baker and Nancy Kassebaum
Nicole Boxer and Tony Rodham
Rita Braver and Bob Barnett
James Carville and Mary Matalin
Lynne and Dick Cheney
Andrew and Leslie Cockburn
Andrew Cuomo and Kerry Kennedy Cuomo
Marian Wright Edelman and Peter Edelman
Alan Greenspan and Andrea Mitchell
Mandy Grunwald and Matt Cooper
Al Hunt and Judy Woodruff
Jim Johnson and Maxine Isaacs
John Kerry and Teresa Heinz
Susan Molinari and Bill Paxon
Cokie and Steven V. Roberts
Jay and Sharon Rockefeller
Tim Russert and Maureen Orth
Stephen Smith and Sally Bedell Smith
Susan Spencer and Thomas Oliphant
Clarence and Virginia Thomas
Fred and Linda Wertheimer
George Will and Mari Maseng Will
Bob Woodward and Elsa Walsh

## The Legal World

Peter Angelos
Bob Barnett
Bob Bauer
Richard Ben-Veniste
Jonathan Blake
Roger Cossack
Lloyd Cutler
Lawrence Eagleburger
Leonard Garment
C. Boyden Gray
Mickey Kantor
Abbe Lowell
Charles Manatt
Abner Mikva
Ralph Nader
John Reilly
Brendan Sullivan
Lyn Utrecht

## BATTLESTAR BRITANNIA

Commander Tony Blair

Troops
Alistair Campbell
Phillip Gould
Peter Mandelson

## Coma Berenices: Berenice's Hair

**Constellation of talked-about hair**

Michael Beschloss
Joe Biden
Bill Clinton
Hillary Clinton
Dan Coats
Alfonse D'Amato
Sam Donaldson
Byron Dorgan
Rudolph Giuliani
Ira Magaziner
Barbara Mikulski
Bernard Sanders
Richard Shelby
Gordon Smith
Robert Smith
Arlen Specter
Strom Thurmond

## Pulsars

**Stars which vary in brightness**

Mario Cuomo
Jesse Jackson
Bill Moyers
Daniel Patrick Moynihan

## Libra

**The ultimate scales of justice**

The Supreme Court;
Panel for the appointment of independent counsels:
Judges John D. Butzner, Peter T. Fay, David Sentelle

## White Dwarf

**Extremely dense, giving off little light**

Sonny Bono
Michael Huffington
Joe Kennedy
Larry Pressler
Dan Quayle

## Falling Stars

George Allen
Barbara Boxer
The C.I.A.
Chris Dodd
The F.B.I. crime laboratory
Louis Freeh
The F Street Club
Parris Glendening
GOPAC
Phil Gramm
Lanny Johnson
Jack Kemp
Tanya Metaksa
Carol Moseley-Braun
Federico Peña
Sasha
*This Week with Cokie Roberts, Sam [illegible]*
[illegible]

## Boötes: The Herdsman

**Elder statesmen**

Howard Baker
James Baker
Lloyd Bentsen
Zbigniew Brzezinski
George Bush
Robert Byrd
Jimmy Carter
Warren Christopher
Lloyd Cutler
Gerald Ford
Milton Friedman
Barry Goldwater
Jeane Kirkpatrick
Henry Kissinger
Irving Kristol
George McGovern
George Mitchell
Walter Mondale
Paul Nitze
Brent Scowcroft
Robert Strauss
Jack Valenti
Cyrus Vance
Caspar Weinberger
Andrew Young

## A Planet Called Hope

Linda Bloodworth-Thomason and Harry Thomason
Dale Bumpers
Roger Clinton
Bruce Lindsey
Mack McLarty
Bob Nash
Rodney Slater
Mary Steenburgen
Patsy Thomasson
Billy Bob Thornton
James Lee Witt
Betsey Wright

## Hubble Space Telescope

**Washington watchdogs**

The Center for Media Studies (Robert Lichter)
The Center for Public Integrity (Chuck Lewis)
Citizen Action (Ralph Nader)
Common Cause (Ann McBride)
The Concord Coalition (Pete Peterson, Warren Rudman)
Democracy 21 (Fred Wertheimer)
National Rainbow PUSH Coalition (Jesse Jackson)
People for the American Way (Tom Andrews)

## Jesus Christ Superstar

**The Christian right**

Gary Bauer, Flip Benham, Charles Colson, Jerry Falwell, Orrin Hatch, Steve Largent, Ralph Reed, Pat Robertson, Phyllis Schlafly, Jay Sekulow, Randall Terry, Paul Weyrich, Don Wildmon

[illegible] stars held
[illegible] itation
[illegible] Jesse Helms
[illegible] s Tucker
[illegible]

## ASTEROID BELT: LOBBYISTS AND SPECIAL-INTEREST GR

**Planet-like rocks orbiting the sun, perpetually threatening collision**

## Ceres: The Biggest Asteroid in the Belt

Tommy Boggs

## Other Lobbyists

Haley Barbour and Ed Rogers
Charlie Black
Michael Boland and Peter Madigan
Gerry Cassidy
Tony Coelho
Ken Duberstein and Michael Berman
Dan Dutko and Gary Andres
Paul Manafort
Frank Mankiewicz
Lawrence O'Brien III and Nick Calio
Vin Weber
Anne Wexler

## The Most Powerful Special-Inter Groups in Washington

A.F.L.-C.I.O.
AFSCME
American Association of Retired Persons
American Farm Bureau Federation
The American Israel Public Affairs Commit
American Medical Association
The Association of Trial Lawyers of Americ
Christian Coalition
Concord Coalition
Fraternal Order of Police
Health Insurance Association of America
National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
National Education Association
National Federation of Independent Busin
National Governors Association
National Organization for Women
The National Rifle Association
National Right to Life Committee
National Taxpayers Union
Teamsters
U.S. Chamber of Commerce

## The Big Dippers

**Spreading their starbucks throughout the universe**

Dwayne Andreas
Michael Bloomberg
Edgar M. Bronfman Jr.
Anne Cox Chambers
Marvin Davis
Michael Eisner
Julie Finley
Max Fisher
David Geffen
Richard "Skip" Hayward
John Huang
Pauline Kanchanalak
Jeffrey Katzenberg
Ron Lauder
John Malone
Rupert and Anna Murdoch
Ronald Perelman
Steven Rattner and Maureen White
Felix Rohatyn
Bernard Schwartz
George Soros
Steven Spielberg
Carl Spielvogel and Barbaralee Diamonstein
Jackson Stephens
Maurice Tempelsman
Charlie Trie
Lew Wasserman

## 2000: A Space Odyssey

Lamar Alexander
Bill Bradley
Pat Buchanan
George Bush Jr.
Elizabeth Dole
John Engler
Steve Forbes
Richard Gephardt
Al Gore
Orrin Hatch
John Kasich
Jack Kemp
Bob Kerrey
John McCain
Colin Powell
Dan Quayle
Fred Thompson
Christine Todd Whitman

## Star 80s

Ronald and Nancy Reagan

## Public-Service Shuttle

**Pilots**

Elizabeth Dole (Red Cross)
Mark Gearan (Peace Corps)
Colin Powell (President's Summit for America's Future)
Carol Rasco (Read 2000)
Billy Shore (Share Our Strength)
Harris Wofford (Americorps)

## Yodas

Stephen Covey
Jean Houston
Tony Robbins
Marianne Williamson

Harold Ickes

## Space Statio

Army/Navy Coun
Capitol Grill
Capitol Hill Club
Cashion's Eat Pl
Columbia Countr
Domino's
The Four Season
Galileo
Georgia Brown's
Gerard's Place
The Hay-Adams
The Historic Geo
The Inn at Little
The Jefferson Ho
The Jockey Club
La Colline
Les Halles
The Monocle
Mr. K's
New Heights
Old Ebbitt Grill
The Oval Room
The Palm
Provence
Red Sage
Robert Trent Jon
Rupperts
Safeway superm
Wisconsin Ave
1789
Tournament Pla
at Avenel
Washington Spo
(Capitol Hill a
Avenue locati
The Willard Hot

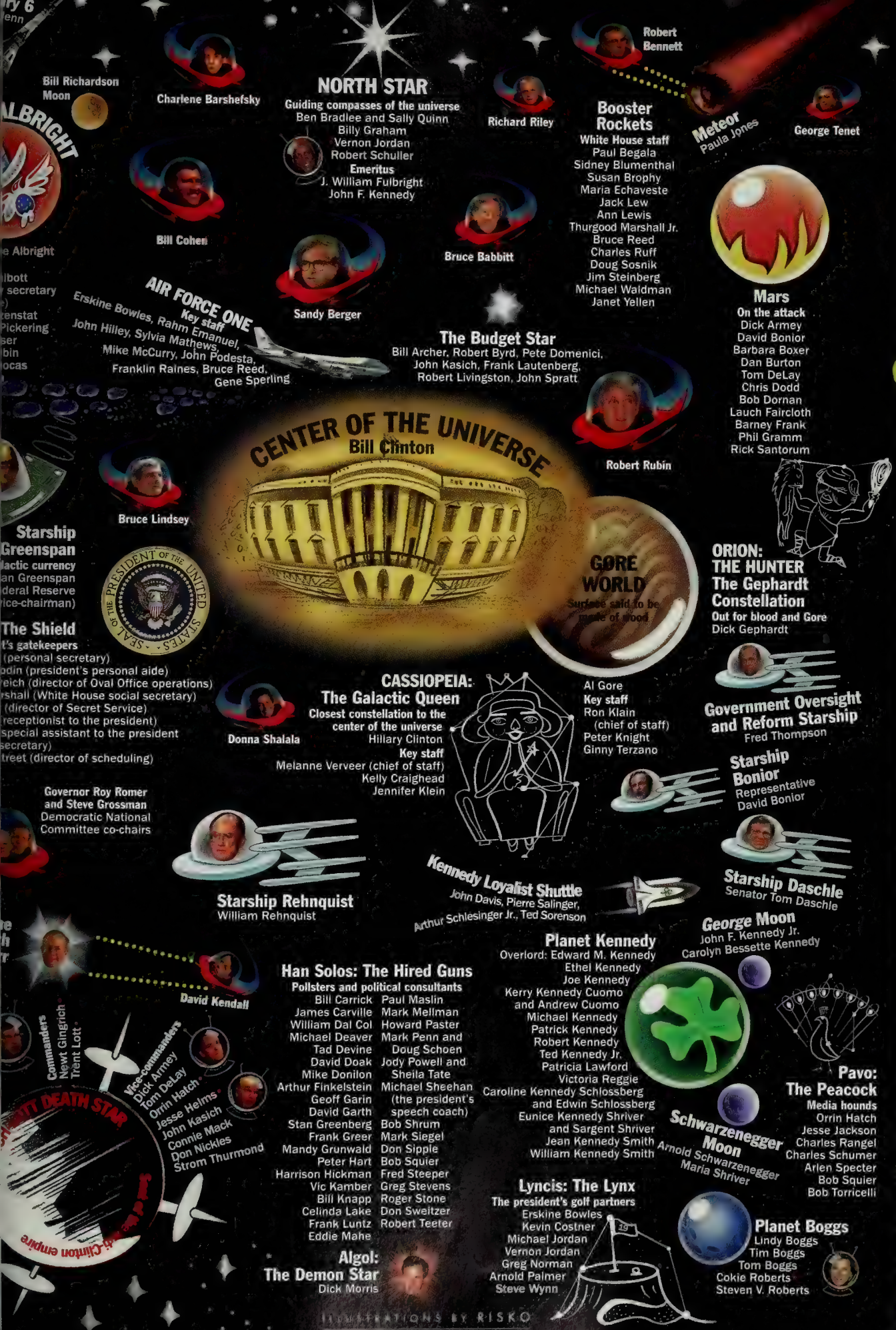
## A

**Conspiracy**

Robert
and Jo
Da
Jer
Bobby Ra
Larr
Ambrose Evans
Elliot Ri
Pierre
Oliv
Jim
R. Emme
Maxin


Neutron Stars
Collapsing stars which never achieved critical mass
Lamar Alexander
Joseph Biden
Pat Buchanan
Henry Cisneros
Geraldine Ferraro
John Glenn
Gary Hart
Tony Lake
Richard Lamm
Janet Reno
Chuck Robb
Rising Stars
Dennis Archer
Evan Bayh
George W. Bush Jr.
Jeb Bush
Andrew Cuomo
Mike Huckabee
John Kasich
Joseph Lieberman
Dan Lungren
Sylvia Mathews
Carolyn McCarthy
Ed Rendell
J. C. Watts
Adam Werbach
Christine Todd Whitman
Pluto
In the system but out of the loop
Jesse Brown
Bill Daley
Louis Freeh
Dan Glickman
Alexis Herman
Barry McCaffrey
Doris Meissner
Christopher Hitchens
Grover Norquist
Mary Louise Oates
Leon Wieseltier
Stanford Space Colony
Chelsea Clinton
George Shultz
Tabitha Soren
Quasars
Rare cosmic objects of high luminosity
John Chafee
Walter Cronkite
Billy Graham
Katharine Graham
Henry Hyde
Daniel Inouye
David Kessler
Colin Powell
Paul Sarbanes
Lost in Space
Off the intergalactic radar screen
Zoë Baird
Alan Blinder
The Contract with America
John Deutch
David Gergen
Lani Guinier
Ira Magaziner
David Mixner
N.E.A.
Bernard Nussbaum
Hazel O'Leary
William Perry
Pat Schroeder
James Stockdale
Orson Swindle
Susan Thomases
Douglas Wilder
Planet Hollywood
Jane Alexander
Alec Baldwin
Warren Beatty
Edgar Bronfman Jr.
Barry Diller
Michael Douglas
Richard Dreyfuss
Patricia Duff
Jane Fonda
David Geffen
Richard Gere
Marty Kaplan
Charlton Heston
Norman Lear
Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward
Edward James Olmos
Tim Robbins and Susan Sarandon
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Tom Selleck
Ron Silver
Steven Spielberg
Barbra Streisand
HOLLYWOOD
Phoenix
The constellation of comebacks
Marion Barry
Willie Brown
Rahm Emanuel
Ed Rollins
U.F.O.'s
What was that?
Marion Barry, Jerry Brown, Joycelyn Elders, Reed Irvine, Alan Keyes, Lyndon LaRouche, Sarah McClendon, Sun Myung Moon, Pierre Salinger, Morry Taylor, Richard Viguerie
Chamaeleon
The party switchers
Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell—D to R
Mayor Rudolph Giuliani—D to R
Representative Carolyn McCarthy—R to D
Representative Mike Parker—D to R
Senator Richard Shelby—D to R
Representative Billy Tauzin—D to R
Seti: The Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence
Strom Thurmond
Space Penal Colony
Mike Espy
Webster Hubbell
James Lake
Donald Lukens
James McDougal
Susan McDougal
Mel Reynolds
Dan Rostenkowski
Jim Guy Tucker
Joe Waldholtz
Fornax: Furnace
Hotheads
Bill Clinton
Jose D'Amato
John Dingell
Lindell Ford
George Miller
David Obey
James Schumer
Pete Stark
Joe Torricelli
Space Academies
Beauvoir
Georgetown University
George Washington University
House of Representatives Day Care Center
Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies
The Kennedy School
National Cathedral School
The Potomac School
St. Alban's
Sidwell Friends
The Woodrow Wilson School
Yale Law School
Space Colonies
Camp David
Chesapeake Bay (Eastern Shore, Rehoboth)
The Greenbrier
Hilton Head, S.C.
Martha's Vineyard
Middleburg, VA.
North Carolina Outer Banks
Skyline Drive
The Owl Nebula
Think tanks and thinkers
American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research (Robert Bork, Suzanne Garment, Norman Ornstein, William Schneider)
The Annenberg School for Communication (Kathleen Hall Jamieson)
The Brookings Institution (Henry Aaron, Barry Bosworth, Stephen Hess, Larry Korb, Thomas Mann, Robert Reischauer)
Cato Institute (Edward H. Crane, William A. Niskanen)
Center for National Policy (Maureen Steinbruner)
The Democratic Leadership Council & Progressive Policy Institute (Al From, Will Marshall, Robert Shapiro)
Economic Policy Institute (Jeff Faux)
The Heritage Foundation
The School of Public Affairs at the University of Maryland (William Galston)
The Urban Institute (Isabell Sawhill)
Hale-Bopp Comet
Infrequent but highly visible visitor which makes others act strangely
Ross Perot
Red Dwarf
Bernie Sanders
Supernovas
Overheated stars destined to shrink from inflated size
Laura Ingraham
Michael Lewis
THE MEDIA GALAXY
The Daily Planet
Owners Otis Chandler, Katharine Graham and Donald Graham, Arthur Sulzberger Sr. and Arthur Sulzberger Jr.
Editors The Washington Post: Len Downie, Meg Greenfield
The New York Times: Joseph Lelyveld, Michael Oreskes, Howell Raines, Eugene Roberts
The Wall Street Journal: Peter Kann, Alan Murray
Los Angeles Times: Shelby Coffey, Doyle McManus
Reporters Dan Balz, Richard Benedetto, James Bennet, Damon Chappie and Tim Curran, Adam Clymer, Susan Feeney, Michael K. Frisby, Ann Gerhart and Annie Groer, Terence Hunt, Al Kamen, Judy Keen, Howard Kurtz, Don Lambro, Dave Lauter, David Maraniss, Alison Mitchell, Bill Nichols, Robert Pear, David Schribman, Helen Thomas, Robin Toner, Curtis Wilkie Also C-SPAN, Early Bird, The Hotline
Solar Wind
Talk-radio hosts
Don Imus
G. Gordon Liddy
Mary Matalin
Oliver North
Howard Stern
Canes Venatici: Hunting Dogs
Investigators and muckrakers
Bachrach, Carl Bernstein, Peter Boyer, David Brock, Ron Brownstein, Connie Bruck, Jeanne Cummings, Frantz, Jane Fritsch, Jeff Gerth, Seymour Hirsch, Isikoff, Steve Labaton, Ruth Marcus, Jane Mayer, Ross, Gail Sheehy, John Solomon, James Stewart, Stewart Taylor Jr., Margaret Warner, Jacob Weisberg, Weisskopf, Marjorie Williams, Bob Woodward
Pundits
Fred Barnes, Michael Barone, Bob Beckel, Ken Bode, Hal Bruno, Margaret Carlson, Hodding Carter III, Eleanor Clift, Jonne Jr., Maureen Dowd, Michael Duffy, Susan Estrich, Howard Fineman, Thomas Friedman, Jack Germond, Paul Gigot, James Glassman, Ellen Goodman, Jeff Greenfield, Al Hunt, Michael Kinsley, Morton Kondracke, Michael Kramer, Charles Krauthammer, Bill Kristol, John Leo, Nackey Loeb, Mary McGrory, John McLaughlin, Jack Nelson, Bob Novak, Tom Oliphant, Clarence Page, Kevin Phillips, Wesley Pruden, Bill Schneider, Gerald Seib, Mark Shields, George Stephanopoulos, John Sununu, Evan Thomas, Ben Wattenberg, George Will, David Yepsen
Planet Pundit
Reed Hundt
Federal Communications Commission chairman
Canis Major: The Big Dogs
R. W. Apple Jr.
David Broder
Tom Brokaw
Peter Jennings
Larry King
Ted Koppel
Jim Lehrer
Dan Rather
Tim Russert
William Safire
Bernard Shaw and Judy Woodruff
Brian Williams
News chiefs
Roger Ailes
Andrew Hayward
Tom Johnson
Andrew Lack
David Westin
Magazine editors
James Fallows
Walter Isaacson
Michael Kelly
Maynard Parker
Martin Peretz
Charles Peters
Canis Minor: The Smaller Dogs
Wolf Blitzer
David Bloom
Rita Braver
John Cochran
Ann Compton
Candy Crowley
John Donvan
Brit Hume
Gwen Ifill
John King
Mark Knoller
Jim Miklaszewski
Andrea Mitchell
John Palmer
Scott Pelley
Bill Plante
Claire Shipman
Wormhole
Robert Novak
Cetus: The Whale
Rush Limbaugh
Big Crunch
Enemies
State troopers Ronnie Anderson, Ferguson, Larry Patterson, and Roger Perry
Brown and David Bossie
Cammarata and Gil Davis
Evans-Pritchard
Flowers
Jones
Klayman (Judicial Watch)
Lewis
Maloney
Parks
M. Scaife
Thomson
Tyrrell
Socialites
Susan Mary Alsop, Smith Bagley, Susan Baker, J. Carter Brown, Buffy Cafritz, Conrad Cafritz, Peggy Cooper Cafritz, Lynda Carter, Esther Coopersmith, Jos... Lucia Flecha de Lima, Teresa Heinz, Polly K... Thomas J. Murray and Anne Lathrop Liu, Jennif... Victoria Reggie, Catherine Steven... Strauss
Forbidden Planet
Burning Tree
Jefferson Hotel, Suite 205
XXX

HBO REQUESTS THE HONOUR
OF YOUR PRESENCE...


Bill Richardson
Moon
Charlene Barshefsky
NORTH STAR
Guiding compasses of the universe
Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn
Billy Graham
Vernon Jordan
Robert Schuller
Emeritus
J. William Fulbright
John F. Kennedy
Richard Riley
Robert Bennett
Booster Rockets
White House staff
Paul Begala
Sidney Blumenthal
Susan Brophy
Maria Echaveste
Jack Lew
Ann Lewis
Thurgood Marshall Jr.
Bruce Reed
Charles Ruff
Doug Sosnik
Jim Steinberg
Michael Waldman
Janet Yellen
Meteor
Paula Jones
George Tenet
Bill Cohen
Bruce Babbitt
Sandy Berger
AIR FORCE ONE
Key staff
Erskine Bowles, Rahm Emanuel,
John Hilley, Sylvia Mathews,
Mike McCurry, John Podesta,
Franklin Raines, Bruce Reed,
Gene Sperling
The Budget Star
Bill Archer, Robert Byrd, Pete Domenici,
John Kasich, Frank Lautenberg,
Robert Livingston, John Spratt
Mars
On the attack
Dick Armey
David Bonior
Barbara Boxer
Dan Burton
Tom DeLay
Chris Dodd
Bob Dornan
Lauch Faircloth
Barney Frank
Phil Gramm
Rick Santorum
CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE
Bill Clinton
Robert Rubin
Bruce Lindsey
Starship Greenspan
lactic currency
an Greenspan
deral Reserve
ice-chairman)
The Shield
t's gatekeepers
(personal secretary)
odin (president's personal aide)
eich (director of Oval Office operations)
rshall (White House social secretary)
(director of Secret Service)
receptionist to the president)
special assistant to the president
secretary)
treet (director of scheduling)
GORE WORLD
Surface said to be made of wood
Al Gore
Key staff
Ron Klain
(chief of staff)
Peter Knight
Ginny Terzano
ORION:
THE HUNTER
The Gephardt Constellation
Out for blood and Gore
Dick Gephardt
Government Oversight and Reform Starship
Fred Thompson
Starship Bonior
Representative
David Bonior
CASSIOPEIA:
The Galactic Queen
Closest constellation to the center of the universe
Hillary Clinton
Key staff
Melanne Verveer (chief of staff)
Kelly Craighead
Jennifer Klein
Donna Shalala
Governor Roy Romer
and Steve Grossman
Democratic National
Committee co-chairs
Starship Rehnquist
William Rehnquist
Kennedy Loyalist Shuttle
John Davis, Pierre Salinger,
Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Ted Sorenson
Starship Daschle
Senator Tom Daschle
George Moon
John F. Kennedy Jr.
Carolyn Bessette Kennedy
David Kendall
Commanders
Newt Gingrich
Trent Lott
Vice-commanders
Dick Armey
Tom DeLay
Orrin Hatch
Jesse Helms
John Kasich
Connie Mack
Don Nickles
Strom Thurmond
Han Solos: The Hired Guns
Pollsters and political consultants
Bill Carrick
James Carville
William Dal Col
Michael Deaver
Tad Devine
David Doak
Mike Donilon
Arthur Finkelstein
Geoff Garin
David Garth
Stan Greenberg
Frank Greer
Mandy Grunwald
Peter Hart
Harrison Hickman
Vic Kamber
Bill Knapp
Celinda Lake
Frank Luntz
Eddie Mahe
Paul Maslin
Mark Mellman
Howard Paster
Mark Penn and
Doug Schoen
Jody Powell and
Sheila Tate
Michael Sheehan
(the president's
speech coach)
Bob Shrum
Mark Siegel
Don Sipple
Bob Squier
Fred Steeper
Greg Stevens
Roger Stone
Don Sweltzer
Robert Teeter
Planet Kennedy
Overlord: Edward M. Kennedy
Ethel Kennedy
Joe Kennedy
Kerry Kennedy Cuomo
and Andrew Cuomo
Michael Kennedy
Patrick Kennedy
Robert Kennedy
Ted Kennedy Jr.
Patricia Lawford
Victoria Reggie
Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg
and Edwin Schlossberg
Eunice Kennedy Shriver
and Sargent Shriver
Jean Kennedy Smith
William Kennedy Smith
Schwarzenegger Moon
Arnold Schwarzenegger
Maria Shriver
Pavo:
The Peacock
Media hounds
Orrin Hatch
Jesse Jackson
Charles Rangel
Charles Schumer
Arlen Specter
Bob Squier
Bob Torricelli
Lyncis: The Lynx
The president's golf partners
Erskine Bowles
Kevin Costner
Michael Jordan
Vernon Jordan
Greg Norman
Arnold Palmer
Steve Wynn
Planet Boggs
Lindy Boggs
Tim Boggs
Tom Boggs
Cokie Roberts
Steven V. Roberts
Algol:
The Demon Star
Dick Morris
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C L A S S I C

# WHITNEY

## LIVE FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.

UNDAY, OCTOBER 5TH AT 9PM ET/PT*

HBO®

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# The Idol-Maker

## Francesco Scavullo's 50 years under the lights

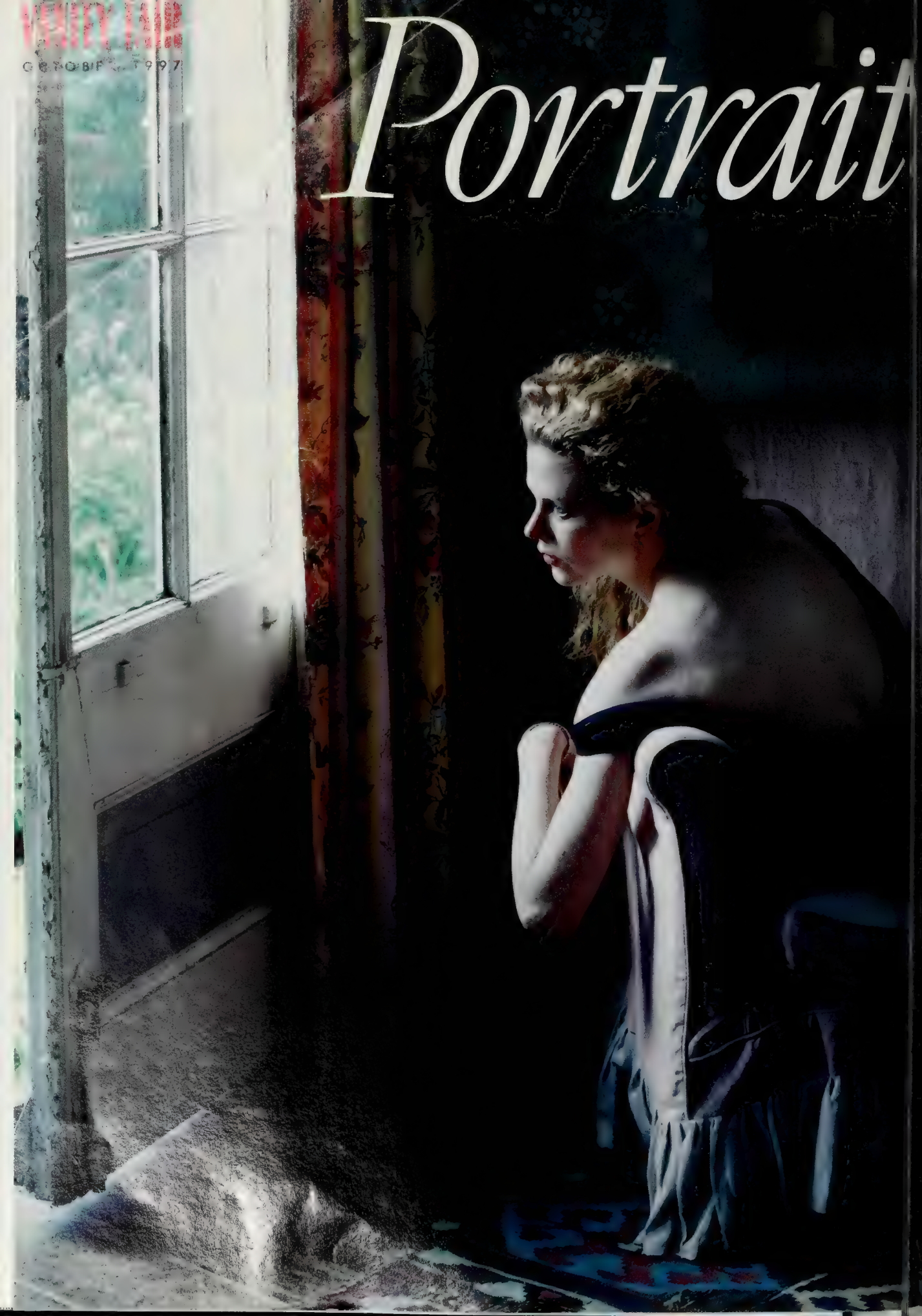
Court photographer to the 70s jet set and master of the fashion spread, Francesco Scavullo has glamorized the world's great names—everyone from Liz to Liza, Truman to Madonna, Calvin to Claudia. This year the man who apprenticed with Horst at *Vogue* and helped popularize the "Cosmo Girl" celebrates five decades with his Hasselblad and reveals to GEORGE WAYNE the secrets of the Scavullo Studio's marathon run.

**George Wayne:** *What does the* o *in Scavullo stand for?*
**Francesco Scavullo:** I don't know.
**G.W.** *I think it stands for "ordinary."*
**F.S.** I don't think I'm ordinary. I don't like ordinary things. I like simple, but not ordinary. I love beautiful women, and I love beautiful men. I've never wanted to destroy beauty. I've always just wanted to make it more beautiful.
**G.W.** *I know you've had a few nervous breakdowns, Francesco, but please don't have a fifth one before we get through our little chat.*
**F.S.** I don't have any, not anymore. Now I only have mini ones.
**G.W.** *Scavullo once said he knew in high school that he wanted to be a photographer. And you had your first magazine contract [at* Seventeen*] as a teenager. Did you ever look back and say, Gee, maybe I was a prodigy?*
**F.S.** Well, no, I just thought I was lucky. I was working in Horst's studio as an assistant when I was 16. I just thought I was lucky to be working for Horst.
**G.W.** *And by now you've photographed them all. From Liz to Liza to every supermodel. But didn't you have a famous feud with Raquel Welch?*
**F.S.** [*Muttering.*] I get on really well with Raquel Welch, but she is difficult. She wants the best out of herself. What usually happens with Raquel is she starts crying, and I put my arms around her and tell her everything is gonna be fine. And then we go put the clothes on her and we go to work.
**G.W.** *G.W.'s favorite Scavullo classic is that portrait of Diana Ross Unplugged. Simple hair, little makeup, T-shirt, and jeans. It was radical for the time.*
**F.S.** Diana Ross said she wanted a new look. And the only thing new we could do with Diana Ross was get rid of all the hair. Get rid of the makeup. I wanted to see her like the little urchin. I wanted to see her back to what she was before she added everything. So she threw on a pair of [the late supermodel] Gia's old jeans, and went to work. Once she saw the pictures, she didn't like them, really. Then she showed them to Cher. Cher said, "Girl, you've never looked so good," and then it became Diana Ross's favorite picture.
**G.W.** *Scavullo and Brooke Shields are forever linked.*
**F.S.** I met Brooke when she was seven months old. Everybody knows that story. I was doing an Ivory-soap commercial and all the babies were crying, and Nan Bush, my assistant at the time, said she had this hairdresser friend across the street with the most beautiful baby. I said, "Call her up immediately!" So, in comes Brooke Shields in her mother's arms, and she loved the camera. Even at seven months.
**G.W.** *There is a faction in fashion that pooh-poohs Scavullo. Irrational snobs who call him a minor talent. In other words, he's no Richard Avedon!*
**F.S.** [*Long pause.*] That I'm no Avedon? Certainly not! I'm Scavullo! I have been working for 50 years. And I've had a wonderful career, a wonderful time being a photographer. And I have a book coming out [*Scavullo: Photographs, 50 Years*] which highlights the 50 years of my photography! I have a style which I have developed, and I'm not going to change it every 15 minutes!
**G.W.** *Congratulations are in order, Mr. Scavullo! I think the one thing you still have to do is direct a music video.*
**F.S.** Thank you. But you know I directed Crystal Gayle's first album special for CBS. But these videos are too quick. I did think about directing films. I was very good friends with Luchino Visconti. And he once said to me, "If you really want to direct movies, come to Europe and be an assistant director on my next film." I would have had to take a year off, and I thought about it. But then I said, "If I took a year off, no one would remember who I am when I got back to New York, and this studio would be useless."


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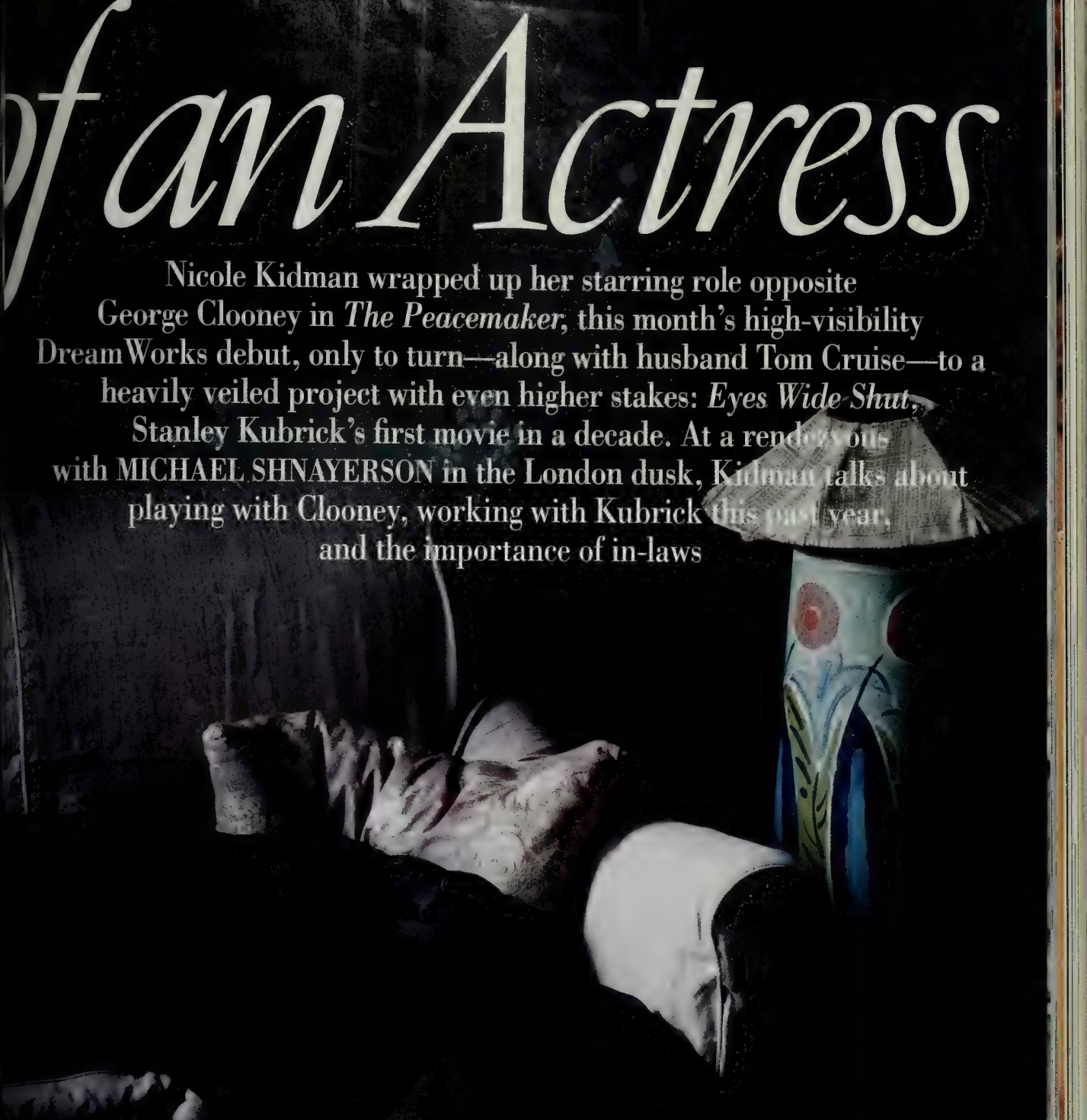
VANITY FAIR
OCTOBER 1997

# Portrait



# of an Actress

Nicole Kidman wrapped up her starring role opposite George Clooney in *The Peacemaker*, this month's high-visibility DreamWorks debut, only to turn—along with husband Tom Cruise—to a heavily veiled project with even higher stakes: *Eyes Wide Shut*, Stanley Kubrick's first movie in a decade. At a rendezvous with MICHAEL SHNAYERSON in the London dusk, Kidman talks about playing with Clooney, working with Kubrick this past year, and the importance of in-laws



**WOMAN LIT BY MORNING LIGHT**

Nicole Kidman at Charleston, the former home of Vanessa Bell and Duncan Grant, near Firle, Lewes, East Sussex, England, July 24, 1997. Because she wants to spend more time with her children—Isabella, four, and Connor, two—Kidman plans to limit herself to one film a year. Her next project is Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, to be performed at a small theater in her hometown of Sydney, Australia.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ; STYLED BY NICOLETTA SANTORO

The time: seven P.M. on a Friday, late July. The place: a woodsy park 20 miles southwest of London. The entry path is deserted, disconcertingly so, since I've been left here with the promise that I'll be met by one of the world's most ravishing film actresses.

Twenty minutes later a small, nondescript car pulls up to the path. The woman who extricates herself from the driver's side, unaccompanied, is as tall as reputed—five feet ten inches—though in no other way consistent with her screen image. Her characters are chilly and brisk, alluring but distant. Nicole Kidman has sparkling, friendly eyes and offers a hearty handshake: she's an Aussie girl, unpretentious and ready for fun. Her characters rarely smile; offscreen Kidman is given to a musical, lingering laugh you want to provoke again and again. Most unexpectedly, as we set off into the park for a leisurely stroll, I can't help but notice that Kidman—coolly sensual leading lady, the thinking man's fantasy figure—is a bit duckfooted in her old-fashioned black-and-white Converse sneakers. All in all, she's much less siren, more blithe spirit, than I expected.

"You know, I almost died last night," she says cheerfully while I'm pondering this. "And it's all your fault!"

From her tightly scheduled life, Kidman has wrung two days for *Vanity Fair*. Annie Leibovitz has spent the first day photographing her at Charleston, the farmhouse that belonged to Virginia Woolf's sister Vanessa Bell. Since Leibovitz also needed the afternoon of the next day to do a cover shot, the plan was for Kidman to fly home by helicopter, get a good night's sleep, and tuck the interview in on the morning of the second day. But after the chopper took off, the already bad weather grew worse; the pilot narrowly avoided a set of power lines and was forced to make an emergency landing in a remote area. Some startled farmer opened his door to a bedraggled international film star asking if she could please use the phone to call for a car. Kidman didn't get home until one A.M., so she slept in late to be ready for the cover shot—not that the woman has a discernible line on her peaches-and-cream complexion. Which is why, with the last light of the second day rapidly fading, we've embarked on our walk. And why it's all my fault. Though even now Kidman has barely managed to get away. "I said, 'I really have to go because it's going to be dark, and it's a little dangerous in that park at night, frankly,'" Kidman says. "I asked them, 'Is he a strong man? Has he done any self-defense?'"

And again her musical laughter fills the air.

On September 26 one of the reasons Kidman's been so busy reaches the screen amid considerable curiosity. *The Peacemaker,* a nuclear thriller that also stars George Clooney, is the debut movie from DreamWorks, issuing forth after a three-year gestation during which the triumvirate of Steven Spielberg, David Geffen, and Jeffrey Katzenberg spent gobs of their own and others' money establishing the first new major Hollywood studio in decades, for features, animation, TV shows, music, and interactive. A lot of pride is on the line, which makes the casting choices for *The Peacemaker* that much more intriguing. Clooney and Kidman, though much admired, their stars on the rise, are not yet members of that small, select club of Hollywood Bankables. The director, Mimi Leder, won an Emmy for her work on *ER*. But *The Peacemaker* is her first feature.

Happily for DreamWorks, the film succeeds both as high-level entertainment and as a haunting reminder of how violence breeds terrorism. Based on reporting *Vanity Fair* contributing editors Andrew and Leslie Cockburn did for the magazine, it starts with a riveting nighttime heist, somewhere in the former Soviet Union, from a train carrying nuclear warheads, and roars on from there at a breathtaking clip. Kidman and Clooney are the U.S. military types who fly over to wrest the warheads from the Bosnian terrorists to whom they were sold. When a lone detonator gets smuggled into Manhattan, back they come on its trail. Kidman is the stern, by-the-book bureaucrat, Clooney the roguish colonel who's assigned to be her partner and who starts by making a fool of her at a department briefing. As their mutual loathing gives way to more complex emotions, the story, suspenseful enough as it is, begins to snap with subtle sexual tension.

Clooney was more than happy, when Spielberg asked him, to sign on to *The Peacemaker.* He liked the script and, needless to say, he was flattered Spielberg, more to the point, co produces *ER.* Leder seemed right no only because she'd worked with Clooney but also because she'd mas terfully directed the jumpy, deliberately rough Steadicam sequences that fol low *ER*'s action for minutes at a time the terrorist on busy New York streets evading hundreds of cops as he heads toward the U.N. with a nuclear deto nator in his backpack, was perfec Steadicam material.

"I was the one who then cast Nicole," Leder says. "I knew that the charac ter is smart and precise in the wa she goes about finding who the ter rorist is, and that's how I saw Nicole smart and precise, both in the wa she tackles a role and the way she lives her life."

Clooney had never worked with Kid man, and he worried about that. "Th thing of it is that I was doing *On Fine Day* [the romantic comedy re leased last Christmas]. Five days lat er, I started *The Peacemaker.* So n rehearsal time! What we had to d was immediately, the two of us, jus get along. Be friends!"

To Clooney's relief, Kidman mad it easy. "She's none of the things a fa mous actress could be," he says. H noticed the laugh right off. And h saw that she was about "pure har work." "I'd just worked with Michell [Pfeiffer]. They're similar in that sense never a false word out of their mouths You never think they're acting! And yo forget that, through everything, Nicol has to do an American accent." Clooney who saw the finished film just a fe days before we speak, is delighted-

*"She's none of e things a famous actress could be," says George Clooney.*



**WOMAN IN WICKER CHAIR WITH CHESTNUTS**

**Kidman was so eager to work with director Stanley Kubrick that she would have accepted her role in *Eyes Wide Shut* without seeing the script. Of the long shoot she says, "He really is a genius at all the possibilities. And the kind of [illegible] that I am, I [illegible]"**

maybe more than he thought he'd be. "This movie kicks ass. And Nicole is just great. To play a government official and be a pretty girl, it's a tough sell. But she really does it."

"If she'd been a bumbling fool, which is how these characters are usually drawn, it might have been difficult," Kidman says as we walk along. "But I quite liked that she was right most of the time." For that, having a woman director definitely helped. "[Leder] wanted both the female and male characters to be wrong sometimes and right sometimes. And it was a working relationship, not about some romance, and I liked that about it, too." But also, she later admits, "I was offered it right after I did *The Portrait of a Lady,* and that was the hardest film I ever made—emotionally—so this was my way of going to have some fun. I wanted not to have to work every day, and to be able to go out at night and dance, and go drinking with George. And that's what we did!"

*The Portrait of a Lady* is still a bit of a sore point. Kidman came to it fresh off her much-praised performance in *To Die For,* as a brutally ambitious weather girl. The stylish black comedy had ended her streak of mostly humdrum roles in big-budget Hollywood films (*Billy Bathgate, Days of Thunder*); it had forced critics to see her not just as Mrs. Tom Cruise. Under the guidance of *The Portrait of a Lady*'s New Zealand–born director, Jane Campion, for whom Kidman had always wanted to work (and nearly had, in Campion's film-school short, at the tender age of 14, until exams intervened), Kidman plunged into the emotional abyss of her character, Isabel Archer, with fierce abandon. Throughout the shooting, she even wore a corset, to feel what Archer would have felt as she hewed to the 19th-century standard of an hourglass figure. Her performance stirred talk of an Oscar nomination, but the film was judged by most critics to be an absurdly mannered indulgence.

"It was hard when people criticized it," Kidman says. "The film meant a lot. But as a person, it's good to go through, too, I suppose. You hope it's going to be wonderful and everyone will love it, and then that doesn't happen and . . . that's O.K. I still love the film, and am very proud of it." Does the criticism confound her? "It doesn't confound me. Sometimes I did feel, Oh, that hurt. But at the other end of the spectrum, in the theater you stand up there every night not knowing if they're going to clap or boo. . . . You can get booed off the stage! And that's the worst thing that can happen to you, but once you get through that, you realize this is all part of the process of being an actor."

Only in that spirit of artistic growth, I have to assume, have Kidman and Cruise spent most of the last year shooting the mysterious, much-anticipated film called *Eyes Wide Shut* for the legendary director Stanley Kubrick at Pinewood Studios, a short drive from where we're walking. Most movies wrap in two months; most movie stars sign contracts that enforce a strict end-of-shooting date, so they can get on to the next movie. For *Eyes Wide Shut,* both Cruise and Kidman signed open-ended contracts, agreeing to work until Kubrick, a notorious perfectionist, said he was done. Cruise, at between $15 and $20 million a film, is probably the world's most bankable star; Kidman's salary is modest by comparison but hardly shabby. The financial sacrifice they've made to devote almost a year to Kubrick is many times more than most of us will earn in a lifetime.

"But you don't think that way artistically!" Kidman says as we turn onto another path. "I mean, if you do think artistically, which we do."

Thinking artistically means that when you get a fax from the world's most reclusive director asking you to be in his first movie in a decade, you just say yes. "Well, we read the script," Kidman says, which Kubrick had written. "But I would have agreed to do it even if he hadn't shown it to me." Virtually every director for whom Kidman has worked admired Kubrick's work. She had seen and enjoyed *2001: A Space Odyssey, Lolita, Paths of Glory,* and *The Shining,* among others. ("When I saw *The Shining,* I was

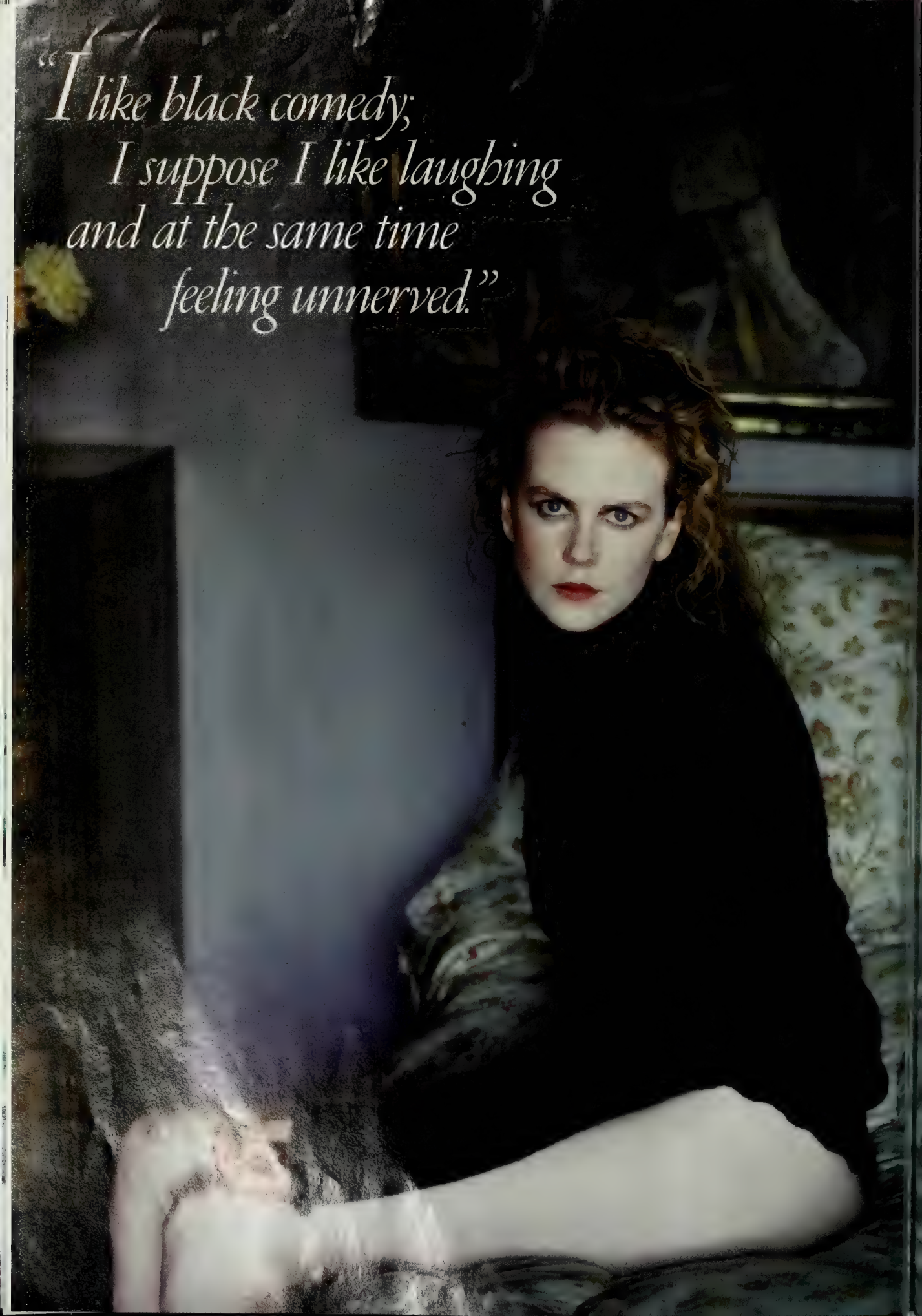




WOMAN IN FLIGHT ON HORSEBACK

Her hobbies go beyond horseback riding. Kidman and her husband, Tom Cruise, have been known to do aerobatics in their Aviat Pitts biplane, and Nicole also likes to skydive on occasion. "I've been out doing arabesques on the wing," she claims.

*"The Peacemaker was my way of having fun. I wanted to go out at night and dance."*


"I like black comedy;
I suppose I like laughing
and at the same time
feeling unnerved."



**LADY WITH EYES WIDE OPEN**

**Kidman's much-admired performances in *To Die For* and *The Portrait of a Lady* (which she calls "the hardest film I ever made—emotionally") have earned her increasing respect as an actress. George Clooney, who stars with her in *The Peacemaker*, says Nicole is also "very hard-working."**

making out with my boyfriend, though, so I don't remember a lot of the movie. I'd just been roller-skating." She was 14 at the time.) *Dr. Strangelove* was her favorite. "I like black comedy; I suppose I like laughing and at the same time feeling unnerved, and it's such a hard thing to do."

Commitments made, Cruise and Kidman met Kubrick for the first time over dinner at his house. "I was thinking, Is he really going to want me in his film?" Kidman recalls. "He'll see me and say, 'No way!'" But Kubrick and his wife were warm hosts; by the end of the evening, the director had sat Kidman down at his new Apple computer and was showing her its marvels.

*Eyes Wide Shut* is about sexual obsession and jealousy. Beyond that, no one outside the cast and crew appears to know a thing, thanks to the director's insistence on a strict code of secrecy. Early on, a Scottish newspaper reported that Kidman plays a sex psychologist hooked on heroin who's being stalked. Kidman says that's "absolutely wrong," but refuses to elaborate. Women in Kubrick's films, when they appear at all, have been a motley lot—think of Shelley Duvall in *The Shining,* or the woman who gets raped in *A Clockwork Orange,* or Shelley Winters as the mother in *Lolita*—and the director has been subject to charges of misogyny. But Kidman says her own character is, as far as she can tell, a fully rounded figure. The misogyny rap, she adds, is unfair. "I don't think there are many sympathetic male characters in his work, either," she observes of Kubrick. "He portrays humans without sugarcoating them."

As shooting got under way last fall, stories swirled that Kubrick was in despotic form—calling for 98 takes when 10 might do, running everybody ragged. Harvey Keitel, who was reportedly cast as the stalker, left the production soon after it began. Keitel, asked to explain the incident, issues a terse "No comment," but Kidman says he left amicably amid scheduling problems, to be replaced by Sydney Pollack. Though best known as a director and producer, Pollack has given some fine performances (*Tootsie,* CONTINUED ON PAGE 367



# MISSING INN



**CONCERNED PARENTS**

**John and Patsy Ramsey have offered a reward for finding the murderer of JonBenet, *opposite*, and have put friends under suspicion, but they are still a main focus of the police investigation.**

# CENCE

The Christmas-night murder of six-year-old beauty-pageant winner JonBenet Ramsey in Boulder, Colorado, shocked the country and turned her millionaire parents, John and Patsy, into suspects. With sources deep inside the investigation and among Ramsey relatives and friends, ANN LOUISE BARDACH reveals the story behind the dreadful crime and the bitter split between the D.A.'s office and the police department

Patrol Officer Richard French got to the home of John and Patsy Ramsey in the tony neighborhood adjacent to Chautauqua Park in Boulder, Colorado, within seven minutes of Patsy Ramsey's 911 call reporting that their six-year-old daughter, child-beauty-pageant winner JonBenet, had been kidnapped. It was 5:52 A.M. on December 26, and the distraught and weeping mother, a former Miss West Virginia and Miss America contender, let French in. "John Ramsey directed me through the house and pointed out a three-page handwritten note which was laid on the wooden floor just west of the kitchen area," French reported. Subsequently, French told colleagues that he had been struck by how differently the two parents were reacting. While John Ramsey, cool and collected, explained the sequence of events to him, Patsy Ramsey sat in an overstuffed chair in the sunroom, sobbing. Something seemed odd to French, and later he would recall how the grieving mother's eyes stayed riveted on him. He remembered her gaze, and her awkward attempt to conceal it—peering at him through splayed fingers held over her eyes.

Seven hours later, the strangled, bludgeoned body of the child was found in a storage room in the basement. French told fellow officers that he felt awful that he had not discovered it himself in his search of the house. For months he berated himself as he relived every moment of his hours there. While Patsy had wept inconsolably, a dry-eyed John Ramsey had paced incessantly. Later, French recalled that the couple had barely spoken to or looked at each other. Though they were faced with the most calamitous tragedy of their lives, he did not see them console each other. But it was the image of Patsy weeping and watching him that haunted French, especially after he learned that she had been sitting directly over the spot—less than 15 feet below—where her child's body lay.

The Ramseys, with JonBenet and their son, Burke, had had Christmas dinner at the home of their best friends, Priscilla and Fleet White Jr., a mile or so away. After Ramsey had moved his computer company from Atlanta, Georgia, to Boulder, in 1991, the Whites and the Ramseys found that they had much in common. Fleet White was also a successful tycoon, in the oil business. Both couples enjoyed sailing and had six-year-old girls with older brothers. Neither Patsy nor Priscilla worked, but both were committed volunteers. When John Ramsey had decided to throw his wife a surprise 40th-birthday party a month earlier, on November 30, he turned to Priscilla to organize the event at the swank Brown Palace in Denver.

According to police reports, the Ramseys arrived home from the Whites' about 10 P.M. At 5:55 A.M. the Whites were awakened by John Ramsey, who told them to hurry right over. By 6:20 the Whites were there, joined by other friends, John and Barbara Fernie, and later by the Ramseys' minister, Father Rol Haverstock. Several uniformed policemen assisted Rick French until 8:10 A.M., when Detective Linda Arndt arrived. Arndt's supervisor, Detective Sergeant Larry Mason, would get to the house later that day. The initial team assumed that the troubled, affluent couple were victims, not potential murder suspects. They even summoned two victim advocates to the house to comfort them. Arndt in particular, who was described by fellow officers as having "bonded" with Patsy Ramsey, made several critical and possibly irreparable errors in judgment.

The ransom note warned the couple not to contact the police but to await a phone call between 8 and 10 that morning. Arndt wrote in her report that "between 10:30 and noon, John Ramsey left the house to pick up the family mail," which she later saw him open and read. At one P.M., when no call had come, Arndt asked Ramsey and Fleet White to follow her to the kitchen. An investigator describes the scene: "She said, 'I want you to search this house. From top to bottom.' She had barely finished speaking when John Ramsey bolted from the kitchen and headed down to the basement. Fleet White told us that Ramsey went directly to a small broken window on the north side of the house and paused. Fleet said to Ramsey, 'Hey, John, look at this.' And John said, 'Yeah, I broke it last summer.' He wanted Fleet to see the window to set up an intruder theory, but no one but a small child or midget could have crawled though that space. While Fleet is looking at the window, John disappears down the hall directly to the little room where the body is. It's a huge basement with a lot of rooms and corridors, but Ramsey went directly to that room. He screamed, and Fleet ran to him." White had previously peered into that windowless storage room but had not seen the body.

Lying on the cement floor was the lifeless JonBenet, dressed in a white knit shirt and long underwear. There was duct tape over her mouth. A garrote made of white cord and broken artist's paintbrush handle was around her throat, and there was cord around her right wrist. The body was covered with a white blanket from her bed. Nearby was her red "pageant nightgown," described by a relative as "her favorite possession." Ramsey yanked the tape from her mouth, and, according to the investigator, "holding her with both hands around her at the waist, the way you would hold a doll," carried her upstairs and laid her on the hardwood floor in the living room. "What was interesting was when Ramsey brought the body upstairs he never cried," related a source present at the time. "But when he laid her down, he started to moan, while peering around to see who was looking at him." Linda Arndt lifted the child from the floor and placed her alongside the Christmas tree. "Patsy collapsed right on top of JonBenet," said the source, "and then she got

n her knees and screamed, 'Jesus, ou raised Lazarus from the dead. lease raise my baby!'" Arndt asked ather Rol to gather everyone into a ircle around the child and lead them a prayer. Numb with grief and orror, they bowed their heads and aid the Lord's Prayer.

The following evening, at the Fernies' house in south Boulder, Linda Arndt approached John Ramsey, but Ramsey's lawyer friend Mike Bynum cut off the conversation, telling rndt that legal advisers had been re-ined to speak for the Ramseys. The ext day the police were informed at the Ramseys had nothing more say and would answer no further uestions.

Although John Ramsey was a life-ng conservative Republican, he rned to Haddon, Morgan & Fore-an, a law firm almost synonymous th Colorado's Democratic political achine. "Take a look at their of-es here in Denver," says Chuck reen, a columnist at *The Denver Post,* ferring to the gated mansion that uses the firm. "Then take a walk er to the Governor's Mansion a w blocks away and tell me which e is bigger, and I'll tell you which e is more powerful." During the 70s d 80s, Hal Haddon ran Gary Hart's mpaigns for senator and was an viser on his presidential campaign. addon became known as a power oker and kingmaker, and had a putation for socializing with clients ch as Hunter S. Thompson. Gov-nor Roy Romer, former governor chard Lamm, and Congressman vid Skaggs are all political allies Haddon's, as is Alex Hunter, Boul-'s longtime district attorney. Had-n's partners, Bryan Morgan and e Foreman, by arguing a con-



L SMILES

e Ramseys pose ome in Boulder for r 1996 Christmas d with JonBenet Burke, seated, John's children n his first rriage, Melinda John Andrew.

**"On a ratio of 12 to 1, child murders are committed by parents or a family member," says F.B.I. veteran Gregg McCrary.**







**COLORADO JUSTICE**

*Left to right:* Boulder district attorney Alex Hunter and police chief Tom Koby; Priscilla and Fleet White, cast as suspects by the Ramseys; the headquarters of Haddon, Morgan & Foreman, the Ramsey lawyers.

troversial intruder theory, won an acquittal in the celebrated 1980 trial of Lee Bibb Lindsley, who was accused of murdering her husband, a prominent Colorado pediatrician.

Ramsey decided that his wife should have her own lawyers, and he retained Patrick Burke and Patrick Furman. Within a week of the murder, a media consultant named Pat Korten was also brought aboard, later to be replaced by Rachelle Zimmer and Laurie Wagner. In July, Denver's premier publicist, Charles Russell, was added to the payroll. In addition to his lawyers' team of private investigators, Ramsey retained the Denver firm of H. Ellis Armistead, as well as a former F.B.I. criminal profiler and two handwriting analysts. After the police tried to question Ramsey's first wife in Atlanta, he also hired a lawyer there named James Jenkins.

Comparisons are inevitably made to O. J. Simpson, but John Ramsey is far wealthier. And unlike the Simpson Dream Team, Ramsey's lawyers have sought invisibility. (Ironically, two Simpson defenders, Barry Scheck and forensic scientist Henry Lee, have made themselves available to the Boulder D.A.—some say in an effort to refurbish their post-Simpson image.) The one press conference Haddon's team has permitted the Ramseys, in the Boulder Marriott on May 1, was so elaborately orchestrated that it was called the "Ramsey infomercial" by Denver talk-radio host Peter Boyles. The Ramsey team of lawyers and publicists stood against a back wall, but the selected reporters had agreed not to question them.

It was not the first time that a carefully packaged appearance had backfired. On Sunday, January 5, media consultant Pat Korten had arranged to have television crews outside St. John's Episcopal Church in Boulder. During the service, "there was a special handout—personalized for the Ramsey family, offering prayers for them," says a parishioner who was present. "We were appalled, because a lot of people had qualms about believing them by then." Outside the church was a throng of photographers waiting to capture a sobbing Patsy, exiting on the arm of Barbara Fernie. "They totally used the church as a photo opportunity," says the parishioner.

The Ramseys' appearance on CNN in Atlanta on January 1 had also raised questions. Why would a grieving couple go on national television while refusing to speak to the police? What did John Ramsey mean by saying, "I don't know if it was an attack on me, on my company . . . "?

Eight months after the murder—to the bafflement of the public, the F.B.I., and the police—Haddon's team has been singularly successful in dissuading Boulder D.A. Alex Hunter from filing charges. "The public perception—whether true or not—is that Hal Haddon can knock out Alex Hunter blindfolded with his hands tied behind his back," says columnist Chuck Green. Hunter's team is led by trial attorney Peter Hofstrom, a former prison guard at San Quentin who has worked with Hunter for 23 years; Trip DeMuth, Hofstrom's handsome assistant; and Lou Smit, a retired homicide detective. The police followed up their initial ineptitude by rapidly assembling a group of six experienced detectives. Led by Tom Wickman, they were Ron Gosage, Jane Harmer, Melissa Hickman, Steve Thomas, and Tom Trujillo. Hofstrom's and Wickman's teams are supposed to be working together in their high-security war room, but trust between the two was quickly shattered.

Peter Boyles, whose daily coverage of the Ramsey case has won him national celebrity, has an admittedly personal interest. Pioneer talk-radio host Alan Berg, his "best friend and mentor," was gunned down in 1984 by neo-Nazi thugs. Ramsey lawyers Pat Burke and Lee Foreman represented two of the accused. Boyles says that Alex Hunter, whom he calls Monty Hall (of *Let's Make a Deal* fame) "has never met a criminal he thinks is fit for jail." Chuck Green, who calls Hunter "Mr. Plea Bargain," has savaged his office as "the Hunter-Ramsey team."

During a three-hour interview with me in June, Alex Hunter, an affable man of 6[illegible] acknowledged that much of the Ramseys' postmurder behavior was unusual. "No question about it. They lawyered up early on," he said. "Normally, it is true, such victims throw themselves at the police and district attorney, offering and begging for information. The fact that they do not cooperate is most compelling, but it is not real evidence."

Hunter asked me if I knew that Patsy Ramsey was a college graduate and had talent as a painter. He passed on the information that "she ran the science fair" at her son's school, and that she had impressed lawyers with her outspokenness when she served on a recent jury. "She was fused with [JonBenet]," said Hunter. "It was more than mere love." As for John Ramsey, whom he referred to as an "ice man," he wondered aloud whether "someone as smart as Ramsey would write such





**SOUTHERN COMFORT**

The Ramseys have left Boulder and bought this $700,000 home in Vinings, Georgia. *Far left,* the 1993 Access Graphics Christmas party: seated, Melinda, John, and Patsy Ramsey, Kathy Merrick; standing, Tom Carson, Jim and Jeane Marino, Jeff Merrick.

ng note." Toward the end of our lk, he said, "These are not bad eople," then hastily added, "Of ourse, we know that good people an do bad things."

When I asked Hunter whether pres-ure from the Haddon team had got-en to him, he said, "I'm in the first ear of my seventh term and have ero interest in running for state dog-atcher or congressman . . . so this busi-ess about me sinking my political ortune is nonsense. . . . I don't feel ny intimidation." However, one in-der says that Hunter "is twice re-oved from the case," and Hunter dmits that he depends on Peter Hof-rom for his information. "He's the ne that's keeping me advised. . . . He's hat I consider to be the lead guy."

Which, some say, is the problem. he burly Hofstrom is an old friend several of the Ramseys' lawyers, nd he often socializes with Had-on's partner Bryan Morgan. Con-onted by police officials about such seeming impropriety, Hofstrom re-ortedly fumed, "I'm not stopping y breakfasts with Bryan. I've known m for 20 years." Patrick Burke, ne of Patsy's lawyers, has also been ghted, says an investigator, "stand-g at the door of the off-limits war om," chatting with Hofstrom and eMuth. And when investigators fi-lly coaxed the Ramsey team into ving its clients provide handwrit-g samples, it was done not at the lice station but at Hofstrom's house, s if it were a goddamn afternoon a." Assisting Hofstrom is retired tective Lou Smit, described by nter as an "ace" and "the fox," t by his critics in the police de-rtment as "a delusional old man." nit quickly came to believe that the mseys were "good Christians," in-pable of committing such a crime.

Both D.A. and police sources say that it was Hofstrom who argued to provide the Ramseys with copies of their original statements and police reports if they would sit down and talk with the police. These actions prompted a firestorm of criticism from legal experts. (The district attorney's office, the Ramsey legal team, and the Boulder police have all refused numerous requests for responses to this story.)

**"They asked me to take a polygraph," says former Ramsey friend Jeff Merrick. "I said, 'Sure. No problem. As soon as John Ramsey takes one.'"**

One day in early July, I was contacted by a source with firsthand knowledge of the investigation. I arranged to meet with him in a parking lot outside Boulder. Edgy and fearful, he said he was speaking to me only as a last resort. He said that a flow of privileged, confidential information critical to a case against the Ramseys has been leaked from the D.A.'s office to the Ramseys' lawyers with the efficiency of a sieve. He said that the Ramseys have been provided with copies of all "the most sensitive and critical police and detective reports" as well as reproductions of both the ransom note and the "practice" note found the same day. Haddon's team even persuaded Hofstrom and Hunter to give them "private viewings" of the original ransom notes and "the actual ligature and garrote." "The Ramseys' best defense attorneys are right inside Hunter's office," he mumbled bitterly.

The sharing of such information, says famed 25-year F.B.I. veteran Gregg McCrary, "is unprecedented and unprofessional and an obstruction of justice. It's criminal. . . . It's possible you could make a case for prosecutorial malfeasance. It completely compromises the investigation." On January 4, one of the Ramseys' private investigators left a message on McCrary's answering machine asking him to join their team as a profiler. McCrary had his secretary call to decline, he says, "because, on a ratio of 12 to 1, child murders are committed by parents or a family member. In this case, you also have an elaborate 'staging'—the ransom note, the placement of the child's body—and I have never in my career seen or heard about a staging where it was not a family murder—or someone very close to the family. Just the note alone told me the kill-

er was in the family, or close to it."

According to the confidential source, an unedited tape of the Ramseys' January 1 CNN appearance in Atlanta, which had been obtained by a court order in March, was also handed over to Haddon's office. But Hofstrom turned down repeated police requests to subpoena records of the Ramseys' toll phone calls and credit-card purchases.

The source also explained the delay in the Ramsey police interviews. The Ramseys' lawyers had initially demanded that Patsy and John be interviewed at the same time, that the interview not exceed 90 minutes, that all previous police statements made by the Ramseys and others be provided to them, and that Pete Hofstrom be present throughout. "The F.B.I. came in and looked at the demand list given to the D.A. from the Ramseys and said, 'No way. You are not doing this interview.'" Early on, the police had invited the F.B.I. to assist, but, according to the source, the D.A.'s team "disregarded everything the F.B.I. expert suggested. . . . The D.A. blew up with the police, but they canceled and endured the wrath of the media, the Ramseys, and the D.A.'s office. And the F.B.I. stood up for them." According to McCrary, "If there's a tutorial on how *not* to conduct an interview, this would be it."

The interview finally took place on April 30, four months after the murder. After being pounded for refusing to cooperate with the police, the Ramseys gave in to separate interviews, but they held fast to their demand for a copy of the entire police file and the presence of Hofstrom. Patrick Burke and one of his private investigators sat next to Patsy, who answered questions for six and a half hours. John Ramsey was accompanied by Bryan Morgan and another private investigator for his 90-minute session. The questioning was conducted by Detectives Tom Trujillo and Steve Thomas.

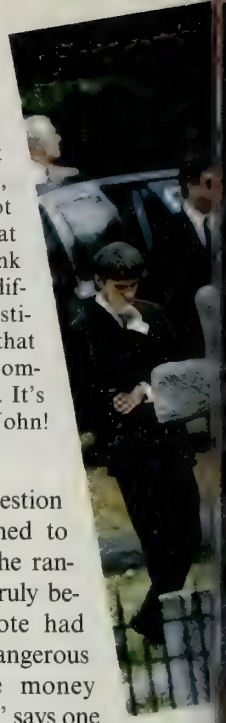
Prior to the Ramsey interviews, a show-and-tell presentation had been arranged by the Ramsey lawyers to convince Hunter that their clients had not written the ransom note. According to police reports, Patsy had given two accounts of the morning's events. "Mrs. Ramsey told me that she had gone into JonBenet's room at about 5:45 to wake her up," Officer French wrote. Finding the room empty, she went down the spiral back stairs,where she discovered the note. Later she said she found the note on the spiral back stairs when she went down to make coffee, and then ran to JonBenet's room. The note was written in upper- and lowercase printed letters on paper torn from a legal pad found in the house. Also discovered on the pad was the practice note, beginning "Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey." Kidnappers, says McCrary, "do not spend hours at a crime scene after murdering their victims composing letters."

The actual ransom note reads:

Mr. Ramsey,

Listen carefully! We are a group of individuals that represent a small foreign faction. We respect your business but not the country that it serves. At this time we have your daughter in our possession. She is safe and unharmed and if you want her to see 1997, you must follow our instructions to the letter. You will withdraw $118,000 from your account. $100,000 will be in $100 bills and the remaining $18,000 in $20 bills. Make sure that you bring an adequate size attaché to the bank. When you get home you will put the money in a brown paper bag. I will call you between 8 and 10 A.M. tomorrow to instruct you on delivery. The delivery will be exhausting so I advise you to be rested. If we monitor you getting the money early, we might call you early to arrange an earlier delivery of the money and hence an earlier pickup of your daughter.

Any deviation of my instructions will result in the immediate execution of your daughter. You will also be denied her remains for proper burial. The two gentlemen watching over your daughter do not particularly like you so I advise you not to provoke them. Speaking to anyone about your situation such as police or F.B.I. will result in your daughter being beheaded. If we catch you talking to a stray dog, she dies. If you alert bank authorities, she dies. If the money is in any way marked or tampered with, she dies. You will be scanned for electronic devices and if any are found, she dies. You can try to deceive us, but be warned we are familiar with law enforcement countermeasures and tactics. You stand a 99% chance of killing your daughter if you try to outsmart us. Follow our instructions and you stand a 100% chance of getting her back. You and your family are under constant scrutiny, as well as the authorities. Don't try to grow a brain, John. You are not the only fat cat around so don't think that killing will be difficult. Don't underestimate us, John. Use that good, southern common sense of yours. It's up to you now, John! Victory! S.B.T.C.



Investigators question why Ramsey seemed to stall over getting the ransom money if he truly believed that the note had been written by dangerous kidnappers. "The money never left the bank," says one insider dryly.

"Out of the 74 names submitted for testing, Patsy's handwriting was the only one that set off alarm bells," says an investigator closely involved with the testing of the ransom note. A Colorado Bureau of Investigation (C.B.I.) report concludes, "There are indications that the author of the ransom note is Patricia Ramsey, but the evidence falls short to support that definitive conclusion."

Hunter's team asked the police to accompany them to Haddon's team's demonstration at the office of Mike Bynum. "The tables were arranged in a horseshoe," says an insider, "and six of the Ramsey attorneys were there watching the detectives watch their two handwriting experts. It was total bullshit. Hunter and DeMuth are nodding their heads in agreement as these guys are talking." Ramsey attorney Lee Foreman was seen giving DeMuth a backrub during a break. After the demonstration, Alex Hunter was overheard asking Hal Haddon, "Well, where should we go from here?"

"Why are they showing unindicted uncharged murder suspects all the evidence?" the source asks. "Is this some privileged discovery process available to rich Boulderites? Everything they have done is against the advice of the Boulder police, the F.B.I., and the At

"If we file or we don't file, these people are doomed," says District Attorney Alex Hunter. "They have been tried and convicted in the court of public opinion."



MOURNING PEOPLE

Patsy and John Ramsey with their loyal friends Susan and Glenn Stine at the Ramseys' attorney's home in Charlevoix, Michigan, just hours after John Andrew and Burke Ramsey at JonBenét's funeral in Marietta, Georgia, December 31, 1996

rney General's Capital Crimes Unit!" It's cold outside, and I suggest that find a late-night coffee shop. In car, I can see the depth of this an's agitation. "I have never seen pol- cs and preferential treatment play ch a major role in any case," he ys. "If the Ramseys had been some or Mexican couple, they would ve been in their face for a week, t a confession out of them, and d first-degree-murder charges against m within days."

It's not as if the police haven't mmitted their own share of blun- s. In the first 48 hours they made icial mistakes, including not con- cting a thorough search of the house, separating the Ramseys and tak- ing everyone down to the station for questioning, and not sealing the crime scene. In subsequent days, according to the source, Linda Arndt contin- ued to speak regularly with Patsy and her close friends. In fact, in the first week of January, without per- mission from the department, Arndt gave Ramsey attorney Patrick Burke a copy of the ransom note. "There should have been thunder rolling down the halls of the P.D.. and shit didn't happen," says one observer. "She could be the Mark Fuhrman of this case." In mid-May, Linda Arndt was taken off the case.

Other public-relations disasters en- sued. Detective Division commander John Eller, greatly admired by his team but detested by the D.A.'s office for his tenacity in pursuing the Ramseys, applied for the job of police chief in Cocoa Beach, Florida. Larry Mason, Linda Arndt's supervisor, who had been dismissed from the case in Jan- uary, sued Eller for damaging his reputation. In June, Chief Tom Koby took a two-week vacation in Hous- ton, where it was widely rumored that should his old pal Lee Brown win election as mayor he'd like to be the city's new police chief. Weeks

earlier, the police union had voted no confidence in their chief, and soon after, City Manager Tim Honey, Koby's good friend and biggest cheerleader, resigned. "Koby's idea of police work is social work," says the confidential source scornfully. Morale became so low that Mayor Leslie Durgin received an assurance from Koby that he would see the case through.

No matter what mistakes the police made, they have been exponentially compounded by blunders and improprieties in the D.A.'s office. By May, according to the confidential source, the police and the D.A. were conducting separate investigations. Hofstrom's team, he says, was committed to shielding the Ramseys, while the police were convinced that the Ramseys murdered their daughter and covered up the crime. The police, he added, have been supported throughout by the F.B.I. and the C.B.I. "These guys tell the cops they have never seen anything like this," he says, before reciting a litany of "unprecedented" actions by the D.A. Murder suspects are routinely requested to submit to a polygraph test, but when detectives told Hofstrom to ask the Ramseys for one, he snapped, "No way! They would only refuse." In May, Hofstrom's assistant, Trip DeMuth, sat down with Ramsey attorney Bryan Morgan to formulate the first of a series of reward ads, which ran in a Boulder paper on June 1. Later the D.A., responding to a barrage of criticism, admitted his office's involvement in the ad.

By April the police had decided that they could no longer share all their information with the D.A., and that they would keep their most damning evidence to themselves. In June a war-room computer was allegedly broken into. Two weeks later a statement from the C.B.I. reported that there had been a glitch in the system. Nevertheless, says the confidential source, "Three experts told the detectives definitively that the computer was hacked."

Since then the police have considered asking the governor to bring in a special prosecutor, or simply arresting the Ramseys themselves. "The affidavits for their arrest have been ready to serve since May," says the source. Perhaps foreseeing the possibility of a police mutiny, Hunter told me in June, "The police could go to a judge without coming to me and submit an affidavit for an arrest warrant. . . . They could do that, but the D.A. would then say, 'That's great, but I am not bringing the charges.'" As I was leaving, Hunter mused aloud, "If we file or we don't file, these people are doomed. They have been tried and convicted in the court of public opinion."

Every week the tabloids in every supermarket in America scream out their verdict on the Ramseys: DADDY DID IT . . . BENET AUTOPSY: MOM AND DAD GUILTY . . . HANDWRITING EVIDENCE FINGERS PATSY . . . MOM WROTE RANSOM NOTE . . . JONBENET RAPE SHOCKER . . . DAD LINKED TO KIDDIE PORN SCANDAL . . . JONBENET'S MOM KNOWS [illegible] KILLER HER DEBT.

The *Globe* came up with graphic crime-scene photographs of the Ramsey house. But the *National Enquirer* held its own, publishing a chat with Patsy out shopping, while the *Star* ferreted out that a large amount CONTINUED ON PAGE 372



# MEN IN BLACK

Since the debut of their sensational Sicilian collection of 1988, where all the models traipsed out in black dishabille, Dolce & Gabbana have given chic Milan heat—and wit. Partners in nearly everything, they are fashion's Laurel and Hardy, with Stefano Gabbana—the tall one—playing straight man (well, sort of) to malaprop-obsessed Domenico Dolce. This year the duo kicks off a new decade of glorious mischief.

"Those boys," as Giorgio Armani once called them, are boyish now—with a $200 million empire of 62 boutiques, 17 clothing and accessory lines, and a new, 7,000-square-foot emporium opening this fall on Madison Avenue in Manhattan. But the kids are all right; they haven't strayed toward the orthodox. Isabella Rossellini reports, "Domenico's mother comes to the shows with all sorts of Sicilian magic tricks to bring him good luck—or bad luck to some journalists."

Everything seems primed for more magic. Dolce & Gabbana's ultra-tight pantsuits and satin coats remain "required wearing" among Umas, divas, and Hollywood's High Holies. Lourdes Maria Ciccone Leon (whose *madre* jazzed up a Dolce & Gabbana Victorian pastiche with eyepatch and ascot for a rendition of "Justify My Love") owns two of the team's crocheted ensembles. What better portent of heat-to-come? There *is* the matter of the rumor circling Milan that the partnership is actually kaput. But don't dress for a breakup. "Every year another rumor comes out," says Stefano. "But it's *not* true."

—CATHY HORYN

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON



TWO TOO

Domenico Dolce (left) and Stefano Gabbana—"those boys," as Giorgio Armani once called them—have outfitted no less than Lourdes Maria Ciccone Leon. They are seen here in Monte Carlo.

# The Last



One of the century's greatest explorers, Heinrich Harrer scaled the "Murder Wall" of the Alps, ventured deep into the Congo and the Amazon, and, after one of the most astonishing escapes of World War II, became the Western guru of Tibet's young 14th Dalai Lama. But even as Brad Pitt stars in a movie based on Harrer's 1952 best-seller, *Seven Years in Tibet*, H. G. BISSINGER recounts, the 85-year-old Austrian national hero has been confronted with a terrible secret from his past: that he was a member of Hitler's SS

# Explorer



THE CHOICE
OVER HARRER

Apostol Hermann Lauterbacher as he wrote to the mayor of his home in Upper Austria, Andreas Maier, the explorer in 1938, wearing a swastika pin on his lapel at a press event following his successful climb of the Eiger's North Face. Harrer now calls his association with the Nazis "the worst aberration of my life," but adds, "I can't go around with a plate on my chest. Everybody has something they are not proud to show off."

"I was ambitious," said Harrer. "The purpose of life is to have a plan and stick to it."



SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET

In 1939, at the start of his career, Heinrich Harrer (right) posed for a photograph with Nanga Parbat, Base Camp, with the Himalayan mountain in the background. Seven years in Tibet, a period of photography and the Dalai Lama, [illegible] explorer in Tibet. [illegible] the upcoming film version of *Seven Years in Tibet*, Harrer, played by Brad Pitt, [illegible] mountaineering partner, Peter Aufschnaiter, played by David Thewlis.

n a rare act of Hollywood homage they traveled thousands of miles just to see him, to the tree-covered hills of southern Austria. The remarkable caravan—Brad Pitt in goatee, his co-star David Thewlis in a pair of tiny, angular sunglasses, French film director Jean-Jacques Annaud, obsequious studio executives—looked like miniatures in the
nt hills. But nothing, it seemed
, could make the man they had
e to find look small.
leinrich Harrer was a legend, the
of the great ones, along with Sir
nund Hillary and Jacques Cousteau.
id Swanson, a past president of
Explorers Club, ranked Harrer
ng this century's five greatest ex-
rers. Galen Rowell, the superb
door photographer, summed him
"There will never be another per-
to do this kind of renaissance ad-
turing."
n 1938, unfazed by the deaths of
t predecessors, Harrer and three
others became the first to scale the 5,900-foot "Murder Wall" of the Eiger peak in Switzerland.

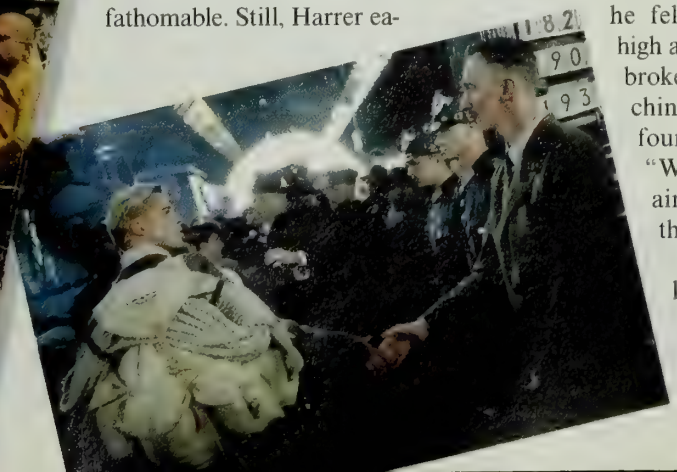
He had been a member of the 1936 Austrian Olympic Ski Team and would become a championship golfer. But his greatest moment, his ascension to the Roof of the World, where he climbed the steps up and up to the Dalai Lama's palace of the Potala, was still to come. He would never forget the smell of rancid butter there in the dark and gloomy corridors, just as he would never forget the young boy who, regardless of spiritual divination and title, viewed the world from long distance, through a set of binoculars. A prisoner in a holy cell, the child passed the time by taking apart watches and cameras given to him by presidents and ambassadors.

Until Harrer. The explorer became the gateway to the West for the 14th Dalai Lama, and in 1952 chronicled it all in *Seven Years in Tibet,* a book which has sold more than four million copies.

By the time Pitt and his retinue called on Harrer in the village of Hüttenberg, the Dalai Lama's former tutor had survived 84 years, but his body remained compact and sinewy, the physique of an exceptional athlete. His hair was as white as the snows of Everest, with tufts rising off the sides like eccentric wings, and he looked a bit like a man who had spent his life concocting potions. But he was anything but mad. His gestures were wildly emphatic yet precise. Everything—the walk, the way he drove, the way he paced—conveyed a heat-seeking drive and sense of purpose.

He wasn't particularly familiar with Brad Pitt, who would be playing him in the $70 million film version of his book. He had seen only one of Pitt's films, *Seven,* and found its violence unfathomable. Still, Harrer eagerly agreed to take the visitors on a tour of the museum named after him with its thousands of artifacts collected from his expeditions to the remote corners of the world: the Congo, New Guinea, the Amazon region of Brazil, Suriname, French Guinea. Later they had gone to Harrer's home, in nearby Knappenberg, and Pitt—swept away by the life that had been spread out before him—had written in the guest book: "It's an honor to sit in your home. It's an honor to share in your life. We will not let you down."



Gracious words. But Harrer nearly always elicited praise. He was an octogenarian with the chromosomes of a teenager. He had given up skiing at 83, but one could still imagine him rushing down the steep slopes, tripping up snowboarders with lightning whacks of his pole, then apologizing as if it were all some accident.

At one point during our four days of interviews, Harrer and his wife drove us across the Alps from Liechtenstein, where they maintain an apartment in Vaduz, to their cabin home in the Austrian hills. Harrer commandeered the driver's seat, impervious to conservative notions of speed. Tour guide and raconteur, he was a showman, enchanted with places that should be routine by now. At other times, he spoke with detachment during the interviews, revealing the cool heart of an explorer who finds near-death and misery just another day at the office. There was the tale of the vicious dog in the Himalayas which he wrestled to the ground and choked until its tongue came out in surrender, not to mention the time in New Guinea when he fell down a waterfall as high as a six-story building and broke 15 bones—including his chin, shoulder, knees, and four ribs along the spine. "When I flew through the air I said, 'Well, this is the end.'"

His tone changed slightly when he turned to the searing reality of being poor and growing up without indoor plumb-

ing. "There is an urge in everybody to excel," he told me. "I was ambitious. Without ambition, you can't succeed." And if there was anything that defined Harrer, it was the desire to succeed, always on his own terms. He married an 18-year-old woman from a prominent family but spent seven years in Tibet instead of coming home after World War II to meet his son.

"The whole purpose of life is to have a plan and stick to it," he said, launching into the story of the time during one of his expeditions when he was reading Michener's *Hawaii* by night and, in the morning, using the pages he had finished as toilet paper.

His life seemed magical, an unblemished storybook. But Heinrich Harrer had a secret. Amid the glorious tales there was a dark chapter.

It was a small but significant part of his life, something he did not want exposed. Perhaps because he truly thought it was inconsequential. Or maybe because he believed he had somehow lived beyond it, compensated with better deeds, as when, after the Chinese occupation of Tibet, he had spoken out so nobly and forcefully. His bravery had earned the respect of many, including Columbia University religion professor Robert Thurman. "Heinrich clearly spoke with the courage of his convictions," Thurman said.

But the hidden chapter remained, in the form of Harrer's name written in black ink on a file, sitting for years inside the German Federal Archives in Berlin. It was one file among, literally, a million, seemingly lost to the ages.

But it wasn't lost. Because Heinrich Harrer had a nemesis.

And so, nine months after Brad Pitt came to Hüttenberg, there was another meeting. And this time it was not set against the bucolic stillness of the Austrian hills but rather in the "We-got-a-big-motherfucking-problem-on-our-hands" hum of London. The filming of *Seven Years in Tibet* had been completed. The release had been set. But this was not a meeting of mutual admiration. An executive from Mandalay Entertainment, the company producing the film, was there. And so was Heinrich Harrer's lawyer.

There were no signed guest books, no inscriptions, no museum tours. The mood had changed, and the man from Mandalay was basically suggesting that in October, when the film premiered in the United States, it might be better for everyone if the subject stayed away from the festivities. The contents of that forgotten file showed that in 1938, in his native Austria, the explorer had joined an organization called the Schutzstaffel. But few ever called it that. Instead, it had a simple two-letter designation.

The SS.

In the aftermath of the revelations of his Nazi past, Harrer attempts to be contrite. To a certain degree he expresses remorse, calling it "the worst aberration of my life." But in another breath he seems almost indignant. "I can't go around with a plate on my chest," he says. "Everybody has something they are not proud to show off."

Many have rallied to Harrer's defense, correctly pointing out that he was not a war criminal. He did not commit any atrocities, and the only time he wore an SS uniform was on his wedding day in 1938. In 1939 he left his native Austria to go on an expedition to the Himalayas and did not return to Europe for 13 years. "He is one of the most noble and honorable men that I have ever met," says David Swanson.

But there was still the troubling question of nondisclosure, particularly in a life where so much has been willingly revealed through books and documentary films and the extensive biographical section at the museum. Even a close friend wonders why Harrer did not reveal the secret years ago when his explanation for his activities would have been more plausible.

"Why did Heini not tell people the truth 50 years ago?" asks Trudi Heckmair, whose husband, Anderl, had climbed the Eiger with him. "Every journalist asks this question. He probably thought there was never a proof of it. Now the proof is here and he is a liar 50 years gone. He never did do any harm to anyone. But he always did not tell the truth.

"We always say a lie has short legs," Heckmair continues. "His lie has long legs."

In the afterglow of Brad Pitt's visit, Harrer had been visibly excited. He had proudly showed off the word that Pitt had written in his guest boo and the poster for the movie. Ther was Brad Pitt in climber's fedor playing him, and there in painstakin replica was the western gate of th forbidden city of Lhasa, just as it looke when Harrer had entered in Januar of 1946.

"I come back, you see," he said e citedly. "I think this is how life work It is normal."

He had come full circle, and th movie was the perfect dessert for rich and full life. Until the revelatio

"The movie is not worth what ha happened," he says now, as if longin for those times when he didn't have t worry about spin control or possibl absolution but something far simpler

How to stay alive.

So much of the famou journey to Lhasa in th 1940s seemed surreal, twisted theme park horror and wonder.

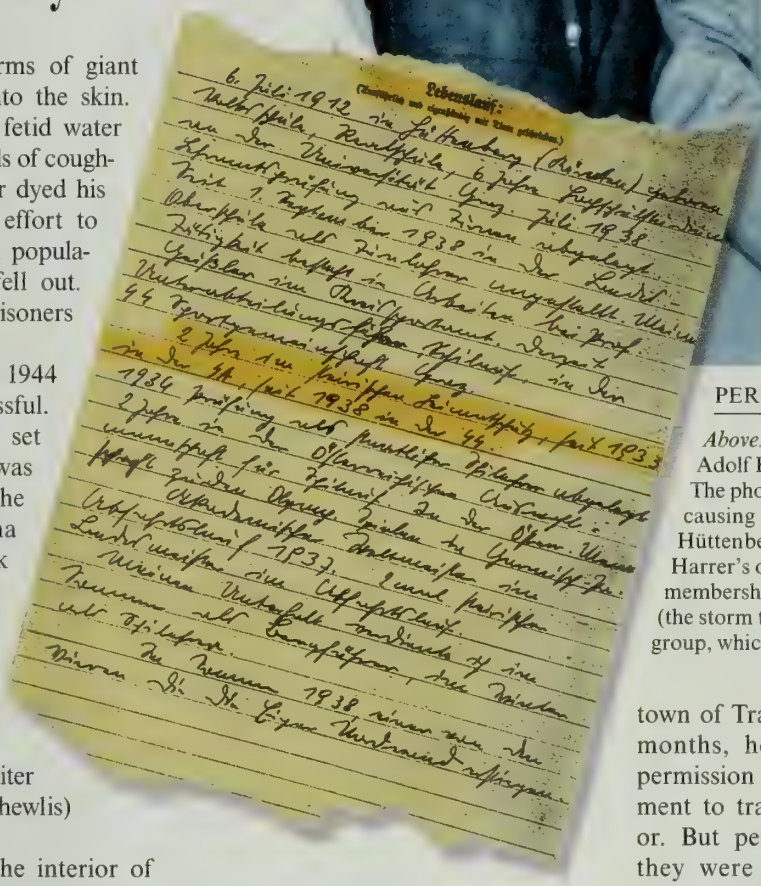
Harrer and the fello Austrian he traveled wit Peter Aufschnaiter, cam upon valleys of perfect strawberrie only to discover they were infested b leeches that dropped from trees an slithered into openings as small as th eyelet of a shoe. They witnessed bu ial ceremonies in which bodies—eve the bones—were hacked to pieces b professional corpse smashers and ca ried away by vultures. They hear stories of criminals punished for the by having their hands cut off. Followi the amputations, the offenders we sewn into bodysuits of wet yak sk and thrown off a precipice.

The origins of the trip lay in 19 when Harrer, then 26 and fresh fro his triumph on the Eiger, left Austr to join a German-led reconnaissan expedition to Nanga Parbat in Kas mir. Four previous attempts to co quer the 26,600-foot mountain ha failed and the goal was to find a ne way up.

But war broke out, and Harrer, A schnaiter, and other members of the grou were confined in a British prisone of-war camp near Dehra Dun in I dia. Harrer and another prisoner e caped for the first time in 1943, b conditions made survival difficult. O night a campsite was transformed in

# "It crawled down my spine that I have been standing side by side with the fellow who created such atrocities," says Harrer.





PERMANENT RECORD

*Above:* Heinrich Harrer and Adolf Hitler at a reception on July 31, 1938. The photograph hung for years, without causing a stir, in the Harrer Museum in Hüttenberg, Austria. *Left:* this document, in Harrer's own handwriting, verifies his membership in both the SS and the SA (the storm troopers, another Nazi terrorist group, which had operated illegally in Austria).

perfect feast for swarms of giant
ts that bit savagely into the skin.
rinking from pools of fetid water
ulted in prolonged spells of cough-
and vomiting. Harrer dyed his
nd hair black in an effort to
nd in with the Indian popula-
n, but large clumps fell out.
t surprisingly, the prisoners
re recaptured.

Another try came in 1944
d this one was successful.
ve escapees originally set
t for Tibet. The goal was
cross the breadth of the
untry to reach China
d, ultimately, seek
uge with Germany's
panese allies. But re-
zing the sheer ludi-
usness of the trek,
ee of the escapees
nt in another direc-
n. Harrer and Aufschnaiter
ayed in the film by Thewlis)
re on their own.

Their drive through the interior of
et seemed a brazen act of hubris,
t both were skilled mountaineers,
distinct halves blending together
a perfectly complementary way. Har-
was unflinching, sure of himself,
nionated—a risk taker. Aufschnaiter,
years older, was self-contained, cau-
us, rarely swayed by others.

When they had first met at the out-
of the Nanga Parbat expedition,
rrer was incredulous that Auf-
naiter, this "old man," as he later
led him, would be his guide. But
more he got to know him, the
re he liked and admired him, re-
dless of what he perceived as his
itations. Over the years of their part-
ship, the importance of conventional strengths paled. Skills that might have seemed a strange measure of a man took on great significance. Harrer later pointed out, of his companion: "After all, he wasn't capable of making a fire with yak dung."

The oil-and-water character of their partnership fostered their survival. "The two made a perfect combination," says Robert Ford, who had been a member of the British Mission in Tibet and went on to work for the Tibetan government in the late 1940s. "When things got tough, Harrer was the one who said, 'Let's push forward.' Aufschnaiter was the one who said, 'Let's hold on. Let's think about it.'"

Traveling southeast, they reached the town of Tradün after three and a half months, hoping to receive official permission from the Tibetan government to travel deeper into the interior. But permission was denied, and they were told to leave Tibet and head for Nepal. Instead, they continued, finding temporary haven in the mud houses of Dzongka and the 9,000-foot altitude of Kyirong. They grew accustomed to the food of the region—a flour made from barley, called tsampa, laced with beer, and horrid-tasting butter tea. They discovered a monastery's red rooms carved into a rock face 700 feet above the ground.

Reaching the village of Sangsang Gevu, they faced a pivotal decision: whether to make for China—which meant thousands of miles of walking—or, in an attempt to fulfill the dream of every explorer, try for Lhasa. Ostensibly at least, they were only several weeks on foot from the Holy



HELLO, DALAI

*Left:* Heinrich Harrer addresses the Explorers Club in New York City in the 1950s. *Below:* the explorer and his old friend the Dalai Lama reunite in 1990 in Munich, Germany. *Opposite:* Harrer in Hüttenberg, Austria, 1997.



City. But the route they chose to minimize detection, through the northern plains in the dead of winter, seemed insane, a terrain, as Harrer later wrote, "so inhospitable that only lunatics would wish to go there." Supplied with a yak by friendly Sherpas, they set out in December of 1945, heading off into territory as cruel as it was mesmerizing, two lonely pinpoints in the maw of infinity.

On that first night after they made their decision, Harrer had the same feeling in the pit of his stomach that he had experienced scaling the Eiger. Later he acknowledged that he and Aufschnaiter would certainly have turned back had they known what awaited them. The next day, they came to the top of a pass. There, like a vast and merciless ocean, was an unbroken plain of snow and the relentless bite of an ice-cold wind. At the end of several days of trekking, they found sanctuary in a nomad tent, and Harrer spent hours rubbing his toes after discovering signs of frostbite. They argued over turning back, putting an end to an exploration that now seemed like slow suicide. But they forged ahead.

They were forced to camp in the open, and expended so much energy finding the barest staples of survival that they were too tired even to speak to each other. Their hands became stiff with frost; the socks they wore as gloves were of little use. They found some meat to cook and ladled the gravy right out of the saucepan without fear of scalding themselves, because the boiling point was so low. Tormented by the cold, and the lice crawling over their bodies, they were unable to sleep.

At one point they found themselves fleeing from a band of robbers. It was night. The moon was full, and the added sheen of the snow gave them enough light to aim for a mountain pass. But the temperature was somewhere around 40 below. They went on for hour after hour, Harrer's mind seized by hallucinatory visions. At last they stopped, found cover, and tried to eat some tsampa, but the cold was such that the metal spoons stuck to their lips and had to be torn away.

The next day they spied the trickle of a yak caravan being driven by nomads. They marched three hours to join them, and the cruelty of their journey momentarily lifted. On Christmas Eve, a nomad presented each of them with a piece of white bread. "It was stale and hard as stone," Harrer wrote, "but this little present on Christmas Eve in the wilds of Tibet meant more to us than a well-cooked Christmas dinner."

Using an old travel permit they had received upon their initial entry in Tibet, they successfully deceived loc officials into thinking that they had bee granted permission to continue the travels into the interior. They pushe toward a chain of mountains calle the Nyenchenthangla, with passes high as 20,000 feet. Making their a cent, the men found the pilgrims' roa to Lhasa. They saw prayer flags vivid colors, and a row of ston tablets with prayers inscribe on them. But the slope of th route was treacherous, a fa confirmed by the skeletons of a imals that had slipped and fa en to their deaths.

Harrer suffered a horrible a tack of sciatica. He bathed in th warm waters of a natural hot sprin to ease the pain, and a crow sto away his last piece of soap. Th woolen trousers that he and Au schnaiter had been wearing were fo and stained. Their shirts were ripp and their shoes were in pieces.

They pushed past the village Nangtse, and then Tölung, and the into the broad valley of Kyichu. F 21 months they had trekked acro the Himalayas. They had gone throug more than 62 mountain passes, tra eling more than 1,500 miles. Then, a ter rounding a small hill, they sa something that seemed to have floa ed down from the heavens:

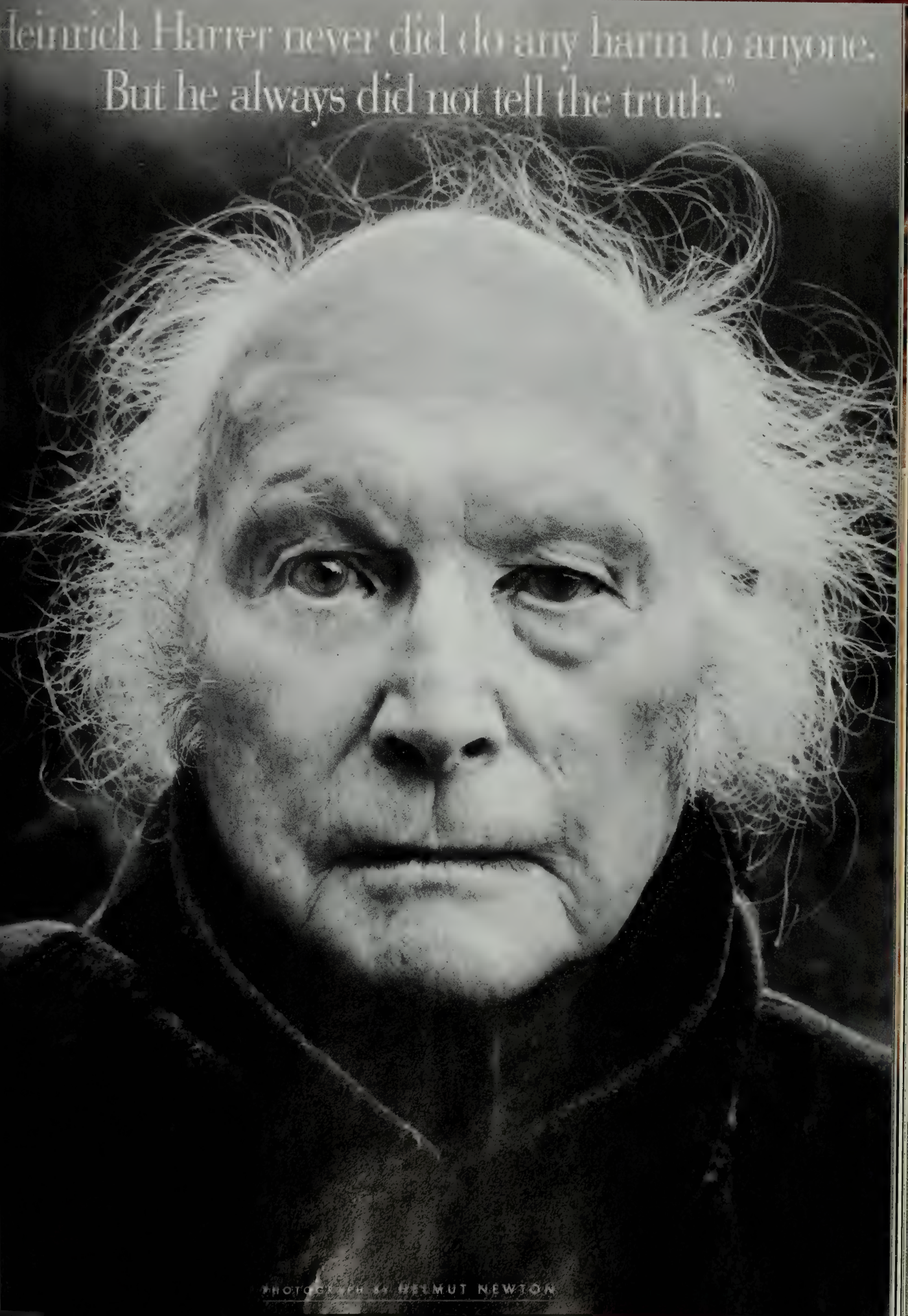
The golden roofs of the Potala.

The boy had no playmates. He ro at dawn from his bed of hard, woo stuffed cushions, his only concessio to luxury a frame that had been pain ed yellow. He ate his lunch and di ner alone. Virtually all of his regul contact was confined to men two ge erations older than he was—his tw teachers and the three abbots wh attended to his food and clothes an prayers.

In grand public processions, the bo sat in a sedan chair that was carrie aloft by 36 attendees. Virtually an thing the boy touched, the merest po session, was valued as sacred. He ha been given many names: the Holy On the Mighty of Speech, the Excelle Understanding, the Absolute Wisdo the Defender of the Faith, the Ocea the Living Buddha, the God-King.

He had already been designated th 14th Dalai Lama, the spiritual an temporal leader CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

Heinrich Harrer never did do any harm to anyone.
But he always did not tell the truth."



Spotlight

# RACING DAMON



Matt Damon is this year's Edward Norton: Right now you have no idea who he is, but you will. The 26-year-old actor has major roles in three upcoming big-director pictures: Francis Ford Coppola's adaptation of John Grisham's *The Rainmaker,* Gus Van Sant's *Good Will Hunting,* and Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan.*

The second film is the most personally significant. Damon wrote *Good Will Hunting* with his best friend, actor Ben Affleck (*Chasing Amy*). A Miramax "indie pic," it's about an untutored math prodigy (Damon) who works as a janitor at M.I.T. "My sister-in-law works at M.I.T., and visiting her, I discovered they have chalkboards *in the hallways,*" Damon says. "These chalkboards play an important role in a pivotal scene." He laughs at how positively un-box-office this sounds. "Ah, well, that's as high-concept as this movie gets."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICK WEBER



## HE'S DAMON

Star-in-waiting Matt Damon, photographed in Bellport, New York, July 1, 1997.



*Almost every star of the British stage, from Sir John Gielgud to Alan Bennett, appears in the eight-hour, $13 million television adaptation of Anthony Powell's* A Dance to the Music of Time. *NICHOLAS COLERIDGE details the delicate task of filming a 12-volume masterwork set in Venice, Claridge's, and the stately homes of England*

# A Dance



# Fever

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ROBERTS

Miranda Richardson as the sadistic ice queen Pamela Filton, here in her World War II army driver's uniform. *Opposite,* Simon Russell Beale, center, portrays the profoundly self-absorbed Kenneth Widmerpool, the pivotal character of the series, who advances to the rank of colonel during the war. He is pictured with Richardson as Pamela, and James Purefoy as the series' narrator Nicholas Jenkins, an army major.

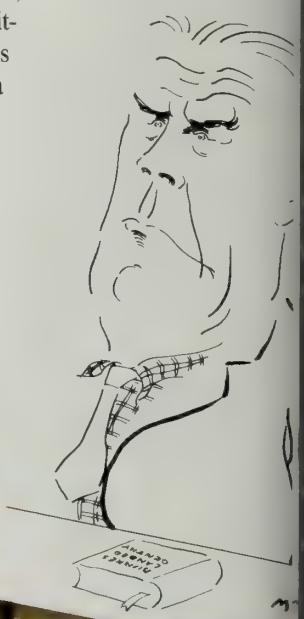
The best way to tell if an Englishman is over 40 is to ask him if he's read an Anthony Powell novel. If he has, he was born before 1957 and is probably addicted to *A Dance to the Music of Time,* Powell's 12-volume *coup de maître.* If he hasn't, then he's younger than 40 and couldn't care less. Powell's dazzling series—probably the most important piece of sustained British fiction this century—has never engaged young readers. Stand by for a revival. *A Dance to the Music of Time* has been filmed for television—with performances and cameos by virtually every great actor in British theater: Sir John Gielgud, Alan Bennett, Simon Russell Beale, Edward Fox, John Standing, Zoë Wanamaker, James Purefoy, Miranda Richardson, Eileen Atkins. Even before it's been broadcast—it debuts on England's Channel Four this fall—critics are complaining that nothing like it will ever be made for television again; it's too lavish, too expensive ($13 million for eight hours), too complex, and required too many locations to be attempted by the new generation of digital cowboys.

The series's adapter, Hugh Whitemore (whose previous screenplay credits include *84 Charing Cross Road* and *Utz*), found it daunting to work with Powell's revered text. The books—more than a million words, with more than 400 characters—span a half-century, from the early 1920s to the beginning of the 70s. And then there was the question of tone. Often wrongly described as social comedy, the novels are actually rather maudlin and poignant. While early episodes evoke *Brideshead Revisited,* they quickly give way to war, adultery, disappointment, and the 60s sexual revolution. At the center of the work is the grotesque Kenneth Widmerpool, the student least likely to succeed at school who confounds his contemporaries with his relentless success in business and politics and ends his life as a Labour peer and New Ager. Widmerpool is played by Simon Russell Beale, a Royal Shakespeare Company actor best known for his 1992 portrayal of Richard III, and his performance here is so brilliant that he'll own the role in perpetuity.

Powell's admirers are obsessives along the lines of Tolkien or Trollope fans. They see his characters as the quintessence of Englishness, for good and for bad: the country houses, the snobbery and eccentricity, a certain capacity for treachery. They love to identify real-life equivalents of characters such as Kenneth Widmerpool, Nicholas Jenkins, the sexually insatiable Pamela Flitton, and pale, dissipated Charles Stringham. "He's rather a Widmerpool" is shorthand for any sad, self-regarding outsider who rises to high office. Inevitably, the Powell revival will spark a parallel renaissance in Widmerpool-spotting: even in Blairite Britain, the upper echelons of society, business, and industry are bursting with nominees.

At 91, Powell (pronounced "Pole") is the grandest and last surviving of the pre-war generation of English novelists that included Evelyn Waugh, Cyril Connolly, and Graham Greene. Like his character Nicholas Jenkins, Powell savored his marriage into the British aristocracy—to the formidable Lady Violet Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford. Now largely bedridden at his manor house in Somerset, Powell has immersed himself in his surreal diary, volumes of which are intermittently published. He querulously records his appointments with the local dentist, visits by American students writing dissertations on him (Powell invariably finds them unimpressive), and lofty dismissals of rival novelists.

Powell says that "somewhat to my surprise" he is happy with the adaptation. "It seems quite all right to me," he says in a faltering voice. "I think they've done it as well as the medium possibly can." Does Simon Russell Beale's Widmerpool match his mental picture of the character? "The point is, I don't think I ever once envisaged what he'd look like, physically, not when I was writing the books; he was just this ghastly presence. You know, a couple of years ago, I stepped down from a very crowded railway carriage in Westbury and a fellow came up to me and said, 'I had dinner with my Widmerpool last night.' I'd never set eyes on the man before. So, you see, everyone has their own picture. Everyone has their own Widmerpool." □

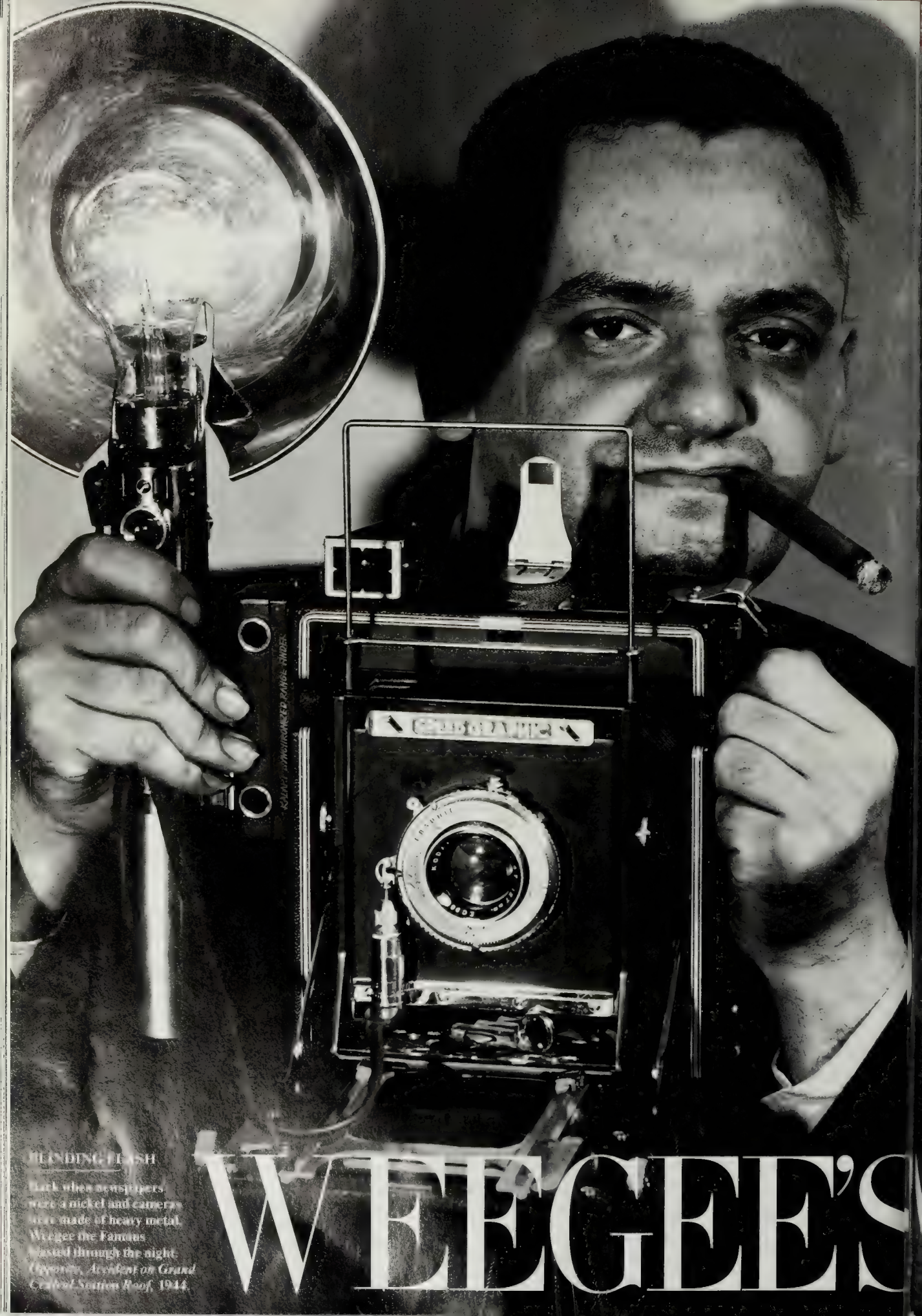






hn Standing as Nicholas kins, left, during the 1950s, at dinner with his her-in-law, Tory M.P. dy Cuts, played by Jeremy d. Jenkins is said to be uthor's alter ego. *Opposite,* hony Powell, caricatured by k Boxer; and Simon Russell e as Widmerpool—shown as an up-and-coming cier in the late 1920s—at n Hoo, Bedfordshire.

*Anthony Powell's characters are the quintessence of Englishness*

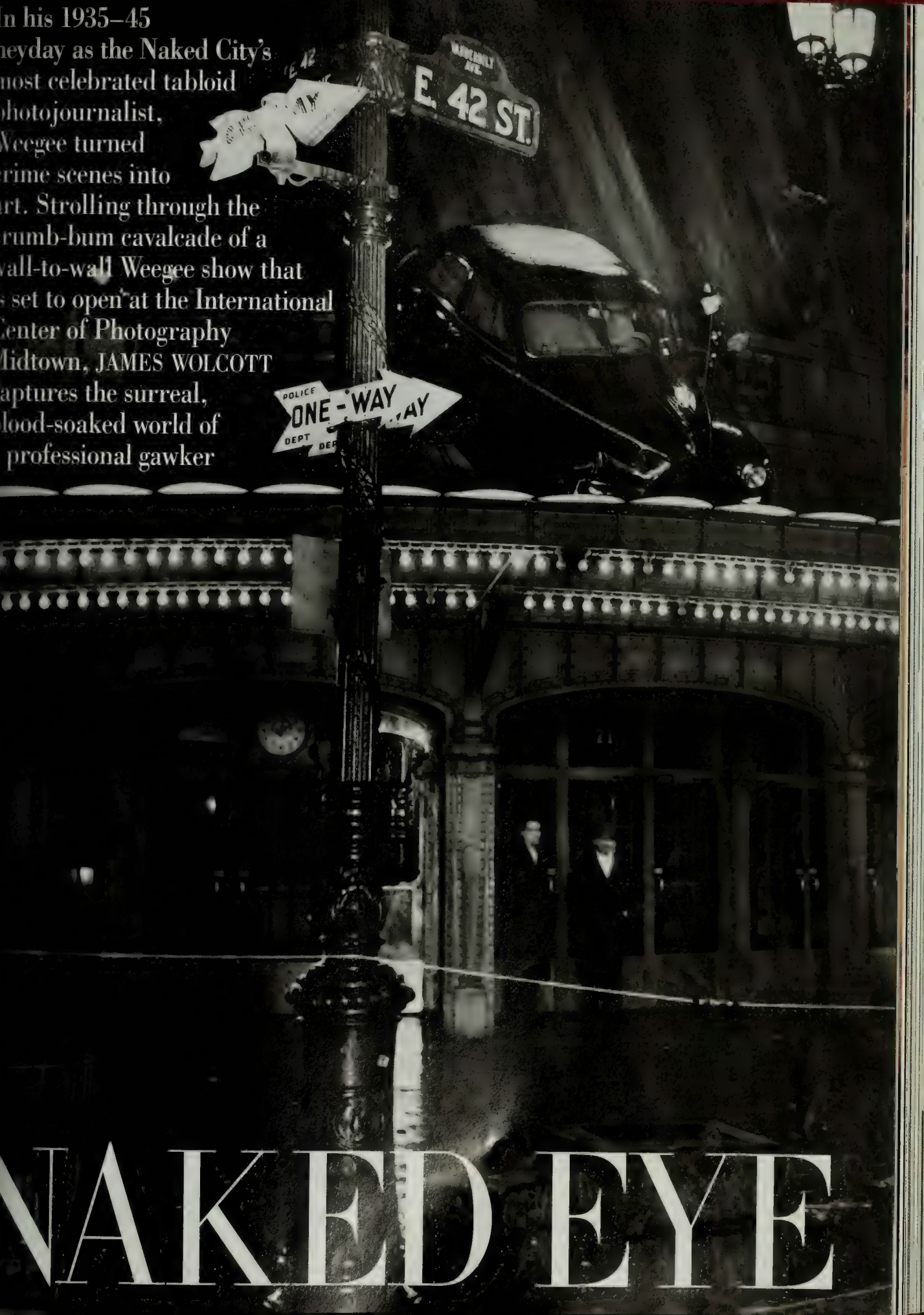


# WEEGEE'S

**FLEETING FLASH**

Back when newspapers were a nickel and cameras were made of heavy metal, Weegee the Famous blasted through the night.

*Opposite, Accident on Grand Central Station Roof,* 1944.




In his 1935–45 heyday as the Naked City's most celebrated tabloid photojournalist, Weegee turned crime scenes into art. Strolling through the crumb-bum cavalcade of a wall-to-wall Weegee show that is set to open at the International Center of Photography Midtown, JAMES WOLCOTT captures the surreal, blood-soaked world of the professional gawker

# NAKED EYE



"I am spellbound by the mystery of murder," proclaimed the man who called himself Weegee, and no photographer of his era did more to turn the scene of the crime into an art site. Night, death, and grubby streets merged to make Weegee the mole man of American photojournalism—for him, mayhem was a movable feast. Armed with a Speed Graphic press camera that he wielded like a sawed-off shotgun, Weegee fired his flashbulbs into the smudged faces of urchins, hoboes, drunks, murder suspects, grieving widows, rounded-up transvestites, children sleeping on fire escapes like dolls in a drawer, strippers in their dressing rooms, stunned accident victims, and lifeless mounds on the sidewalk. Carnage in his work looks thick and meaty, all guts and no glory, as in his photo of a San Gennaro murder victim taken in 1939. Another shot shows a corpse covered with newspapers in front of a marquee advertising the movie *Joy of Living;* yet another shows a bleeding stiff sprawled behind a letter box which says, "Mail Early for Delivery Before Christmas." What a [illegible] Weegee's work *in toto* is like strolling [illegible] lineup and prize selection of mug shots, a [illegible]um cavalcade with a few glam portraits of Marilyn [illegible] and Clark Gable thrown in for dessert. From this November until ne February, New York City's Internation Center of Photography Midtown will b wall-to-wall Weegee, presenting a wid ranging retrospective of his work—2( images in all—titled "Weegee's World: Lif Death, and the Human Drama." Buttressir the I.C.P. exhibition is a coffee-table boc called *Weegee's World* (Bulfinch), by th show's curator, Miles Barth.

It's ironic, all this lavish caterir and slick handling, since Weege himself was strictly a boiling pro uct of tabloid thrills and tenemer hunger-drive. In this unlikely g nie, the spirit of pulp fiction an the stalking habits of the paparazzi forme a hot pastrami sandwich. Weegee wa born in 1899 in Lemberg, Austria, his re name Usher (later Americanized int Arthur) Fellig. His family—he was the se ond of seven children—migrated to Ma hattan's Jewish Lower East Side in 191 At the age of 15, Arthur Fellig left hom and scraped along as best he could, tal ing small-time jobs and sleeping on par benches. He became entranced with ph tography while watching a local photogr pher take tintype shots of neighborhoc children on a pony; he became the man assistant and apprentice, later deciding to go into busine for himself. Early on, Fellig had a canny knack for knov ing what would sell. Developing his negatives, he used "th contrastiest paper" he could find so that the children faces would come out "chalky"—"dead-white." His use the phrase "dead-white" to describe the faces floating u from the developing tray is indicative of the necrophili dimension of his work. His sensibility remained purely b nary. Dead-white and dead-black are his primary colors.

Unable to pay the upkeep on his rented pony, Fell abandoned the children's-photography racket and eventu ally landed a job in the darkroom of *The New York Time* He worked as a "squeegee boy," so named because the jo entailed using a squeegee to disperse the moisture on wet print—the cry "Squeegee!" would go up whenever print was ready for drying. Fellig's job tag is the basis fo one explanation of how he earned his famous pseudonym over time, "squeegee" slurred into "Weegee." The other e planation—the more evocative one, the one that's stuck is that "Weegee" is a play on "Ouija." For in his tabloi prime Weegee seemed almost psychic in his ability to a pear on the crime scene, sometimes before the police. H claimed he knew something was brewing whenever his e bow itched. Of course, he had more than ESP operatin As *Weegee's World* notes, Weegee was the first photogr pher to be granted a permit for a shortwave radio th picked up the police and fire frequencies. With his Dic Tracy setup, he was able to buzz the nightbeat like a batter

Photographs from [illegible] to be published in November by Bulfinch [illegible] Company, Inc.; © 1997 by the International Center [illegible]aphy, New York.



**EYE SPY**

**Jayne Mansfield, photographed in Hollywood circa 1951, is busting out all over. *Opposite*, the Cigar Institute of America awarded Weegee $50 for catching the Duke of Windsor with a stogie.**






VE LENS, WILL TRAVEL

mbulance plunges into the East
r, bringing death to two,
ust 24, 1943. *Near left,* with the
k of his Chevrolet serving
is mobile office, Weegee, pictured
a 1943, covered the tawdry
ival that was New York in the
and 40s. *Opposite, top, Summer,*
*Lower East Side,* circa 1937.
*left, Murder at the Feast of*
*Gennaro,* September 22, 1939.





**Weegee leads a beach-blanket blitzkrieg, Coney Island, July 22, 1940.**

operated angel of death. *Weegee's World:* "Few photographers of his generation could keep up with his pace or stamina for the night-after-night photographs of corpses—in the jargon of the newsroom, 'roasts' (victims of fires), 'dry divers' (people jumping off buildings), or 'bottom feeders' (victims of drowning)."

It was in the pages of the liberal daily *PM,* founded in 1940, where Fellig first used "Weegee" as his calling card and proved he was more than a freelance ghoul. Unlike the lowbrow dailies where he had appeared before, *PM* was a quality sheet with good photo reproduction (its other photographers included Helen Levitt and Margaret Bourke-White); its writers weren't the usual *Front Page* sob sisters and hacks but such powerful typewriter pounders as Lillian Hellman, Dashiell Hammett, Dorothy Parker, I. F. Stone, and Ernest Hemingway. In this classier venue Weegee created his most ricochet-filled dramatic tableaux of lives gone smash, like in the shot *End of a Joy Ride,* in which the viewer's eye pinballs from the broken glass to the bloodied nose to the mirrored reflection of the bloodied nose to a Nosferatu face peering through the window in the background. It was also during this period that Weegee went beyond the police blotter and gritty exposé into homegrown surrealism (see his shot of a woman cabdriver and the giant hand of a Thanksgiving-parade balloon). His annual crowd-scene shots at Coney Island were heralds of summer, the large negative of the Speed Graphic enabling him to individualize the hundreds (thousands?) of beach nuts mugging for the camera in a lowercase Cecil B. DeMille spectacular.

The crest of Weegee-mania came with the end of World War II. In 1945 he published his first book of photographs, *Naked City,* a punchy collection whose very existence elevated him above the ranks of fly-by-nighters whose newspaper stuff was doomed to wrap fish the next day. Equally punchy was the text Weegee supplied for *Naked City,* a running commentary sprinkled with lots of dots . . . as if his thoughts were being broken up by shortness of breath . . . or channeled through Walter Winchell. One caption reads: "These are dead bodies . . . wrapped by firemen in 'bodybags.' . . . Besides the firemen . . . there are no spectators . . . it's early morning . . . people are rushing to work . . . and can't stop to look . . . they'd be late . . . and the boss will holler like hell . . . " On second thought, it sounds more like prose by Ralph Kramden.

With the popular and critical success of *Naked City* (the book went through multiple printings), Weegee became the gnomic mascot of the demimonde and the phrase itself entered the lingo as a permanent alias for the sleepless metropolis. The producer Mark Hellinger bought the rights to the title for a quasi-documentary detective film on which Weegee served as a consultant. Wanting to ease off from the emergency-response mode he had been in for years, Weegee clipped the wires of the police radio set in his car and followed his own individual whims. "Now I could really photograph the subjects I liked—I was free." The resulting book, *Weegee's People* (1946), is a scrapbook CONTINUED ON PAGE 371

*To women such as Lauren Bacall, Babe Paley, Lena Horne, and Lyn Revson, the Norman Norell label meant Paris-couture-class fashion made on Seventh Avenue. To Norell, the midwestern-born designer behind the first ladies' tuxedo suit, the first flash of 60s mod, and the first U.S. designer perfume, his label meant everything. LAURA JACOBS chronicles the dramatic ascent of America's pioneering fashion icon*



# I To One But Norell



**GLAMOUR KING:** Dovima—in a Norman Norell Roman-stripe mermaid gown—poses with the legendary designer in a Manhattan studio, circa 1959. *Opposite*, model Nancy Driver wears a Traina-Norell caped dress from the spring 1953 collection.

*Norman Norell's white-lily, black-tie fashion shows were like theater premieres.*



**SEVENTH HEAVEN**
Norman Norell and one of the exclusive openings at his Seventh Avenue showroom, circa 1961. *Opposite*, the fall 1960 collection hits the runway.



NORMAN NORELL
New York

That's all his label said. The name was in block letters, and the city was smaller, centered beneath. No manufacturer's name marred the white space. No "Paris," "London," "Tokyo." Just "Norman Norell" and "New York."

He was from Noblesville, Indiana, a sickly child, a slight man. But in the history of fashion he is huge. Norell isn't famous for a New Look like Christian Dior, though in that big year of 1947 Dior bought Norell's Triangle Coat and proclaimed it "coat of the year." (He forgot to mention that Norell, who lengthened skirts and nipped waists in 1946, actually beat him to the New Look.) Norell didn't make revolutionary use of black jersey like Coco Chanel, though his little jersey dresses were legend in the business. He didn't hide behind a wizard's white curtain like Cristóbal Balenciaga, though he could be as shy as the mystical Spaniard, could set a sleeve as serenely, and was often called "the American Balenciaga."

Norman Norell might have gone the couturier route of his two American contemporaries Charles James and Mainbocher—he had the training and the imagination. But he did something infinitely more difficult. He settled into Seventh Avenue, with its industrial rows of sewing machines, its hard nose for cash, its back-of-the-hand attitude toward designers, and he made the highest-quality clothes—couture quality—the wholesale had ever seen. American designers today may be C.E.O.'s with I.P.O.'s (forget hemlines—is their stock up or down?), but Norell hit a different kind of height, one that prepared the way for Ralph and Donna. Out of rag-trade anonymity he emerged as our first Fashion Avenue icon, his career a long climb to that lovely label that said it all by saying only "Norman Norell New York." When he died 25 years ago, in 1972, the headline on the *New York Times* front page was a one-man show: NORMAN NORELL . . . MADE 7TH AVE. THE RIVAL OF PARIS.

Norman David Levinson was born with the century, in 1900, the younger of two sons. His mother was Methodist, his father Jewish, the family trade haberdashery. The earliest piece of Norman lore is his response to Methodist Sunday school: he hated going, balked like a mule, and threw his service penny in the dirt. The earliest picture of Norman, from around 1905, is a photograph of a boy in a sailor suit: his big brown eyes seem to take in every detail. Stubborn and seeing—Norell in a nutshell.

Weakened by rheumatic fever, Norman was out of school as often as in, and spent days in bed leafing through his mother's fashion magazines, preferring paper dolls to baseball. He was spoiled, but no one took him for a sissy. "From the beginning, he got to be known as artistic," says his nephew Alan Levinson. "He was the first boy in the county to have a corduroy suit." And the first boy in America (maybe in the world) to have a round bed, which he designed himself. "My family," Norell said, "they were really embarrassed about that bed."

When the Levinsons moved to Indianapolis, Norman worked in his father's hat shop; its motto: "$2 hats and $1 caps." "My grandfather put him to work in the store trimming the windows," Alan Levinson recalls. "That was his first artistic job." Indianapolis was the beginning of something else as well. A major stop on the Keith Circuit—shades of *Gypsy*—the city saw all the best touring shows and vaudeville, and because Norman's father advertised in the program, the family saw it all, too, for free. Norman was smitten and decided to be a set and costume designer.

Look up "Norell" in any fashion encyclopedia and you find that the Dean of American Fashion had a pretty motley C.V. It's also riddled with myth. Between the motley and the myth, the evolution of Seventh Avenue runs parallel to the ascent of Norman Norell.

*1919, Parsons School:* It's listed in every book about Norman, but he never went there, because he wasn't accepted. According to a friend, he used to say, "The only people that could get into Parsons in those days were

girls from good families who were strictly 100 percent Wasp and who couldn't get by Mrs. Chase at *Vogue*." Later in life, flattered that Parsons wanted to claim him as an alum, he conspired with the story. But even then he gave a naughty twist to the tale, telling younger friends that, yes, he'd gone to Parsons, but one day Mr. Parsons called him into the office and chased him around the table, so he never went back.

*1920 to 1922, Pratt Institute:* When Norman won a contest for blouse design ($100 prize), his path swerved toward fashion. He changed his surname to Norell, decoding it this way: "*Nor* for Norman, *l* for Levinson. With another *l* added for looks." *Bien sûr!* In those days a dress designer had to be French.

*1922, Paramount Pictures, Astoria Studio:* Norell didn't actually work for Paramount; he worked for Gilbert Clark, a celebrated, now forgotten theatrical designer who hired the green kid straight out of school and had him designing costumes for Rudolph Valentino (*The Sainted Devil*) and Gloria Swanson (*Zaza*). Swanson liked to make it clear who was boss. She carried a six-foot staff to her fittings, struck the floor twice for attention, then gave orders to her maid, who relayed them to Norell two feet away.

*1923, Brooks Costume Company:* "The tone of the job was set by my first client," Norell once said. "I asked the man what he wanted. 'Anything that goes with a black patent-leather hat.'"

*1924 to 1928, Charles Armour, dress manufacturer:* At Armour, Norell hit on his vision of *sport habillé*, dressy sportswear, and had his first success, a gold lamé dress with a wide suede belt. It was also his first failure: that wide suede belt turned the dresses purple at the hips. They all came back and Norell was out.

*1928 to 1940, Hattie Carnegie, design house:* This was Norell's big break and an education equal to a stint at the École de la Chambre Syndicale in Paris. The Carnegie label was iconographic in its own way. It meant Paris fashion made on Seventh Avenue. Carnegie [illegible] designers (an illustrious [illegible] including the design comet Claire McCardell), and she brought a keen editorial eye to the cutting-room table. Norell got the job through sheer chutzpah. Or was it extreme modesty? Hearing that head designer Emmet Joyce had left, he went to Carnegie's office with sketches and waited all day. "He just sat there in the office," his nephew relates, and by chance caught Carnegie's eye as she was leaving. "He said, 'If I could work for you for several weeks, I'll do it for nothing. And I'll even pay for material I ruin.' That's how he went to work for Hattie Carnegie."

"I learned everything I knew from her," Norell would later say of Carnegie. But she wasn't easy. He was retiring, she was tough; he was self-contained, she had tantrums. Still, he stayed with the taskmaster for 12 years, learning the Paris ropes, dissecting the couture they brought back to New York (Vionnet, Chanel, Patou), perfecting technique, and, most important, figuring out how to recast Parisian proportions for the American shape, the American life. At Carnegie he also began dressing celebrities—Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Paulette Goddard, Katharine Hepburn. Which brings us to our first lesson in Norellia—those events, themes, motifs that are the sine qua non of Norman's life. These are not to be confused with Norellisms, favorite fashion gestures like sable trim, pussycat bows, big buttons, culottes, polka dots.

Norellia No. 1: *Lady in the Dark.* The Kurt Weill–Ira Gershwin musical of 1941, about a fashion-magazine editor who gets psychoanalyzed, had costumes for Gertrude Lawrence designed by "Hattie Carnegie," i.e., Norman Norell. These costumes caused a blowup between Carnegie and Norell, but the exact reason has remained "in the dark." Here's the history-book explanation. Carnegie was out of town when Norell designed the costumes, and threw a fit when she finally saw them. They were too extravagant, too expensive, to mainstream, especially the blue gown with upside-down ostrich feathers. Norell quit. Here's the inside story. Hattie and Norell both designed dresses for Lawrence, who naturally preferred Norell's. He doubled the insult by saying "Oh, Hattie, you take care of the old lady clothes." Norell was fired. Final diagnosis, according to Denise Duldner, Norell model and his last assistant: "He was ready to go, he just needed a catalyst to go."

And he went—out of the frying pan into another frying pan, from Hattie Carnegie to Anthony Traina. But this time there was a deal more money if the label read "Traina," less money if it read "Traina-Norell." Norman chose less money. Far less. From more than a thousand a week at Carnegie he dropped to a starting salary of $500 a week at Traina. "At Traina-Norell I think he finally got $800 a week," claims designer Louis Clausen, "but that was nothing for a man of Norman's stature." Still, Norman chose right, and in more ways than one.

"He was mean as hell," says Neiman Marcus president Stanley Marcus of Anthony Traina. "But he was a master behind-the-scenes man."

"Tony Traina was one of those big old-time Seventh Avenue manufacturing guys, and they really ran their company," explains Carrie Donovan, former fashion editor of *The New York Times Magazine*. "In those days, when you were the designer, you made the collection and then you got out of town. In which case they would alter the designs. But they didn't alter Norman's."

Lynn Manulis, daughter of the legendary Park Avenue boutique owner Martha Phillips and herself a champion of young designers: "Traina was a perfectionist. There was no margin for error with this man. He kept Norell a prisoner in his office. Nobody ever saw Norell, he was a phantom." But he did get out for lunch.

Norellia No. 2: Schrafft's, 43rd Street east of Broadway. Members of the "Schrafft's Lunch Club" likened it to the Algonquin Round Table, but this table was small and square, and these lunches were one hour, one drink (when someone was on the wagon, no drinks). Members of the club: Norell and Seventh Avenue colleagues Bobby Knox, Wilson Folmar, Alan Graham; later Louis Clausen, Frank Adams, John Moore; and in the 60s, *Women's Wear Daily* chief John Fairchild. Gals were rare, but invitees included Carrie Donovan, manufacturer Mattie Talmack, and designer Ruthie Alexander.

*Out of rag-trade anonymity Norell emerged as our first Fashion Avenue icon.*



N AND
ERMAIDS
and his mermaid.
Kids"—models
right) Claire
ion, Dorine McKay,
tified model
g in for Yvonne
, and Claudia
n—strike a pose
of Kees Van
n's portrait of the
ise Cassati,
spired Norell's
0 collection.

In the movie *Sweet Smell of Success,* Burt Lancaster says to a sly bimbo, "Your brains may be Jersey City, but the clothes are Traina-Norell." And a sweet success Traina-Norell was, too, right from the start. "The best-made ready-to-wear merchandise in the world was Traina-Norell," declares Donovan. "Norman made these clothes that had a poster quality to them." And he made them from 1941 to 1960, still trekking to Paris collections, buying his fabric in Europe, developing an identity, not with a capital *I* (as in flamboyant self-expression), but with an unstinting eye for workmanship, fit, the richest materials, and a pristine (but never precious) silhouette.

It was in the early 40s that America's fashion press and buyers started paying attention to Seventh Avenue—World War II was on and the Paris couture was otherwise Occupied. It was in the 40s—and in his 40s—that portraits of Norell started making the papers. How debonair he looks, a cross between Cary Grant's dark directness and Fred Astaire's small-framed, elfin elegance. There's a real RKO gleam to him, the Swing Time cut of his suits, those smiling eyes. It was in 1943 that Norman won the first Coty award (he later fretted that Claire McCardell should have won it first), and in 1943 that he turned down Harry Cohn's offer to design for Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, suggesting Jean Louis for the job instead (which launched Jean Louis and also, shrewdly, got an up-and-coming competitor off the East Coast).

"Mr. Norell's dream was to have his own business," says Denise Duldner. "He did not want another boss." After Swanson and Brooks and Armour and Carnegie, and deep in the trenches of Traina—a boss, not a partner—Norell aimed toward autonomy. He and Traina, however, with their stratospheric standards, were a formidable team. Bottom-line as he was, Traina stayed out of Norell's way when it came to designing. Louis Clausen recalls, "When Norman did the first black dinner suit with a bow tie for a woman—it would be a *smoking* today—Traina looked at it and said, 'Norman, don't you think that's a little Lisbon?' Norman didn't pay any attention. It was a big, big success." (And pre-YSL by a decade.)

"He had this idea of a sportswear mentality done in something opulent or unexpected, and that has always been a favorite idea of mine," Bill Blass suggests. "I remember one spring I was at the Ritz in Paris having lunch, and Bogart and Bacall were there. They were just married. And she was wearing Norman Norell's gray flannel jumper, a childlike jumper, with a white organdy blouse with rather big sleeves. And no hat. It was a delicious way to look, and so un-French. It really created a sensation, and this was at the height of Paris clothes."

Seam for French seam—not to mention silk linings and interlinings, invisible hems and hand finishing—a Traina-Norell stood up to a Paris original (it could be just as expensive). And Trainas were younger, fresher, with an American snap, a Manhattan swagger. In the 19 years the label said Traina-Norell, Norman became an institution, and by the time Tony Traina was ready to retire in 1960, certain Norellia were institutions, too. For instance:

Norellia No. 3: The nine P.M. openings. Norell's white-lily, black-tie fashion shows, though silent, were like theater premieres, complete with champagne intermission. (Norell called the models' earrings "spotlights.") "It was like going to Shangri-la," exclaims Lynn Manulis. "You sat on little gold ballroom chairs, and you saw everyone that was anyone in the fashion world on that 10th floor."

Which leads to Norellia No. 4: The *cabine.* Though he called them "the Kids," the rest of the industry referred to Norell's models as his "*cabine.*" He fitted each collection on four girls only, which is why the coveted end-of-season samples could be snapped up the second they got to Loehmann's: women called and said, Save me the Claudias, the Dorines, the Denises. "Mr. Norell liked his living mannequins to look like a store mannequin," says model Yvonne Presser. "He wanted the clothes to make the statement, not the girl."

And, of course, Norellia No. 5: Mermaids. Lauren Bacall wore a black one in *Applause,* Jane Fonda, a blue one in *Klute;* Lena Horne had a gown in garnet; Lyn Revson swam through society in rainbow hues through the 50s and 60s. What made these se quined sheaths the most expensive dres es in America (as high as $3,500 i 1967—the equivalent of $15,000 or s today)? Jack Miles of I. Magnin: "The fit a woman like a second skin." Jame Galanos: "They last forever." Lynn Mar ulis: "Every single sequin sewn by hanc every one, on pure silk jersey." Wha did they mean to Norman? Spangle (he never called them sequins) equale theater, and theater was "the nuts, meaning the best. How did he war them to fit? Lyn Revson recalls a fi ting that was her first experience c Norell's salty way of speaking: "Tak it in two inches under the butt."

Perhaps the most impor tant piece of Norellia i the Kees Van Donger Norell's pride and joy, is a painting he bough at Parke-Bernet in the 40 for $125, a portrait c the Marquise Cassati walking along canal in Venice, a gondolier nearb surreal on a wave. Her skin is s white it's almost green; her eyes ar like bruises, her dress a flapper chemise. Everyone who knew No man knew the painting, not only be cause he'd sometimes hang it in th salon for openings, but also becaus his collection for fall 1960—his firs as Norman Norell, Inc.—seemed to ste right out of it, and became known a "the Van Dongen Collection."

"He sent the girls out with all thi slick black hair, these searing eye this white skin," Lynn Manulis re calls. "The attitude of those girls wit those clothes—the audience was spel bound." Yvonne Presser, who moc eled in the show, says, "It was th first time he had total freedom, a most like he'd been set free from cage. Mr. Norell was very inspired b those years when Van Dongen wa painting." Those years were the 1920 for Norell, fashion's finest hour. Wit regrets to Sassoon and Courrège here was the first flapper flash of 6( mod. Norman Norell, fall 1960!

But Norell didn't buy into th youthquake, did not do 60s kook "I can't make clothes the way the youn people do, because I know too much. he explained. He had his backer (Prewitt Semmes of Detroit, Daniel Di trich of Philadelphia); he had his nam

on the label. He would spend his 60s refining, simplifying. A son of Seventh Avenue, not Roland Barthes, Norell was unwilling to go for faux effects. While Saint Laurent might turn a dress into an abstraction by Mondrian, the only sleight of hand you got from Norell was the death-defying roll of a Norell collar, the opera-box security of a Norell sleeve. "Blown on" is the way designer Isaac Mizrahi describes Norell patch pockets, which could take a day to make and sew on. "Balance" is the way Rose Simon, senior lecturer at the Fashion Institute of Technology, describes Norell tailoring. "Every part of the garment was on such a perfect grain that it fell on the body ideally. You felt graceful in it—psychologically happy and helped. You were free."

A Norell collection contained only three to five new shapes or "bodies," but in infinite variations. "Do you know what kind of creator it takes," Ann Keagy, then chair of Parsons Fashion Design department, once asked, "to take five ideas and do 200 pieces in coloration, combination?"

And the shapes themselves? Though Norell, to the end, began collections by spending hours in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the New York Public Library, he made no secret of his continued respect for both Chanel and Balenciaga. In Norell of the 60s you feel Chanel's swingy ease shoulder to shoulder with Balenciaga's stoic seamsmanship. So there was still Parisian lineage. But there was also *Anything Goes,* the boat home, flags flying. It was the decade of Norell nautical suits and anchor insignia, sailor dresses and sailor gowns. (Lyn Revson was famous for wearing one in white organdy—sailor as angel.) There was Optimism—silhouettes of childlike directness. Norell took teasing from fellow designers for finding so much to copy in children's clothes, their caped coats, Peter Pan collars, buttons in lines of two like Made-line at school. (He worked a ratio of innocence to experience worthy of William Blake.) And there was Arrival—New World rising with its glittering cities; new money finding its place in the footlight parade; New York. A Norell by day was a Cadillac Coupe de Ville; by night, the Chrysler Building. Old-world aristocrats and robber-baron aspirees wore Balenciaga and Mainbocher, but in America the wives of the captains of industry wore Norell. "Husbands loved his clothes," says Gus Tassell, the man who was designer at Norman Norell for the four years it continued after Norell's death. "He made their women look beautiful. And rich."



## *"Norell made American designers into gods," says John Fairchild.*



DESIGN FOR LIVING
*Above,* Norell, left, on vacation in Mexico City with his longtime boyfriend John Moore, March 1955; *top,* Norell, center, and Moore on Havana's La Concha Beach with fashion writer Carrie Donovan, February 1954.

Norman Norell was the Seventh Avenue success story, as esteemed in the ateliers of Paris as in the dreams of women on the social climb. That Diana Vreeland, *Vogue* editor and empress of fashion in the 60s—a woman devoted to Paris couture, and usually absent from Seventh Avenue—attended Norell's nine P.M. openings is no small symbol of his importance. She gave him splashy, full-color coverage in *Vogue,* and was a friend and admirer of 30 years. For the younger Grace Mirabella, who would succeed Vreeland as editor of *Vogue,* Norell was symbolic in a different way. "What the women who shop in my market want is quite simple," she once explained in exasperation. "They want us to tell them what Norman Norell wants them to wear."

*Primus inter pares:* that's how the late maestro Erich Leinsdorf once referred to the role of an orchestra conductor—"first among peers"—and it's not a bad way to think about Norman Norell at that time. (When Pierre Bergé met Norell in 1965, he said, "He looks like a symphony-orchestra director, that hair, that profile.") Norell certainly racked up the firsts: first Coty American Fashion Critics' Award in 1943, first Coty Award Hall of Fame in 1958 (meaning he'd won three times), first president of the Council of Fashion Designers of America in 1965. Even

the first fund-raiser for the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, in 1963, was put over as a "party for Norman."

The name Norell was instant authority. "You don't know what an icon and a hero he was," says Carrie Donovan. "I got some of my first jobs designing because the market knew I knew Norell."

"He was somebody enormously to be respected," says designer and writer John Weitz. "I never called him Norman. I called him Mr. Norell."

"He would not ever make a concession where a principle of his was involved," states Max Bernegger, Norell's business manager from 1963 to 1969. "For that he would fight like a tiger."

Yet "he was very, very kind," says Bernadine Morris, former *New York Times* fashion critic and author of the chapter on Norell in the 1975 book *American Fashion*.

"I think he set a tone that other people tried to follow," says fashion grande dame Eleanor Lambert, also from Indiana and a friend who worked closely with Norell on the Council of Fashion Designers of America and numerous other industry organizations. "Instead of going the other way like Halston—Halston sort of debauched everybody because he loved nightlife and all that—Norman was the most discreet man. I've never known such gentlemanly behavior. He had great dignity. He would have been horrified by Halston and the others—by the showiness of their lives." But there was a private life.

The story of Norman Norell has always been told with the love life missing. It's sometimes told as if there were no social life at all. True, designers then didn't "climb." Norell worked in an era when the unwritten rule was "Seventh and Fifth don't mix"—to be a fashion designer was practically a faux pas. Mainbocher might take cocktails with his clients, but he'd set up shop in Paris, not in Manhattan's garment district. Norell preferred






**PRETTY AS A PICTURE**
**In a fashion shoot for *Life* magazine, models pose at Belmont Racetrack in ensembles from Norell's fall 1960 line; known as "the Van Dongen Collection," it was inspired by a painting from the 1920s. Later former Norell champion John Fairchild critiques illustrations of Yves Saint Laurent designs at *Women's Wear Daily*'s New York offices with editors James Brady, Peter Davis Dibble, and June Weir; on the wall is a cutout photograph of Norman Norell, whom *WWD* and Fairchild referred to as "Grand Old Master."**

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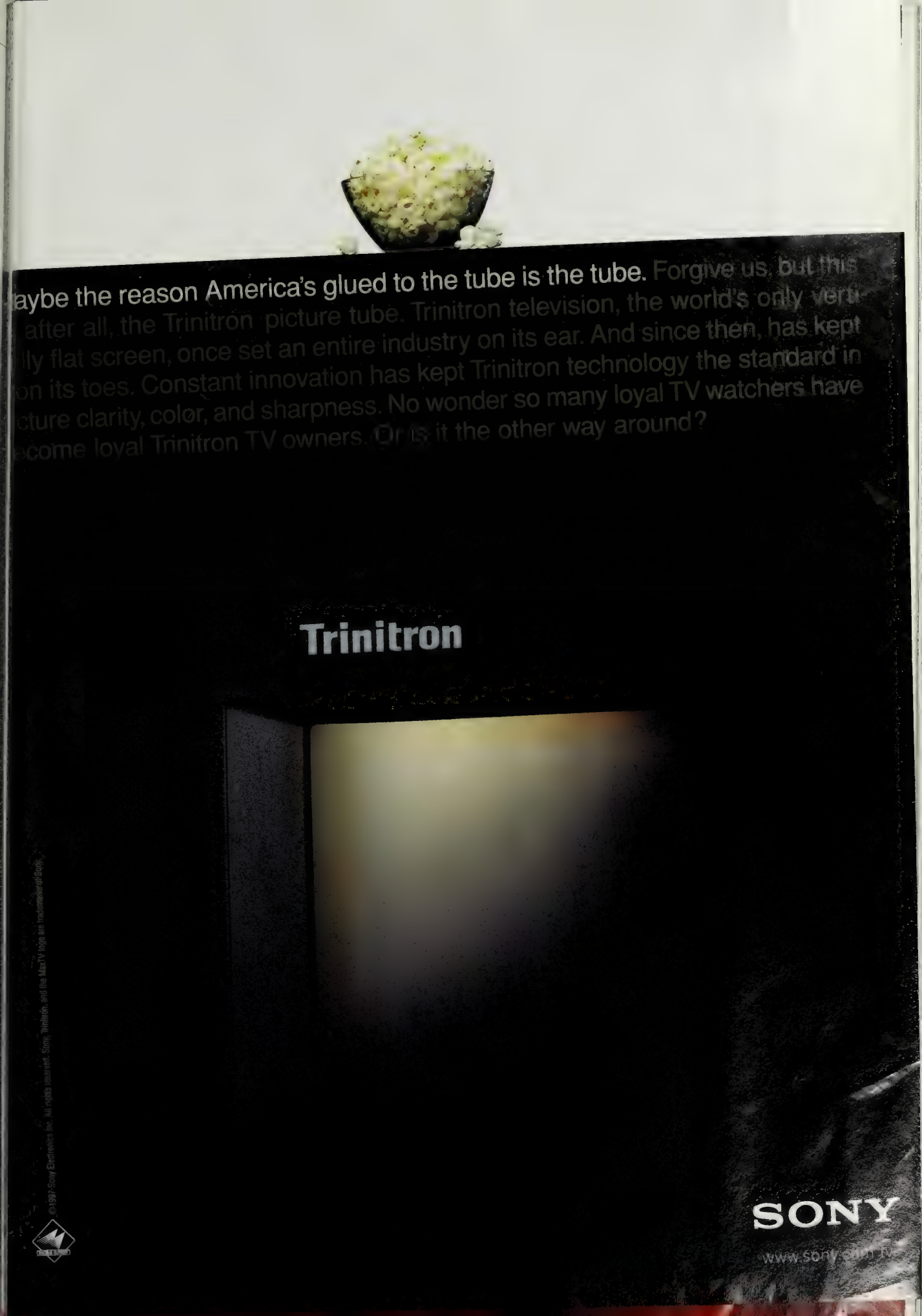


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## Proust Questionnaire



From classics such as *The Fatal Lozenge* to his opening for PBS's *Mystery!*, Edward Gorey has made an industry out of his ghoulish worldview. This month, the illustrator strikes again with new editions of *The Curious Sofa* and *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, and reveals that his own life is not dominated by bats and beastly babies, but rather by five friendly cats

# Edward Gorey

**What is your idea of perfect happiness?**
Sky, water, light.

**What is your current state of mind?**
Changeable.

**What or who is the greatest love of your life?**
Cats.

**What are your favorite names?**
Filboid Studge, Fantômas, Astérix.

**Which living person do you most admire?**
Balthus.

**Which living person do you most despise?**
Where to begin . . .

**What is your greatest extravagance?**
Buying things at yard sales.

**What is your most treasured possession?**
The one most recently acquired.

**What is it that you most dislike?**
The results of fear and greed.

**What do you consider your greatest achievement?**
I hope it is still to come.

**What is your favorite journey?**
Looking out the window.

**What is your favorite occupation?**
Drifting.

**What is your most marked characteristic?**
Dither.

**What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?**
I think I still have to find out what it is.

**What is your greatest regret?**
That I don't have one.

**On what occasion do you lie?**
Almost any.

**When and where were you happiest?**
Whatever I said would not be true.

**Which talent would you most like to have?**
Any to do with music or dance.

**What do you dislike most about your appearance?**
Everything but my toes.

**If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?**
To be able to say no.

**If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?**
To live with cats who are a tad less loopy.

**How would you like to die?**
Unexpectedly in my sleep.

**If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?**
A stone.

**If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?**
A neutrino.

**What is your motto?**
O the of it all.



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# Planetarium

## Michael Lutin advises Libras to keep mind and body clean

### LIBRA ♎ SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

For all your famous willingness to be as open as the proverbial book, Libras are hard to read, especially with eclipses in your 6th and 12th houses, as you have now. Your ability to stay healthy and productive depends greatly on your psychic state, including the amount of rage you are harboring at any given time. The strange twist is that your psychic state depends on how work is going and how healthy you feel. So if you can let go, be forgiving, and stop imagining that you are coming down with malaria every time you feel a chill, everything should be fine.

### SCORPIO ♏ OCT. 24–NOV. 21

To be center stage all the time, forever the object of everybody's fantasies and desires, can be exhausting, even for you. Do you realize the incredible burden it has been, lately, having to be smart, funny, gorgeous, and sexy? You would be wise to let the backup group take over for a while. But with the south node in your 5th house, how possible or realistic is *that?* Listen up: although your knee-jerk reaction may be to cling, possess, and consume in your desire to be loved, friendship is the best way to go. And if you have kids, may the Force be with you.

### SAGITTARIUS ♐ NOV. 22–DEC. 21

You know you should be working and achieving now. But the urge to relax is so great that you have to fight it or you'll never get out of the sack. That's this month's dilemma. When you have not one but two eclipses occurring on major angles of your horoscope, opportunities and offers come rolling in and the work is definitely there. God only knows why, because you haven't felt motivated at all. Dress for success? Hardly. In fact, even if you *have* to go out, all you can think of is getting back home and into bed. Oh, if only your parents were still supporting you . . .

### CAPRICORN ♑ DEC. 22–JAN. 19

If it seems appropriate and you have the chance, this would be a perfect time to go back to school. No joke. The solar eclipse in your 9th house could be an uplifting and rewarding experience for any thirsty student who knows he has a lot more to learn. Since Capricorns are so obstacle-oriented, though, you should also be aware that the conjunction of the moon and the south node in your 3rd house is making you so restless and fidgety and unable to shut up for five minutes that you'd probably be spending most of your time in the principal's office.

### AQUARIUS ♒ JAN. 20–FEB. 18

The control freak—not you, of course!—in a mad and childish attempt to handle all the money all the time, bites the hand that feeds him and ends up deep in the red. The really smart businessperson, by comparison, doesn't have to be told that, with a sun/north-node conjunction in his 8th house, to own may be human but to borrow is divine. He knows instinctively that productivity is sometimes best achieved by merging and tapping the resources of others. The moral of the story: The really smart businessperson is never a total control freak.

### PISCES ♓ FEB. 19–MARCH 20

You have been reaching out—good for you. The solar eclipse in your 7th house has been demanding that sort of a stretch, and you've been very good about taking direction from well-meaning individuals who are trying to help you out of what they perceive as your sad slump. Isn't that what marriage is all about, after all? It's just that being with someone 24 hours a day or being monitored morning, noon, and night makes you realize that if you don't get off by yourself you'll go crazy—slump or no slump. You got that, pal?

### ARIES ♈ MARCH 21–APRIL 19

The Puritans were not the first or the only people to decide that work is the path to Heaven. In fact, studies have shown that cleaning your room and doing your own laundry can alleviate depression. Not that you're necessarily depressed because Saturn is still retrograde in your sign, but whatever your current state of mind, the straight and narrow is definitely your path to salvation right now. Oh, there *is* the lunar eclipse in your 12th house to consider—which can lead to escapism and angry acting out—but that would probably never affect *you.*

### TAURUS ♉ APRIL 20–MAY 20

Why is it that just when your personal life is finally stable—when you've got a loving companion to indulge you, or you've got the kids for the weekend and everyone is getting along—suddenly there are phone calls you have to answer, meetings you can't miss, and a million other obligations to take you away from all the happiness you should be enjoying? Is it because the moon's nodes are crossing your 5th and 11th houses that you are clinging to old goals and longing for friends who are not there? Or is it just possible that you are scared of intimacy?

### GEMINI ♊ MAY 21–JUNE 21

If your dad calls and tells you not to worry, or the kids have dinner waiting when you walk in exhausted, or the cat is there to greet you at the door, you should try to find comfort in all that now. Don't resent it, just because you're having a rotten time dealing with the Devil at work in the world. With eclipses in your 4th and 10th houses, you are probably telling yourself, I can't take all this cutesy family stuff. Well, maybe not, but just remember that if you start to snicker at those who love you the Devil wins. And who wants that?

### CANCER ♋ JUNE 22–JULY 22

When people run away to exotic places, or even the golf course, it is not necessarily because they are mean or irresponsible, but because, on a day-in-day-out basis, life has become unbearable low-level maintenance. Of course, the solution is to stay in the trenches and talk things over, but with a moon/south-node conjunction in your 9th house, you can't take that. After a few minutes of talking to *anyone,* you need to get out of there. But what do you do the minute you arrive at your haven of refuge? You phone someone and start talking. It figures.

### LEO ♌ JULY 23–AUG. 22

The eclipse in your 2nd house *should* initiate a whole new era of golden prosperity, provided you continue to make a decent living. If only there weren't that damned *8th* house as well, it would be a lot easier for you to keep your feet here on earth and refrain from slipping and sliding into those dark places where no self-respecting Leo should dangle even one toe. You are only human, however, and if your primal urges or fears or hang-ups lead you into dangerous places, you'd better hope there's enough money left to bail you out.

### VIRGO ♍ AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Parenting is tough, especially if the child you're raising is one you're married to. That may be harsh, but with two eclipses on your relationship axis, it has to hurt when you don't get back all the support you expect and deserve. The people you are relating to may not have the maturity or spiritual awareness with which you have mercifully been blessed. Even if business deals fall through because the other party is a jerk, stay high on work and don't be dragged down by childish escapists. The big question remains: Why do you find childish escapists so attractive?

To hear Michael Lutin read your weekly horoscope, call 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.

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# Ramsey

Koby and Wickman and his team, these éminences grises, according to one insider, reviewed the evidence, voiced enthusiastic support for the beleaguered cops, and offered pro bono assistance. A hushed jubilation filled the room—until Koby announced that he would have to tell Hunter about the meeting. (The volunteer experts have declined to comment.)

Hunter, according to the same source, was not pleased to learn that a handful of cops had ambushed him, but he was clearly impressed by the quality of their advisers. Days later he welcomed the new additions to his team, but he made clear that he alone would make the decision to file charges.

It had been a bad week for Hunter. On July 25, Boulder police held a press conference and announced that they had the evidence to go forward in the prosecution of a 14-year-old murder case. In 1983, Robert Redford's daughter's boyfriend, Sid Wells, was killed. The police thought they had a solid case, but Hunter's office refused to prosecute the alleged killer. Now, with the Ramsey case hanging over him, Hunter was being ambushed again. In addition, he was confronted by another old case: the murder of Alec Olbright, who police suspected was killed by his baby-sitter three years ago. The parents had been devastated when the D.A.'s office declined to file charges. (Hunter's spokesperson says that under Colorado law any citizen can challenge the decision of the D.A. in a particular case by filing with a court a motion to compel prosecution. In neither of these cases was such a motion filed.) Other old cases, mainly in narcotics, were also suddenly being resurrected by the police. The Boulder cops, taking a page from the Haddon legal team, had started playing hardball.

On July 23, the Ramsey team went on the offensive, blasting investigators for wasting their time on the Ramseys instead of focusing on the real killer. They released their profile of the suspected killer and asked the public's cooperation in turning up someone who, for example, may have started drinking more recently, or someone who had been going to church more since the murder. Most law-enforcement experts dismissed the profile as a desperate attempt to deflect attention. Some compared it to O. J. Simpson's 800 number. On July 28, Ramsey's profiler, John Douglas, a former F.B.I. agent who took the job that Gregg McCrary had turned down, went on NBC's *Today* and announced his belief that the case "may be one of the 35 [percent] that will remain unsolved."

The Ramsey machine stepped up its campaign in late July and August, taking out full-page ads on its intruder's profile in a local paper, circulating flyers, releasing sample letters from the ransom notes, and setting up its own tip-line phone number. On August 3, the Ramseys ran another full-page intruder-profile ad in Boulder's *Daily Camera*, but in the same edition was a full-page open letter to the Ramseys from Peter Boyles. The popular talk-radio host listed all the reasons Americans found the Ramseys' behavior suspicious, mocked their profile as "laughable," condemned them for not cooperating with the police, and accused them of taking "Colorado and the nation on a seven-month, low-speed, white-Bronco chase." Real grieving parents, he said, behave like Fred Goldman, not like the Ramseys.

In late July, Hunter agreed to go with Hofstrom to F.B.I. headquarters in Quantico, Virginia, to meet with the Child Abduction and Serial Killer Unit in early September. For months, says a source, the police had implored Hofstrom to listen to the conclusions of the F.B.I., but to no avail. "They're going to take DeMuth, Hofstrom, and Smit out of their little kingdom, where they're so comfortable, take them to Quantico, and let those guys beat them over the head for two days and say, 'Look, this is how you prosecute this case.'"

The lack of an indictment, after eight months, has fueled an incendiary rumor mill which attributes the stalemate to everything from conspiracy theories to bribes to promises of political and judicial appointments. Some observers discount any sinister motivation and say simply that the playing field was never even. Columnist Chuck Green speculates, "I'm sure Haddon has told Hunter that if you file against my clients I'll come after you for malicious prosecution." One elected official in Boulder explains, "This is a small, incestuous legal community. We've never built fire walls, and this case really needed one at the very beginning." Owing to the early police incompetence, the indiscretions of the district attorney's office, and a sketchy coroner's report, many experts question whether any prosecution of the case stands a chance.

"Whether we prosecute or not," Hunter told me in June, "there is no statute of limitations on murder. . . . It's a very big Sword of Damocles hanging over their heads." □

# Credits

## Fashion

**Page 74:** Bottom left, **Nicole Kidman's** Yamamoto suit and hat from Yohji Yamam N.Y.C., and Barneys New York, Beverly Tiffany & Co. diamond earrings from Tiffa Co. stores nationwide.

**Page 92:** Sebastian Junger styled by Re Yan; turtleneck by Banana Republic, from nana Republic stores nationwide.

**Page 100:** Edward Klein styled by Re Yan; suit, shirt, and tie by Donna Karan, Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Lynn Moloney sty by Ty-Ron Mayes for Jam Arts. Suzanna drews styled by Tina Skouras; blouse pants by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Arm N.Y.C. Maureen Orth styled by Lisa Smith Ennis, Inc.

**Page 112:** **Mel Gibson's** shirt by Anto Fusco; pants by Trussardi; watch by Piag from the Piaget boutique, N.Y.C.

**Page 299:** Agnes Baddoo for Visages Sty

**Pages 314–15:** Nicole Kidman's Christi Dior dress from the Christian Dior boutiqu Honolulu; Tiffany & Co. diamond bracelet fro Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide.

**Page 317:** Christian Dior Haute Couture s by special order from Christian Dior, Paris.

**Page 319:** Dolce & Gabbana jacket fro Dolce & Gabbana, N.Y.C.; J. M. Westo boots from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.; Wolfor stockings from Wolford boutiques natio wide.

**Page 320:** Jil Sander sweater from Barney New York, N.Y.C.

**Pages 340–41:** Anne Christensen for Ar and Commerce. **Matt Damon's** Sulka jacke and pants from Sulka, Calvin Klein shirt and tie from Calvin Klein, both in N.Y.C.

## Beauty and Grooming

**Cover:** **Nicole Kidman's** hair styled with Aveda Pure-fume Brilliant Humectant Pomade. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Shadow-lights in Daylight Beige and Nightlight Earth; on her lips, Precision Lip Definer in Nude, and Sheer Lipstick in Wild Honey. Odile Gilbert for Marie France Thavonekham; Kiki Savrani for Brigitte Hébant S.A.R.L.

**Page 74:** Bottom, left and right, see credits for cover.

**Page 92:** Sebastian Junger's grooming by John Olavarria for Pix Producers.

**Page 100:** Edward Klein's grooming by John Olavarria for Pix Producers. Lynn Moloney's and Emma Gilbey's hair and makeup by Kat James for Indorato Artists. Suzanna Andrews' hair and makeup by Maria Verel for Art and Commerce. Alan Deutschman's grooming by Matthew Williams for Trilise. Maureen Orth's hair and makeup by Christine Clemente for Ennis, Inc.

**Pages 142–43:** Hair, makeup, and grooming by Anette Farnham and Chrissy Smith for Salon Gamine.

**Page 299:** **Tobey Maguire's** grooming by Wendy Ann Rosen for Cloutier; grooming products from Clinique for Men.

y tried to set me up. The specific ques-
n the police kept asking me was: Why
es John Ramsey keep throwing your
me out? They asked me to take a poly-
aph. I said, 'Sure. No problem. As soon
John Ramsey takes one.'"

Early in 1996, Ramsey had decided that
wanted to get rid of Merrick. Merrick
as shifted to another job, which was
on eliminated. When Merrick confront-
d Ramsey, his friend of 25 years told him
at he was powerless to help him. Mer-
ck filed a complaint with Lockheed
Martin, which later prompted the Ramsey
eam to put him on their suspect list.

Jane Stobie was not surprised that
Ramsey had gone from defending himself
o accusing his friends. She was familiar
vith the strategy. "I knew those people
were bad, bad news. We called it 'the evil
empire'—for a reason."

Marino and Glynn had much softer
landings; they were moved around the
company to positions that either over-
taxed them or made them unhappy
enough to quit. Both of them, as well as
Merrick, went on to better, higher-paid
jobs. Glynn and Marino left on fairly
good terms. Both immediately phoned
Ramsey after the murder to offer their
condolences. "He was my best friend for
a lot of years," says Marino with difficul-
ty. "That's what hurt me the most. He in-
dicated that Mike and Jeff were his ene-
mies, and I can tell you they never were."

"I was contacted by the Boulder police
about two weeks later—wanting to talk to
me about where I was on the night of the
murder," says Mike Glynn, who now lives
in Tucson. "They said my name had been
mentioned by Ramsey's attorney as some-
one they needed to check out. I was pretty
dumbfounded." In February and March,
Glynn says, his family was tormented by
"three weeks of constant media bombard-
ment." His neighbors were interviewed by
TV crews; one even asked, according to
Glynn, "Do you know the Ramsey family
considers him to be a major suspect in the
murder of their daughter?"

In April, after two visits from a pri-
vate investigator named Jon Foster, who
said he worked for the Ramseys, Glynn
called a Boulder detective to find out
why the P.I. was snooping around. He
learned that virtually everyone the police
had interviewed got a visit soon after by
one of Ramsey's personal sleuths. "I
said, 'Why are they doing that?' and the
police said, 'To obscure the truth.' Fos-
ter must have told me six times that
John didn't give my name to the police."
However, detectives told Glynn that
Ramsey had given his name almost im-
mediately. "Foster explained that the
Ramseys had formed a team 'to try and
solve this murder. You know, the police
are a small-town operation. They don't
know what they're doing, but they're not
willing to take any kind of help.'" Fos-
ter continued to pester Glynn, trying to
learn what he had told the police. After
40 minutes, Glynn told him to leave.
(Foster declined to comment for this
story.)

Judith Phillips, who last saw Patsy in
March, says, "I was still a true-blue
supporter of her." According to Phillips,
Patsy asked her to contact Leslie Durgin,
Boulder's mayor and a pal of Phillips's.
Durgin, who describes Patsy as barely an
acquaintance, was surprised at the mes-
sage Phillips conveyed from her: "Why
aren't you protecting me?" Durgin terse-
ly replied via Phillips, "We are doing
everything we can. I am supporting the
police."

Weeks later, Phillips says, she learned
that she too had flunked the loyalty test.
In April, one of Patsy's close friends
phoned her to say that "the Ramseys nev-
er wanted to see me again. I was not
their friend."

Even Barbara Fernie, according to
friends, began to have doubts. For months,
she and Patsy had been inseparable—shop-
ping, lunching, chatting on the phone. By
early spring, Fernie began telling people, "I
am the one doing the grieving. Something
is wrong with Patsy." Soon, friends say,
Barbara was dropped from the Ramsey in-
ner circle, though her husband, John, has
continued his relationship with Ramsey, as
have many other business associates.

One by one, many of the Ramseys'
Boulder friends quietly slipped away.
However, as more and more of these
friends lost faith in them, the D.A.'s team
seemed to work more and more closely
with Haddon's team. They openly began
to give credence to the "intruder theory"
promoted in Haddon's office. Detectives
would sit numbly as Hofstrom dismissed
their carefully collected evidence and Lou
Smit offered the theory that a grown man
had sneaked in through a broken window
so narrow that even Hunter discounted
the possibility. "No one came through
that window," he told me in June. But by
July the Haddon team had convinced
Hofstrom, DeMuth, and Smit that it *was*
possible. "I have talked to Alex a great
deal," Pamela Griffin told me, "and he
has some people working on the case
who have called me . . . and they do not
think the Ramseys did it."

Pam Paugh told me in June, "The fact
that the district attorney is working with
Patsy and John's team is enough to tell
the world that they are off the hook. If I
thought you did it, and I was the police
or the D.A., would I be working on a dai-
ly basis with your hired lawyers and in-
vestigators . . . telling you what I know?
And them telling me what they know, so
I could turn around and arrest you? No,
because I could never convict you."

On July 11, Hofstrom told Tom Wick-
man that he had arranged a meeting
with the Ramseys and their attorneys for
the next day. The purpose of the meeting
was to support the Ramseys' claim of in-
nocence and seek their assistance in find-
ing the killer. No one from the police
was invited. A request to tape the meet-
ing for the benefit of the police was de-
nied. The following morning at seven
A.M., John and Patsy Ramsey convened
with four of their lawyers- Burke, Mor-
gan, Foreman, and Haddon. "Lou Smit
and Hofstrom were there asking Patsy
and John their thoughts on 'the intrud-
er,'" says an investigator. "It was a
joke."

The next day John Ramsey went to
church with John Fernie while Patsy
flew to Atlanta. In mid-July, Nedra and
Pam Paugh helped Patsy move into the
new, $700,000 brick Colonial in the
Vinings suburb of Atlanta, just across
the road from the prestigious Lovett
School, where Burke is said to be en-
rolled. On July 15, Ramsey announced
that his company's new international
headquarters would be in Atlanta start-
ing August 1.

The detectives, however embittered and
demoralized, did not give up. They de-
cided to keep their contact with Hunter's
team to a minimum, and their thoughts
and evidence to themselves. Open bicker-
ing erupted between the two teams. Smit
was reportedly accused of "contami-
nating the case file" by putting in re-
ports that exonerated the Ramseys. "I'll
write the reports as I see them," Smit al-
legedly shot back. Some of the police
turned to therapists, some to clergy, oth-
ers to lawyers. In late July, one high-
powered attorney assured them, "If the
right thing isn't done, we'll do the right
thing."

A week later, Tom Wickman was told
that three experts—Robert Miller, a former
U.S. attorney; Daniel Hoffman, a former
dean of the University of Denver law
school; and Richard Baer, a former New
York prosecutor—wanted to talk to him.
At a hastily arranged meeting with Chief

outfit, and Pam Griffin made it. I designed the 'black-and-white Chanel' sportswear outfit with the little polka-dot underskirt."

Griego, Griffin, and another mom, Tamme Polson, say that they never saw any signs that JonBenet was not enjoying herself. Others say they had glimpses of a strain on the child. One often-told story took place at Pasta Jay's, a restaurant run by the Ramseys' close friend Jay Elowsky. According to one version: "It must have been some kind of dress-up affair or pageantry thing, because JonBenet was all dressed up with makeup and a gown. She got cold and went up to her mother and said, 'Mommy, I'd like to wear my jacket. I'm cold.' And Patsy said firmly, 'Not now, honey, you're still on display.'"

Mike Glynn, a former divinity student, met Ramsey in 1991, when he was the recruiting coordinator for the University of Colorado's football team. He needed someone to donate computer equipment to the school. Jay Elowsky introduced Glynn to Ramsey, and the two struck up a close relationship. Ramsey came through with the computers and in time offered Glynn, who speaks several languages, a position on the international side of his company. With daughters close in age, the Glynns and the Ramseys often socialized. "The family was almost make-believe. Too perfect. It was like Ozzie and Harriet came to Boulder," says Glynn. "But John could get really angry. I saw this on a few occasions involving business. Shouting and threatening. His eyes bulging like you cannot believe. It seemed like Jekyll and Hyde."

In 1992 the Ramseys were blindsided by a series of tragedies. On January 8, Ramsey's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was killed in an automobile accident. Ramsey was devastated. Jim Marino sees Elizabeth's death as the watershed event of Ramsey's life. "There was a significant change when she died," he says. "He became more introverted." A few months later, Ramsey's father, who had married John's first wife's mother, also died.

In the summer of 1993, Patsy was diagnosed with metastasized ovarian cancer. "It was stage four. It was clear up underneath the rib cage," says Pam Paugh. Patsy began commuting to the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, for chemotherapy, and she took Taxol.

"I took John aside and said, 'You really need to do everything you can to help her,'" recalls Mike Glynn. "He needed to be reminded, and he did take some time off and traveled with her." Judith Phillips was distressed to learn that her very ill friend was flying back and forth across the country by herself, "sick as a dog, vomiting. . . . Where the hell was [John]?" In 1995 the cancer went into remission. "She was healed of God," claims Pam, "because she had cancer one day and not the next."

Patsy's illness, according to one knowledgeable insider, was complicated by the fact that implants from a breast augmentation early in her marriage ruptured and needed additional surgery. Following her recovery, she celebrated by having a partial face-lift.

On the morning of December 26, Patsy Ramsey phoned her mother in Atlanta. Immediately, Pam, Polly, and Polly's husband flew to Boulder. After the discovery of the body, Patsy declared to her friends that "she would never go back in that house again." In the first days, the Ramseys and the Paugh sisters moved into John and Barbara Fernie's place in south Boulder. Another friend, Patty Novack, who is a registered nurse, stayed nights with Patsy. "Patsy was completely devastated," says Novack. "She needed to be taken into the shower and assisted in the bathroom."

While Patsy wept, John paced. "The first night he was completely pacing," says Novack, "and I had to wake up his brother, Jeff, because I needed him to keep an eye on John. The first night, Patsy slept on a futon and John must have slept on a couch. They pretty much did not sleep."

On December 28, with their lawyers present, the Ramseys gave hair and blood samples and were fingerprinted. "She was a wreck," says one source. "As she was being fingerprinted, she became hysterical, saying, 'Why are you doing this? Do you think I killed my baby?'"

In June, Patsy Ramsey, who was heavily medicated after her daughter's death, told friends that she could not remember anything, not the murder night, the days after—nothing. Investigators began to worry about "an amnesia defense." Others recalled her emotionally charged remark during the Ramseys' May 1 press conference that "it won't be long" before she sees JonBenet again.

On December 29, the family flew to Marietta, Georgia, in a private jet, piloted by John Ramsey, for JonBenet's funeral. Among those who went there to comfort the Ramseys that first week were Fleet and Priscilla White. Soo however, questions and doubts began nag at the Whites.

Fleet White phoned the Paugh hou and said he wanted to come by a speak with John. When the Whites a rived, they were led into the sunroo where Ramsey, his brother, Jeff, and Do Paugh were waiting. According to an i sider, Ramsey sat down next to Priscil and began to pat her arm as if to cal her down as her husband pelted him wit questions: "Why do you need all these a torneys? Why aren't you cooperatin with the police?" His distress mounting he declared, "I don't understand wha you are doing." Priscilla later told friend that she had told John that going o CNN was a big mistake.

Nedra would later tell police tha White was "a wild man and a lunatic." Ramsey would inform friends that "the worm had turned." According to a D.A. source, Ramsey told his lawyers and the D.A. that he regarded Fleet White, whom he had often identified as his best friend, as a prime suspect in JonBenet's murder.

In the ensuing weeks, the Ramsey team spread the word that the Whites were not to be trusted. Pam Griffin was among those who carried the message. "This man has a dark side," she told me over the phone. Pressed to explain how Fleet White could have possibly killed JonBenet, she said, "I don't think Fleet White with his two hands murdered that child. I just think he knows something." (The Whites declined to comment for this story.)

The Whites were the first of what the police have come to call "the throwaway friends." Anyone suspected of the vaguest disloyalty to the Ramseys soon showed up on a list they gave to the police. "Ramsey panicked and started throwing all his friends under the bus," says radio host Peter Boyles, "beginning with his best friend." Jeff Merrick, Mike Glynn, and Jim Marino were all horrified to learn that Ramsey had placed them on his suspect list. All of them were questioned by detectives and asked to give blood and/or hair samples. Later they learned that Haddon's team had identified them to police as "disgruntled former employees." Access employees were told that anyone who spoke with the press or the police without permission would be fired.

"One of the detectives, Steve Thomas, told me to come in and asked me point-blank if I killed her," says Merrick, still fuming. "I have no doubt that Ram-

he next day she had to come in with a our-carat ring, and she said to me, Yours is a nice starter ring.' . . . A oman who worked for me in Georgia aid, 'These are the meanest people I ave ever met.'"

The Paugh house, a brick Colonial vith a circular driveway, was a matter of reat pride to Nedra. One investigator described their living room as "the shrine oom," bedecked with trophies, ribbons, nd photographs of their pageant-winning daughters. "They were so meshed up in each other, and it was my gut instinct that told me something wasn't right there," says Stobie. "They were going on and on about the size of Burke's penis. This, to me, was so bizarre. . . . Nedra's like a little bird, but both Pam and Polly were overweight. . . . There was Slim-Fast everywhere." Patsy, on the other hand, represented real success. "We love spending the money John Ramsey makes," Nedra was fond of telling folks. And when Patsy gave birth in 1990 to a little girl with an angelic face, Nedra was rapturous. Stobie recalls that in 1993, when JonBenet was two, "they were already talking about her in terms of being Miss America. . . . The real tragedy is that this girl did not have a chance."

For all her dreamy looks, JonBenet (a combination of John and Bennett, Ramsey's middle name) was not an easy child. "They would talk about how incorrigible she was," says Stobie, "and, at the same time, the she's-so-cute-she's-going-to-be-Miss-America thing." What wasn't discussed was the fact that JonBenet was a chronic bed wetter. Linda Hoffmann-Pugh, the Ramsey housekeeper, told police that the only housework Patsy Ramsey ever did was to change and wash JonBenet's sheets every day before Hoffmann-Pugh arrived for work. "There was a plastic sheet covering the mattress," Hoffmann-Pugh explained to me. A former nanny adds that JonBenet wore Pull-Ups—diaper underwear—during the day. In the three years before the child's death, Patsy took her to a pediatrician 30 times.

While John Ramsey became increasingly focused on his company's skyrocketing growth, Patsy spent her energy on her daughter's career and on charities and shopping. She organized several of the programs at her children's schools and offered to underwrite her softball league, Moms Gone Bad, for its first two years. She developed a tight-knit circle of well-to-do mothers, including Priscilla White and Barbara Fernie.

To the pageant moms, Patsy Ramsey, having been a Miss America contestant, was close to being royalty. One of her most impassioned defenders has been Pamela Griffin, who sewed many of JonBenet's costumes and whose 19-year-old daughter, Kristine, also a pageant winner, coached and baby-sat JonBenet. Praising Patsy effusively, Griffin cites her generosity and kindness. She says she is baffled by the lawyers' decision to muzzle the Ramseys. "I have told Patsy's mom over and over that I wish she would talk. . . . People fall in love with Patsy just talking to her. . . . She is a force to be reckoned with, just like her mother, who is the tiniest little fireball you've ever seen. You don't cross that woman, and Patsy is just like that in defense of her children. . . . The whole notion that John Ramsey could be molesting the child and Patsy covering up for him is almost funny."

LaDonna Griego, another pageant mom, whose daughter, BreAnne, nine, passed on a Little Miss Colorado crown to JonBenet last year, can't speak highly enough of the Ramseys. "Patsy is not your normal, snobby rich person."

To gain some insight into the pageant world, I went to the Little Miss Hawaiian Tropic pageant in Denver in June, held in one of the banquet rooms of the Red Lion Hotel. A small stage and runway, decorated in purple, turquoise, and green tinsel palm trees, took up almost half of the room. About 50 moms, many of them seriously overweight, and a scattering of men watched as girls from infants to teenagers—several of whom had competed against JonBenet—paraded before the judges. In an adjoining banquet room, the girls changed from costume to costume for the various events—swimwear, formalwear, sportswear. Anxious mothers fussed over them, spraying their hair, lavishing makeup on their faces, and whispering tips and encouragement. Some of the women, incensed over the bad press pageants have been getting, sought to disabuse me of "the lies you may have read." Others simply confirmed the criticism.

"JonBenet wanted to do it. She loved it," insists Pam Paugh. "JonBenet would have done a pageant every day if Patsy had let her, but Patsy said no: 'Church comes first on Sunday, and the other days we'll do pageants or whatever.' . . . But wouldn't we—mother and aunt, former Miss America contestants—be doing less than we should if we didn't get her ready? Get her dressed and have her look her most exquisite?"

JonBenet's former nanny recalls otherwise: "She would say to me, 'I don't want to walk down the runway. It scares me.' She liked to perform but didn't want to have to compete." The pageant videos of JonBenet strutting seductively down runways, which were played ceaselessly on television, scandalized many viewers who were unaware that child pageants even existed. JonBenet has been variously described as looking like "a six-year-old Lolita," "a pint-sized sex kitten," and "daddy's little hooker." Her mock vamping has been called "kiddie porn." The Ramseys were flabbergasted at the outrage over JonBenet's pageant photos and videos.

At the Ramseys' May 1 press conference, Patsy minimized her daughter's pageant life as just "a few Sunday afternoons." But Marilyn Van Derbur Atler, a former Miss America who has gone public with her story of incest, says, "That's when I knew this woman was in serious denial. Pageant life is full-time. There are dance teachers and singing teachers and costume fittings, rehearsals, makeup, and hair. It is not a hobby. It is a career." JonBenet began competing by age four.

Pam Paugh is indignant over the coverage of her niece. "They said she went for French manicures once a week. That is a lie! The night before every pageant—and I was at every single one of them—we would do what we call the 'pageant scrub,'" she says. "And it was a fun time in the bathroom. . . . Scrub up the knees. Make sure the nails are cleaned, neat, and trimmed. We washed her hair, and Aunt Pam would do the little French manicure, and that was that. Patsy and I did her hair. I am a Chanel makeup artist . . . and that child wore so little makeup, because she didn't need it." Paugh concedes that JonBenet's hair was lightened, which Patsy always denied. The former nanny says JonBenet's hair was a light golden brown which suddenly turned platinum blond. "I said to her, 'So who's dying your hair, JonBenet?' She was all goshed. 'You're not supposed to say anything about that.' I said, 'O.K., it will be our little secret.'"

"By the way," says Paugh proudly, "I designed most of her clothes. . . . And they were professionally made . . . and they are very ladylike. JonBenet won top honors in her wardrobing every place we went. . . . I worked with JonBenet on all her music. She had a lovely voice. Now, for 'Cowboy Sweetheart' she had a little routine that was taught to her by Miss Kit, who was a dance instructor. . . . Patsy designed the 'Cowboy Sweetheart'

# Ramsey

Ramsey was 14 years older than Patsy. The couple settled into a modest Cape Cod house in the Dunwoody section of Atlanta. Ramsey ran his own company, Microsouth, from the house, and Patsy worked alongside him. After a series of business reversals, Patsy asked her father, Don Paugh, a retired Union Carbide engineer, to help her husband's struggling company. "The word is," says Merrick, "that John was going broke and Don bailed him out financially."

Although Don and Nedra Paugh were able to raise their three daughters—Patsy (Patricia), Pam (Pamela), and Polly (Paulette)—in the middle-class town of Parkersburg, West Virginia, both had endured hardscrabble childhoods. Rescued by the G.I. Bill, Don had obtained a college degree, which led to a career at Union Carbide. "Nedra saw Don as this great white knight," says Marino. In contrast to her laconic husband, the wiry Nedra was driven and relentless, determined to see that her daughters enjoyed more of the good things in life than she had. Nedra's vehicle for launching them into prosperity was beauty pageants.

"I did my first pageant when I was a junior in high school," Pam Paugh told me. "I won Miss Teen of America in 1976. I won the national crown for that, and I won a local county-fair contest—at the Wood County Fair—in 1977, which Patsy also won." In 1980, three years after Patsy held the crown, Pam was also Miss West Virginia and a Miss America contestant. Nedra had become a fixture on the pageant circuit. "She was involved in the whole Miss America Pageant organization when I met them," says Marino. "She was one of the coordinators."

Jeff Merrick didn't meet Patsy until 1982. He was on a business trip to Atlanta, and Ramsey invited him over for dinner. "After dinner we went to a big disco. Patsy and I danced, but John didn't dance with Patsy." In fact, in the 20 years he's known him, Marino has never seen his friend show physical affection. "I never saw John hug Patsy or even give her a kiss, even when they were dating," he says. "The first time I saw [them touch] was after the murder, and I saw him hold her hand on TV when they left the church memorial."

By the mid-80s, John Ramsey, working with his father-in-law, was doing well enough to move into a sprawling Colonial house in Dunwoody. Patsy saw to it that both of Ramsey's daughters from his first marriage were given coming-out parties. Judith Phillips, an ebullient, attractive photographer, first met Patsy in 1984, when Patsy was working with Phillips's husband's modem-development company. "In order to be friends with Patsy, you have to accept her family, because they are such a big part of her life, especially her mother," says Phillips. "Sometimes Nedra was obnoxious and said things that were so out of line and shocking, but the woman is unbelievable in her loyalty toward her daughters."

Patsy and Judith Phillips, raising children roughly the same age, were drawn to each other, although there were differences. "Patsy was very pro-life," says Phillips. "I was a feminist." Patsy was involved in Atlanta's Junior League and a ladies-who-lunch charity called SocieTea. And up until the birth of her son, Burke, she worked. Phillips says Patsy had very expensive taste. "She had 18th-century artwork and exquisite antiques, and John has very expensive and classic taste when it comes to his clothes. He liked his toys. He has a boat [named *Miss America*] and a plane."

In 1989, Ramsey merged his company with Boulder-based Access Graphics and another firm. He seized control of the new company and in 1991 relocated his family to Boulder. Among his new hires were his old friends Jeff Merrick and Jim Marino. Ramsey then hit the jackpot, selling Access to Lockheed Martin and continuing to run it as president and C.E.O. Judith Phillips, who had moved to Boulder three years earlier, wondered if Patsy would have a hard time making the transition from the antebellum capital of the South to a small town full of hippies, Buddhists, and mountain climbers. However, Patsy, now the mother of the four-year-old Burke and newborn JonBenet, assured her that she "was ready to have a different life." Don Paugh adapted easily and moved into a company condo on Pearl Street. Nedra Paugh, however, made no bones about her feelings concerning Boulder, referring to it as "that hellhole."

In November 1991, the Ramseys purchased a 6,800-square-foot Tudor-style house in one of Boulder's choice neighborhoods for about $500,000. Over the next two years, Patsy remodeled and decorated her new home, spending, according to Jim Marino, $700,000. She was thrilled to have the house listed on the Boulder Christmas tour, as well as on the home tour. Visitors recall her greeting them at the door with JonBenet a Burke by her side, all of them in mat ing sweaters. Featured in JonBen room were her trophies, sashes, a medals. One visitor said that in the hu master-bedroom suite Patsy's Miss W Virginia dress and her Miss Ameri competition sash were laid out on t bed.

Although the Ramseys had been Pr byterians, they joined St. John's Episc pal Church. "Social climbing," says Ma no sadly; "she wanted to be where t money was." Friends were dropped well, replaced by attractive, wealthy Bou derites. Marino says, "I was never invite to his house. John and I were 'Let's g a beer down at the local pub aft work.'"

Patsy also redecorated their vacatio home in Charlevoix, on Lake Michigan "The only time I ever saw John reall lose his temper was about Patsy and mon ey," says Marino. "He would throw th credit cards on his desk and say, 'She' gonna spend every last penny I make.'"

Jane Stobie, a former manager who began working for Access Graphics in 1990, even before Ramsey took control of the company, characterizes Patsy's spending as "Sherman shopping Atlanta." She learned quickly that Patsy, who often planned social functions for the company, did everything on the grandest of scales. "We saw the bill for this luncheon in Atlanta that Patsy had arranged, organized around the theme of *Gone with the Wind,* with actors playing Scarlett and Rhett, and it was over $30,000 . . . maybe $33,000." She adds that the luncheon could have been given for between $5,000 and $10,000.

In 1993, Stobie was sent to Atlanta to run the office there and eventually shut it down, even though Nedra, Polly, and Pam Paugh were on the payroll. According to numerous ex-employees, Ramsey always delegated firings to others, even when it came to family. "My job was to manage Nedra, and really, careerwise, I was hanging myself. . . . Don Paugh was there like once a month. . . . He did not want to be in Atlanta. That was very clear.

"Nedra was intensely competitive," continues Stobie. "She shared a story about how when the girls were running for Miss West Virginia some woman in the pageant had a ring that was so many carats big, so Nedra had to go out and buy one that was bigger. While I was working there, I got engaged and wore my one-carat engagement ring down there.

rroting. Dr. Richard Krugman, a spe-
list in child abuse brought in as a con-
ltant by Hunter's office, says that there
is a vaginal abrasion, which "is a sign
trauma, [but] it's not a sign of sexual
use necessarily."

Dr. Cyril Wecht, a well-known foren-
c pathologist, has no doubt that the
5-pound child was molested. "If she
ad been taken to a hospital emergency
oom, and doctors had seen the genital
vidence, her father would have been
rrested," he has said. The vaginal open-
ng, according to Dr. Robert Kirschner
f the University of Chicago's pathology
epartment, was twice the normal size
or six-year-olds. "The genital injuries in-
icate penetration," he says, "but proba-
ly not by a penis, and are evidence of
nolestation that night as well as previ-
ous molestation." There were also
blood and urine stains on her under-
pants. A considerable obstacle to inves-
igators, according to one well-placed
source in the D.A.'s office, was the fact
that "the crime scene and the body
were cleaned up, although not steril-
ized." Adding to the mishaps, the coro-
ner didn't examine the body until seven
hours after it was discovered, and then
spent only 10 minutes at the crime
scene.

Most stunning, according to some ex-
perts, was the revelation that the child
had evidently been "re-dressed" after
her murder. JonBenet's parents told in-
vestigators that she was wearing a red
turtleneck pajama top when they put her
to bed. She was found in a white one; a
red turtleneck was in her bathroom sink.
Navy-blue "fuzz balls" adhered to her
body, and investigators are searching for
a match. Casting doubt on the theory
that an intruder killed JonBenet were
the state and position of the child's
body. She was fully clothed and covered
with one of her blankets. The ligatures
around her neck and right wrist were, in-
vestigators say, "very loose," consistent
with a staging. Moreover, there were no
signs of forcible entry and no footprints
in the melting snow around the house.
Gregg McCrary adds that pedophiles
and ransom kidnappers never overlap.
"Pedophiles grab the child, molest them,
and discard them. Ransom kidnappers
are in it strictly for the money," he
says. Although the coroner did not
specify the time of death, a neighbor
told police that she had been awakened
shortly after midnight by a loud, pierc-
ing scream coming from the direction
of the Ramsey house. The Ramseys told
police they had heard nothing.

John Ramsey's children from his first marriage, Melinda, 25, and John Andrew, 21, along with Melinda's boyfriend, Stewart Long, arrived at the Ramsey house at 7:55 P.M. on December 26. Ramsey ran to the curb to meet them. Long, a medical-school graduate, told police that Ramsey had said that "JonBenet had gone to heaven," and that he had found her body at 11 A.M., although, according to police reports, he found the body at 1 in the afternoon. The following day, investigators videotaped an interview with John Andrew, at the conclusion of which they asked him what he thought an appropriate punishment for the person who committed this crime would be. After a long pause he said, "Forgiveness." Incredulous, the detectives went into the brutality of his half-sister's murder and asked him to reconsider his answer. Another silence ensued, then he said again, "Forgiveness." (John Andrew Ramsey and Long declined to comment.)

There was really no place for this searing tragedy in the exemplary lives of John and Patsy Ramsey. Access Graphics had outperformed its best expectations and in 1996 had revenues of $1 billion. Patsy had celebrated more than a year of remission from the cancer which struck her in 1993. She had great plans for her family, her work at the Junior League, and, of course, JonBenet's career. The child had already been crowned Little Miss Charlevoix, America's Royale Miss, National Tiny Miss Beauty, and Little Miss Colorado, and had won more than a dozen talent and personality awards. The buzz on the pageant circuit was "This one's going all the way."

John Ramsey had been raised in the middle-class town of Okemos, Michigan. The elder of two sons, he has been described—then and now—as "extremely quiet" and "reserved." His mother, Mary Jane Bennett, a homemaker, died in the mid-70s. His father, James, was a decorated World War II pilot who ran the Michigan Aeronautics Commission until he retired in 1979. Ethelwynne Gibson, 82, who still lives across the street from the old Ramsey home, says of James, "They always called him Czar Ramsey because he really ran the airport *his* way." A Ramsey friend who met the elder Ramsey in the mid-80s recalls, "He was very cold, like John was with everybody."

At Michigan State University, Ramsey became president of the Theta Chi chapter, and in 1966 he married a college classmate, Lucinda Pasch. Following R.O.T.C. training, Ramsey spent two years in the navy, stationed at Subic B[illegible] Philippines, while earning his pilot wings.

After receiving his master's in marketing in 1971, Ramsey signed up for the management-development program at AT&T. Jeff Merrick met him there that same year, when Ramsey was living in Columbus, Ohio. "He's extremely quiet," says Merrick, a handsome and gregarious man, adding, "He could be very charming." In 1973, Ramsey moved his young family to Atlanta and went to work at a computer company. Although he and Merrick drifted apart, they stayed in touch. In 1976, during a visit to Atlanta, Merrick and his then wife stayed with John and Lucinda and their children.

Jim Marino met Ramsey on a business trip to Syracuse in the late 70s. "We immediately became friends," says Marino. "He was going through a divorce at the time, but he'd always check in with the kids." However, in his own quiet way, John Ramsey also had an eye for the ladies. According to police reports, his former wife, Lucinda, said it was a romantic liaison with a co-worker that was the last straw for her. Although Marino and Ramsey caroused "and whored around together," Marino says Ramsey was notably discreet. "You never got much out of him," says Marino. "You wondered what he was all about."

Although Ramsey walked away from his first wife with little more than his clothes and a car, he slowly began to prosper as he worked his way through a series of computer companies. His success, says Marino, was part of his appeal to women. "He had money, he drove a Porsche, he dressed nice, but he was shy. However, you could say that whatever he went after he usually got." In 1978, Marino, after being injured in a motorcycle accident, was confined to a wheelchair for almost a year. "John came and visited me, and he gave me a job," says Marino. "He saved my life." Although the two went to work for different companies in 1980, they remained close friends.

In 1979, Ramsey caught a glimpse of a beautiful, 22-year-old brunette in Atlanta and pursued her. Two years earlier, while a journalism major at West Virginia University, Patricia Ann Paugh had been crowned Miss West Virginia and had won a talent award for a dramatic reading at the Miss America Pageant. Marino, who often double-dated with Patsy and Ramsey, said his friend was deeply smitten with her. "She was his Jackie Kennedy."

In 1980 they were married in Atlanta's Peachtree Presbyterian Church. At 37,

# Weegee

Flash Gordon visor looking insectile in the surrounding smoke. Rhyming with this image is the visual coup of a circus tiger shown leaping through an illuminated hoop and seemingly into the viewer's lap, its regal head not merely magnificent but momentous. (I love that tiger.) His most beautiful documentary moments have a similar hover to them, a slight, woozy suspension, like the shot of a battered young man, being booked for killing a policeman, whose brow and sealed eyes have the beaten intensity of a young Brando. The image is full of tethered bulk.

As with the Swiss-American photographer Robert Frank, Weegee's power derives not only from individual stills but also from the montage-like continuity between them. Where the photos in Frank's masterwork *The Americans* (1959) drizzle into one another in a haze of overcast skies and slow, grainy exposures, Weegee's have a rapid punctuation—each close-up is like a rim shot. Shooting a band dance or a skinny Frank Sinatra in concert, Weegee will intercut from a spectator's-eye view of the stage to the spectators themselves in the throes of transport. Thus Weegee was a pioneer explorer of the auto-reflexive nature of our responses in the media age—how we watch ourselves watching ourselves have fun. Some of his most famous shots are infrared photos taken inside movie theaters of couples necking, candy-smeared children slack-jawed with stupor, and audience members wearing 3-D glasses, like initiates of a new religion. Weegee himself made 16-mm. movies, including *Cocktail Party* (1950) and *The Idiot Box* (1965), and served as a consultant on Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*. Quite an odd couple: Weegee, photojournalism's master of the moment, and Kubrick, cinema's supreme pre-planner. Yet both were expert practitioners of black humor. The famous Weegee photo of a burning building on which an advertisement reads SIMPLY ADD BOILING WATER has a sick kick worthy of *Strangelove*.

With his ability to project his private snooping into billboard-size movie-screen statements, Weegee is the logical link in the escalation of low-tech voyeurism into mass-produced awe. His picture of Jayne Mansfield biting her lower lip and flashing her brassiered breasts in public is *La Dolce Vita,* American-style. Most portentous of all is Weegee's portrait of Jackie Kennedy, which heralds the advent of Pop art, as the planes of her face dissolve into their iconography. Its zonked blankness anticipates the apparitional celebrity abstractions of Andy Warhol. Stamping his pictures with the legend "Credit Photo by WEEGEE the Famous," Weegee pioneered the commodification of images that Warhol would turn into a self-replicating, self-parodying industry with his silkscreen prints, his ratty films, his Polaroids, and *Interview* magazine. In Warhol, the Weegee hunger for spectacle and people caught in bizarre circumstances curdles and withdraws, festering into psychodrama and porn. Why go out when you can dine on dead meat at home?

Expressionism is well-suited to the gaudy horror that is murder, not so well-suited to capturing a dreamy face and the thoughts behind it.

—Judy Lopatin, from her story "Retrospective on Weegee," *Modern Romances* (Fiction Collective, 1986).

Weegee's strengths (his gusto, his uninhibitedness) are also his limitations. The greatest photographers are tone poets of mood and lonesome undertow. Weegee's shots don't capture or expr mood; they're shards of shattered moo visual seismograms of alarm, jubilance, lost composure, taken before the men debris could settle. To my taste, Weeg isn't a great artist, a creator of mast pieces, but an untutored dynamo—a sp radic, pockmarked original, like the nov ist Jim Thompson or the director Sa Fuller (*Shock Corridor, The Naked Kiss* Like Fuller, Weegee didn't have the intr spective depth to develop as an artist; co leagues described him as a perpetual adc lescent. His enthusiasm kept him young but it also kept him stunted. His late work—those wacky celebrity distortions—i the hamming-around of a hobbyist rathe than the fresh refocusing of a pure eye They don't have the toylike transparency of André Kertész's Polaroids in his last years, taken from his apartment window overlooking Washington Square. (Weegee died in 1968, at the age of 69.)

But, for a solid decade, from 1935 to 1945, Weegee owned the night in New York, just as surely as F. Scott Fitzgerald owned the dusk in the 20s. His photos are like a series of trumpet blares. In Weegee's *Naked City,* it's the faces that reveal the most. The open, unguarded, unjaded faces he showed us (none of his nonconformists are tight around the eyes) are faces we'll never see again—television, movies, and massive doses of irony have made them extinct. His snap of James Dean in a Greenwich Village bar is an early sighting of a wary, defensive new breed. In time, manner would become Attitude, and New Yorkers would look squeezed inside a helmet of psychological strain. It's a tribute to Weegee's killer instinct how few of his pictures look corny or dated despite the sepia fade of the downtown he knew. They haven't defused into mere documentation. They retain their wild streak. They can still wallop. □

# Ramsey

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 330 of child pornography had been downloaded on Access computers. In January, the *Globe* offered a reward of $50,000 for evidence leading to the arrest and conviction of the child's killer. That prompted the Ramseys to raise the $50,000 reward they had offered to $100,000. In July the *Globe* upped the ante to $500,000.

Citing unnamed sources within the investigation, the tabloids have laid out two primary theories. The first has it that John Ramsey killed his daughter after "a sex game" went awry. The second posits that Patsy Ramsey walked in on her husband molesting the child, grabbed a heavy object, and swung at him but hit her daughter by mistake. A variation on this theory has it that Patsy, in a rage, struck her daughter or threw her against a hard surface. Both theories suggest that JonBenet's death was not planned but accidental, and then elaborately covered up.

And why have the Ramseys not sued? Perhaps because a murder defendant actually has more of a right to privacy than a libel plaintiff. He can always take the Fifth Amendment. If he sues for libel, he loses that privilege. Whether the Ramseys are innocent or guilty, says First Amendment attorney Floyd Abrams, "I would advise them not to sue, because they are suspects, and would have to answer the most intensive and intrusive questions."

There is evidence to support certain contentions published in the tabloids. The autopsy report, released in full—by court order—in August, established that JonBenet died from a tremendous blow to the side of her head, which caused an eight-and-a-half-inch fracture, and from

as Jacobs's apparent reaction to the ea of Harrer's participation. In Burger's ind, this created a bizarre situation: "There is, his life story; they don't want him come."

A suggestion was made during the meeting that something needed to be done, and wo weeks later, at the end of June, Harrer met with Simon Wiesenthal in Vienna, oping for some form of dispensation. The neeting was cordial. A picture was taken. Afterward, Harrer was hopeful that Wiesenthal would help moderate Rabbi Cooper's tance. But it didn't work.

Rabbi Cooper said that Harrer had not been completely forthcoming with Wiesenthal. He called Harrer "arrogant and gutless," arguing that he had seen Wiesenthal only to stem further damage, not out of any sincere regret.

"Everything is in a total moral myopia," said Cooper. "There are millions of lawyers, doctors, architects, and sports figures who never thought for a second about joining the SS. He never hesitated for a second, never broke a sweat. There has to be some sense of a moral dimension."

The glow and excitement, the infectious enthusiasm Heinrich Harrer had shown when he had displayed the movie poster for *Seven Years in Tibet* in that pristine cabin in those pristine hills, have dissipated. Slight changes have been made to the film in order to acknowledge his ties to the Nazi Party.

Just months before the revelati[on] rer had expressed the hope th[at] his wife would be invited to [the] premiere and be a part of all the festivities. Now he muses that it [would] better to stay away altogether. "I h[ave] the feeling that it is not good to go there," he said, the tone in his voice unfamiliar, marked by doubt and resignation. It was the sound of a man who has finally been conquered—not by the Eiger's Murder Wall, or the leech-infested strawberry fields of Tibet, or bones broken at the bottom of a waterfall in New Guinea. Heinrich Harrer has been changed by something else: the judgment of those who could not effortlessly ignore his secret.

As he had. □

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# Weegee

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 353 of New York after dark, lacking the adrenaline of *Naked City* but jumping with loose joviality.

Although Weegee went on to other projects—popping up in glossy magazines with wackily distorted portraits of showbiz celebrities that made them look like funhouse figures and creating psychedelic images with kaleidoscope lenses—it is the night owl of *Naked City* and *Weegee's People* who has shown the mythic staying power. In the public imagination Weegee is forever frozen in the 40s, a colorful character like the Greenwich Village storyteller Joe Gould (whom he photographed). One snapshot of Weegee in his heyday shows him chomping on a cigar, the imp-of-the-perverse gleam in his eye giving him an uncanny premonitory likeness to Joe Pesci. It's a resemblance that wasn't lost on Pesci himself, who starred in a fictionalized version of Weegee's career called *The Public Eye,* which fizzled from its dead-duck title on. An irate fireplug, a squawking terrier, Pesci would seem the perfect actor to impersonate Weegee, but he did the movie under some damp cloud of humanitarianism. Without a combustion engine of nervous energy, the Weegee saga can become a lowbrow morality tale for highbrows—a simpleminded contrast of rich versus poor, uptown versus downtown, gruff "heart" versus groomed insincerity.

Some photography critics have created their own gauzy conception of Weegee. Inside this fat slob, they suggest, was a thin aesthete longing to leap out and hug all mankind. The words "empathy" and "empathetic" are tossed around as if he were a curbside caregiver. His images of the downtrodden elicit the inevitable comparison to Walker Evans, his street scenes to Brassaï's, his oddball propensity cited as a precursor to Diane Arbus's voyeurism; his juxtapositions of uptown swells and downtown swills earn him the additional title of social satirist. This comparison-shopping seems to me to short-sell and whitewash the true grit of Weegee's photos, which is their scavenger appetite. No photographer was more present-tense in his effects than Weegee; he didn't bog down in either nostalgia or posterity. He wasn't a "poet with a camera," but a pushy bystander, a professional gawker who had the gall and ability to break through a line of blockers, nearer in temperament to an autograph hound than a closet artist.

As a social commentator, Weegee went for the obvious, making his points as if he were banging garbage-can lids together. It is a shock to learn—anyway, it was news to me—that one of his most celebrated and reprinted pictures, *The Critic* (1943), which shows a pair of bejeweled dowagers brushing past a disheveled woman who looks like Tiny Tim in drag, is something of a fake, i.e., a stunt. Covering the gala opening night of *Boris Godunov* at the Metropolitan Opera House (the company was also celebrating its 60th anniversary), Weegee got the idea of staging an impromptu scene. He had his assistant, Louie Liotta, pick up one of the regulars at Sammy's, his favorite Bowery nightclub, and got her soused before the ride uptown. He then positioned Liotta behind the woman at a propitious spot. When a well-known couple of queenly socialites named Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh and Lady Decies clumb out of the big limmie, to borrow a line from Ring Lardner, Weegee gave the sign and the assistant let her loose. Liotta: "It was like an explosion. I thought I went blind from the three or four flash exposures which Weegee made within a very few seconds." Weegee the big-game hunter! In the photo, the poor woman imported from Sammy's looks more addled than disapproving (despite a caption which claimed she was "aghast" at the diamonds on display), but the shot took on a life of its own as an indictment of the snooty, ostentatious rich. (Operagoers have always been easy targets.)

The Weegee photos that wear the worst are those in which he extols the "little people," almost slobbering over them. In the shots taken of Sammy's customers getting sloshed, the *joie de vivre* is vulgar and bloated, as if the people were pumped with false gaiety and about to burst out of their sausage skin. These photos are didactic and life-affirming in the spirit of socialist realism—graphic illustrations of the simple peasant virtues of the Common Folk. Weegee loses his edge when he consciously champions the underdog, at least those in his own backyard. (His Harlem photographs have a lift and vibrancy and fellow feeling unmarked by racial condescension. The music of the clubs he visited swings through the photos.)

Weegee didn't always hustle and cram. When he had time, he picked his spots; his shot selection was superb—he knew when to squeeze the trigger. One of his most amazing shots captures a circus daredevil popping out of a cannon, her

# Harrer

24, 1938, and were greeted by a swell of hoopla. At a sports celebration in Breslau, Hitler had his picture taken with the four climbers and told a cheering crowd of 30,000, "My, my, you certainly have achieved a lot!"

The picture of Hitler and the four climbers is actually on display at the museum in Hüttenberg. When Harrer looked at it last spring, he said of the *Führer,* "There he is," with a kind of whimsical laugh.

Gerald Lehner had read *Seven Years in Tibet* as a teenager. The Austrian had been struck by the remarkable saga, but sensed something missing: an absence of a convincing explanation for how Harrer had been able to join the expedition to the Himalayas in 1939. Austria had been under Nazi control in 1939. Every facet of life was in the hands of the Germans, so why would Harrer have been selected for the expedition? Was it just climbing skill? "I always had the feeling that this man had something to hide," said the 33-year-old Lehner, a radio reporter for the Austrian National Broadcasting Corporation.

He looked through old copies of a Nazi-controlled newspaper and discovered that the expedition Harrer had been on had been used for propaganda purposes. He did further research and discovered that an Austrian mountaineer, as early as the 1950s, had written that Harrer had been a member of the SS.

While working in New York, Lehner got a tip that German military records were available at the National Archives in College Park, Maryland. Raising what money he could, he stayed in a youth hostel near the White House. He went to the archives and gave the person who worked there Harrer's name. In five minutes, he had an answer to the question that had nagged at him for 15 years: microfilm records of Harrer's participation in the SS, even a picture. He felt no elation. He spent a couple of days trying to resolve his ambivalence. Then he went to the Holocaust museum, and while he realized that Harrer had never participated in any of the horrors he became convinced of something else: he must confront the hero.

Lehner interviewed Harrer at his home in Knappenberg. According to the journalist, the initial questions centered largely on Tibet and the Dalai Lama, and then Lehner asked about the rumors that Harrer had been a Nazi. At first, says Lehner, Harrer laughed. Lehner then spread out some of the materials he had found; he says that Harrer, when shown documents appearing to be in his own hand, denied that the writing was actually his. Harrer says he was astonished to see the documents, but immediately acknowledged they were his writing. Lehner says Harrer became increasingly indignant and told him he knew some of his chief editors. Lehner adds that Harrer's wife, Carina, remarked at one point, "I was married to a Jew. Why are you asking such questions?" Both men agree that the interview largely disintegrated.

Lehner then teamed up with a writer for *Stern* magazine, Tilman Müller, who also went to see Harrer, and this time there was no confusion: the explorer verified that the handwriting on the documents was his. Harrer had been a member of the SS since April 1, 1938; his rank, roughly, was sergeant-level. In what amounted to an application to the SS for permission to marry, he and his prospective wife had submitted proof of their ancestry back to 1800. Documents in Harrer's own handwriting further indicated that, in 1934, Harrer had been a member of the SA (storm troopers), another Nazi terrorist group operating illegally in Austria.

In the aftermath of the article in *Stern,* Harrer said that he had been asked to join the SS in 1938 as a sport and ski instructor and had agreed. He also confirmed that he joined the Nazi Party that same year to qualify as a teacher at the University of Graz. He said he never gave a single lesson as an SS instructor, and that he wore the uniform only once (on his wedding day in December of 1938). He said he had never been part of the SA, but had added that to his application for marriage to speed up the process. In a questionnaire Harrer filled out for the local Nazi Party, he also stated in several answers that he had been a member of the SA since October 1933. But in an interview, he once again said that he had put down such information only to expedite approval of the marriage.

The motivation behind Harrer's recruitment did not appear to be ideological, but rooted in the desire to advance his career. It was a classic case of going along to get ahead.

The three other climbers who scaled the Eiger were never selected for the Nanga Parbat expedition. They were all called into the German military, and one of them, Vörg, died on the Russian front. "The only one who was quite free and independent was Heini Harrer," wrote Anderl Heckmair in his book, *My Life as a Mountaineer.* While the storm clouds of moved ever closer, Harrer, in the five-mo period between his marriage and the N ga Parbat journey, contracted to app in a movie about skiing produced by L Riefenstahl.

He said it was only in Lhasa after war that he saw pictures of the acts co mitted in the concentration camps. crawled down my spine that I have be standing side by side with the fellow w had created such atrocities," he said, a yet his book never acknowledges what t Nazis did. Hugh Richardson, a memb of the British Mission in Tibet duri Harrer's stay, said he was not aware the explorer's Nazi past but knew that had taken part in "mountaineering activ ties under Himmler's aegis."

When informed that Harrer had bee a member of the Nazi Party and the SS the unshaken Richardson replied, "En thusiasm of youth, I suppose."

The movie people did not take the rev elations about Heinrich Harrer light ly. The stories started as a trickle, bu attracted more attention after Rabbi Abra ham Cooper, associate dean of the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles, announced publicly that he considered Harrer's explanation unacceptable.

The filmmakers tried to act as if nothing had happened. Their approach was novel: in the film, Harrer—until his spiritual redemption at the hands of the Dalai Lama—is portrayed as so arrogant and self-centered that there was no need to directly say that he was a member of the SS.

But behind the scenes they scrambled. "We have to do something," Jean-Jacques Annaud said over the phone to Harrer. Harrer's lawyer, Johannes Burger, made this point: "As much as Mr. Clinton likes to shake the hand of Michael—what's his name, Jordan?—or Michael Tyson before he raped women and bit people's ears off, Hitler liked to surround himself with the athletes of the time."

In London, according to Burger, John Jacobs of Mandalay said that he believed Americans reacted to information in only two ways: very positively or very negatively. There was no such thing as a gray zone, he said, emphasizing his concern that the public would draw negative inferences about Harrer and perhaps distance itself from the movie. The question of Harrer's presence at various activities in conjunction with the opening of the film was raised. Burger said there were only two options: either Harrer would not participate in any of the activities, or he would be a full participant.

"I don't know whether we want that"

# arrer

ITINUED FROM PAGE 338 of Tibet. But he s still just a boy.

From his brothers, he heard the stories this foreign man with yellow hair who ught the monks how to skate. The boy ard about the swimming parties in e Kyichu River. He heard about the akeshift games of volleyball and he uld see the picnics. He scanned other eets of Lhasa and other gardens, until ere was no more light. At night the ors of the Potala were all locked and olted. The corridors were empty except r a night watchman.

Years later, after the boy had grown, e told the man what he had felt as he ad watched him through the binoculars.

"If I had been free and not the king or ot the Dalai Lama, I'm sure I would lso have been naughty like you.

"A boy like any other boy."

The Dalai Lama's mother saw how isolated her son was, how bereft he was f the joy that her other children experienced. And so Harrer was summoned to he summer palace, the Norbulingka. After the departure of a disapproving regent, he mother thrust the visitor toward the inner garden and a gate guarded by two ferocious mastiffs tethered on ropes. Then the door opened, and there the young boy was. Harrer handed him a white scarf, a token of greeting according to the Tibetan custom. The Dalai Lama took it in his left hand, then quickly blessed him with the right.

He was like a genie in a lantern, sealed up tight but now finally unleashed by the Austrian mountain climber. He asked a flurry of questions, so many that Harrer—who had became skilled in the Tibetan language—had difficulty answering them all. The boy wanted to know how a jet airplane flies, how an army tank operates, how Harrer signed his name. He showed Harrer a film projector, which, during his lonely nights inside the Potala, he had completely disassembled and then put back together. The Dalai Lama produced an exercise book in which he had transcribed the capital letters of the Latin alphabet. He insisted that Harrer immediately start teaching him English.

During that summer of 1950, Harrer—with the help of a globe—taught the Dalai Lama about geography and why the time in New York was so many hours behind that in Lhasa. As well as he could, he explained the principles of the atom bomb. Discovering some books that had never been used—*The Correct Guide to Letter Writing* and *English Pronunciation and Spelling*—Harrer honored the young ruler's request by beginning their English lessons. Within the little theater that Harrer built inside the summer palace, they watched *Henry V.*

They made grand plans, dreaming of together leading Tibet out of what Harrer called "the fog of gloomy superstition" without destroying what made it unique. Modern medical care was then nonexistent in this antique land. The Dalai Lama's own brother, having suffered a heart attack, had been revived by a branding iron to his flesh.

The omens were everywhere—freak births, the dripping of water from a gargoyle at the cathedral, the falling of a stone from an obelisk. Then, in August of that year, an earthquake devastated eastern Tibet. Two months later, Communist troops from China crossed the border. "Go now, Henrig," the Dalai Lama told Harrer, fearful of what might befall his friend.

Harrer left Lhasa in November, taking a boat of yak skin down the Kyichu. The Dalai Lama fled temporarily soon afterward. Harrer kept vigil in India, postponing his departure for Europe as long as he could. But someone else was waiting, a boy virtually the same age as the Dalai Lama when he met Harrer. But the relationship was very different. After all, the boy on the pier in Naples wasn't the God-King. Or the Living Buddha. He was just Harrer's son.

When Harrer was asked if he felt guilt about not returning home earlier to see the boy, he seemed almost puzzled. "No, why should I?" he inquired.

That very first moment on the pier had been happy and memorable. Peter Harrer, who had turned 12 just 10 days before, ran past the guards and instantly recognized the father he had never met.

Growing up had not been easy for Peter Harrer. His mother had divorced his father and left the boy when he was a year and a half old. Peter was raised by his grandmother, shuttled from place to place.

At the end of the film version of *Seven Years in Tibet,* Peter Harrer and his father go to the top of a mountain and plant a Tibetan flag together, a symbol of their happy reunion. This never occurred.

Peter Harrer was placed in a series of boarding schools and saw his father only sporadically. "He became a famous person, so he had no time," Peter tells me. "He was away the whole time. We didn't have much of a relationship. I would have liked to have had a family. I never had one."

By the time he was 18, he says, he had gone to almost a dozen different schools. He returned to live with his father, [illegible] boarding school, but when Peter [illegible] he says, his father, upset with his conduct, threw him out of the house. When the explorer married a second time, his son was not invited. Nor was he asked to attend Harrer's wedding to his current wife, Carina. "That was his personal business" is all Peter will say.

Their relationship improved over time, and father and son now see each other about once a year. Harrer believes that his son retains a residue of anger, but Peter Harrer says he harbors no ill will. His father was an explorer, drawn to experiences that ran counter to family life.

Peter Harrer never tried to follow in his father's footsteps. His life as a technical expert for the Swiss television network in Zurich, with a wife and two daughters, is hardly the stuff of legend. His father was clearly disappointed by the waste of those explorer's genes. But Peter is not sure that Heinrich Harrer could have gracefully handled the competition. "I really do not know whether he would have liked it if I would have been as famous as he is," Peter Harrer says.

"He is the biggest."

The suspicions had lingered for nearly 60 years, ever since the Eiger conquest. Hitler had seized on the mountain's North Face—bending back on itself like a gigantic hangnail—and saw it as the perfect symbol of the *Übermensch.* At the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, he offered a gold medal to anyone who successfully climbed it.

Two Germans had tried in 1935 but froze to death. A team of four climbers from Austria and Germany tried a year later. After three of the climbers died, the remaining mountaineer, Toni Kurz, found himself stranded. Attempts were made to rescue him, but one of his arms had completely frozen and eight-inch icicles hung off the crampons of his boots. "I'm finished," he said, another victim of the Murder Wall. Then he hunched forward, the sling he was in swinging as gently as a rocking chair off the face of the mountain, almost to the fingertips of those attempting to rescue him.

In 1938 two Italian climbers perished in the throes of a thunderstorm. Then along came Harrer and three others—Anderl Heckmair, Ludwig Vörg, and Fritz Kasparek. Climbing was different then, equipment and protection more rudimentary. Harrer wore an old hat that he stuffed with an extra set of gloves to soften the blow of falling stones.

The climbers reached the top on July

# Kidman

"I grew up in a family of women," she says to me as the kids head perchward, "so it's so strange to have a boy. They're very different. But I love them."

As a woman in her 20s, Kidman stirred speculation with her decision to adopt rather than to bear children of her own. She's denied the obvious theories, giving her own simple explanation. "I'd always wanted to adopt a child," she says. "I'd sit around and say 'I want to adopt a child,' but never 'I want a baby in my tummy.' I would like to give birth to a child someday, but two kids are a lot . . . a third would really be hard."

Like any parent, Kidman is humbled on a daily basis by how vulnerable children are and what an awful power parents have. "They offer you unconditional love, and you can never jeopardize that. But you're aware all the time of the power you have to destroy their lives. I have such admiration for people who come out of a childhood in which they've been abused and make something of their lives."

Tom Cruise, for one.

Kidman looks startled. "I wasn't talking just about him, but . . . yes."

Cruise, who grew up with an abusive father, does have a great mother, Kidman says. "And if you have a mother who adores you, that can offset a lot of the other things that may happen." As a child Kidman herself got teased for her height, her freckles, and her curly red hair; she says that she was the last girl asked to dance at her school's first dance, and that finally a boy was dragged across the floor, kicking and screaming, to be her partner. Her mother would embarrass her further by steaming down to the school to take on her tormentors. "But the great thing my mother did," Kidman says, "was that she was always on my side."

To ensure that the Cruise children get all the attention they need, there is a rule: only one parent works at a time, so that the other can stay home with the kids. The exception has been working together on a film, with children ensconced nearby. But that's still a stretch, so in the last year Cruise and Kidman have relied a lot on family to get by. Cruise's mother, Mary Lee, now happily remarried, has come with her husband to visit and help with the children. So have Tom's three sisters and their families. So, for that matter, have Nicole's parents, as well as her sister and her husband. It's odd to think of two such glamorous stars as knee-deep in in-laws, but that, Kidman says, is what their lives are about. "We have a spare bedroom in our house," she says, "and it hasn't been vacant in a year."

"Do you recognize this path?" I ask. The park is large, and it's getting rather dark.

"Hey—trust me!" Kidman says with that musical laugh. "Now, what was I saying?"

I've forgotten.

"But I was on a roll!"

Something about not being defined by her work alone . . .

"Oh, I'm just being facetious. I'm facetious all the time, you know. Yesterday we were in the helicopter, and the weather was getting really bad, and I asked the pilot, 'Hey, how're we doing?' And you expect the pilot to say, 'Just fine, don't worry.' But what he said was 'Not good.' I just started laughing. Nervously."

Kidman likes danger—just on her own terms. She and Cruise still do aerobatics once in a while in Cruise's Aviat Pitts biplane. She still goes skydiving occasionally, too. "I've been out doing arabesques on the wing. It's silly, but fun. Wait, did we come down that trail? It isn't looking familiar, I have to say."

Whenever *Eyes Wide Shut* does wrap—probably by early this month if not before—Kidman and Cruise will go hiking in Nepal. Not up Everest, she says, though both have just read *Into Thin Air,* Jon Krakauer's best-selling account of a calamitous group ascent last year. But rigorous hiking nonetheless. Hiking, she says more than once, is a big part of their lives.

The next work in Kidman's future, in fact, is a small Australian theater production of Strindberg's *Miss Julie.* "You don't get a chance always to do great dramatic roles. And it's Sydney, which is my hometown, so it feels safe," Kidman explains. She has been offered roles in New York theater, but thinks the pressure to please critics and backers is self-defeating. "I want to go back to Australia and explore that character in a free way, and not feel inhibited."

This is a new phase indeed. In the past, Kidman grumbled about the "Tom-and-Nicole" perception. Despite her early success in Australian films (1989's *Dead Calm,* 1990's *Flirting*), she'd been linked professionally to Cruise since meeting him at age 22, when the two were in *Days of Thunder,* and her subsequent Hollywood career had been seen as a consequence more of her marriage than of her own means. Now that she has the critical respect she craved, she seems pleased not to have any movies to shoot immediately after *Eyes Wide Shut.*

"I don't like to work as much as I used to," she says with the world-weariness of a woman who turned 30 in June. She wants to spend more time with her children. She wants to do one movie a year.

Overhead, tall, fragrant trees enclose us. "This is my favorite spot in the whole park," Kidman says. "So don't worry, I know where we are. Isn't this wonderful smell, these trees?"

In pitch-darkness, we arrive at last where we started. The entrance is dead quiet; no one is about. Suddenly, a figure leaps out at us from the bushes. Kidman screams; I'm rooted to my spot. With a guttural growl, the figure seizes Kidman, wrapping his arms around her. "Aaaaahhhh!" she screams.

Now the marauder lurches toward me. He puts out a thick hand.

"I'm Tom," he says with a laugh. "How ya doing?"

"Tom!" Kidman squeals. "I didn't recognize you. You looked so weird! And here I'd just been telling Michael about all the drug dealers in the park!"

Cruise flashes that famous grin. "She's been known to get lost on mountains," he says, indicating his wife, "and you're from New York—you don't know where you are—so I figured I'd better come over to see if she was O.K."

Now it remains only to find a phone to call my driver. Cruise beckons me into his station wagon. Two minutes later, we're at a high wooden gate that swings open electronically. Set amid a wide, formal garden is a fine Tudor house. I follow Cruise and Kidman inside. To one side is a foyer table with a large shallow bowl that holds at least 20 pairs of sunglasses. Filling a set of recessed wooden shelves en route to the kitchen are dozens of high-energy health bars. The fridge, from which Cruise extracts a soda for me, is well stocked with nutritious liquids.

Kidman calls my driver herself, Cruise and I chat as she does so, and for a minute we might all be neighbors on a Friday night, shooting the breeze. Then it's back into the station wagon and to the park, where my driver awaits. Cruise offers a vigorous handshake. Kidman waves good-bye cheerily. It's after 10. She needs some dinner, presumably, and then some sleep: Mr. Kubrick requires her presence at 5:45 A.M.

"I don't get much sleep these days, about four hours a night," she says. "You get a little tired in the afternoon, but then you take a little nap. Very Napoleonic." □

height,'" Woolard reveals. On the , black against white, those letters look a row of New York City skyscrapers. the bottle, black against the golden- ed perfume, they suggest elegant after- on shadows lengthening into night. With the perfume came self-possession— ifelong dream realized. Norell was now Worried about the changing economy d how it was affecting the sale of lux- y goods, concerned about his own fi- ncial security, as well as Moore's, Norell lled Bernegger, who suggested they of- r the royalties and rights of Norell per- me back to Revlon. The early 70s were e beginning of the boom in licensing, a oom Norell had no interest in (all he er wanted was to oversee his own busi- ess, pattern by pattern, dress by dress), nd Revlon was pleased to make the eal—$1.247 million. With this money, Norell, who'd owned a mere 15 percent f his business, bought out partners Semmes nd Dietrich. In March of 1972, Woolard tates, "Norman became a free man."

"He had not owned his own name and t concerned his pride," explains Dr. Kevin Cahill, Norman's close friend and physi- ian. "The perfume was important in erms of making him independent—and is joy in that."

"They usually do retrospectives when you're dead." That's what Norman said to Denise Duldner, two days before the 50-year Norell retrospective fashion show, to be held at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Monday, October 16, 1972. It was the brainchild of Parsons's Ann Keagy, a gala evening a year in the planning—both a celebration of Norell and a way to thank him for 20 years of dedicated teaching at Parsons. (Even while he was being treated for cancer, he never missed a class.) Women from all over the country—including Lauren Bacall, socialite Hope Hampton (who bought a mermaid a year), Lady Bird Johnson, Babe Paley, Martha Phillips, Lyn Revson, and Dinah Shore—were lending Norells from the 30s, 40s, 50s, and 60s. Afterward, dinner at La Côte Basque.

Everyone recalls how caught up in the show Norell was, which wasn't unusual. "He was a perfectionist," says Duldner. "He'd get very consumed." But there were other anxieties. John Moore was drinking badly, getting belligerent with Norell, and threatening a scene at the retrospective (a measure, perhaps, of just how small Moore was feeling). Also, Time's winged chariot was hovering close. No matter that Norell's last collection, fall 1972, had been one of his best. (In the *Times,* Bernadine Morris compared its wintery simplicity to late Matisse.) The industry was changing fast, loosening its seams. Even Balenciaga went and died that year. The retrospective would be a summation and Norell wanted it right. "His craft was very important to him," Duldner recounts. "He didn't be called old hat."

All day Saturday, the 72-yea signer was moving big boxe the storeroom, looking for shoes some mermaids. On Sunday he made at least two phone calls, one to Kevin Cahill and one to Lyn Revson, both alarming. There was slurred speech, long silence. When the super finally got into Norell's Amster Yard apartment, he was found unconscious . . . a stroke.

Norell never came to. It is said he gave the go-ahead for the show—which went on—by squeezing someone's hand, though this may be a spangle "sewn on by hand." For 10 days the lobby at Lenox Hill Hospital was a second, silent Le Cirque to the ladies who loved him. Norell suffered another stroke and died on October 25.

Twenty-five years later, the church service is still described as beautiful. White lilies, Psalm 121, the *cabine* in the front row wearing shades of gray, ivory, beige—the last collection! The music was Moore's idea and a touch Norell would have adored: Bobby Short at a baby grand playing Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and a love song from *Lady in the Dark* called "My Ship." One of Norell's favorites, the song begins, "My ship has sails that are made of silk." It's Norman Norell's life in a single line—mermaids glittering, watchful, then gone. □

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# Kidman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 321 *The Player, Husbands and Wives*). Also, Pollack and Kubrick had been close telephone friends for years. They'd never actually met, Kidman reports—that would be too normal—but were eager to do so, and Pollack was lured by the chance to see how Kubrick worked.

Kubrick works with a small crew—"It's almost like making a student film," Kidman says—so the fact that shooting *Eyes Wide Shut* has gone on so long is not financially ruinous to his backer, Warner Bros., the way a full-blown Hollywood production would be. Still, one imagines its stars must now be on the verge of physical and mental exhaustion, prisoners of a madman as mind-warping as, say, L. Ron Hubbard.

But no.

"He has asked for a lot of takes sometimes," Kidman says. "He'll light the scene, ask for takes, then do some lighting. I've got to say, though, the thing about working with him is that you know you're working with someone who cares. He lives and breathes movies. And he makes so few that he enjoys the process that much more; he wants to exhaust all the possibilities. And the kind of actor that I am, I love that. I find it much harder to walk away with a director who says, 'Hey, great, let's move on.'"

But Kubrick is no slave driver. The stars usually get a two-day weekend; Kidman, who has less screen time in the film than Cruise, has been able to take occasional side trips. "I'll be really sad when it ends, actually," she says. "It's been such a period of our lives."

Indeed, the only inconvenience of working for Kubrick was easily enough remedied. Kidman and Cruise had been based, along with their two adopted children, Connor, two, and Isabella, four, in London since Cruise began filming *Mission: Impossible.* Unfortunately, the commute to Pinewood Studios was nearly an hour each way. Halfway through shooting *Eyes Wide Shut,* they moved into a house two minutes from the studio. The children have a nanny, but spend much of their days with their parents: one with Daddy in his trailer, the other with Mommy in hers. Usually the family eats lunch at home.

We're just getting to the children, having settled on a bench by the park's central pond, when a trio of young towheaded boys approaches us, intently fixed on something in the water.

"What are you looking for?" Kidman asks them. She has a nice way with children: interested, relaxed.

"Perch," says one of the boys. "We're trying to catch it."

"We've got fishing line, but it's at home," another of the boys volunteers.

"So you're just chasing it." Kidman confirms, as if that were the most logical plan in the world.

# Norell

surgeon, Dr. John Conley, had rebuilt his voice box with tissue from his thigh—but he nodded yes. "He showed 80 pieces in less than 15 minutes," Manulis says. "It was like fast movies. At the end, the whole audience of 2,200 people was standing."

But that was only the overture. Something silent, private, occurred the next day, when a woman well known in Palm Beach and in the country called the store. Manulis speaks carefully. "She had recently undergone a mastectomy, and she was absolutely destroyed. She loved clothes, she wore Norell's clothes for years. She said, 'I would like to come and have a private appointment with Mr. Norell.'" The woman arrived in slacks and a simple white blouse, and waited nervously in the dressing room. When he walked into the room, Manulis recalls, the woman said, "'Norman, look what they've done to me,' and pulled open the blouse. He had a pad and pencil in his hand because he could not speak. He looked for a brief moment at this scene, and he took his pad and he wrote these words—I'll never forget—'We are the lucky ones. We have survived.'"

Inside the story of Norman Norell lies the beginning of another fashion story, that of John Burr Fairchild, the newspaperman who turned 70 this year and is now editor-at-large of *WWD* and *W*. Born only a year before John Moore, this John became the new publisher of *Women's Wear Daily* in 1960.

In the early 60s, Norell was the name, Fairchild the new kid. Norell was world-class, *WWD* backyard, a boring rag-trade paper. *Women's Wear* began to throw its little light on big Norell in early 1962, calling his spring '62 silhouette "the strongest—and most flattering—since Christian Dior's postwar New Look." The friendship was forged months later when Norell, unhappy that *The New York Times* had dispatched a (negative) review before his show was even over, banned the *Times* from his fashion shows—just the kind of "stinkerooni" (John Weitz's word) Fairchild loved. *Women's Wear* gave Norell its spotlight, and, not surprisingly, its spotlight grew.

While the *Times* had called Norell, understatedly, "America's No. 1 designer," in *Women's Wear* he was the Great Norell, one of four big-name creators (with Chanel, Balenciaga, and Saint Laurent). There were rave reviews, spreads galore. There was Norman chatting, Norman cheerleading for Seventh Avenue, Norman critiquing Seventh Avenue. It was heady stuff. Head-swelling stuff. "Norman shouldn't have been buttered up by John Fairchild, because Norman was no sucker," says Alan Graham. "But that's what happens with age." And it was head-game stuff, too. Everybody knew Fairchild's priority was Paris couture. This was the man who told his colleague James Brady, regarding American ready-to-wear designers, "Show your disdain for them, they're no good anyway." ("That's not an accurate quote," responds Fairchild. "And the predominance of Paris was obvious.") Fairchild respected Norell: "He was the one who made American designers into gods." He also needed Norell. And not just as a subject.

"Let me explain," says Bernadine Morris, who worked at *Women's Wear* in the early 60s. "Norman started his own business in 1960. John Fairchild came back from Paris to take over *WWD* in 1960—to build a new kind of *Women's Wear*. So it coincided. John knew Norman because Norman would go to Paris to buy fabrics. John would tell other designers on Seventh Avenue, 'If you don't let me have sketches in advance I will fill up the paper with Norman Norell,' meaning Norman was top-of-the-line. He'd fill his paper up with Norman Norell and French designers. It was one of the things that made an impact." "I don't think I said that," Fairchild recalls. "But I was really determined to have the sketches before anybody else."

If no American designer in the 60s had the profile in *WWD* that Norell did, no American designer was dropped with such a sneer. The worm turned in 1967. Sift the review of Norell's spring collection and you see signs: there's a slap at the Kids ("Norman's mannequins of a certain age"), a reference to Norell as "the Fallen Angel," and bestowal of the title "Old Master," which Fairchild had coined earlier for Balenciaga and would soon inflate to Grand Old Master, or G.O.M., for Norell. It was a mock curtsy à la Iago.

The "why" is moot. In fallouts with Fairchild there are many explanations and there are none. Max Bernegger brings it down to business: "Norell did not want to have pictures publicized of his fashion shows, because he got knocked off. The stores were very upset about that, too. Norman made me tell Fairchild that he could not publicize pictures of the show. So in the next issue that Fairchild did, he blurred the pictures so you couldn't see the details but Norell was upset about that also. So the next time Fairchild put in pictures, there were X's through them, like it's bad stuff. John, as nice as he can be, can also be very, very nast

The *coup de grâce* came on Februa 8, 1967. On its front page *WWD* call James Galanos "the leader of Americ fashion," implicitly demoting Norell (a playing friends against each other). An made of white adhesive tape went up c Norell's portrait in the offices of *Women Wear*. It was Rise and Fall at *WWD*.

Except there was no Fall. Retaile were as devoted to Norell as ever. Man knew nothing of the freeze with Fairchil or, if they did know, couldn't have care less. Besides, bigger things were brewing Understanding that the company was sit ting on a name with legs—and that n American designer had ever done a fra grance—Bernegger got permission from Norell to approach Revlon founder and chairman Charles Revson about a perfume deal. Revson was interested. And when he asked his wife, Lyn, what she wanted for Christmas, and she replied, "A perfume for Norman," it was all systems go.

In 1968, while the other "Old Master," Balenciaga, was retiring, Norell was reaching designer Nirvana, a place you get to not through clothes but through the nose. Norell perfume was launched with a bash at Bonwit Teller. A year and a half of mixing and wrist sniffing had produced a scent with a bite—a sharp shock of green that softened into a lily note. Billed as "the First Great Perfume Born in America," it was yet another first for Norell.

"That theme was a good one, strong and audacious and legal to say," explains Paul Woolard, vice president of Revlon at that time, and the man who oversaw the development of Norell perfume. "Revlon changed the fragrance business dramatically in terms of concentration, and it began with Norell, which had a much larger concentration of fragrance oil, at least double. It lasted very well. Norell's clothes lasted well. So it all fit in."

And it took off immediately. "Like a house afire," remembers Edna Sullivan, the woman who ran Norell's salon. "We like to make money at Revlon," says Woolard. "It was profitable from the start."

With the perfume came powerful brand-name identity. Norell, so long sequestered in hushed, upper-floor salons, was now on first floors, where Norell perfume was a splurge within almost anyone's reach. The perfume bottle was a stunner—cut crystal, heavy, like the ashtray Woolard had seen on Norell's desk. In fact, its rectangular shape is the same shape as a dress label. It wore only one word—NORELL—stretched tall to fill the entire side of the bottle. "Norman is the one who said, 'Double



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New York. ("In Paris I don't think I'd work as hard," he said. "You've got to fight to make something beautiful here.") He had no interest in the social whirl, used his "shyness" to stay behind the scenes, was blunt about star ladies ("Never expect anything but grief"), and was happiest lunching with the Kids, whom he doted on like daughters and who loved him like a father. Dinner out—Schrafft's, Hamburger Heaven, Le Pavillon, or La Grenouille and the best seats at the theater were the extent of his evenings on the town. Norell was a man who lived for work, though he did not always live alone.

There were three relationships. The first was the deepest, but also the least known because it went farthest back. That man was Alan Arthur, a very handsome, well-brought-up, well-read pianist from Connecticut. Norell was devoted to Arthur, and they lived together for 20 years, from the 1920s to the early 40s, with Norell handing over his paychecks and Arthur managing the household. (He's the one who pushed Norell to approach Hattie Carnegie for a job.) Arthur had great taste, extravagant taste—he'd buy 12 dozen embroidered linen handkerchiefs at a pop. He also had a taste for liquor. This chapter in Norell's life closes in one sad sentence: Arthur lost his looks with age, suddenly found that Norell was important while he himself had achieved nothing, and died of alcoholism in his early 40s. It was with Arthur in mind that Norell spent weekends during World War II doing volunteer work at a hospital. It was Arthur's grave in Connecticut that Norell visited every Memorial Day.

"Alan Arthur, that was the one he loved with heart and soul," maintains Alan Graham, who was a young designer when he met Norell around 1943 and became his next close companion. "Norman's crush on me was more of a continuation of Alan Arthur. He said, 'What is your first name?' And I said 'Alan.' And he said, 'A-L-A-N?' And I said, 'A-L-A-N,' and he was absolutely still." Graham and Norell lived together for a few years in the 1940s, but unlike Arthur, Graham was always after Norell to forgo the latest bargain at Parke-Bernet (his passions: 18th-century French furniture, solid-colored Chinese porcelain) and instead pay his taxes. Extravagance "was Norman's idea of funny," says Graham, who settled in Paris in the late 40s. "My biggest fight with Norman was another thing about taxes. Jean Schlumberger had made a lighter that was one of those flexible goldfish, so well balanced. Norman said, 'I want you to have it, he's made me a special price.' I said, 'Give the $800 you can add a zero to it today, or two—to the income-tax bureau.' and I walked out. Norman was furious, so the first thing he gave to John Moore was that lighter."

John Moore. They never lived together, but he was Norell's third love, a 20-year relationship everyone knew best because it was the last. In some ways Moore was Norell's greatest extravagance.

"John met Norman as a student at Parsons," around 1950, when Moore was 22, says the illustrator Hilary Knight, who came to know Norell through Moore. "John was very ambitious. He wanted to be glamorous. And here was this wonderful, handsome, rich, successful man. And they hit it off. They both truly loved the fashion business. And both had a mischievous sense of humor." Moore not only accepted the articulated goldfish lighter, he flaunted it.

The problem was—that old refrain Moore drank. He flaunted that too. Fellow designers remember him as a holy terror, throwing drinks at cocktail parties, throwing plates at dinner. He was charming and childish, beautiful (pink and blond) and blotto. Norell had seen the results of drinking once before. Why didn't he stop Moore?

"Everybody else worshiped Norell," says Bernadine Morris, "and I think there was a need for him to find bad boys." A close friend says, "He felt if he was too strong he might lose John. And John was his private life." He then concurs with what others have said: "Norman had a little streak of masochism in him. And John had a streak of sadism. I don't mean that came out physically. Never. Norman had nothing to prove. He was at the top of his profession and could afford to be beaten down. And John would do it."

Max Bernegger has a different perspective on the dynamic. "Norman's biggest problem was that if he liked somebody very much, or loved a person, he had a tremendous tendency to control. And that could be very destructive. He was controlling John. And John became dependent upon him almost, and suffered because of it."

"Absolutely true," agrees Alan Graham. "Yes, Norman was very kind and thoughtful. And he was extremely generous—to a fault. That didn't stop him from being a perfect bitch in his private life."

In 1963, Norell helped back Moore in his own business, a big responsibility that should have cut into the young man's benders, but didn't. Moore had successes, most notably in 1965 when he designed Lady Bird Johnson's yellow satin inaugural gown. But then, says Carrie Donovan, "John began to make these convoluted, draped, very strange costumes." Norman's support remained unconditional, absolute, and Moore became a blind spot professionally—which hurt them both.

"Norman interfered in ways that were meant to be helpful to John," says Hilary Knight, "and worked the reverse." Case in point: Norell's belief that Moore had a Coty award coming. In 1963, when the superhot Rudi Gernreich won, Norell expressed disapproval (unspoken unhappiness at Moore's not winning) by returning his own Hall of Fame award to Eleanor Lambert. In 1964, when the brilliant young Geoffrey Beene won, Norell remained grudging on John's behalf. In 1965, *Women's Wear Daily* forecast a win for Moore. So it was insult to injury when nobody won that year. Asked for his opinion, Norell said, "No comment."

Moore, drinking heavily, would close his company in 1970, taking work with another Seventh Avenue firm. He never did win that elusive best-designer Coty. And he did not receive the $40,000-a-year stipend left to him in Norell's will. (The company didn't have the profit and folded in 1976.) When Moore died last year in Alice, Texas, he was running an antiques shop. In a scrapbook found in his apartment, there are telegrams from Norell to Moore, dated late in the relationship. They are signed "ILY ILY ILY"—I love you.

Photographs of Norell up through 1961 invariably feature a cigarette held louchely between two fingers or hanging from his mouth. One day in 1961, after months with a sore throat, visits to a doctor who found nothing, and nagging from Moore, he went to a specialist and heard the words "Mr. Norell, you have smoked your last cigarette." Norman had throat cancer.

As he himself told the story, he didn't go back to his office, but straight home to his apartment, where the first person he told was his houseboy. "I've just been to the doctor and he tells me I have cancer of the throat and of course I'll never be able to smoke again." The houseboy looked at him in horror and said, "Oh, Mr. Norell, and I've just bought you a whole new carton."

Norell stood up to the illness. Lynn Manulis tells of how just months after his surgery she asked Norell and his models to put on a fashion show for a cancer benefit in Palm Beach, the first of its kind. (Bob Hope would be the M.C., and for the opener, a young unknown named Barbra Streisand.) Norell could not speak yet—his



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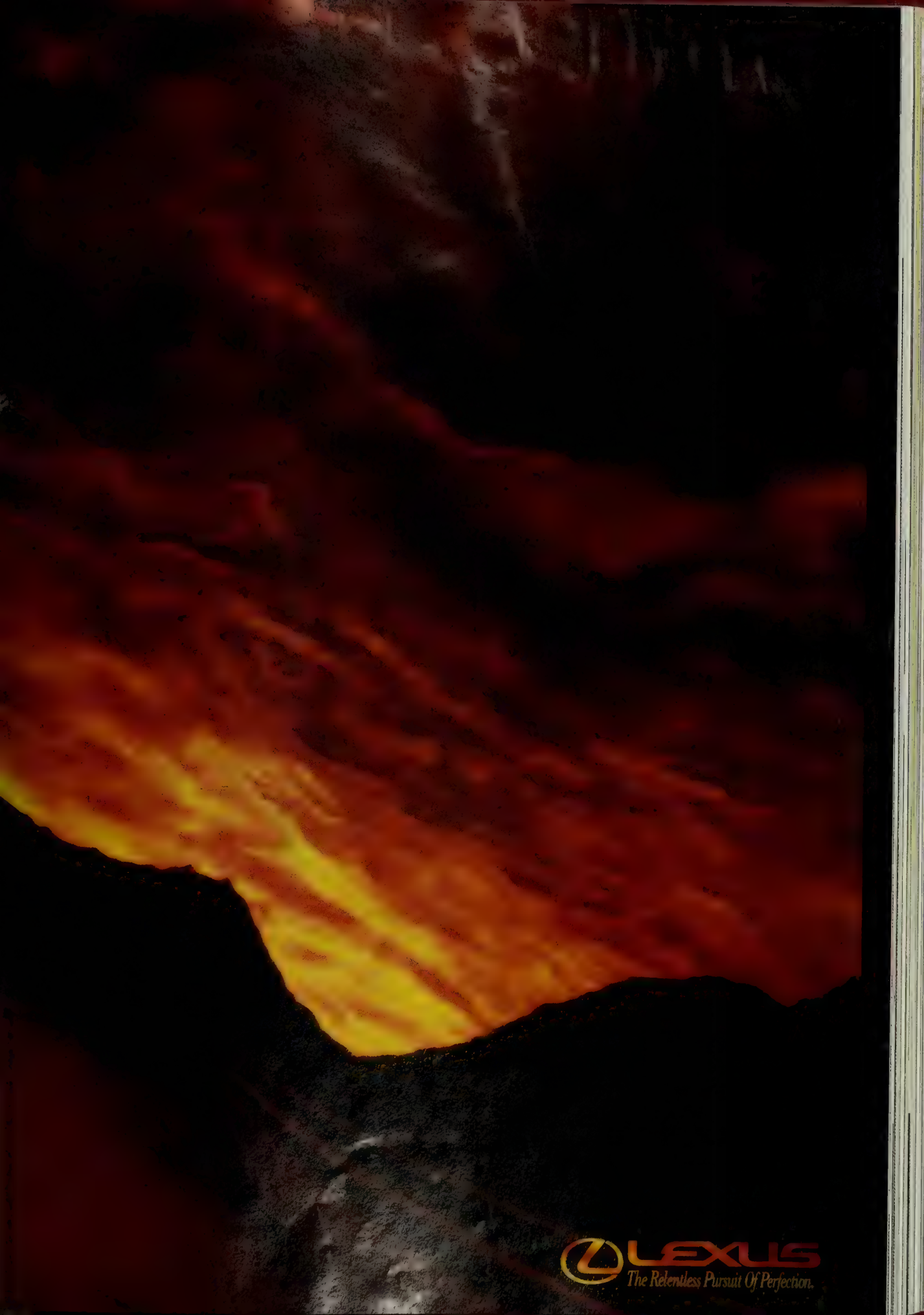

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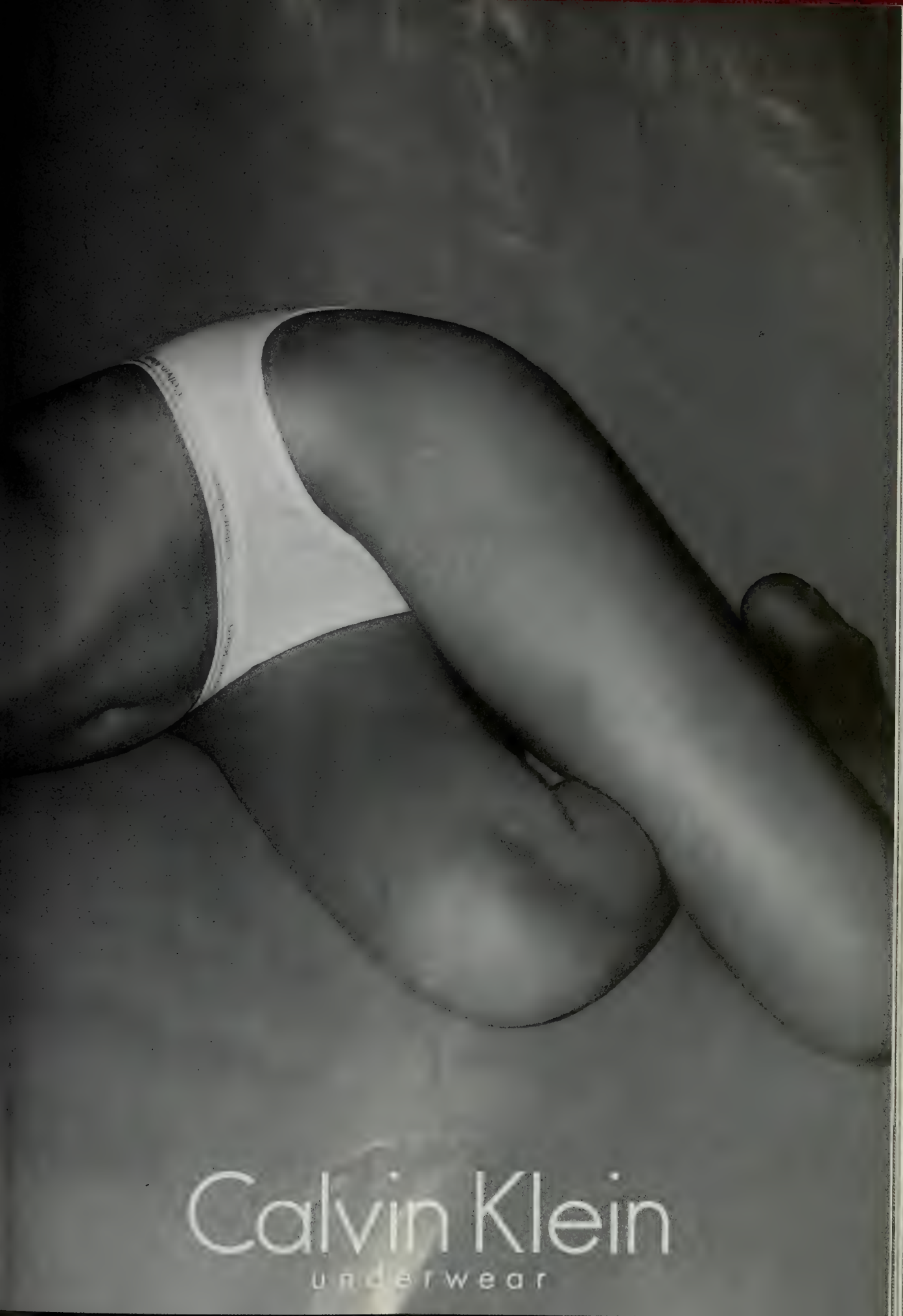
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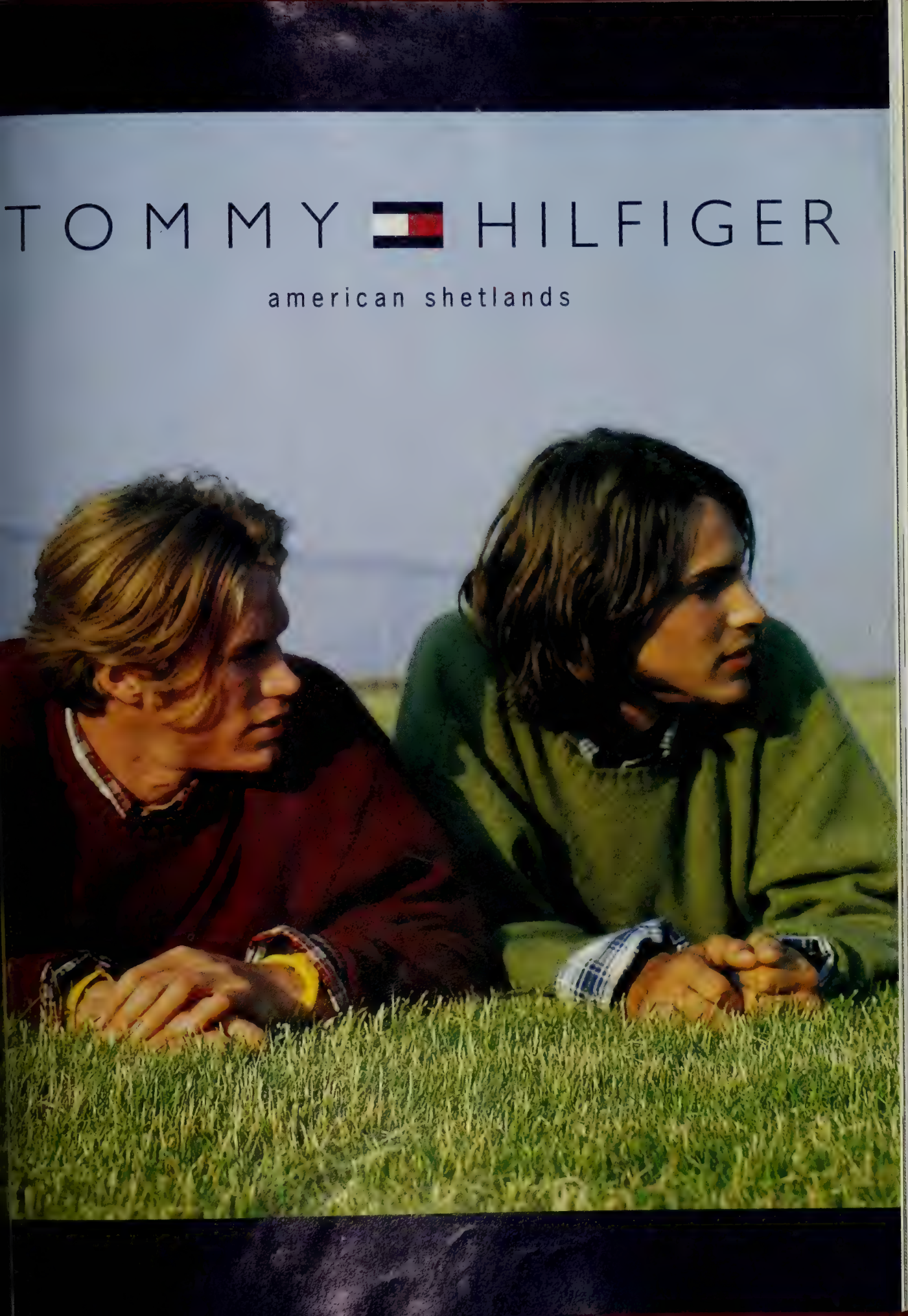

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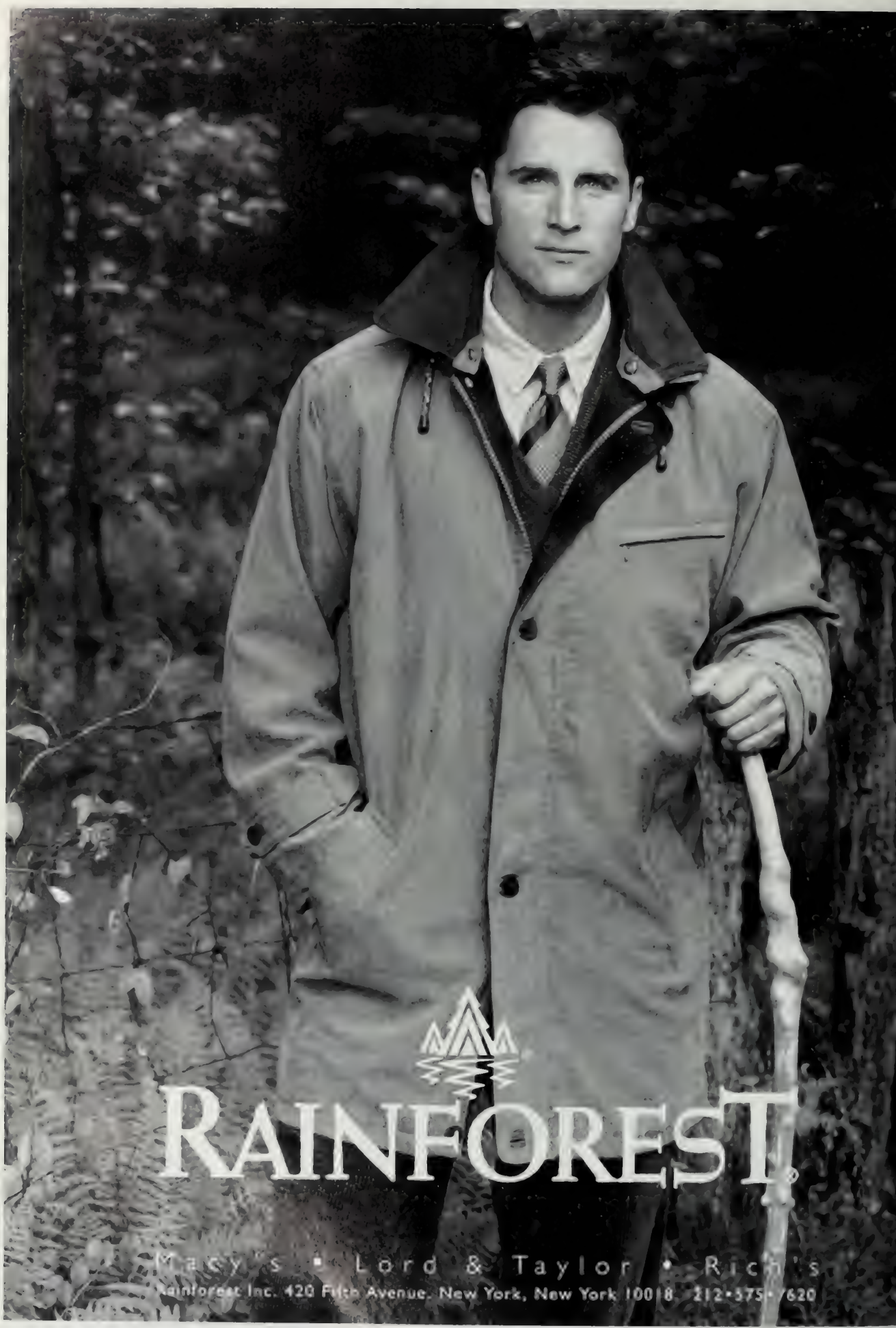


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# VANITY FAIR®

NOVEMBER 1997 No 447



## Features


**A PORTRAIT OF WORLD POWER | 216**

In a sweeping, 58-page portfolio, Annie Leibovitz, Jonathan Becker, Harry Benson, Helmut Newton, Snowdon, and other top photographers capture the 65 men and women who shape the planet today: Bill Clinton, Tony Blair, Madeleine Albright, Pope John Paul II, Rupert Murdoch, the Dalai Lama, Fidel Castro, Bill Gates, Gianni Agnelli, Boris Yeltsin, and more.

**THE LAST EMPIRE | 219**

Gore Vidal argues that, with the creation of a monster called Communism in 1947, the American Republic began its transformation into a National Security State fortified by an ever growing arsenal of weapons and fears. Fifty years later, he asks, Can the U.S. survive without an enemy?

**GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER | 278**

In an excerpt from Dominick Dunne's new novel, *Another City, Not My Own,* a *Vanity Fair* reporter named Gus Bailey returns to Los Angeles for the trial of the century and finds himself sought after by Hollywood royalty from Elizabeth Taylor to Nancy Reagan. Illustrations by Tim Sheaffer.


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After her death, Princess Diana was virtually canonized. But Dominick Dunne remembers a woman whose imperfections were as compelling as her glamour and good works.

**SECRETS AND LIES | 96**

America's premier investigative journalist, Seymour Hersh, is about to publish the biggest book of his career, *The Dark Side of Camelot,* an exposé of Jack and Bobby Kennedy. The story behind the book, Robert Sam Anson reveals, is of an ace reporter trapped in the smoke and mirrors that surround the Kennedy legend.

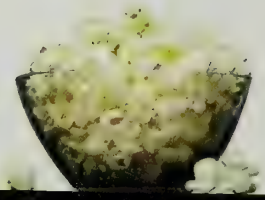
**FOR LOVE OF PICASSO | 128**

*The Dream,* Picasso's erotically coded portrait of his mistress, inspired the marriage of the late Victor and Sally Ganz, who assembled the best private Picasso collection in the country. John Richardson explores the romance embedded in the 1932 masterpiece as it goes to auction at Christie's for an anticipated record price.

**STILL CAPTAIN FANTASTIC | 134**

Crippled by alcohol, cocaine, and bulimia, Elton John seemed destined to flame out. Instead, Leslie Bennetts reports, the biggest pop star of the 70s has roared back into the 90s, with an award-winning Disney soundtrack, a new album, a four-year relationship, and a heartfelt tribute to his friend Princess Diana that will earn untold millions for her charities. Photographs by Karl Lagerfeld.


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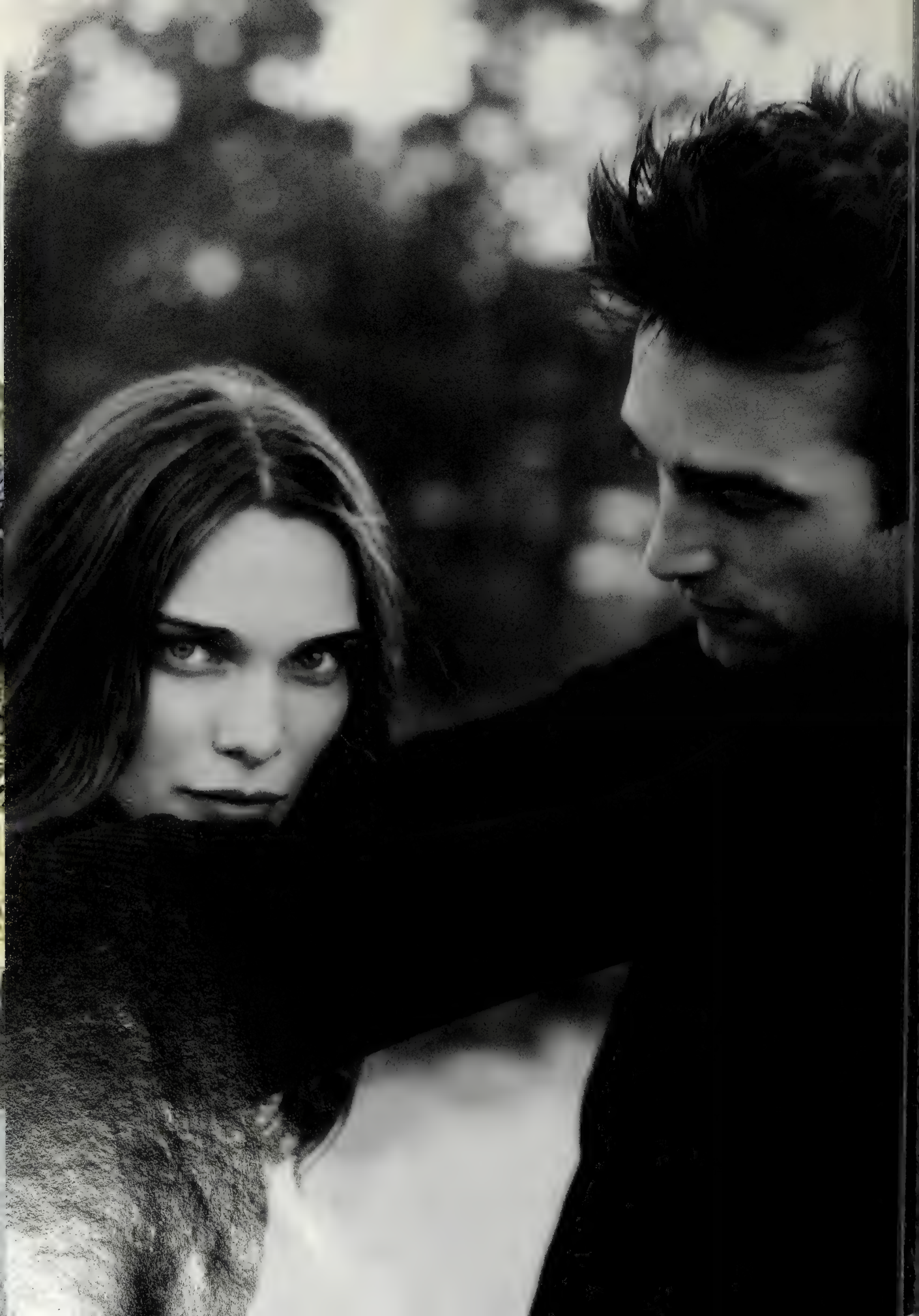
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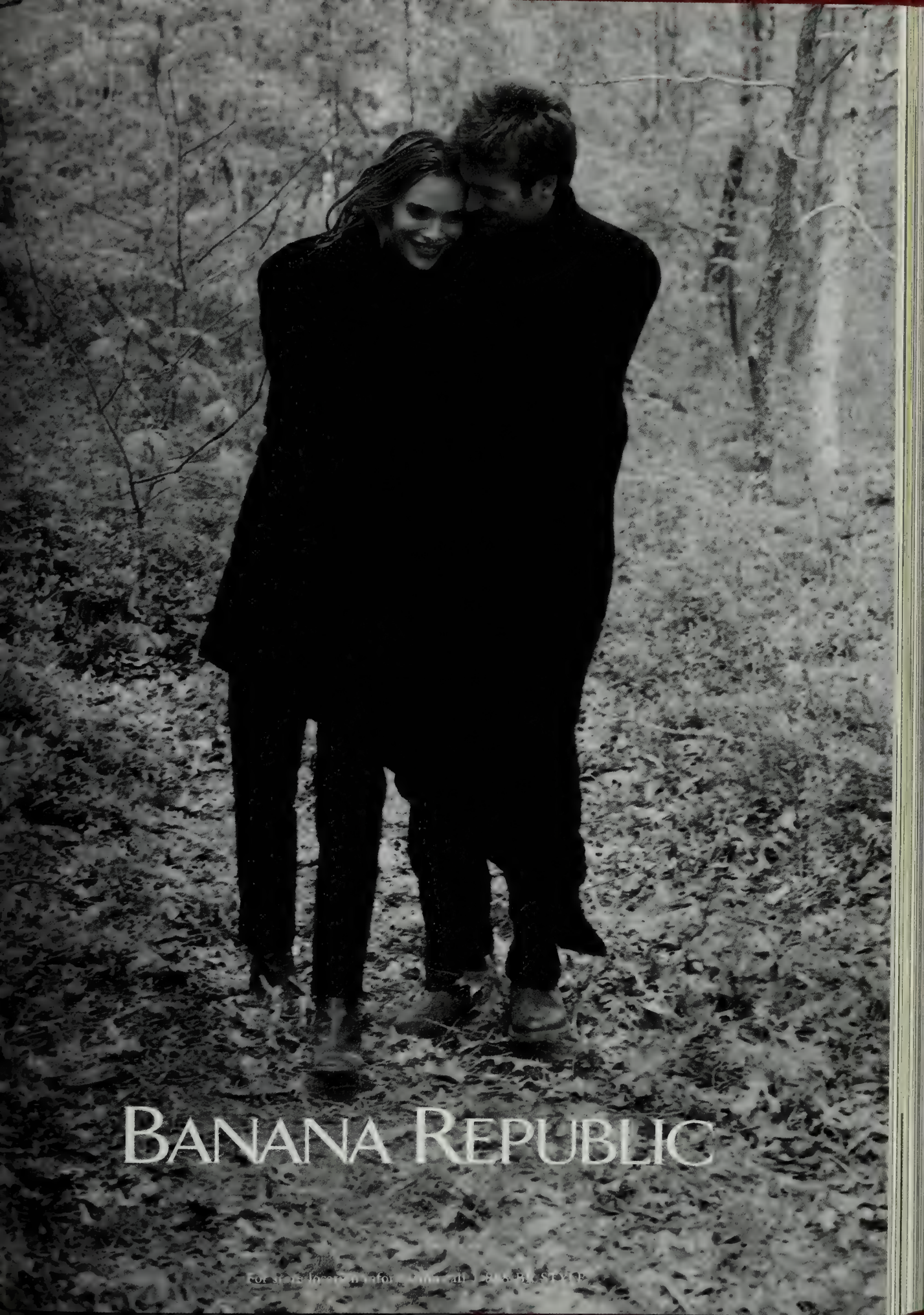
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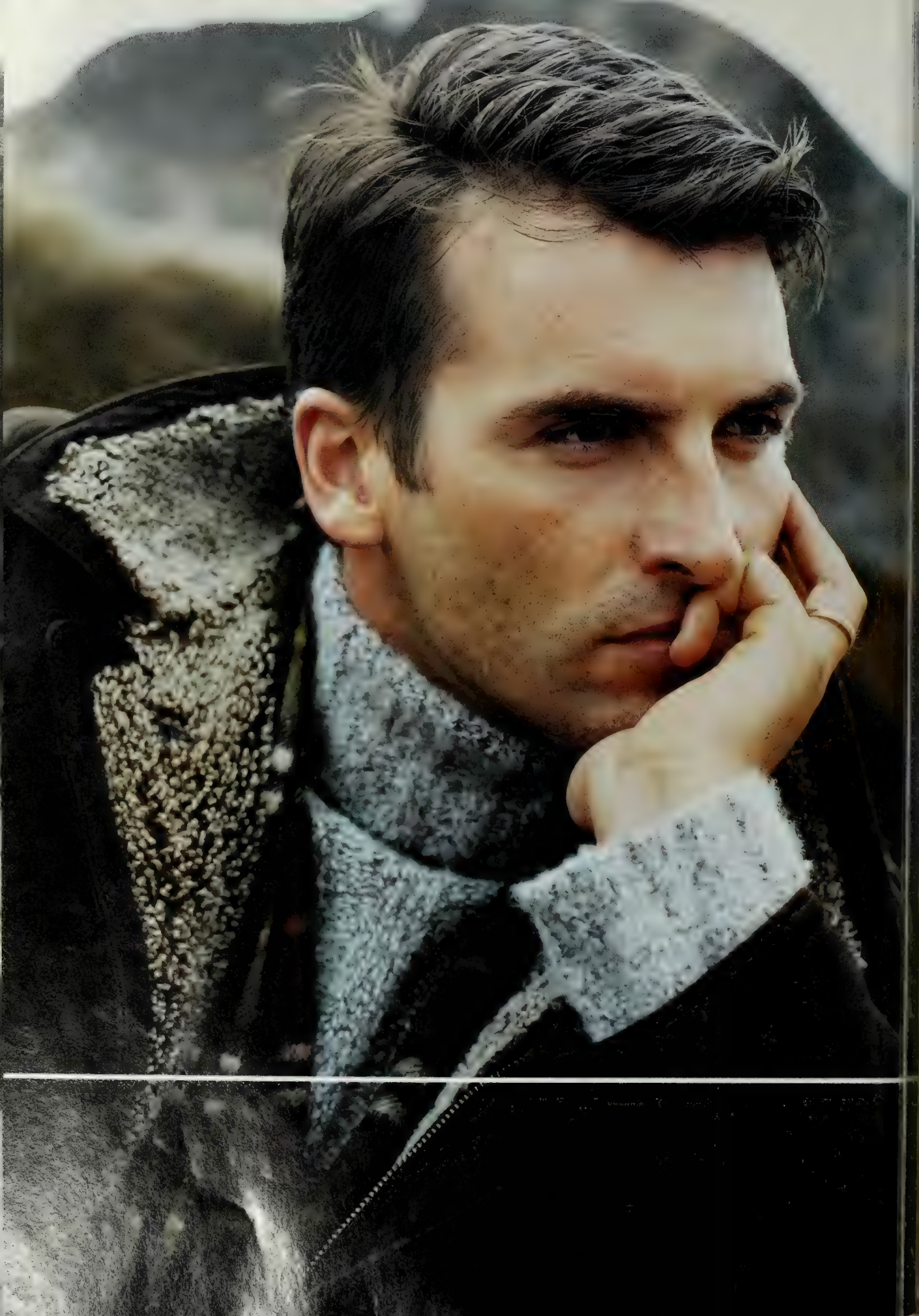


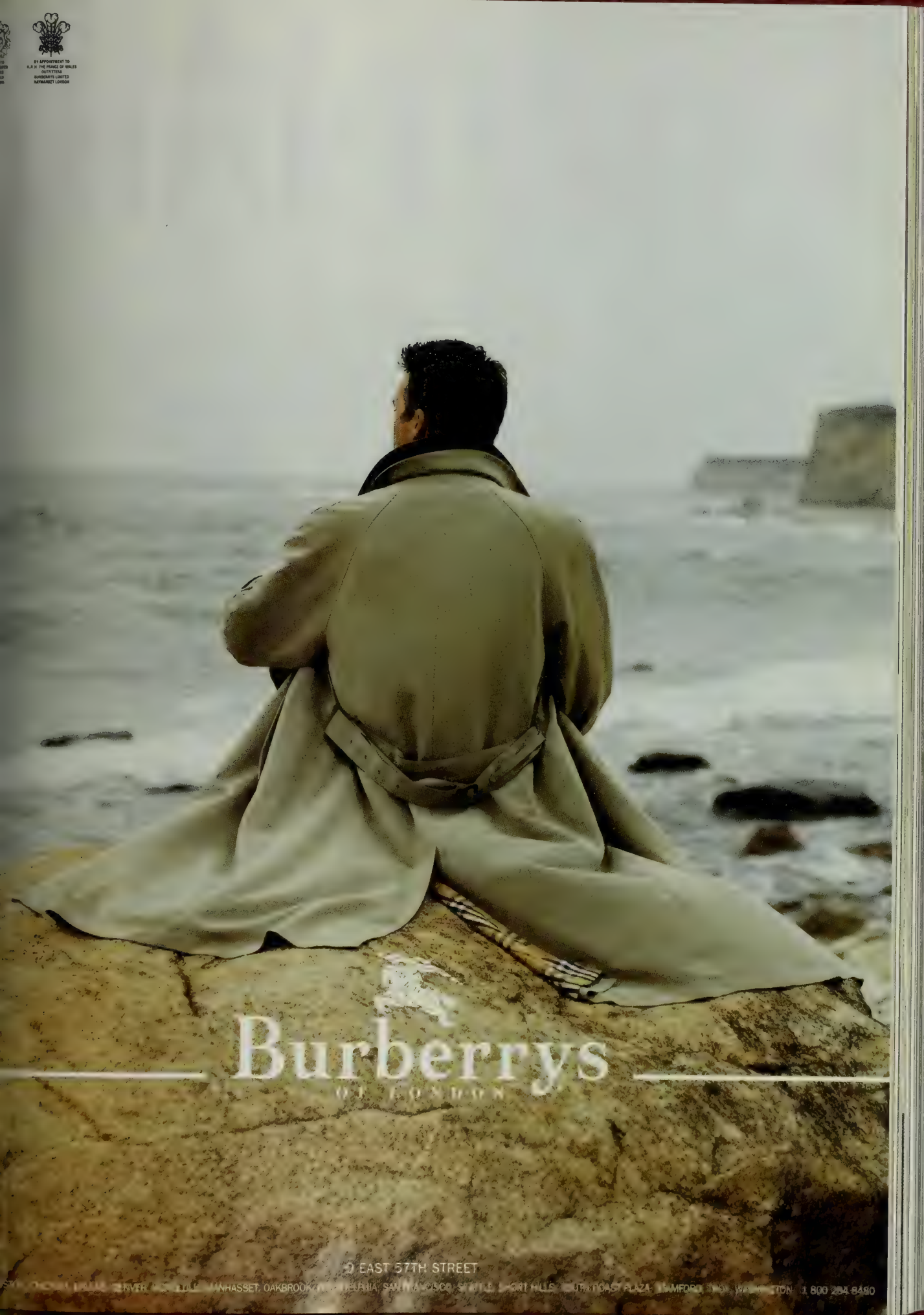
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The most powerful woman in Silicon Valley, Esther Dyson often goes barefoot and has no phone in her New York apartment. With the high-technology guru publishing a $1 million guide to the future, Leslie Bennetts enters Dyson's hectic, fearsomely productive world to find that, while no one—not even her famous physicist father, Freeman Dyson—really knows her, everyone wants to know what she thinks.

**HUMAN BEAN** | 168

Henry Porter and Jesse Frohman spotlight British actor Rowan Atkinson, the comic genius who brings his hopelessly spastic TV character, Mr. Bean, to L.A. in the upcoming movie *Bean.*

**THE BATTLE OVER THE GOLDEN CHILD** | 170

Greek shipping heiress Christina Onassis paid French playboy Thierry Roussel millions to marry her, and nine years after her mysterious death, his lavish lifestyle is being funded by another Onassis, their 12-year-old daughter, Athina. On the island of Skorpios, Edward Klein investigates the battle between Roussel and the Onassis trustees over a little girl's fate—and her $3 billion inheritance.

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Leslie Bennetts nominates Lieutenant General Claudia Kennedy, America's first female three-star general and chief of Army Intelligence, for combining brains and candor with unbridled patriotism. Portrait by Anthony Edgeworth.


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Speed dial: Jean-Georges Vongerichten; new, improved fun with Dick and Jane; Bob Newhart stares down George Wayne; Barry Blitt on Cindy Sherman's must-see TV.


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Above: *Chain Reaction (Anagram)* 6
vegetable-dye transfer on
courtesy of Pace Wilde

Left: Robert Rauschenberg, Ale
and Carolyn Brown performing P
New York Theater Rally, May 24–2

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**Museum Ludwig**
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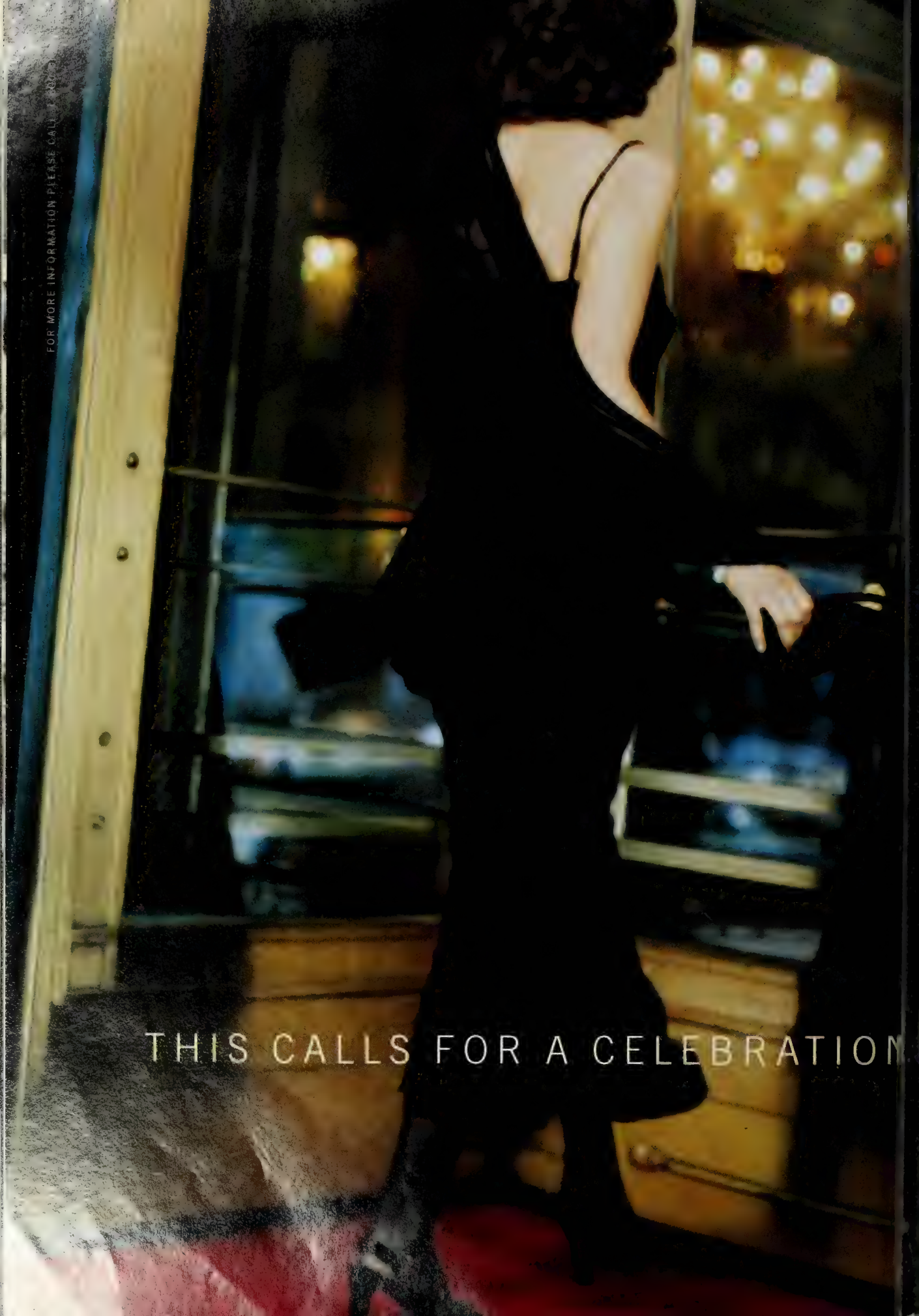
**Guggenheim Museum Bilbao**
Bilbao, Spain
November 20, 1998 – February 26, 1999

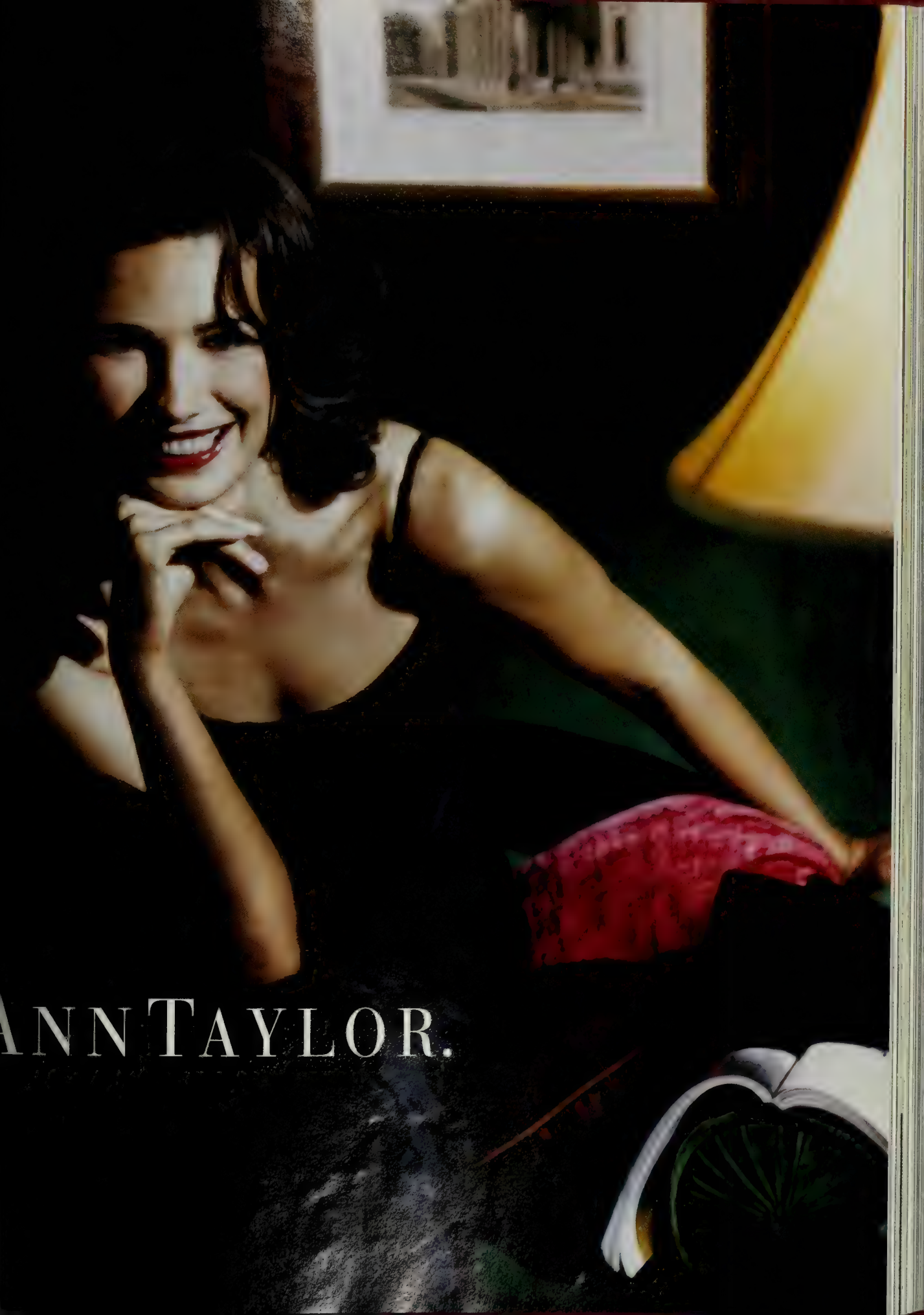
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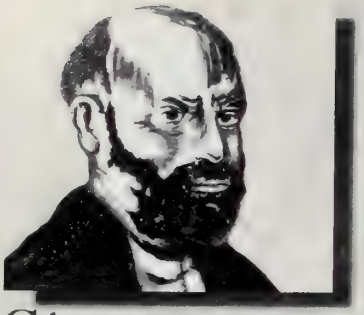


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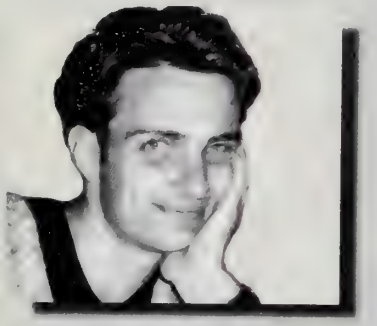
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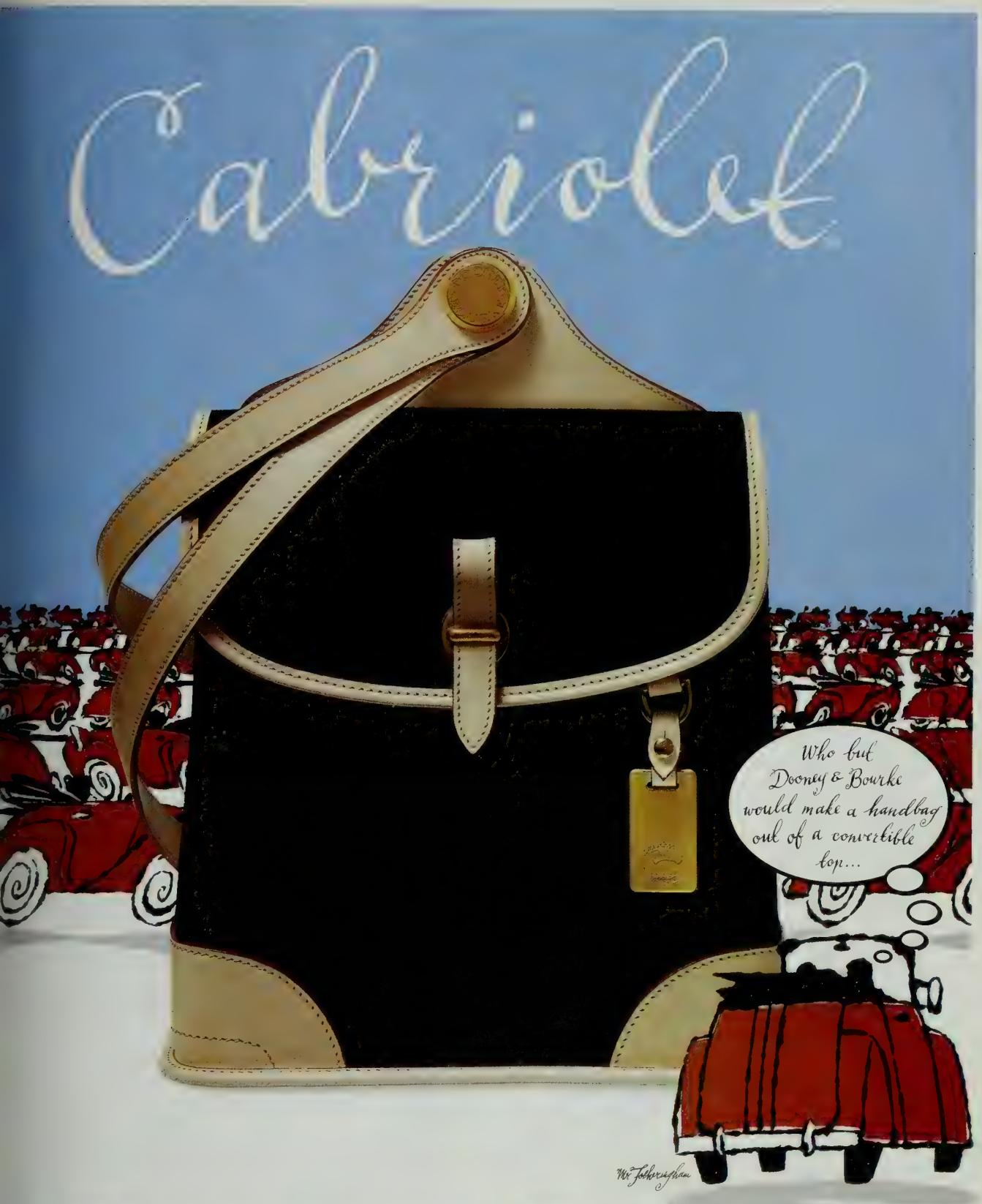
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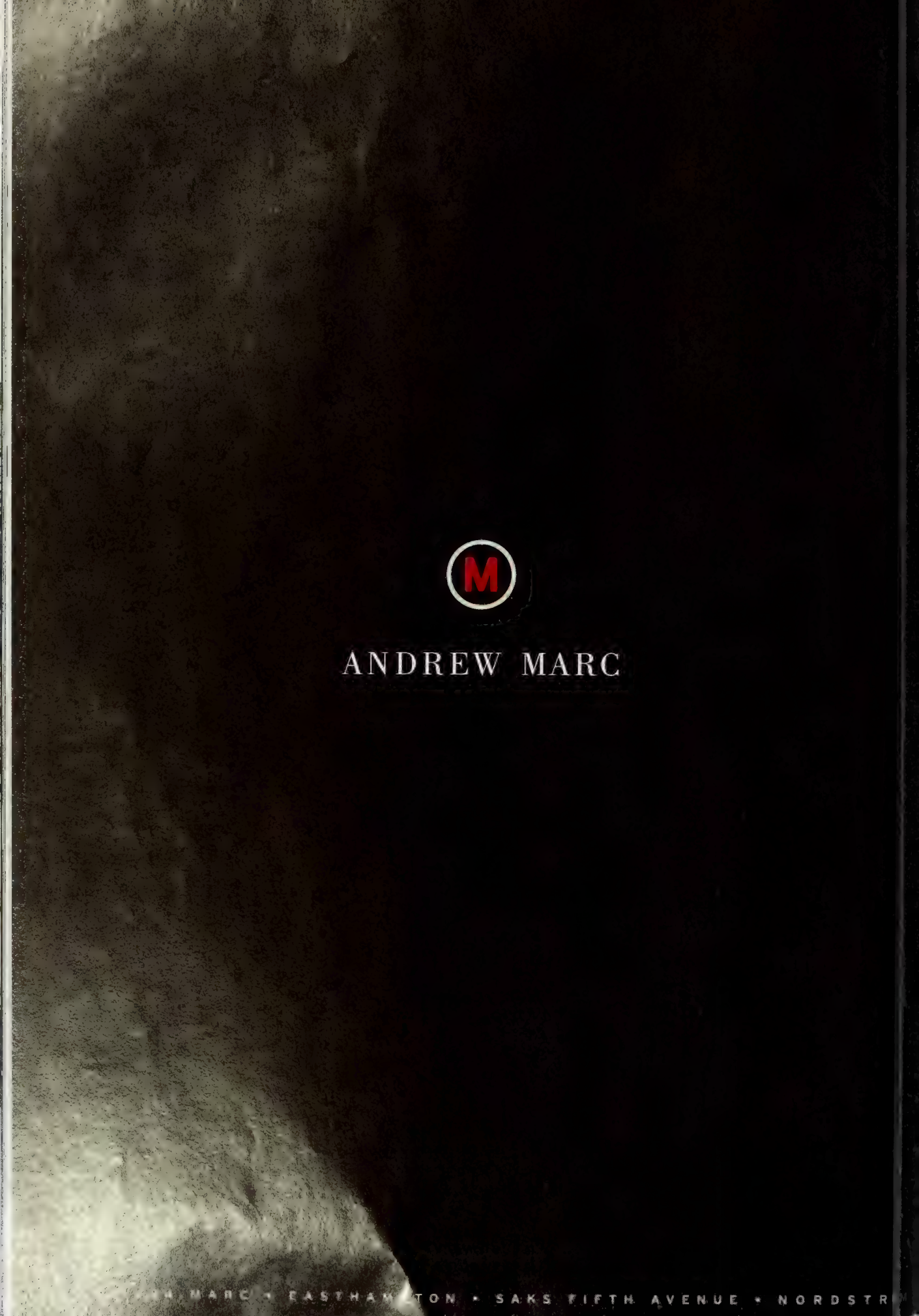


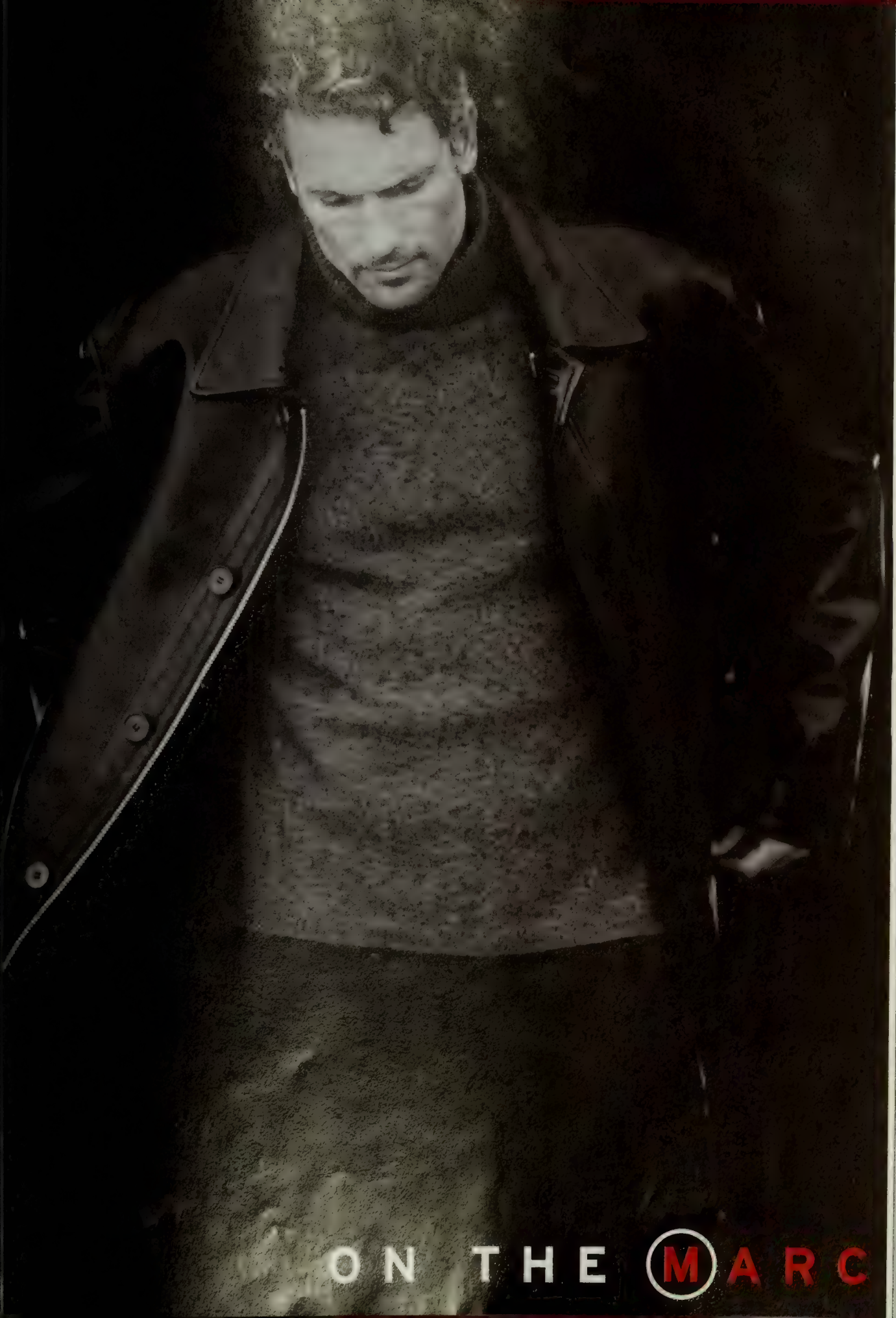

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EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

## GIVE HUNGER THE BOOT

Join Vanity Fair and **Timberland** at Macy's Roosevelt Field on Thursday, October 23, 1997 at 6:30pm for a reading by one of the nation's top authors. This special event benefits Share Our Strength's Writer's Harvest, the nation's largest literary program fighting hunger and poverty. Macy's will award $25 gift certificates to customers purchasing Timberland footwear for women on the day of the event.

## Drink it Up

Join Evian, Vanity Fair, Vogue, Mademoiselle, Allure, and Condé Nast House & Garden in celebration of the New York Women's Collections at Saks Fifth Avenue in NYC. From November 3-7, 1997 between noon and 2pm customers will enjoy musical performances, the season's latest looks in fashion and beauty, and refreshments from Evian. While at Saks, sneak a peak at the latest spring collections on video from the Seventh on Sixth shows at Chelsea Piers, featuring fashion's top designers.

## Broadway Bound

Join **Bally of Switzerland**, Vanity Fair, and GQ magazines for an evening of memorable music and great food to benefit Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. Cast members from Chicago, Rent, Titanic and The Life will perform select numbers from their respective shows. Guests can participate in a live and silent auction, featuring signed Broadway posters, show tickets and **Bally** merchandise. During the evening, Manhattan's top chefs will prepare hors d'oeuvres to sample.

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## The Great Escape Begins Here

Few things are as perfect as a newborn baby, but everyone needs an occasional evening out. **Little Me**, Vanity Fair and Marshall Field's invite you to enter to win an evening out for two.

To enter, visit the children's department on the 5th floor at Marshall Fields, 111 North State Street, Chicago, IL 60602 between November 2 - November 15. While there, submit your name, address and phone number on a ballot card available in the Little Me area, Infants Department. The great escape will include dinner at a top Chicago restaurant, tickets to a cultural performance, compensation for the baby-sitter and a **Little Me** layette valued at $150.

*No purchase necessary. Odds of winning depend on the number of entries received. See store for complete rules.

## Revitalize Your Life

**Shiseido** and Vanity Fair invite you to enter the **"Cultural Night on the Town"** sweepstakes. One lucky grand prize winner will re two theater tickets, dinner and car service for the evening. Two se will receive a gift basket of **Shiseido** makeup and skin care products. Five third place entrants will receive a CD collection to enjoy d at home. To enter, fill out an entry form at the **Shiseido** counter at Marshall Fields, Old Orchard, IL, anytime between November 2 attention Vanity Fair to receive a complimentary deluxe size sample of **Shiseido Bio-Performance Advanced Super Revita** m drawing.

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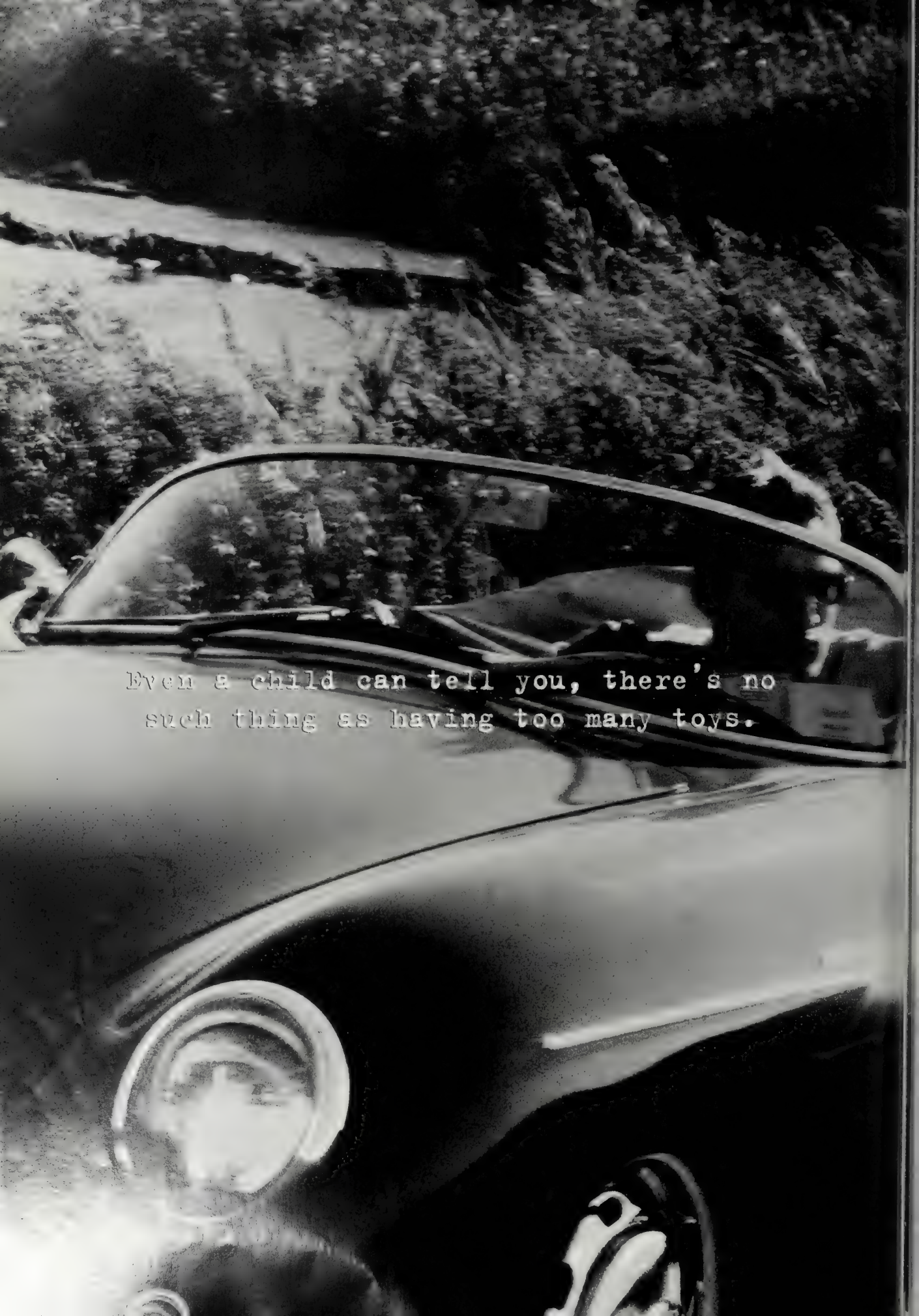



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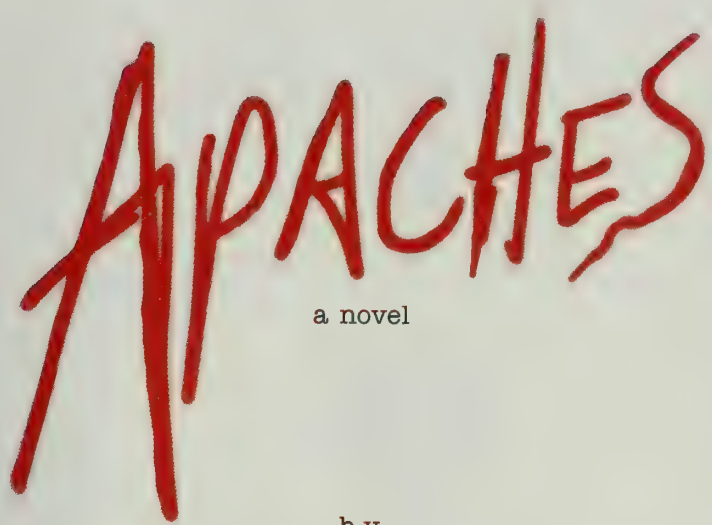
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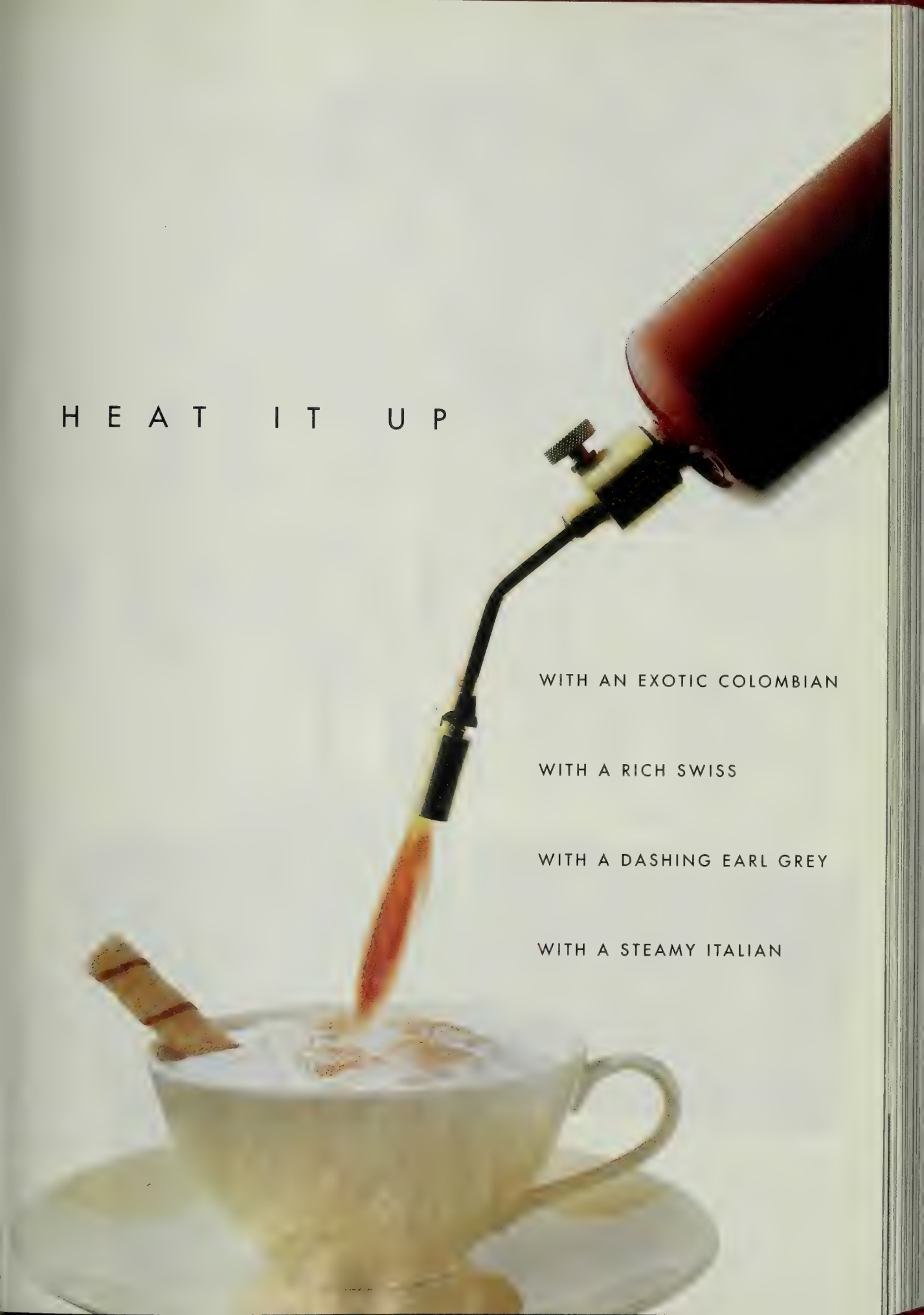
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# Elements of Power



A half-century after the Marshall Plan reconfigured the ravaged postwar world, the face of global power has changed profoundly. In the U.S., the clubbable, silver-haired mandarins who assigned the spoils of World War II, and who then built careers around the business of Cold War maintenance, are pretty much a thing of the past. Presidents and pontiffs still draw crowds, but in 1997 the earth's boiler room is run by more quotidian powers: international bankers, conglomerateurs, and Information Age barons driven by commerce rather than commonweal. Their avatars are Agnellis, not Achesons. The Middle East, a power for the past quarter-century, was an afterthought 50 years ago. Russian and Japanese spheres of influence have certainly been on the wane the last decade. A growing power, on the other hand, is South America—long ignored as little more than the U.S.'s basement.

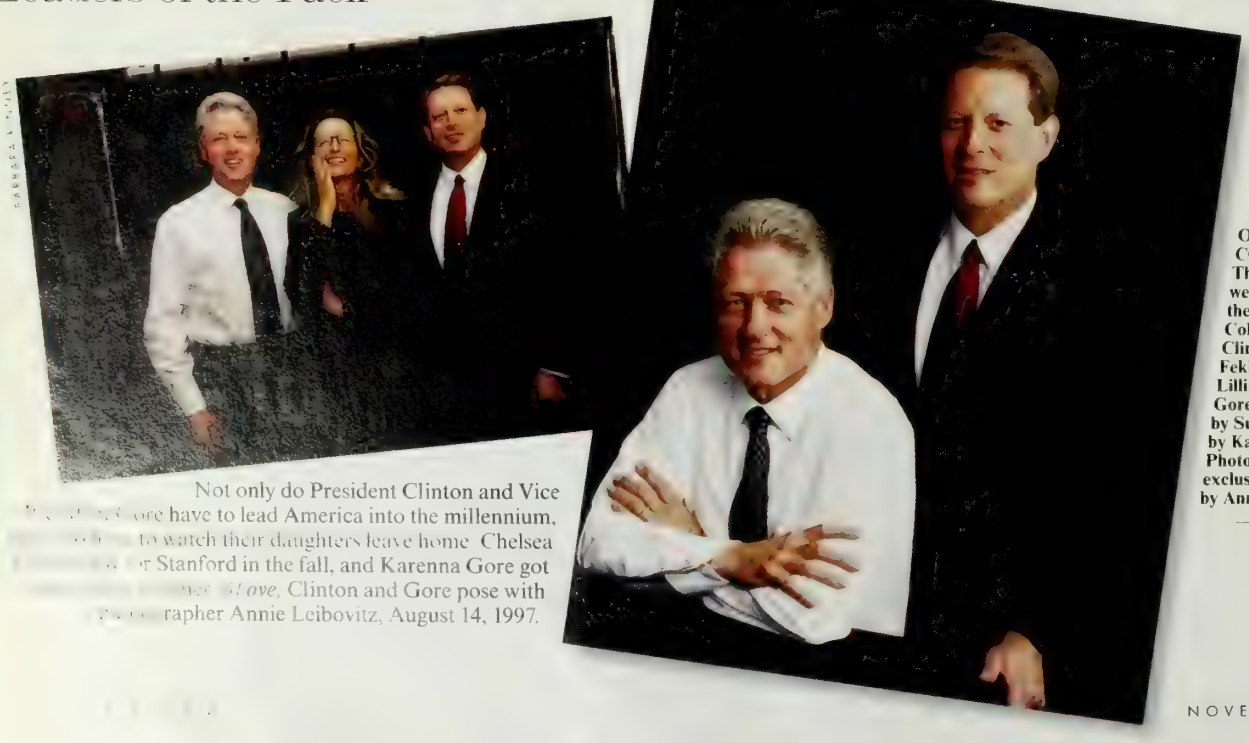
In personal terms, the 65 men and women who make up our "Portrait of World Power," beginning on page 216, rule and shape global destinies in time-honored ways: through action, persuasion, fear, or money. Investor George Soros, for instance, holds no official post, yet he has used his $2.5 billion fortune to change the lives of millions of people in former Soviet satellite countries. And while Nike chief Phil Knight is ostensibly in the shoe business, he is arguably the most powerful person in sports worldwide, his company's elegant swoosh trademark challenging Coca-Cola's logo as an international icon.

For the *Vanity Fair* staff, the portfolio was an enormous undertaking. The largest stable of photographers we have ever assembled for a single project was dispatched all parts of the globe, from Moscow's Re Square to 10 Downing Street and the old Fi factory in Turin. Editor-at-large Matt Tyrnau led the *V.F.* team, with assistance from Ri Cruz, John Gillies, and Chris Lawrence. Ph tography director Susan White and her cre marshaled the photographers and handled tra el and schedule logistics. And art direct David Harris and his staff worked long hours give the 58-page portfolio its sweeping visu impact. For a unique perspective on the la half-century we turned to historian and novel Gore Vidal, whose waspish, iconoclastic "Sta of the Union" assessments on the old Dav Susskind show were mother's milk to interested baby-boomers

Along the way, we experienced some classic political co flicts. The legendary Russian bureaucracy made it impossib to get a visa in time for contributing photographer Harry Be son to make his appointment with top Yeltsin adviser Bo Berezovsky, but a midnight call to the Kremlin was answer by a refreshingly unbureaucratic woman named Natasha, wh managed to get the shoot rescheduled. When we approach China's president, Jiang Zemin, word came down from Beiji that the leader would pose for the portfolio only if we agre not to run a portrait of the Dalai Lama, symbol of resistan to the continued Chinese occupation of Tibet. We made o decision: Michael O'Neill's portrait of the Dalai Lama appea on page 252, an unposed press shot of Zemin on page 246.

Graydon Carter

# Leaders of the Pack

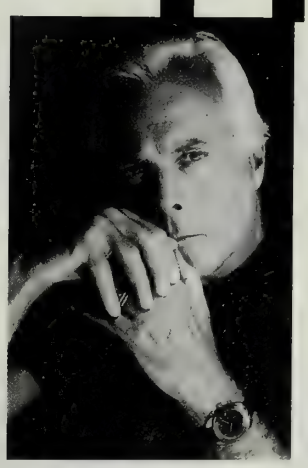


Not only do President Clinton and Vice ore have to lead America into the millennium, to watch their daughters leave home. Chelsea r Stanford in the fall, and Karenna Gore got ove. Clinton and Gore pose with rapher Annie Leibovitz, August 14, 1997.

**ON THE COVER**
**The president wears a tie by the Donna Kara Collection. Clinton's hair by Fekkai; grooming Lillian Brown. Gore's grooming by Susan Sterling. by Kathryn MacL Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.**



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# Contributors



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor **Robert Sam Anson** first met investigative reporter Seymour Hersh when Hersh was a press secretary for the 1968 McCarthy campaign, which Anson covered for *Time*. "I asked him when the senator might be free that day," recalls Anson, "and Hersh responded, 'How the fuck do you expect me to know?' I've liked him ever since." When Anson was assigned to profile Hersh—the story appears on page 96—Hersh alerted him to a "terrific" *Esquire* article which completely trashed him.



HAROLD TSEU

**Anthony Edgeworth,** who photographed Lieutenant General Claudia Kennedy for this month's Hall of Fame, is no stranger to the armed forces. He's published books on the Marines and the Queen of England's household guards, and his new book, *The Institute,* is about the Virginia Military Institute. It's easy to photograph military subjects, he says, because they "stand still." Edgeworth himself rarely does. He has traveled constantly for magazines such as *Town & Country, Esquire,* and *The New York Times Magazine.*

In this issue, **John Richardson** explores the history of Picasso's *The Dream,* the centerpiece of the collection of the late Victor and Sally Ganz, which goes to auction this month at Christie's. A close friend of the Ganzes', Richardson helped Sally Ganz organize "An American Tribute to Picasso," a 1962 retrospective of the artist's work. The Picasso biographer also contributed to Christie's new commemorative volume, *A Life of Collecting: Victor and Sally Ganz.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



JOHN CRUM


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68



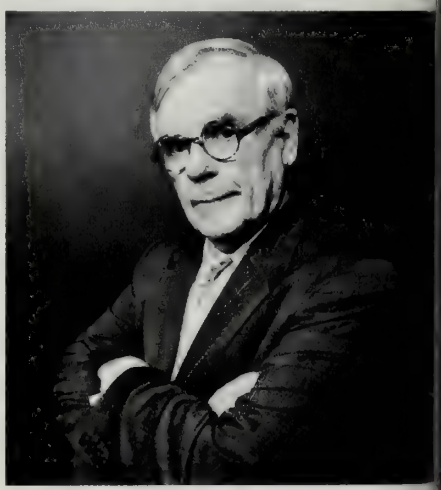
After college, contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts** "had at least 15 jobs"—in advertising, theater, and publishing—before landing her first "real" job, as a reporter at the *Philadelphia Bulletin.* "I had never taken a journalism course in my life," she says, "but for me it was like finding the key that fit the lock." Soon she set her sights on *The New York Times,* which hired her in 1978. Ten years later, Bennetts joined *Vanity Fair.* In this issue she profiles two very different icons: pop king Elton John and cyber-queen Esther Dyson.



NIGEL BRAMMA

Although she recently moved back to her native Los Angeles—along with her husband, Todd Purdum, the *New York Times* Los Angeles bureau chief—contributing editor **Dee Dee Myers** was never far from Washingtc while working on this month's "Portrait of World Power" portfolio. As the project's "chief beggar," she spent her summer dealing with the White House, where she coordinated Annie Leibovitz's shoot with President Clinton. It was the second time Myers had persuaded Clinton to sit for *Vanity Fair:* he appeared on the cover in March 1993, when she was his press secretary.

"I had no idea," says special correspondent **Dominick Dunne,** "that I would become as personally involved as I did in what would become known as the Trial of the Century." Dunne, who covered the O. J. Simpson trial for *Vanity Fair,* based his new novel on the experience. "Los Angeles is a city with which I have had a long and complicated relationship," he says. "During the trial I came face-to-face with the unfinished business of my life there." The novel, *Another City, Not My Own,* is excerpted on page 278; it will be published this month by Crown.

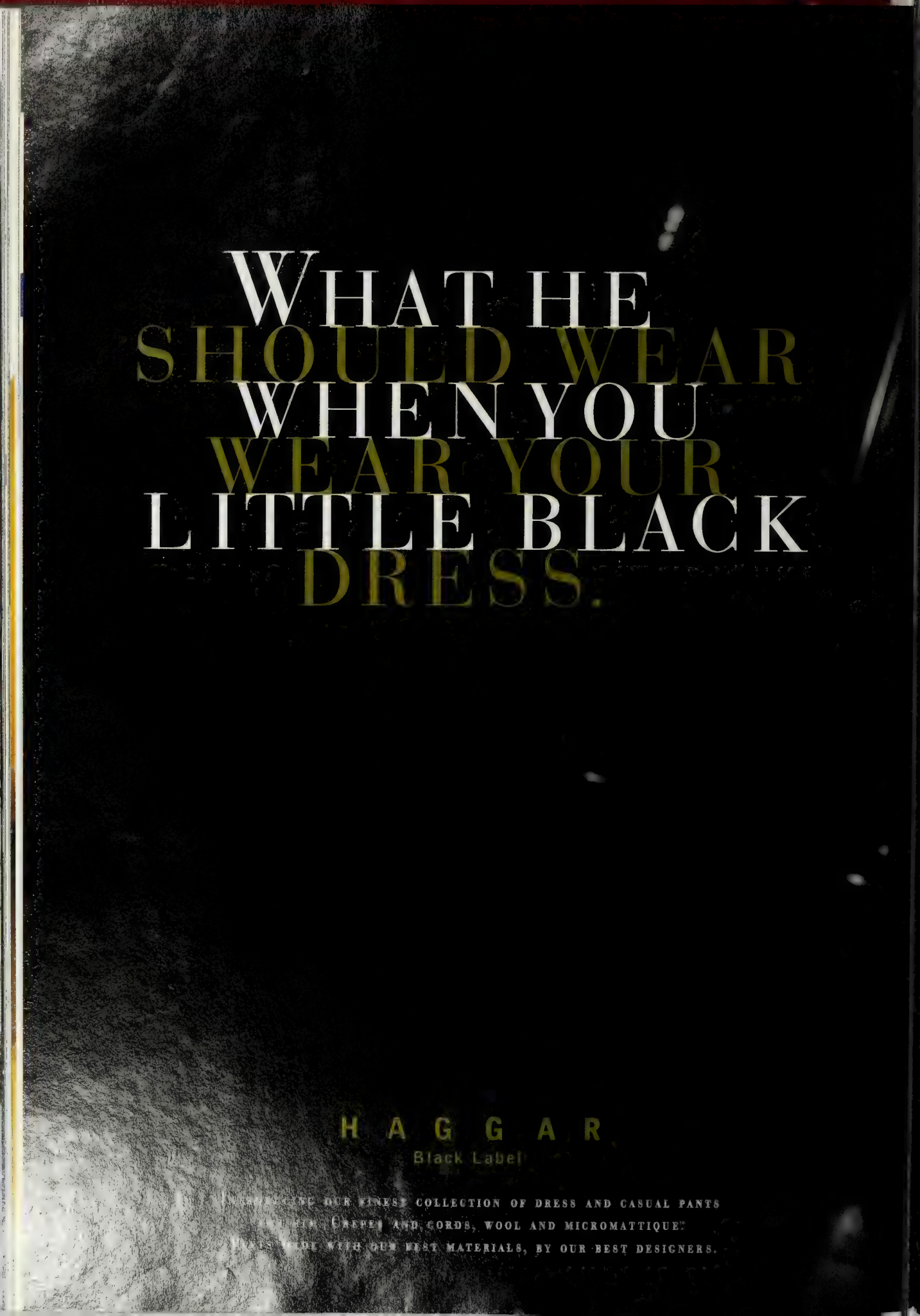




**Henry Porter,** who assesses British comedian Rowan Atkinson (Mr. Bean) in this issue, got his start at the Liverpool *Daily Post,* wh he covered industrial tribunals and flower shows. "As you can see," he says, "I was on fast track." Since then, things have improve Porter is now *Vanity Fair*'s London editor, and he writes for *The Guardian, The Daily Telegraph,* and *The Evening Standard.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74


MAN MARCUS
GDORF GOODMAN
BOLD LOOKS, EXPERIM
DARING
PRESCRIPTIVES


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SHOULD WEAR
WHEN YOU
WEAR YOUR
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Editor-at-large **Matt Tyrnauer** organized this month's "Portrait of World Power." "A year ago we started with 500 powerful names," Tyrnauer recalls, "then, very scientifically, we cut 435 presidents, dictators, and billionaires from the list." The portfolio begins on page 216. Tyrnauer says that working with Gore Vidal on the essay "The Last Empire" was "the finest moment" of his editorial career. "I wrote my college thesis on Vidal, so it became a bit like *The Purple Rose of Cairo* for me: during some of our phone conversations I felt as if I was stepping into the movie screen."



In his essay "The Last Empire," which appears on page 219, **Gore Vidal,** the world foremost essayist on matters political and cultural, traces the formation of the America Empire from the time of the Yalta Conference in 1945 to t present day. Vidal's *United St Essays 1952–1992* won the National Book Award in 199 and his "Narratives of Empi (*Burr, Lincoln, 1876, Empire, Hollywood,* and *Washington, D.C.*) will be reissued by the Modern Library beginning in February. Also this February, Vidal's 24th n *The Smithsonian Institution,* will be published by Random House. Above, the aut who was a Democratic candidate for Congress in 1960, appears at a rally for his campaign with Harry S. Truman. "Here I am fawning sickenly upon the 33rd president, fall of 1960, Peekskill, New York. He is applauding me. I am about to ri and praise him exuberantly in perfect ignorance of his administration. Remember Gertrude Stein? 'Before the flowers of friendship faded, friendship faded.'"

Contributor **Edward Klein** began his career as a copyboy at the New York *Daily News* and went on to *The New York Times Magazine,* where he was editor from 1977 to 1988. Klein has written *All Too Human: The Love Story of Jack and Jackie Kennedy,* the best-seller excerpted in *Vanity Fair*'s September 1996 issue. He is one of the few outsiders to visit Skorpios, the Onassises' private island, since the mysterious death of Christina Onassis in 1988.



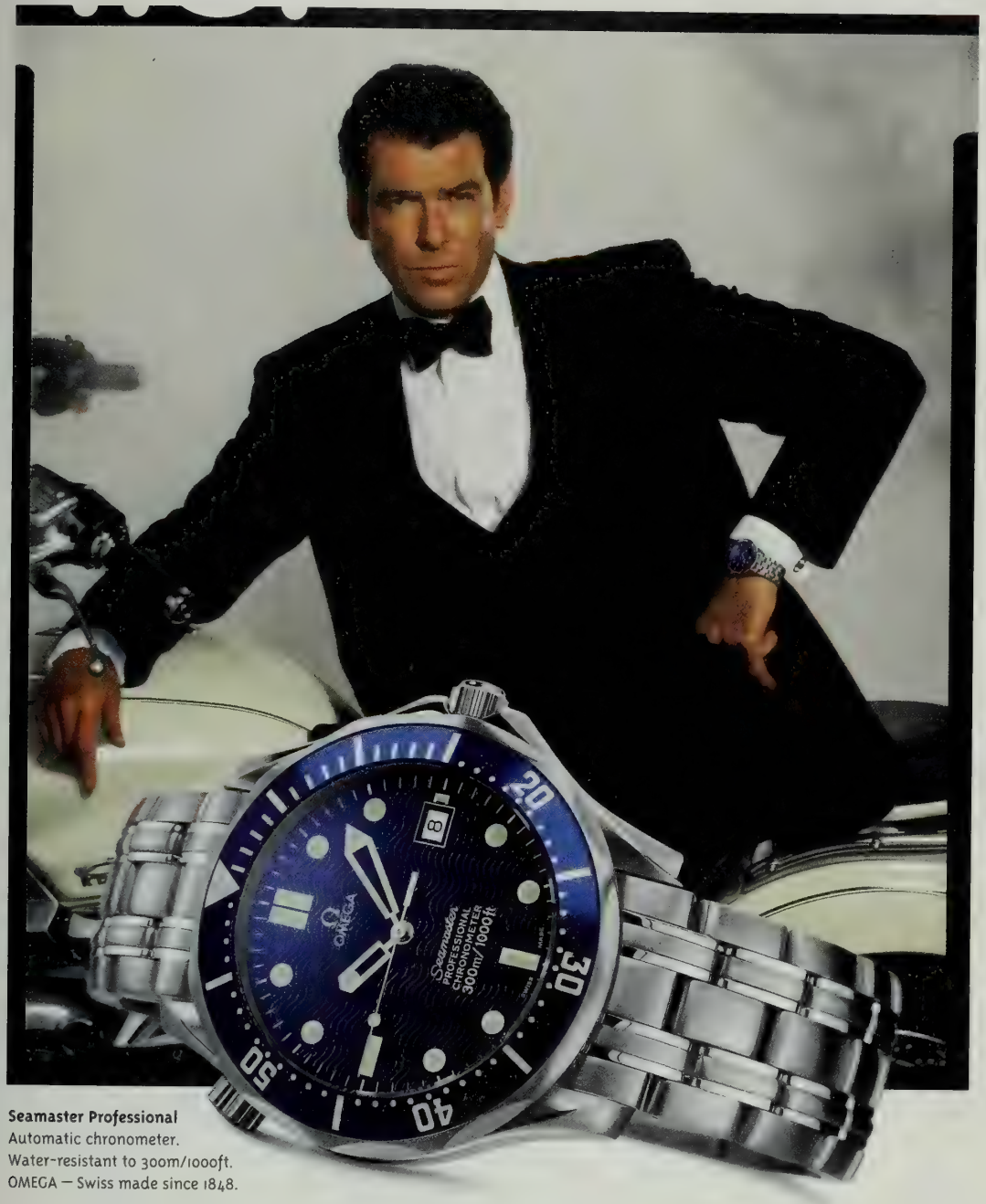
BILL ZOLES



SUSAN ...ONSENTINO

*Vanity Fair* turns the tables on its Q&A expert, **George Wayne** (here with Liza Minnelli). ***V.F.*** *Did you enjoy this month's interview with Bob Newhart?* **G.W.** I had as much fun as possible with him. ***V.F.*** *Where did it all begin?* **G.W.** I was born in Jamaica and spent my days at boarding school, daydreaming about moving to New York and meeting Andy Warhol. I moved here in 1984, and in 1986 I created *R.O.M.E.,* my avant-garde style journal. ***V.F.*** *Are you pleased to have your photo on our contributors page?* **G.W.** This Sagittarian couldn't ask for a more perfect birthday gift.

# James Bond's Choice




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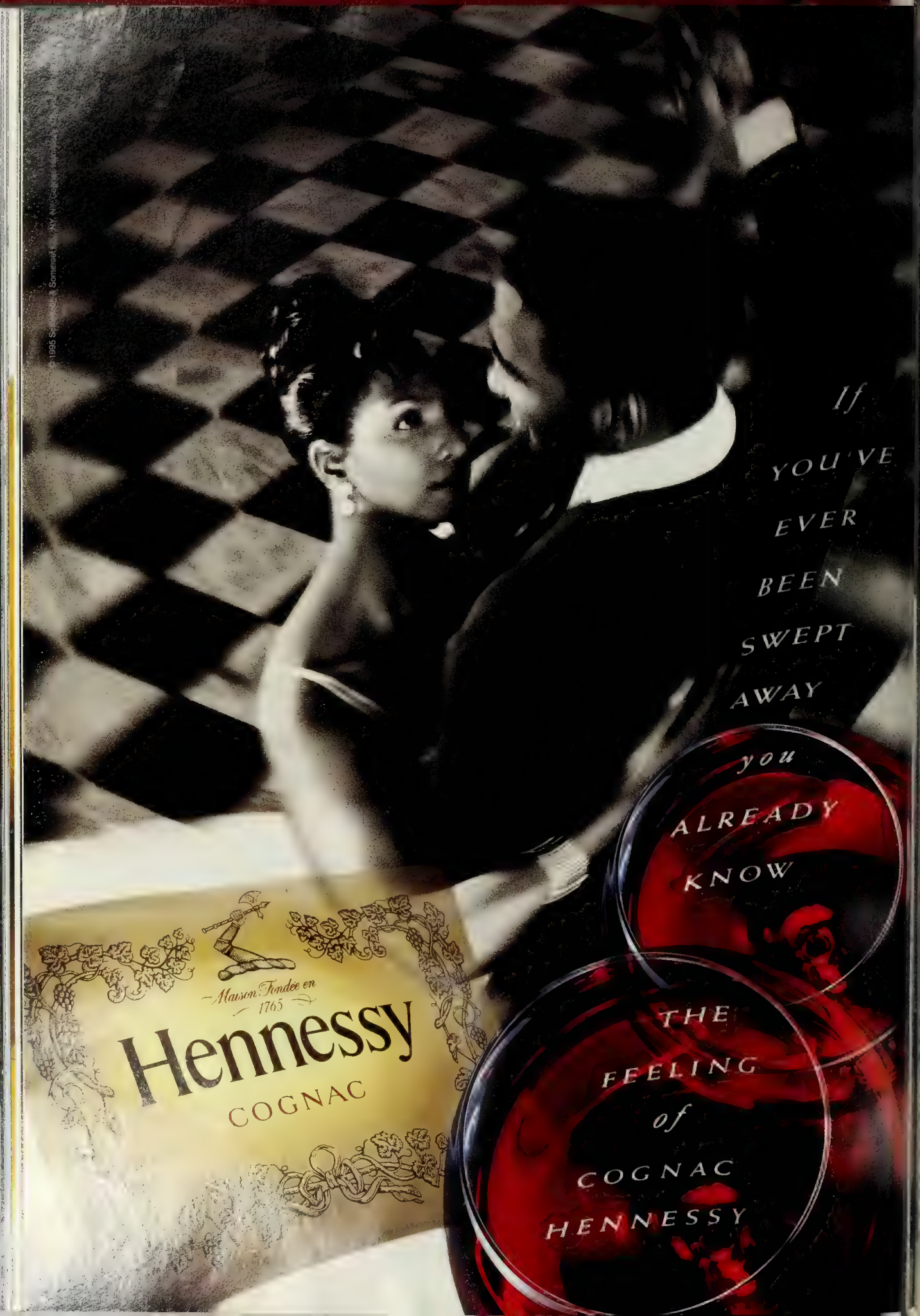
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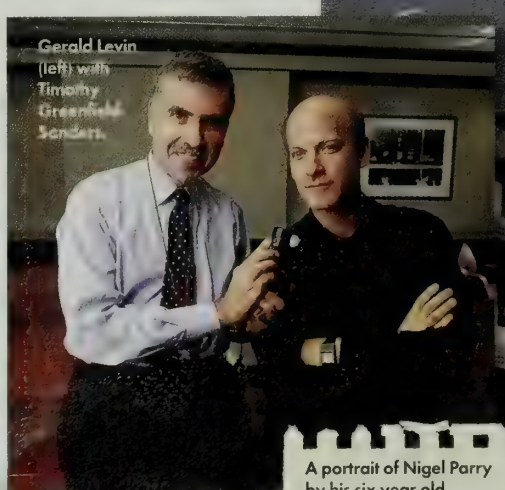
President Clinton and Vice President Gore pose for Annie Leibovitz.

# WHEN THE WORLD STOOD STILL

Though a great image can be caught in an instant, a great portrait takes a little longer. Try telling that to people who run countries or multibillion-dollar empires. But because they were posing for some of the world's top photographers—Annie Leibovitz, Helmut Newton, Jonathan Becker, Harry Benson, Snowdon, Nigel Parry, and Timothy Greenfield-Sanders—the subjects of the 58-page World Power portfolio, which begins on page 216, took pains to deviate from their tight schedules for a few minutes under *V.F.*'s filtered lights. President Alberto Fujimori of Peru had just returned from a victorious raid on the guerrillas who had been holding 71 hostages at the Japanese ambassador's residence in Lima, and told Jonathan Becker, "Now you can have *your* 15 minutes." Israel's prime minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, was coping with a fresh outbreak of terrorist bombings; after intense negotiations, Becker was escorted into the P.M.'s Cabinet Room for Netanyahu's photo sitting. Russian tycoon Boris A. Berezovsky was willing to give Harry Benson a good amount of time, but he insisted on remaining inside his armored Mercedes Benz 600, a machine gun resting at his chauffeur's feet. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright allowed Benson in for a rare look at the weekly "principals' meeting," and Albright's bosses were two of the more generous world leaders: President Clinton and Vice President Gore spent a full hour with Annie Leibovitz. And Leibovitz, like her colleagues, made every second count. □



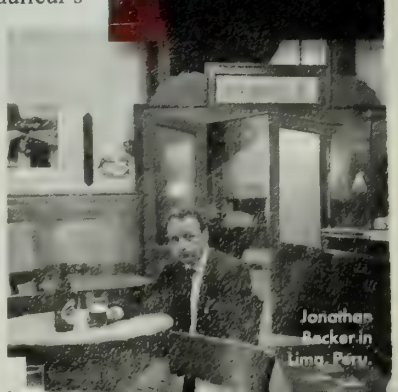
Harry Benson in Moscow's Red Square, where he shot the portrait of Boris Berezovsky.



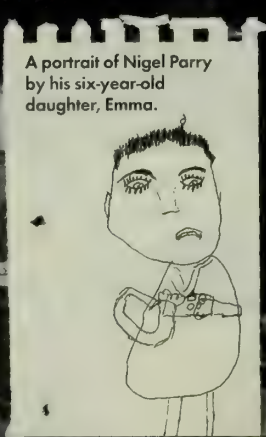
Gerald Levin (left) with Timothy Greenfield-Sanders.



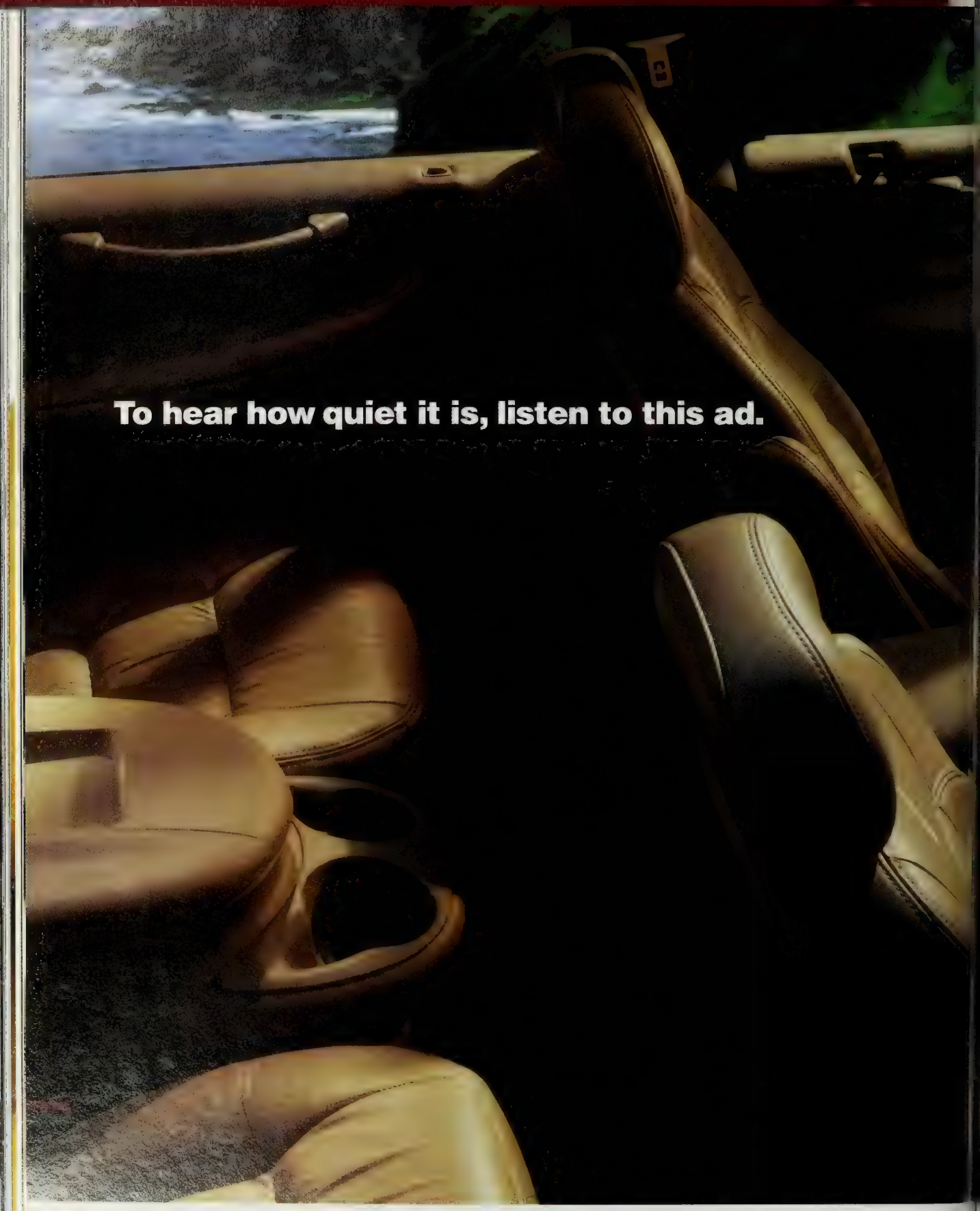
Helmut Newton (left) in London with Sir Evelyn de Rothschild.



Jonathan Becker in Lima, Peru.



A portrait of Nigel Parry by his six-year-old daughter, Emma.




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# THE END OF THE FAIRY TALE

Behind in my reading as always, I came across your July issue only today. The horrific events of Princess Diana's death were in stark contrast to your lovely story about her ["Diana Reborn," by Cathy Horyn]. In an almost perverse way, it was a fitting tribute to a gentle, compassionate woman.

MARCIA J. ZINGMAN
Davie, Florida

I FOUND MYSELF in surprising agreement with Christopher Hitchens's views concerning the British monarchy ["Tarnished Crown," September], although not in total agreement. I have seen the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace and found it to be surreal. It seemed like Disneyland, but since I'm from California I thought it was just me.

I must, however, disagree about Prince Charles. I thought he did a commendable job in Hong Kong.

KATHLEEN SALISBURY
Costa Mesa, California

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS'S attack on the royal family misses the point about the institution's value to British democracy. The indispensable cynicism with which the British view their politicians springs from the fact that no prime minister is the symbolic head of state. Perhaps if America had a head of state who was not the president, the necessary spotlight of cynicism might have been shone on the presidency before Watergate, Irangate, and the White House coffees.

With any luck the British royal family will survive the revelations that they are—like the rest of us—prey to human frailties, and they will be seen in a more realistic context which will enable their institution's value to survive their individual peccadilloes.

FRANCIS MEGAHY
Beverly Hills, California

I WAS APPALLED by Christopher Hitchens's reference to Prince Charles as "a monkey on a stick." No matter what his opinion is of the royal family, common courtesy should surely preclude such a nasty reference.

ENID M. HACKER
Palo Alto, California

FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN to Christopher Hitchens when he writes about the British "establishment" in general, the "monarchy" in particular. He becomes didactic. What has happened to his usually sharp sense of humor? Doesn't he get the joke about the British monarchy? The royals have no power, and haven't had for centuries. No one takes them seriously, except for the media, which have done their best to turn them into Britain's longest-running soap opera. They are there to impress foreigners and to perform a mind-numbing number of "official" duties—such as opening hospitals, greeting visiting heads of state, and handing out "decorations." If they didn't do this, someone from the government would have to; on many occasions the job would fall to the prime minister.



*A disordered court: Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth, and Prince Charles face heat from staunch republicans such as Christopher Hitchens.*

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*As she was: Princess Diana was photographed exclusively for* Vanity Fair *in anticipation of the auction of her Charles-era gowns at Christie's. For July's cover story, Cathy Horyn wrote: "Diana's appeal as a postmodern icon resides solely in her ability to renew and transform herself—and, by racing just slightly ahead of our imagination, to hold us in constant thrall."*

*Mario Testino's remarkable shoot, which received worldwide media attention, captured an ease and confidence that seemed representative of a new, happier time in her life—a period cut short by her death on August 31.*

Frankly, I think he and his ministers are better occupied running the country.

If the Windsors had more brains and less misguided sense of duty, they would turn the joke on us. The Queen would declare "Enough already!" and retire. The rest of the family would say "Pass!" Unfortunately, they don't have a great sense of humor, either.

JENNY CRAVEN
London, England

THE OLD HALF-TRUTH that the British Labour Party fought the appeasement of Hitler is trundled out again by my brother, Christopher, in his latest attack on the throne. It didn't really. Labour consistently and fiercely opposed rearmament at every opportunity. In July 1934, well after the nature of the Nazi regime was clear, Labour censured a plan for expansion of the Royal Air Force, without which there would not even have *been* a Battle of Britain. On April 27, 1939, Labour voted against the introduction of military conscription. It said it wasn't necessary.

There's a much better case for abolishing the Labour Party than there is for abolishing the monarchy.

PETER HITCHENS
London, England

*CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS REPLIES: My poor brother long ago lost the ability to tell his hawk from his handsaw. "Appeasement"—the policy of letting Hitler have his way in other peoples' countries—was indeed opposed by the Labour Party, though not strongly enough. "Rearmament," proposed by some Tories, would under Chamberlain's leadership have become an instrument of appeasement. Some people choose to forget that the Chamberlain faction wanted a military alliance with Hitler and nearly got it. The forthcoming* In Our Time: The Hitler-Chamberlain Collusion, *by Clement Leibovitz and Alvin Finkel, with an introduction by my good self, will make this clear to the meanest intelligence, even if not to Peter.*

## Like a Rock

I SUPPOSE the operative word in the opening of "Rock On" [by James Wolcott, September]—"At a time when black comics seem to be on auto-destruct . . ."—is the word "seem." To your average bigot it may indeed "seem" that if two black comics get in trouble, then black comics in general are "on auto-destruct" and "squander" their gifts. What rubbish.

JOHN PALAZZO
Alpharetta, Georgia

## Janis and Bob

IT WAS WITH NOSTALGIA that I read that Robert Rauschenberg's print studios are named for his good friend Janis Joplin ["Rauschenberg's Epic Vision," by John Richardson, September]. I was pleased to do a favor for him in the mid-60s. He had seen Janis Joplin sharing cigarettes and whiskeys with me at the bar of Max's Kansas City and asked if I would introduce him. Janis, in a grumpy, taciturn mood, followed me to a table in the back room where I assured her someone very special from Port Arthur, Texas, wanted to meet her. She grumbled, "There ain't nobody special from Port Arthur." I made the introduction. Rauschenberg graciously told Janis, "I'm a big ad

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mirer of your work." Janis whispered, "Who is this dude and what's his deal?" I said, "He's a wonderful guy and a very great artist." "Never heard of him," said Janis. "Tell him to buy us a round."

CAROLEE SCHNEEMANN
New York, New York

## Ghost Story

JENNET CONANT greatly overestimates Rudy Giuliani's popularity in New York ["The Ghost and Mr. Giuliani," September]. Crime has been decreasing nationwide, and in New York City it began dropping near the end of the Dinkins administration, which the former mayor never got credit for.

Second, police brutality has continued under the Giuliani administration and appears to be worsening. Please refer to Amnesty International's report on police brutality in New York City, published in 1996. Also pay attention to the current scandal regarding the four officers arrested in the recent torture of Abner Louima.

RHONDA HARRISON
New York, New York

JAMES MADISON advised leaders to hold a "communion of interests and sympathy of sentiments" with the people. He warned that absent such bonds "every government degenerates into tyranny." Ms. Conant suggests that the way the New York press covers Mayor Giuliani's City Hall is characteristic of media that are distant from the people.

DAVID R. ZUKERMAN
Bronx, New York

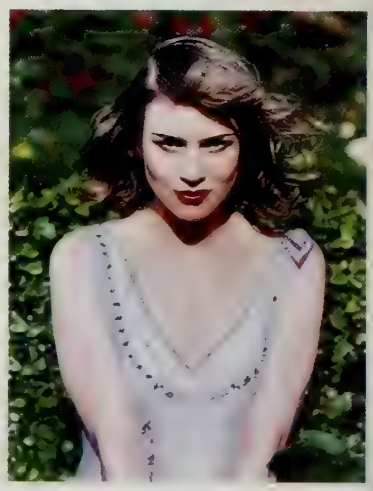
WHEN CRISTYNE LATEGANO was on Maryland congresswoman Helen Delich Bentley's staff, she worked from early in the morning until well past midnight. Mr. William Bentley, the congresswoman's husband, had no interest in politics and ran a successful antiques store in Cockeysville, Maryland. He rarely appeared with his wife at political or campaign events. Yet no one in the Baltimore media suggested that Cristyne and the congresswoman were having an affair.

ELIZABETH R. WHEATLEY
Sparks, Maryland

WHETHER RUDY GIULIANI is having an affair or not is immaterial when one witnesses the turnaround in New York City—for the better. Considering his obvious devotion to the city, when does he have the time for this alleged affair?

JEANINE CARR
Mahopac, New York

## Cover Girl



*Renaissance:*
*After the first screening of* Jerry Maguire, *the director, Cameron Crowe, stood up in the screening room and said, "I would like to make an announcement now: Renée Zellweger!"*

I LIKE Michel Comte's photograph of Renée Zellweger on the cover ["Running with the Stars," by Kevin Sessums, September]; it is very beautiful and she looks natural. The ones inside make her look false. She sounds like such a down-to-earth woman, but the pictures make her seem all "Hollywoodish."

ALLISON DAVIS
Claremont, California

I THOUGHT Renée Zellweger achieved a luminous, powerful performance in *Jerry Maguire*—but why such boring, stylized, unnatural, unrevealing fashion shots of someone so fresh and appealing?

DEE DARNEY
San Francisco, California

WILL SOMEBODY *please* poke Kevin Sessums in the "I"—and me, and my?!

We don't want to know about *you* Kevin; we want to know about *them!*

KATHY O'MALLEY
Chicago, Illinois

## All the King's Women

I FOUND Marjorie Williams's piece on Larry King fascinating ["He's Just a Guy Who Can't Say No," September]. I was

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*Buss stop: Larry King kisses Shawn Southwick on May 15 in New York City. In early September, Southwick—an actress and infomercial entrepreneur—became King's seventh wife.*

amazed that a man so thoroughly immature could end up so phenomenally successful. As Ms. Williams noted, King tends to be surrounded by those who take care of him and are exceedingly protective; he is as vulnerable as a child in spite of the adult packaging. While such an individual is often endearing, he is rarely equipped for marriage. Larry King ought to do himself a favor and pass on marriage number seven.

ALICE LICATA
Kettering, Ohio

HAVING BEEN ASSOCIATED with Larry for more than 12 years, we have witnessed firsthand what a wonderful human being he is. For example, his commitment to numerous charities and philanthropic causes. We could list his many fine deeds and qualities, but Mr. King is hesitant to accept praise, so we will try to respect his wishes while making our point.

LAWRENCE C. MOULTER
GREGG E. CLIFTON
Boston, Massachusetts

WOOING is what this man does, not marrying.

PATRICIA DRYBURGH
Fresno, California

LARRY KING makes $4 million a year and is, as he says, "generous to a fault," yet by way of two bankruptcies he has stiffed banks, hotels, stores, and the funeral home that buried his mother.

Larry should read the story of Jo ny Mercer, the famous songwrit lyricist, who was troubled by his ther's bankruptcy. After his succ Johnny Mercer sent a check $300,000 to the mayor of Savannah repay the merchants (or their he who had been affected by his fath debts. The word "class" in the dicti ary should be accompanied by a ture of Johnny Mercer.

BOB L. GOODV
Hampton, Virg

LARRY IS NO DOUBT an opportun but he is also the most interesting prepared talk-show host on television

CHARLES ULLM
Mission Viejo, Califo

LARRY KING AND I share one c mon experience: we never knew Sa Koufax personally. I, at least, got cheap Texas leaguers off him at fayette High School.

RAYMOND D. CONR
Blue Ash, (

## The Killing Trail

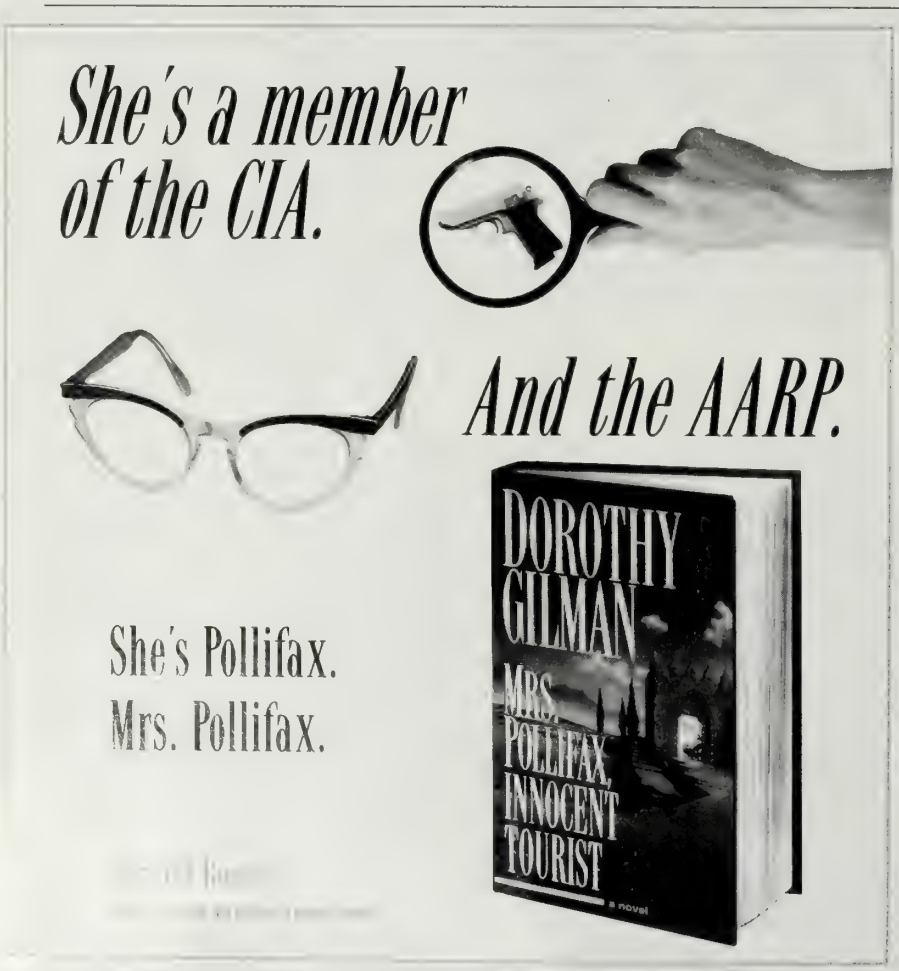
ANYONE WHO FELT TOUCHED by Andrew Cunanan murders will have agree that the F.B.I. should have hi Maureen Orth. In her article ["" Killer's Trail," September] she sing handedly restored my faith that so body close to the investigation had idea as to what was going on.

ERIC D. CLA
Cologne, Germ

AS A CLOSE FRIEND of one of And Cunanan's victims, Jeff Trail, I fo Maureen Orth's article the most ac rate of all I have seen. The story fi in the gaps left by other reporters. victims were shown to be real peo who were loved by their friends family. I will miss Jeff very muc hope others will see what a wonde person he was and that the world worse off without him.

BUD MO
San Francisco, Calif

YOUR SEPTEMBER COVER proclaim "The Versace Murder: On the Trai the Gay Serial Killer." Inside the ma zine the adjective "gay" no longer m fied "serial killer." Why, oh why, pu on the cover? It becomes that much ier for those so inclined to confirm the two are somehow related. Would modify "serial killer" by using the


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*Imagine my shock when I started to read "Dietrich Lived Here" [by Matt Tyrnauer, September]. There I was, in Marlene Dietrich's apartment! I am the child in the photo that appears on her bookshelf. My uncle Herman Friedman saw her selling war bonds on the boardwalk in Atlantic City and asked if she would pose with me. I had always thought that he took the photo (I have my own copy), but now I realize that she must have had some P.R. people there who took it and sent my uncle a copy. I have another that my uncle probably took but from a different angle. It's a black-and-white glossy—clearly not as professional as the one on her bookshelf and the one on my wall. Why, I wonder, out of the multitude of photographs Marlene must have had, did she have the photo of me on her bookshelf?*

*DOLORES FRIEDMAN DANSKA*
*New York, New York*

jectives "heterosexual/straight," "African-American," "Lithuanian," or "Islamic"? I doubt it.

LARRY LOUBET
Chicago, Illinois

## Baker's Field

LET ME HASTEN to second the nomination of Russell Baker to the Hall of Fame [September]. Thank you, David Halberstam! I thought he was already there—forgetting that we enshrine our rock stars and athletes ahead of our dispensers of wisdom.

With scarcely a nod to their creator, we have enjoyed and gloried in Baker's quiet wit, his satire, and his rare, treasured troubled moments, all given to us with an uncommon grace, gentleness, and lack of hubris for all these years. Yet we will wait a long, long time for a biography as touching and historically relevant as *Growing Up.* He is a true national treasure.

VÉLIA YOUNG
Monterey, California

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*CORRECTIONS: Ira M. Millstein was referred to twice in the August issue of* Vanity Fair. *In "Don't Mess with Steve Brill," by Jennet Conant, he was misidentified. He is a corporate-governance lawyer.*

*In "The Washington Universe" (October), Seymour Hersh's name was misspelled.*

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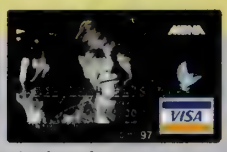

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# PRINCESS DIANA

1961–1997



She was unloved by her husband, disliked by his family, and adored by most of the world. My single meeting with her, two years before her death, I recorded in my journal as "awesome." We watched her get knocked down over and over—humiliated, hurt, betrayed—and we watched [illegible] And persevere. It's because she [illegible] imperfect that we loved her so. There is [illegible] question that Dodi Fayed, whom I knew, was wrong for her, but she had become much, much too famous to attract the sort of man who might have proved to be a suitable consort for the mother of the future King of England. Perhaps, in the overall scheme, what happened was destined to happen. Now we have her beauty and her goodness in perpetuity. Beware, the spoilers are coming, hell-bent on her besmirchment. That her brother, Earl Spencer, has already been categorized by some as a self-serving lout cannot diminish the power and pertinence of his eulogy, which will be quoted forever as part of the history of Diana, Princess of Wales.

—DOMINICK DUNNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO TESTINO

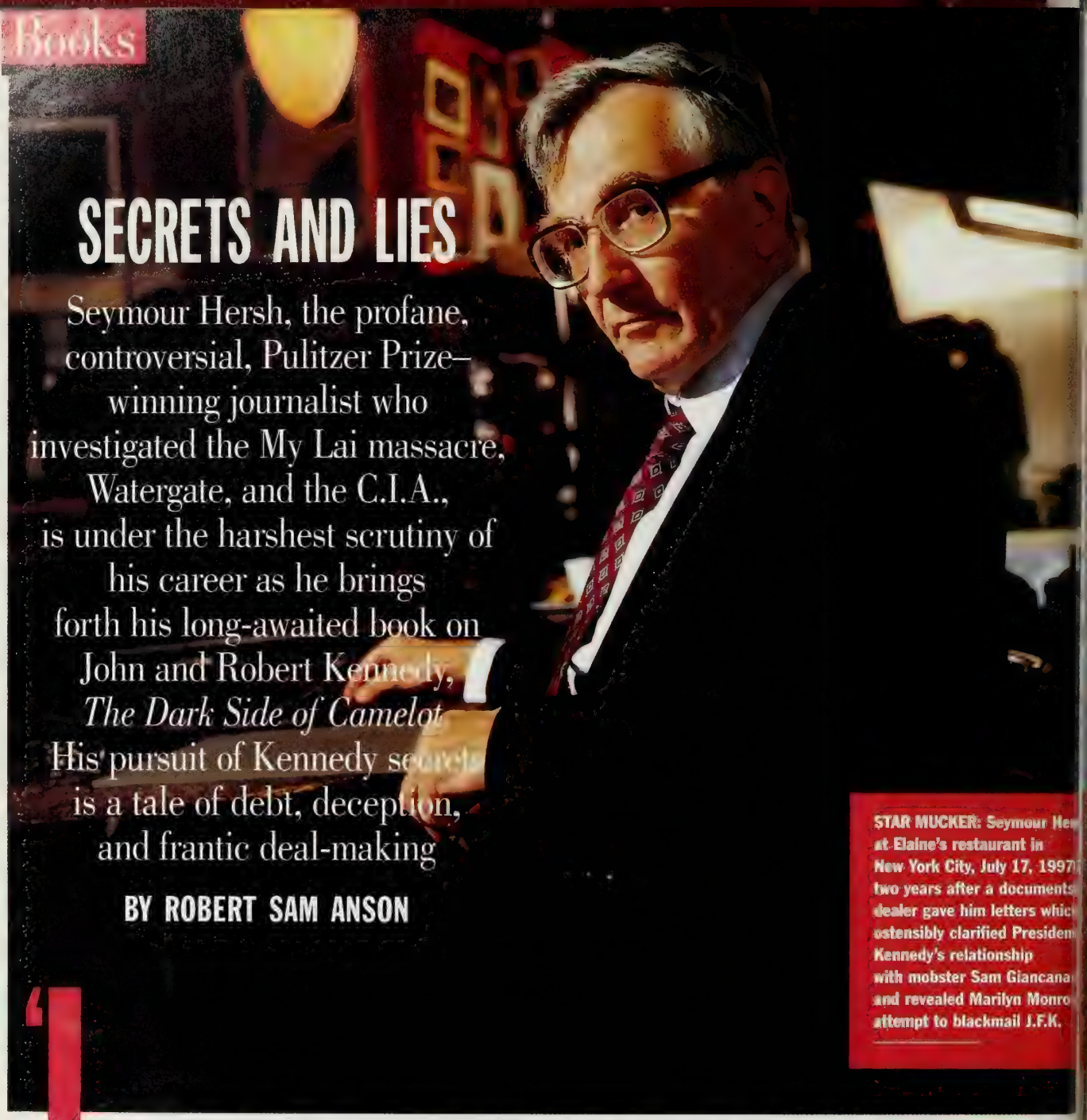
MACY'S
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# SECRETS AND LIES

Seymour Hersh, the profane, controversial, Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist who investigated the My Lai massacre, Watergate, and the C.I.A., is under the harshest scrutiny of his career as he brings forth his long-awaited book on John and Robert Kennedy, *The Dark Side of Camelot*. His pursuit of Kennedy secrets is a tale of debt, deception, and frantic deal-making

**BY ROBERT SAM ANSON**



STAR MUCKER: Seymour Her at Elaine's restaurant in New York City, July 17, 1997, two years after a documents dealer gave him letters which ostensibly clarified President Kennedy's relationship with mobster Sam Giancana and revealed Marilyn Monroe attempt to blackmail J.F.K.

"Let me tell you about our profession," says Seymour Hersh. "We are the meanest, nastiest bunch of jealous, petty people who ever lived."

It is a muggy afternoon in Washington, and inside the paper-strewn warren that passes for his office, the most feared investigative reporter of them all is pissed off. This is not unusual. Seymour Myron Hersh, who describes casual disagreements as "wars," is pissed off much of the time; in fact, it's one of the secrets to his success. Without his anger, Hersh might never have exposed the My Lai massacre, the domestic spying, or Manuel Noriega's drug trafficking. "The genius of Sy Hersh," says his friend David Obst, "is what makes him probably the most successful investigative reporter of his generation."

Now Hersh is about to publish the biggest book of his career, an exposé that will portray John and Robert Kennedy as reckless and vindictive. Much is riding on *The Dark Side of Camelot*, which ABC has turned into a special with Peter Jennings. (The network hasn't decided if its feature will run.) But Hersh has been distracted by speculation about what Kennedy secrets he has unearthed.

"Insane shit," Hersh says of the speculation, which includes reports that he will reveal Marilyn Monroe to be a blackmailer, J.F.K. a bigamist, brother Robert a would-be assassin, and the whole lot of them—including father Joseph Kennedy—linked to the Mafia.

Hersh, who hasn't shown a word of the book to outsiders, wishes they would all shut up. "I'm tired of doing books," he says. "I'd like to make a score and get out. Retire." The rest of his words are a blur—something about Kennedy defenders' being "trapped rodents." He doesn't have time to explain. He's gotta go. *Now*. A C.I.A. man is coming, and the guy's gonna tell him *everything*.

Keepers of secrets tend to do this when Seymour Hersh asks the questions, and the proof is in his prizes—virtually every major award a journalist can receive, including a Pulitzer. "A Vesuvius of a reporter," *New York Times* historian Harrison Salisbury called him. "A

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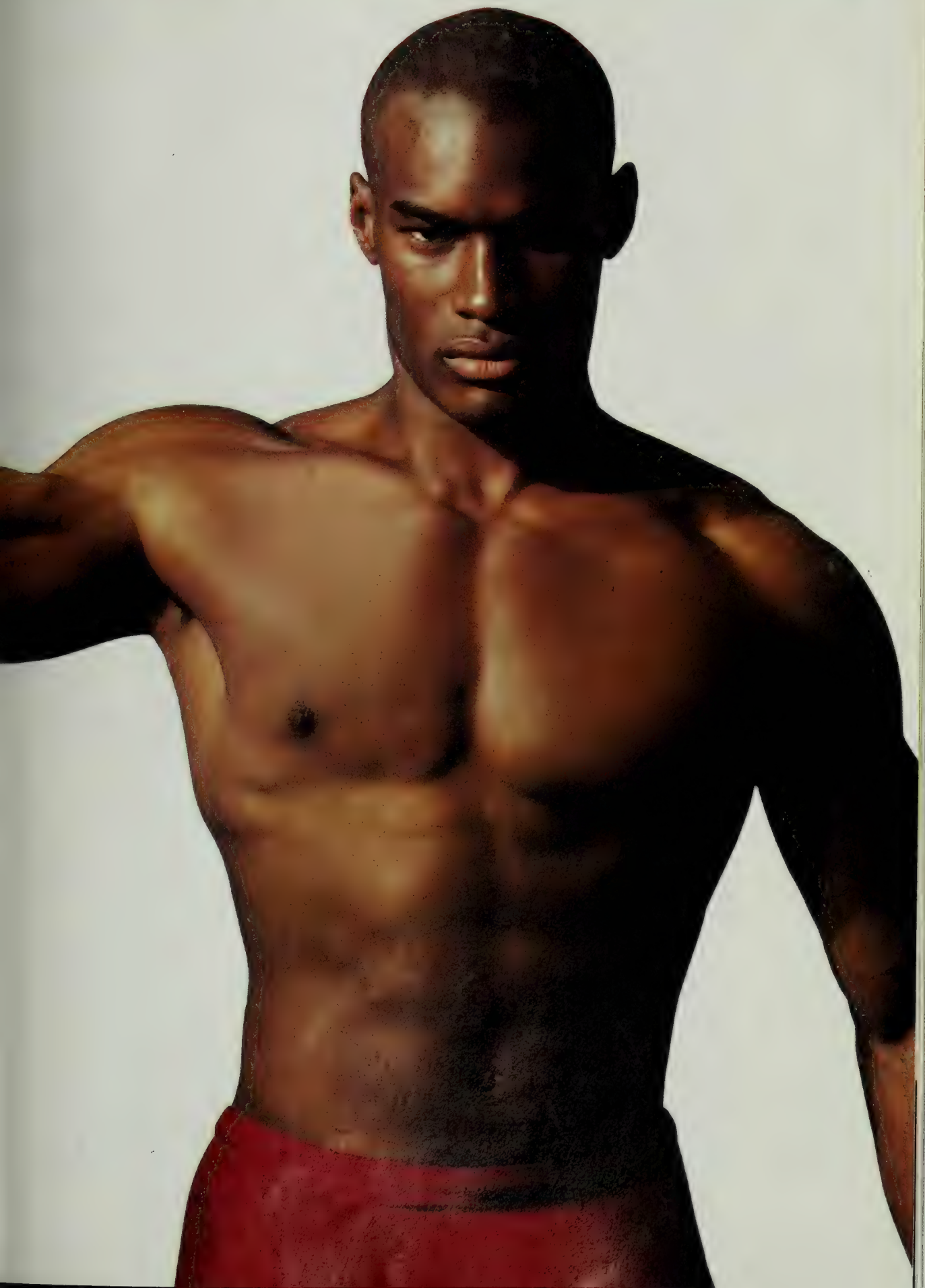
THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE AND SKI






FROM

ITNESS LINE BY RALPH LAUREN



national treasure," adds noted intelligence reporter David Wise.

Then again, there are plenty of less flattering descriptions floating around: bully, braggart, con man. One of Hersh's favorite targets, Henry Kissinger, called him an "extortionist." At the *Times*, where he is remembered as a "dinosaur in a china shop," one editor says Hersh did just about *anything* for a story—a claim Hersh hardly disputes. "You think I wouldn't sell my mother for My Lai?" he says. "Gimme a break."

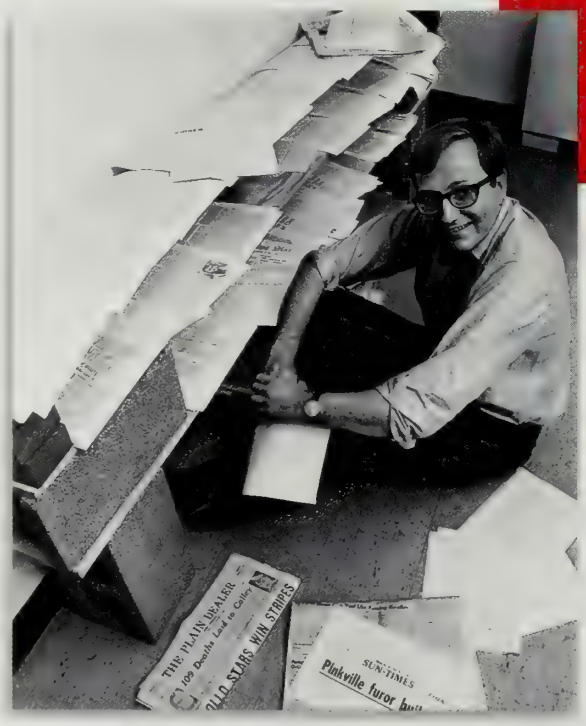
No surprise, then, that Hersh's Kennedy book—due out this month—has prompted both anticipation and dread. Its contents are well guarded. But according to those familiar with his work, *The Dark Side of Camelot* will be far darker than anything as yet written about John and Robert Kennedy. Its revelations reportedly include: close ties between the Kennedys and organized crime; seamy, previously undisclosed sexual escapades in and out of the White House; the Catholic Church's alleged annulment of J.F.K.'s long-rumored first marriage, to a Palm Beach socialite; the fixing of the 1960 election; assassination plots directed against a variety of foreign leaders; and harrowing depictions of J.F.K.'s flirtation with nuclear war. "The book," Hersh says with a glint in his eyes, "will cause trouble."

Hersh was born in Chicago in 1937 and grew up on the city's South Side. Though he rarely divulges it, he has a twin, Alan, who is a California physicist. There are also twin sisters. One is a New Jersey psychotherapist, the other a Chicago socialite.

Early on, Sy didn't seem destined for greatness. He was an average student at the University of Chicago and lasted only a couple of semesters at the university's law school. Journalism, though, was something anyone could do.

He started as a $35-a-week copyboy for the Chicago News Bureau, a local agency right out of *The Front Page*. One of Hersh's first chores was to get a photograph of a young woman who, the Associated Press reported, had been killed [illegible] crash. "I call [her family]," Hersh says. "They don't know their [illegible]ter is dead. I had to tell them. [illegible] couldn't believe it." [illegible] hours later, Hersh was again on [illegible] had it wrong; their daughter was alive. "After that," says Hersh, "everything was easy."

Following a series of apprenticeships in outposts such as Pierre, South Dakota, he attracted the eye of the A.P., which sent him to Washington in 1965; by 1966 he was covering the Pentagon. Hersh scored a number of scoops, but quit after two years when editors cut a 10,000-word report on chemical and biological weapons to a more manageable 1,700. Married by then to Elizabeth Klein, a social worker, Hersh turned his reporting into a book (*Chemical and Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal*), then signed on as press secretary for the anti-war presidential campaign of Senator Eugene McCarthy.




**SY-HIGH: Hersh in his office at Washington's Dispatch News Service on May 4, 1970, the day he won a Pulitzer Prize for breaking the story of the My Lai massacre.**

McCarthy appreciated his smarts and deputized Hersh to awaken him every morning. But Robert Kennedy's entry into the race complicated their relationship. Worried that Kennedy would capture Wisconsin's black vote, Hersh and other aides implored McCarthy to take a strong civil-rights stand. When McCarthy demurred, Hersh quit.

Fed up with politics, he returned to Washington to write a book about the Pentagon. Eight months into it, a friend tipped him that court-martial proceedings were under way against an unnamed soldier who had allegedly killed 75 Vietnamese civilians. Two days and 25 phone calls later, Hersh found a wire-service clip identifying the defendant as First Lieutenant William L. "Rusty" Calley Jr. Another round of calls located Calley's civilian lawyer. "I heard he's accused of killing 127," said Hersh, deliberately inflating the number. "No," said the lawyer, "it's only 109." Hersh flew to Fort Benning, Georgia. Ten hours later, the baby-faced Butcher of My Lai was telling him everything.

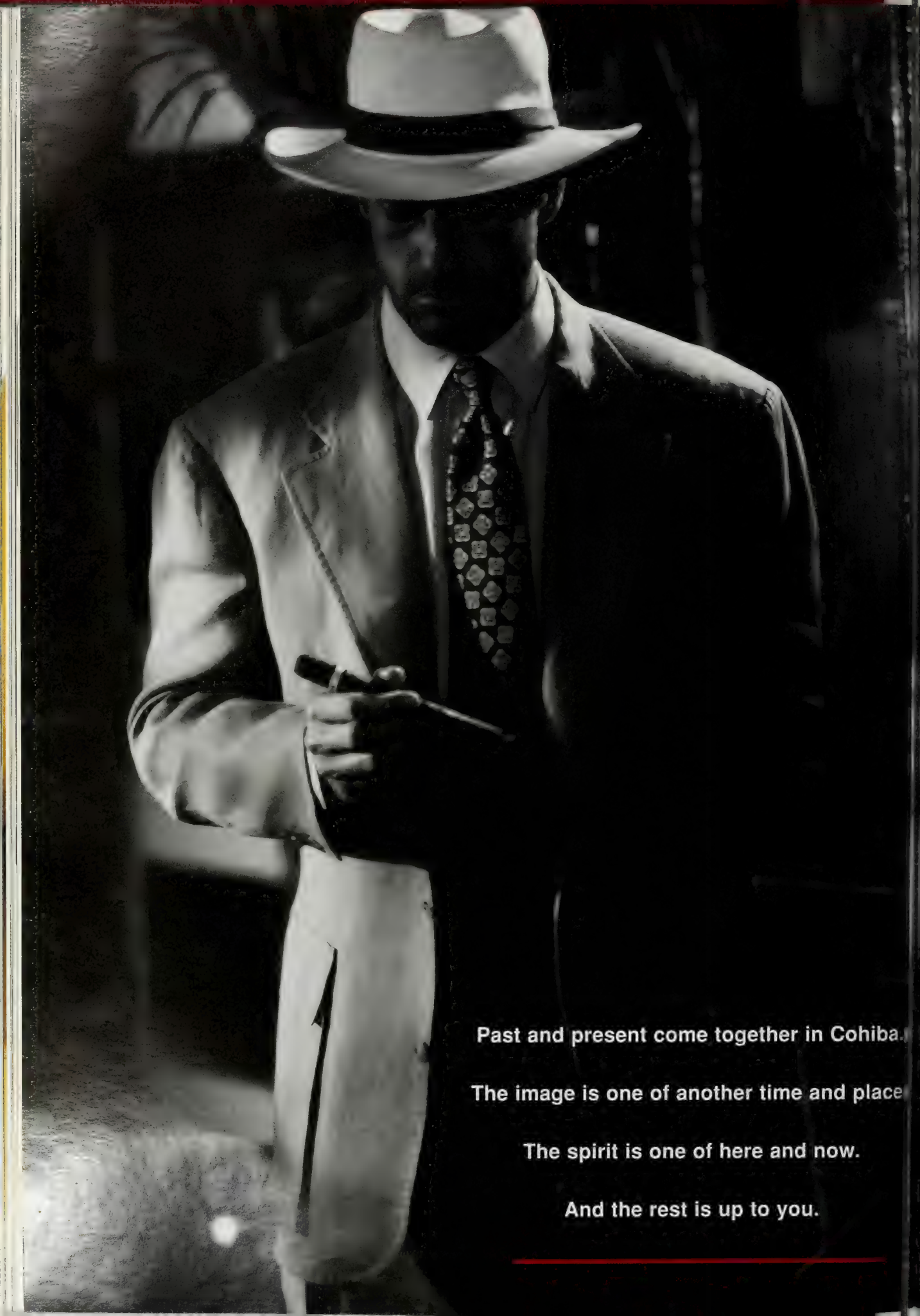
**"You think I wouldn't sell my mother for My Lai?" Hersh says. "Gimme a break."**

The trick was finding someone to print it. *Life* wasn't interested, and neither was *Look*. But a young friend named David Obst said he'd hustle the piece through his tiny, left-wing Dispatch News Service. The next 24 hours were the stuff of journalistic legend. Cables offered the report to 50 newspapers. Thirty-six took it, and Seymour Hersh was off and running—to fame and a Pulitzer Prize.

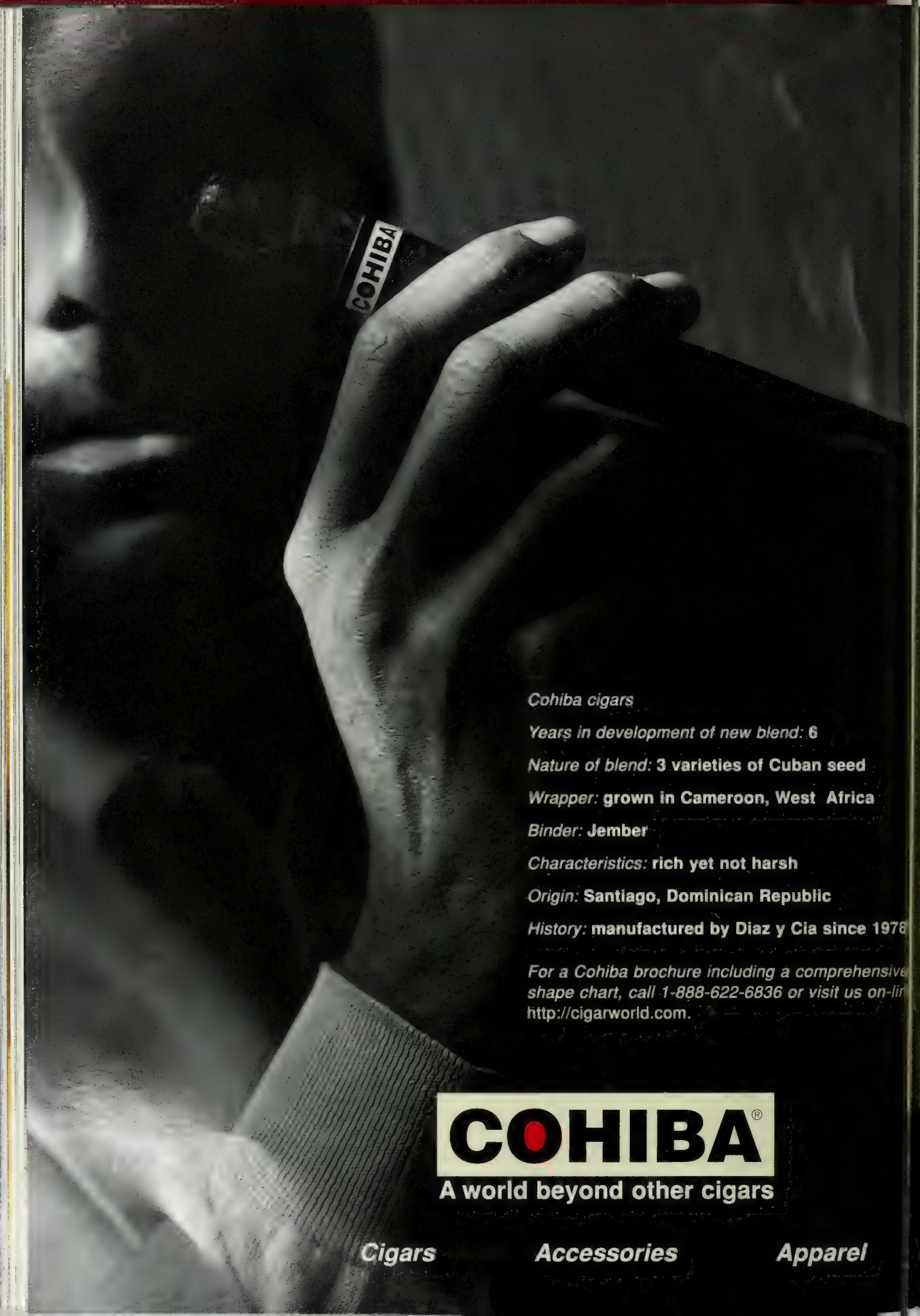
He had all the trappings of success: a best-selling book (*My Lai 4*), lecture dates, and a regular slot at *The New Yorker*, which serialized his follow-up volume on the army's investigation, *Cover-Up*. But *The New Yorker*'s legendary editor William Shawn thought Hersh needed seasoning—and the best place to get it, Shawn advised, was *The New York Times*. Hersh offered his services to executive editor A. M. "Abe" Rosenthal, who remembered him well. While Hersh had been reporting on My Lai, Rosenthal called and asked for one of his sources. "Find him," said Hersh, and hung up. "Do you know who I am?" asked Rosenthal after calling back. "Yep," Hersh said, and hung up again. When Hersh returned from a reporting trip to Hanoi, Rosenthal hired him and sent him to Washington.

Soon after he arrived, Hersh learned that a four-star air-force general and Vietnam veteran named John Lavelle was being retired with the loss of one of his stars. Hersh CONTINUED ON PAGE 107


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100 tracked him to a golf course 150 miles from Washington, then went out and hit five irons with him; over drinks in the clubhouse, Lavelle told him how he had mounted a secret bombing campaign in North Vietnam.

The ensuing stories were on the *Times*'s front page for weeks. But Hersh was bored. "I'm tired of writing about Vietnam," he told *Newsweek* in June 1972, after a month on the job. "There are a lot of other issues in America."

One involved the break-in at the Democratic National Committee's Watergate offices. Two young *Washington Post* reporters, Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, were all over the story. The *Times* pleaded with Hersh to enter the fray, but he kept finding excuses not to. "He felt he was, shall we say, stepping in the footsteps of the *Post,* and he didn't like that," says then Washington-bureau chief Clifton Daniel. "He wanted to be first."

Daniel finally brought him around after Nixon's re-election—with spectacular results for the *Times.* Hersh worked the phone 10 hours a day, seven days a week—and single-handedly put the *Times* back into the game.

But his efforts took a human toll. Early in his reporting, Hersh got wind that Watergate burglar Frank Sturgis was preparing a book on the break-in with Andrew St. George, a prizewinning photojournalist with close ties to anti-Castro Cubans. A meeting with the prospective authors ensued, and St. George says Hersh threatened to turn their book idea into an immediate story. But if they told him more, Hersh said, St. George's name wouldn't appear in the *Times* and the article wouldn't run until Sturgis and St. George gave their O.K. Not so, says Hersh, who insists no such agreement existed.

In any event, Sturgis's revelations were splashed across the front page of the *Times* on January 14, 1973. The story was Hersh's first on Watergate, and the first anywhere to focus on the cover-up that would bring down Nixon. Another notable aspect of the piece: it identified Andrew St. George a total of 23 times. "I did skin him," says Hersh. "It was not nice."

Especially for St. George, who saw the book deal—and most of his assignments—disappear. But St. George did not come away completely empty-handed. After he'd been evicted from his suburban house and had moved his family into a two-room apartment over a bar, a copy of *My Lai 4* arrived. The inscription read: "For Andrew St. George, who has integrity—even more than he sometimes knows. With respect, Seymour Hersh."

Hersh was too busy to look back. He was on to one sensational exposé after another: the C.I.A.'s domestic spying, the secret bombing of Cambodia, the wiretapping of Kissinger's aides.

The string was interrupted in 1975, when Hersh moved to New York, where his wife had enrolled in medical school. The scoops were fewer than in Washington, and Hersh was miserable. At one point, then *Times* reporter Tom Goldstein heard him barking at a source, "You know who I am? Talk to me!" At another, Hersh became so enraged when an editor changed the lead on one of his stories that he hurled his typewriter through the glass partition of his office.

His mood didn't improve when a tennis injury left him on crutches. Furious at being slowed, he concluded one late-night visit to a friend by throwing the crutches away and crawling the four blocks home. A crescendo of sorts was reached in 1977, when Hersh was reporting on suspected tax fraud by Gulf & Western. When the company's general counsel said he had no knowledge of any wrongdoing, Hersh exploded: "I don't care whether you are involved! I'm gonna put your name in the first fucking paragraph! And the second fucking paragraph! And the third fucking paragraph!"

**"You know who I am?" Hersh screamed at a source. "Talk to me!"**

Unfortunately for Hersh, the executive recorded the call and presented the tape to publisher Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger—along with a threat of a lawsuit. No suit was filed, but Rosenthal—who had once heard Hersh practically blackmailing a source—was growing uneasy. Some of Hersh's stories, Rosenthal later conceded to reporter Joseph Goulden, "would not be publishable under standards [Rosenthal] demanded of *Times* reporters a few years later."

The romance was waning for Hersh as well. In 1979, he resigned. "There were a bunch of clown editors there," he told the *Los Angeles Times.* "I was surrounded by great big toadies."

With an advance from Summit Books, Hersh embarked on a book on Henry Kissinger. "I'd really love to get the son of a bitch," Hersh said.

While researching the fall of Salvador Allende, the Chilean president who'd been undermined by a Kissinger-backed C.I.A. campaign, Hersh encountered a problem. One of the best sources was Edward Korry, a former journalist and ex-ambassador to Chile. The catch: in 1974, Hersh had written a series of *Times* articles naming Korry as a key anti-Allende plotter, and saying that he was under investigation for lying to Congress about his role.

In fact, Korry had not been the ambassador when Allende was overthrown. Moreover, Korry—whom Hersh hadn't interviewed before publishing his initial articles—had been unaware of the C.I.A.'s scheming. Indeed, Korry had been the leading *opponent* of covert U.S. action.

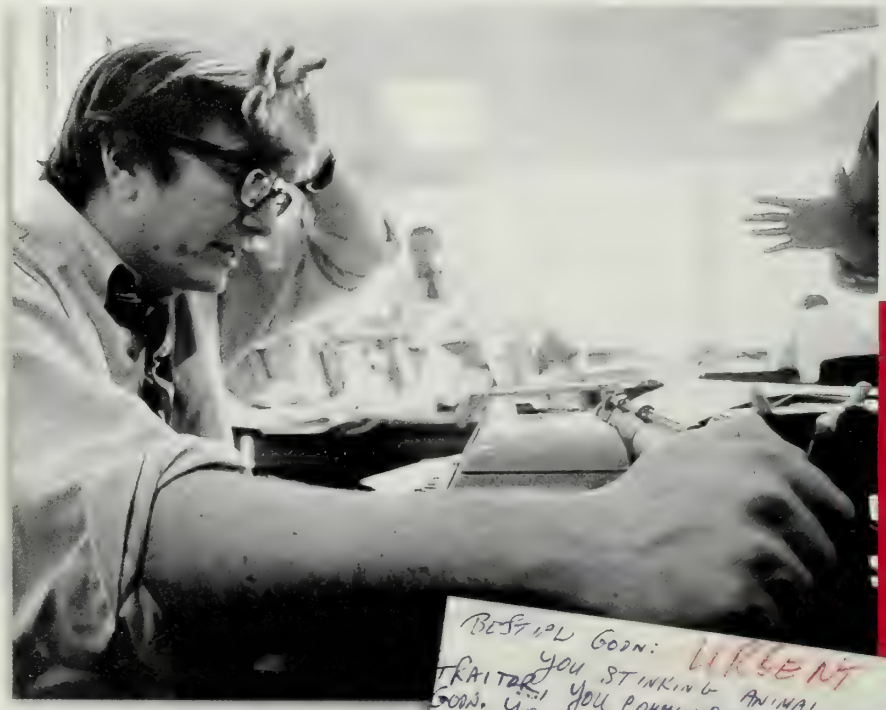
Now, though, Hersh needed the former ambassador. According to Korry, Hersh offered a deal: "He said, 'If you talk to me, I guarantee there will be a front-page story [retracting the original articles].'" Korry agreed, but insisted that the retraction run first. Hersh denies making any deal, but on February 9, 1981, a 2,300-word exoneration appeared on the *Times*'s front page. "I probably punished Korry—unconsciously, anyway—for not telling me more," Hersh later conceded. But he expressed no regrets about Korry, whose diplomatic career had been ruined. "Can I help it," he said to *Times* reporter Richard Witkin, "if he was the only schmuck dumb enough to tell the truth?"

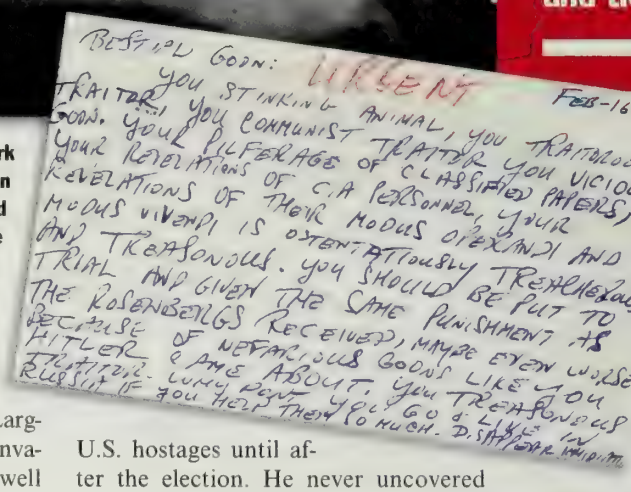
With Korry's material on Chile (and dozens of other embarrassing disclosures), *The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House* was a runaway best-seller—much to the displeasure of Kissinger, who accused Hersh of trafficking in "slimy lies." Hersh shot back: "When the rest of us go to sleep, we count sheep. He has to count little maimed, burned babies."

Hersh's next book, *The Target Is Destroyed*—about the downing of Korean Airlines Flight 700—was a flop. And Hersh wasn't doing well at *The New Yorker* either. His patron, William Shawn, had been shoved out, and the new editor, Robert Gottlieb, wasn't interested

in "unsound" exposés. "We don't do that kind of thing here," Gottlieb said as he showed Hersh to the elevator.

Random House came to the rescue, signing Hersh to write a book about the Israeli nuclear-weapons program. *The Samson Option* was another flop, and Hersh's revelations provoked howls. The most aggrieved came from British press baron Robert Maxwell and from Nicholas Davies, foreign editor of Maxwell's London *Daily Mirror*—both of whom Hersh accused of being Israeli intelligence assets. YOU LIAR! screamed the front page of *The Sun*.






**SY ANXIETY: Hersh at work in *The New York Times*'s Washington bureau, 1975. In the 1970s, he had a tumultuous reign at the *Times*, where he made headlines and enemies, and generated piles of hate mail (*right*).**

Hersh gloried in the attention ("Larger than the headline on the D-day invasion," he bragged), even after Maxwell and Davies slapped libel writs on Hersh and his British publisher, who promptly sued back. But Maxwell wasn't in a position to counter Hersh. Two weeks after suing, he was found floating in the Atlantic, the apparent victim of a heart attack. Maxwell's heirs quietly settled with Hersh by paying him £100,000.

In writing the book, Hersh had relied on Ari Ben-Menashe, a shadowy Israeli exile and arms dealer who specialized in spinning fantastic, unverifiable stories. When a writer for *The New Republic* pressed Hersh for an accounting, Hersh—who now says Ben-Menashe "lies like people breathe"—snapped, "You know what, kid? Come around next Tuesday and tie my shoelace."

The *Times* was unfazed. In 1991, Rosenthal's successor, Max Frankel, brought Hersh back on a six-month contract to investigate "the October Surprise"—the rumor that senior officials of the Reagan campaign had derailed Jimmy Carter's re-election by getting Iran to delay the release of U.S. hostages until after the election. He never uncovered the "surprise," but Hersh did report that a heavy-equipment manufacturer had provided "missile launchers for the Iraqi military." The company denied the charge and filed a libel suit. In a correction, the *Times* conceded that Hersh's claim was based on "an accusation by an unidentified informant who was himself relying on an anonymous source." The end came when, after six increasingly fractious months, Hersh was heard threatening a source over the phone. "Sy was caught being his old extortionist self," says a former assistant managing editor. (Hersh denies that he tried to "extort" information from sources.)

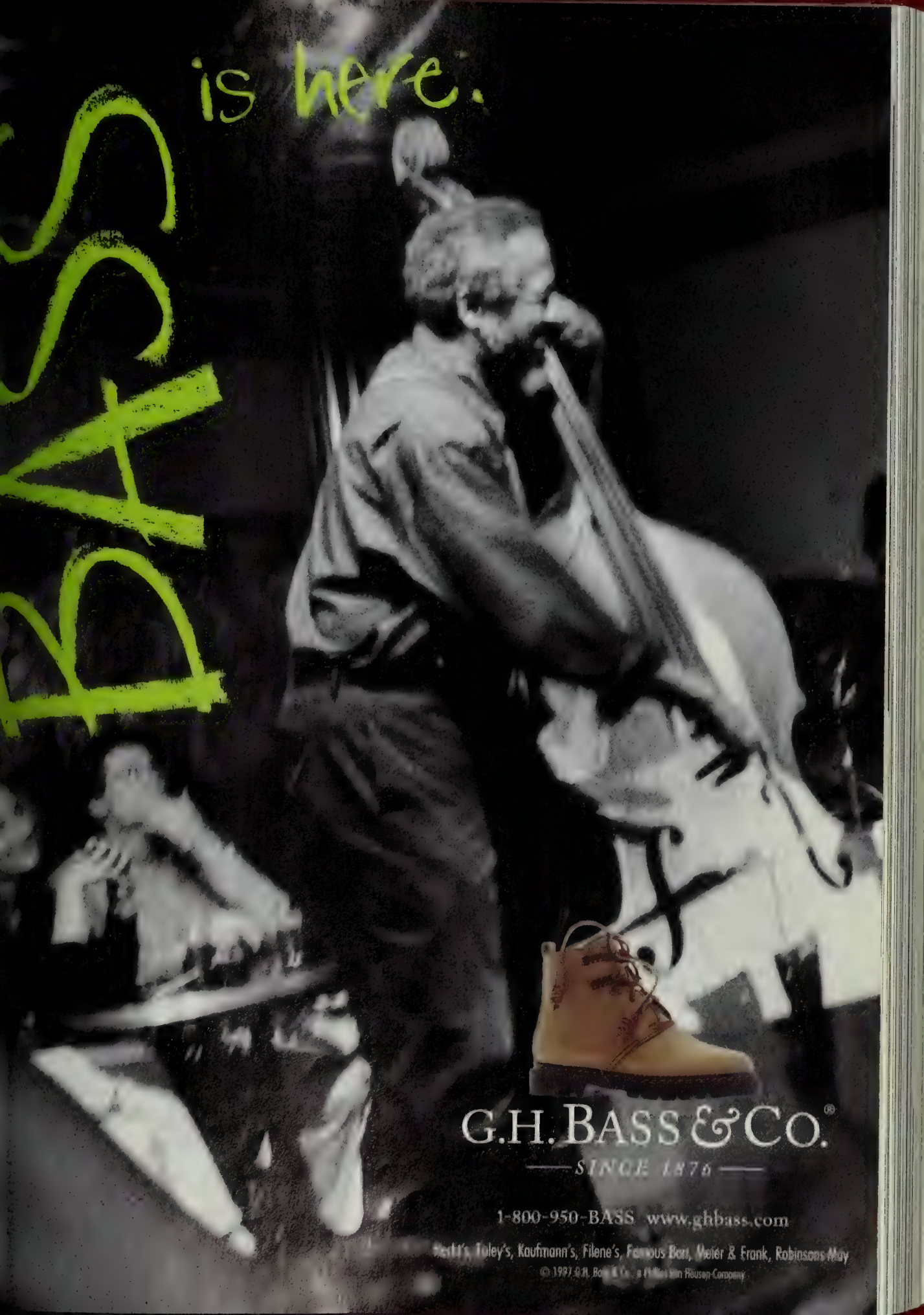
Hersh was debating what to do next when he got a call from Emmy-winning producer Mark Obenhaus, who had worked with him on two PBS *Frontline* documentaries in the 1980s. The 30th anniversary of J.F.K.'s assassination was coming up, Obenhaus said. Would Sy like to do an investigation for ABC's *Day One*?

While Hersh publicly disparaged conspiracy theorists—"[If] somebody doesn't write a book for a million dollars, then there was no conspiracy," he told *Rolling Stone* in 1975—the ABC project promised a substantial fee. The offer was tempting, since Hersh describes himself as "chronically broke." And Hersh had a friend who could school him in the intricacies of the Kennedy case: Michael Ewing, a researcher for the House Select Committee on Assassinations, whose 1979 report concluded that Kennedy was "probably" the victim of a conspiracy.

**"You know what, kid?" Hersh said to a reporter investigating his work. "Come around next Tuesday and tie my shoelace."**

Hersh and Ewing had met in the early 1970s, when Ewing was an aide to Iowa senator Harold Hughes, an important Hersh source. Ewing, who would marry Hughes's daughter, Phyllis, had also been helpful, providing Hersh with a 60-page memo detailing the C.I.A.'s relationship with organized crime.

Apart from a mutual knack for ferreting out secrets, they seemed an odd match. Where Hersh was loudmouthed and brash, Ewing was low-key and cautious—"a paper person," he called himself, because of his compulsion to squirrel away confidential documents. He


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had boxes of them in the basement of his West Des Moines house, some suggesting that the Mob had engineered the slaying of the 35th president of the United States. Ewing's work was far from finished, but he'd gathered enough Kennedy dirt that he regretted naming his only son John Robert. It was his tough-mindedness—and the treasure trove in his basement—that impressed Hersh. "The heavyweight" of assassination researchers, he called Ewing. "The single best."

Hersh alerted Ewing to the ABC project, and Ewing was interested. In the end, though, the documentary never got off the ground. Months slipped by without further contact. In the interval, Hersh picked up a tip that the Clinton campaign possessed documents tying the candidate to several improprieties. "Devastating," Hersh calls the information. But he let the story slide. "It's important," he told a leading Democratic operative, "we get the right kind of president."

Meanwhile, Bob Woodward had just published his sixth consecutive best-seller (*The Commanders*) and would soon begin a seventh (*The Agenda*). Woodward's success has always been a sore spot for Hersh. Ewing claims that, in 1983, when a visitor to Hersh's office referred to the flowerpot Woodward moved to signal "Deep Throat," Hersh "threw everything off his desk, smashed his chair against a wall, came over to his filing cabinet, threw off everything that was on top of it . . . kicked something on the floor . . . and, screaming 'Fuck!' . . . pulled out the current missile codes for all the nuclear subs in the U.S. 'I did this without a fucking pot!' he said. 'I don't need a fucking pot!' "

Hersh denies that he had the tantrum and that he ever possessed missile codes, but admits he's envious of Woodward's financial success. "I'm pathological on the subject of Woodward's money," says Hersh. "I'm totally envious. . . . I'd love to have some of that."

But how? While Woodward was collecting huge advances and delivering lucrative lectures, Hersh was scrounging for comparative scraps. It had been more than a decade since *The Price of Power*, his last major best-seller, and his annual speaking dates had dwindled to a paltry few. "The Cold War is over," Hersh mourned. "No one cares [illegible]."

[illegible] Kennedy offered a way out. They still sold.

In June 1993, Michael Ewing heard a familiar, fast-paced voice on the phone. "If you want to do a book," it said, "I'm your man."

The arrangement would be simple, Hersh said: They'd split everything 50-50. They'd need an agent to hammer out the details, and Hersh suggested that Ewing use his: Esther Newberg, a senior vice president at International Creative Management and a publishing-industry power. She was also a close friend of the Kennedys', having been one of the guests at Chappaquiddick the night Mary Jo Kopechne drowned. But Hersh told Ewing that wouldn't be a problem. "She wouldn't dare cross me," he said. According to Ewing, Newberg said she'd send him a collaboration agreement—standard industry practice. (Newberg says she can't recall whether she made such a promise.) The agreement never arrived, but Hersh and Ewing were too excited to care. Soon after pitching Little, Brown, they were offered a contract for $1 million.

**"I'm pathological on the subject of Bob Woodward's money," says Hersh. "I'm totally envious."**

Hersh's half of the first $400,000 didn't last long. Within a year, he was asking Ewing if he could keep all of the next $100,000 they were to split. Ewing, who would be paid back with a larger slice of a later payment, said fine. Sy was his partner and friend, and there'd be plenty of money for everyone. Without a word of the manuscript written, Little, Brown had sold the volume to the Book-of-the-Month Club for $500,000. "This," their publisher said, "might be the best-selling book of all time."

In late 1994, a Capitol Hill source steered Hersh toward some documents that appeared to guarantee it. The papers were said to be from the files of Lawrence X. Cusack, a New York lawyer who'd been not only Francis Cardinal Spellman's attorney but also—reputedly—J.F.K.'s. Cusack had died in 1985, and while rummaging through his father's office, one of his sons, Lawrence "Lex," a paralegal, had found a file cabinet full of his father's legal papers. The documents—many of them apparently written in John Kennedy's own hand—linked the president to both the Mob and Marilyn Monroe. Realizing their value, Lex Cusack had taken them to a Stamford, Connecticut, document dealer, John Reznikoff, who was offering them for sale through an Atlanta bullion-diamond-and-memorabilia merchant named Thomas G. Cloud.

Cloud said that five "top experts" had verified the documents' authenticity. He identified only one—a Baltimore collector of Kennedy artifacts—and said that he'd sold some of the papers to investors such as Steve Forbes, owner of the largest private collection of presidential documents. When Cloud added that more papers were available, Hersh pounced. The best way to increase the documents' value, he told Cloud, was to include them in a best-seller. "I'm the biggest," Hersh said. "The only one who sells more . . . is Bob Woodward." Impressed, Cloud invited him to Atlanta.

The visit—three days before Christmas 1994—left Hersh flabbergasted. There, in just over 60 pages, was seemingly incontrovertible evidence of bribes to J. Edgar Hoover; instructions to employ "Sam G." (mobster Sam Giancana) to help fix the 1960 election; and—the most jaw-dropping—a contract signed by Marilyn Monroe and J.F.K. Under its terms, he would pay "no less than $100,000" to a trust for Monroe's deranged mother, Gladys Baker. In exchange, Monroe vowed not to divulge "the nature or the existence of any relationship between J.F.K. and any political or so-called 'under-world' personalities."

Naturally, said Cloud, all this had been done in secret. Recording what they were up to on three-by-five cards, Cloud said, Cusack and Kennedy communicated through a code based on the works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—the lawyer assuming the identity of Dr. Watson; the president, that of Sherlock Holmes.

Hersh rushed to call Ewing. "Mike," he said, "I just solved the Kennedy assassination. . . . It was Sam Giancana."

Ewing disabused Hersh of that notion, but not of his eagerness for the Cusack file. Cloud, though, wasn't giving it up. Cusack was still agonizing over the kind of book Hersh would write. But Hersh kept pressing, at one point threatening to report Cusack t


leather
GUESS?

the Assassination Records Review Board, which had authority to subpoena any document relating to the Kennedy killing. "They're gonna put [the documents] up for public view at all six National Archives branches," said Hersh. "So then you'll get shit."

Finally, after six months of negotiations, Cloud gave Hersh copies—but Hersh said he would not contact any of the investors. They'd be spooked by a reporter's call.

The stipulations bothered Ewing, who had never come across a "Lawrence Cusack" serving as J.F.K.'s personal attorney. What troubled him more, though, was the Monroe contract. J.F.K., Ewing acknowledged, was a wild risktaker. But would he really sign a document that talked of "'underworld' associates"? That, said Ewing, would be "committing suicide by contract." And if Monroe was blackmailing him, why would he continue to sleep with her? And why would Bobby do the same two years later? "The story," said Ewing, "is full of shit." Replied Hersh, "The Kennedys will never be able to disprove it."

Ewing wouldn't let it go. If they were going to use the papers, he said, they had to be verified through chemical and microscopic analysis. Hersh, however, didn't see a pressing need. Cusack's "experts" had already authenticated the papers. When they were flush with TV money, then they'd do the testing.

Meantime, there were other, less expensive ways to confirm the documents' authenticity. They started with the five signatures listed on the Monroe contracts. Four of the parties were dead—Jack, Bobby, Marilyn, and Monroe's attorney, Aaron Frosch. But the witness to one of the contract amendments was still alive: Janet Des Rosiers, Joe Kennedy's former secretary and mistress, who'd briefly worked in the J.F.K. White House. "She is a silver bullet," Ewing told Hersh. If Des Rosiers confirmed that she'd witnessed the documents, the papers were probably authentic. If she didn't, said Ewing, "we've got real problems."

In August 1995, Hersh visited Des Rosiers at her condominium in Sedona, Arizona. "He was like a boy with a new toy," Des Rosiers, describing how Hersh whipped out the paper she'd allegedly signed. Des Rosiers quickly deflated him. She'd never been in the Carlyle hotel suite (where the document was purportedly signed), she told Hersh; never laid eyes on Marilyn Monroe; never met the attorneys; never been alone with Jack and Bobby. And, she added, that was *not* her signature. "You better be careful," Des Rosiers advised. "Because someone is conning you."

Hersh appeared unconcerned. "Why should I believe her?" he asked. In any event, there was no cause to give up yet. For Hersh had been told that there was another person who could attest to Kennedy's payoffs to Monroe, someone who'd handled the negotiations between Cusack Sr. and Frosch, and been "fired" by Jack and Joe for refusing to ferry the cash. That figure was Clark Clifford, J.F.K.'s acknowledged personal attorney and a counselor to presidents since Harry Truman.



**CONSPIRACY LEERY: Hersh's collaborator, Michael Ewing, at home in Iowa on August 21, 1997. Ewing, who'd been researching J.F.K.'s assassination for years, questioned the authenticity of the Kennedy documents from the beginning.**

Clifford, however, said he didn't know what Cloud and Cusack were talking about. He wouldn't be shocked if the information in the file were true, he told Hersh. He'd handled several "woman problems" for Kennedy, but Marilyn Monroe had not crossed his radarscope.

Having struck out with firsthand sources, Hersh sought confirmation from Marilyn's intimates. He tried everyone from ex-attorney Mickey Rudin to ex-husband Arthur Miller, but they knew nothing about any contracts. Kennedy friends and aides also claimed ignorance—and some wondered about Hersh's sanity. "[It was] like talking to someone in an asylum," says former R.F.K. administrative assistant John Nolan. "I thought he'd really flipped."

Hersh remained upbeat even after former J.F.K. aide and current Kennedy-family attorney Myer Feldman told him that he'd seen the papers, believed them to be false. "You're on dangerous ground," Feldman warned. "You could lose your reputation if all this proves to be false."

Feldman, Hersh thought, was just another member of the Kennedy "cult." Besides, he told Ewing, he'd recently had a lengthy session with former J.F.K.

**"I just solved the Kennedy assassination," Hersh said. "It was Sam Giancana."**

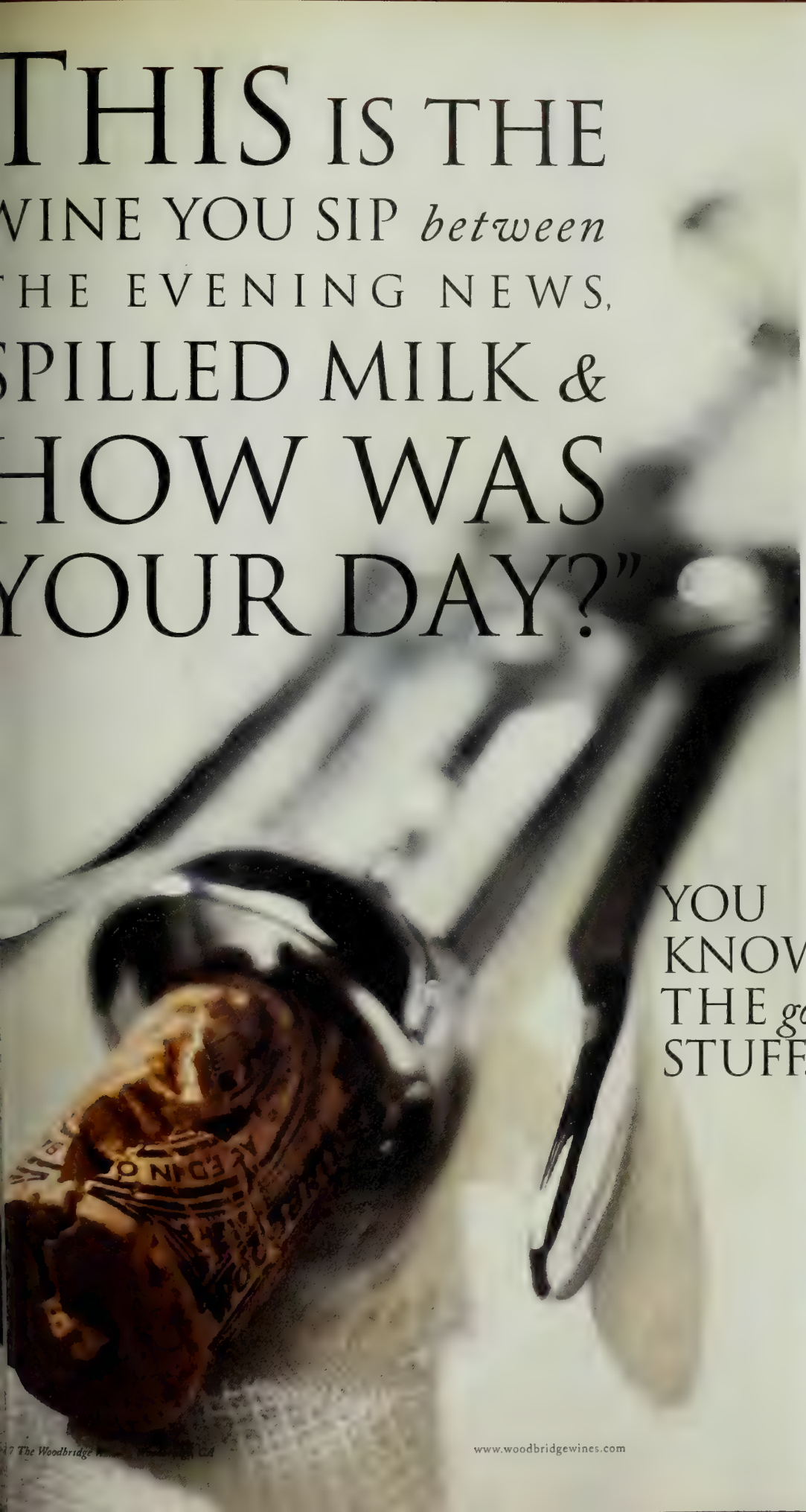
speechwriter Ted Sorensen, who'd seemed rattled by his boss's jottings. "This is a forgery," he'd said. Then: "It does look like his handwriting." And finally: "At least it's a good forgery." Another plus was J.F.K.'s pal Ben Bradlee, who'd been "transformed" by reading the papers. "I didn't really know Jack," Hersh quoted Bradlee as saying. "[The Kennedys] are different than what I was led to believe."

But Bradlee reports a different reaction. "What I don't understand is where he is getting all this crap," he wrote to a friend. "Somebody must be manufacturing it for a purpose, and I would like to know who and for what purpose."

Aware that Cloud, Cusack, and Reznikoff wanted to publish the documents separately as a book, Hersh arranged for them to meet his editor, Jim Silberman, and Charles Hayward, who was then president of Little, Brown. Silberman and Hayward didn't say yes, but they didn't flatly say no either. Hersh and Ewing took Cloud, Cusack, and Reznikoff out to celebrate at a New York steak house.

Goblets of red wine arrived as Cloud laid out some of the document originals—the first time Hersh or Ewing had seen

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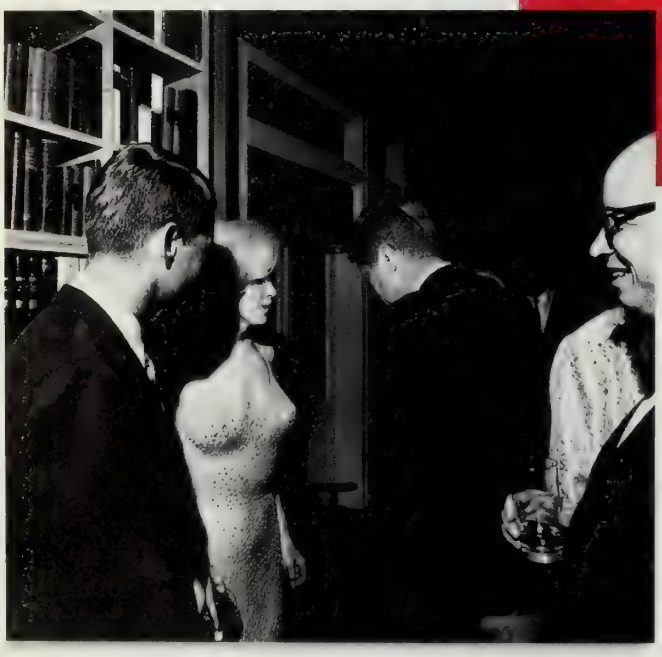
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them. One was a handwritten note from Marilyn. "Dear Jack," it read, "I hope you understand I only want to make sure that my Mother is taken care of—this is difficult for me—I am afraid she will not be cared for[.] I will be silent on the secret of yours about Sam G. and others[.] Thanks[.]"

Hersh waved the letter over his head. "The Kennedys were . . . the worst people!" he shouted as patrons at other tables gaped.

Banging the table, he knocked over a wineglass. The documents were spared, but Hersh was drenched. Cusack's credibility also took a hit when he began telling stories of what he said was his long service in naval intelligence. "Total bullshit," Hersh told Ewing afterward. "He's making it all up." (Cusack declined to comment on his involvement with the navy.)



**BROTHERLY LUST: Marilyn Monroe with Attorney General Robert Kennedy (left), President John Kennedy (center), and historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. following the president's 45th-birthday party at Madison Square Garden, May 19, 1962.**

Later, Hersh found an ominous item in Cloud's background: in 1988 he'd pleaded no contest to a charge that involved the alleged structuring of bank deposits, and did community service. But Hersh wasn't disturbed. The charge, Cloud told him, was a minor violation. I trust him," Hersh said to Ewing. "He seems like a straight guy."

[illegible] still [illegible] once, Hersh flew to Los [illegible] a private investi- [illegible] to be a storehouse of Monroe-Kennedy dish. He emerged with an absurd story that Monroe and Kennedy had been murdered on orders from the Chandler family, owners of the *Los Angeles Times* and, claimed the source, a secret branch of the Mafia.

Former J.F.K. press secretary Pierre Salinger had stories, too. "What do you know about Robert Kennedy?" he asked Hersh and Ewing. Pretty much, they replied. Then Salinger said, "In 1967, I came home and found him in bed with my wife." (Nicole Gillman Salinger, who is now divorced from Pierre, "absolutely" denies having had an affair with Robert Kennedy. "It's true that Robert Kennedy had affairs," she said. "Unfortunately, not with me.")

**"What I don't understand," wrote Ben Bradlee, "is where Hersh is getting all this crap."**

Meantime, Hersh's methods were getting him in trouble. Sources complained that he'd abused them—and, Hersh admitted, maybe he was playing a little rough.

One who agreed was Helen O'Donnell, daughter of J.F.K.'s late aide Kenny O'Donnell. She hung up in tears after Hersh announced that her father had been "a drunk" who'd "skimmed" large cash contributions to the Democratic National Committee. "I probably handled it badly," Hersh says. "I probably shouldn't have told her that."

Others, however, did talk, about a range of subjects, including J.F.K.'s sex life. "The guy was really into some kinky stuff," says Hersh. "The stuff that I have that is purely salacious—you can fill books with it." Some of the most stunning material was about J.F.K.'s use of prostitutes—mostly on out-of-town trips, but sometimes in the White House. The prostitutes were allegedly procured by a senior presidential aide who would contact local police for the name of the area's most dreaded psychiatric facility. The women were told, "If you ever talk about this, you're going to be in St. Francis's for 30 years."

According to Ewing, Hersh also learned that President Kennedy suspected that his wife was sleeping with Aristotle Onassis. "She's getting back at me 'cause I have so many," Kennedy is quoted as saying. "I resent it. He's an ugly Greek."

But the liaison that riveted Hersh was John Kennedy's affair with Judith Campbell Exner. When the relationship surfaced during the Church-committee hearings, Exner said it was merely innocent coincidence that while sleeping with Kennedy she was also involved with mobster Sam Giancana and was a friend of Johnny Roselli, both of whom were later murdered. Then, in 1988, Exner said she'd been not only J.F.K.'s lover but also his carrier pigeon to the Mob.

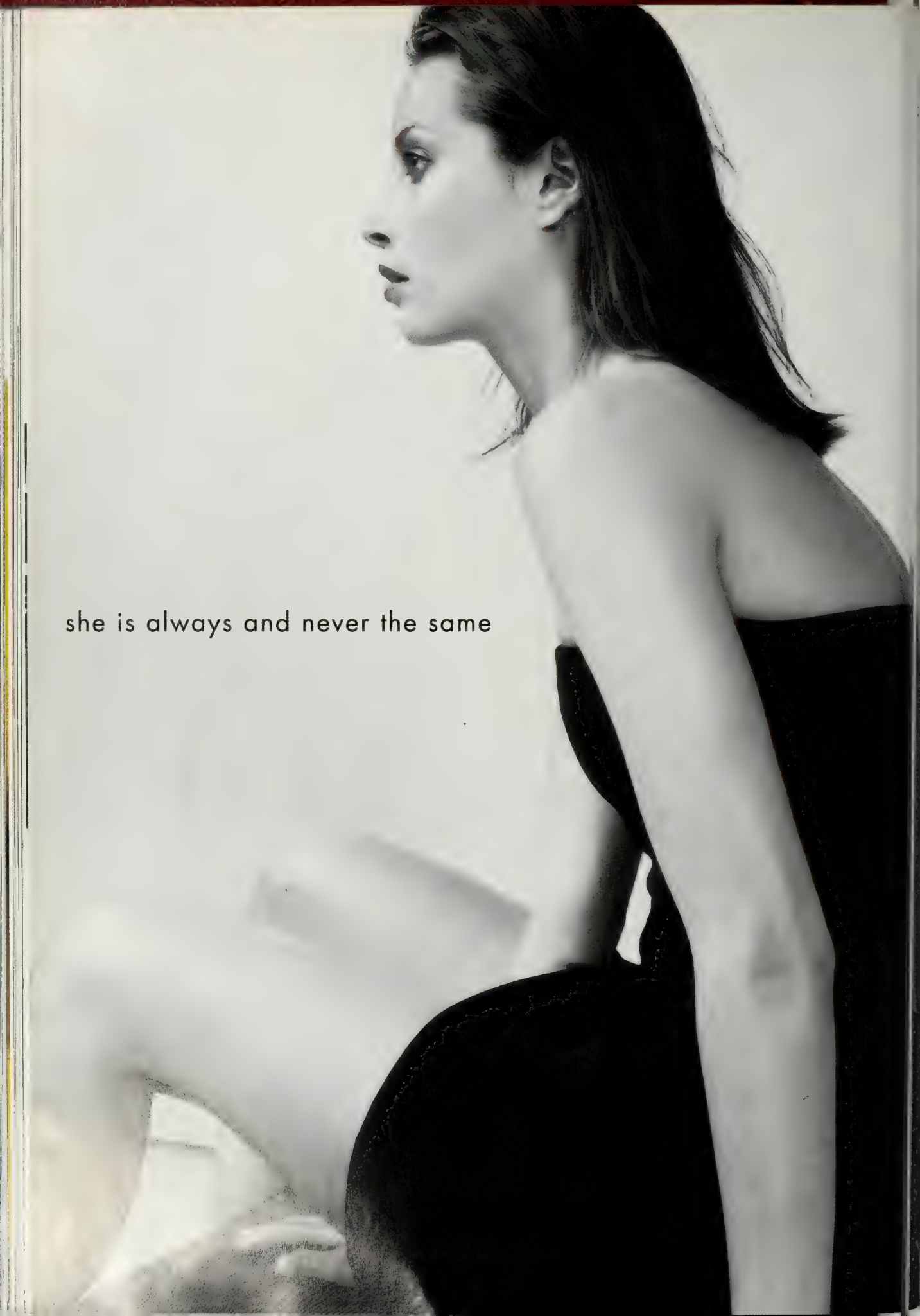
Exner backed up her claim with travel records, showing frequent back-and-forths between J.F.K. and Giancana at the height of the Castro plots. When Ewing produced logs listing Giancana and Exner's telephone calls, Hersh began searching for a go-between. After trying columnist Liz Smith, he settled on a lawyer and Exner confidant. Impressed by Hersh's evidence that former C.I.A. director William Casey had ordered wiretaps on Exner's phone, the lawyer set up a meeting at her California home.

They hit it off splendidly. "Hersh is incredible," Exner gushed to Smith. "I know he is going to reveal the large part Bobby Kennedy played in the C.I.A.-Mafia-Castro business."

Some of the darkest information Hersh picked up had to do with the Kennedys' involvement with the Mob. According to Hersh and Ewing's informants, organized crime had played a decisive role in the 1960 presidential election, first by helping J.F.K. gain the nomination (using laundered cash during the West Virginia primary), then by muscling the November balloting—not only in Illinois, as had long been rumored, but in six other key states.

Bobby's reputation as a Mob-buster, Hersh and Ewing discovered, was not so simple. Yes, he was aware that major felonies were being committed to get Teamsters boss Jimmy Hoffa. But, they learned, he'd also fixed cases of hoodlums who'd aided Jack's election. And


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far from opposing the C.I.A.-Mob-Castro plots, as Kennedy hagiography had it, Bobby had been their chief instigator from the spring of 1962 onward. "You're using the wrong gangster," a senior C.I.A. official quoted him as scolding. "I'm going to show you how it's done."

While some of Hersh's sources were long-standing Kennedy critics—such as Jackie's cousin Gore Vidal—others were prominent Kennedy aides, who'd spent decades promoting the family myth. "I hate you guys raking this stuff up," said a top-ranking former Justice Department official, who'd shaken with sobs as Hersh catalogued Kennedy horrors. "But I'm not going to lie to you. This is history. I was there, and it happened."

The events described by the Cusack papers were a different matter. Periodically, Cloud and Cusack would send along another batch, each more damning than the last. "This is literally de rigueur among forgers," Ewing warned Hersh. "They keep trickling out more and more. When you're in doubt, they keep you on the line. It was done in the Hughes and Hitler diaries. It's standard." (Cloud, Cusack, and Reznikoff insisted the documents were authentic.)

Ewing remained concerned. Hersh's enthusiasm seemed uncontrolled; now he was telling friends that the Kennedys had laundered money through the Boston archdiocese. More alarmingly, Hersh was also helping Cloud sell the Cusack papers by personally talking to investors. "The corroborating evidence he has compiled is incredible," an Oklahoma stockbroker wrote to fellow investors in early 1996. "Seymour said, 'If I could own any of these papers, I would mortgage my house.'" (Hersh claims he was just "shining" the investor.) Hersh's agent, Esther Newberg, decided she had had enough. Warning Hersh that using the Cusack papers would be "damaging professionally," Newberg told Little, Brown that she did not want to be listed in the acknowledgments.

Ewing had mixed feelings. He respected Newberg, who'd cautioned him about lending Hersh money. Ewing hadn't heeded her advice ("Are you going to pay his rent?" he asked), and over the months Hersh had come back to him for more cash. The entreaties were always sincere, but they were straining Ewing's bank account. "I would borrow from anyone who walks," Hersh says. Ewing had already taken out a second mortgage and had put off paying his income tax to finance Hersh; now his credit cards were nearly maxed out and he'd had to suspend research travel. Meanwhile, his partner was taking his family on holidays to Martha's Vineyard, Tuscany, and Snowmass, Colorado.





**GOOD-BYE, NORMA JEAN**
***Above,* a Los Angeles police officer removes Marilyn Monroe's body from the mortuary, August 6, 1962. *Left,* Monroe's bedroom the morning after her apparent suicide. Doctors had to break a window to get inside.**

**"What do you know about Robert Kennedy?" Pierre Salinger asked. "In 1967, I came home and found him in bed with my wife."**

Newberg had been right about Hersh's spending. On the other hand, Ewing was aware that Little, Brown had been uneasy about her Kennedy connections from the beginning. If Sy wanted Esther out, Ewing said, she was out. By late spring of 1995, Newberg "recused" herself and turned the project over to Heather Schroder, an ICM agent who'd been handling the book's foreign rights.

Schroder took over shortly before Hersh and Mark Obenhaus tried to sell the book's TV rights. Hersh was enthusiastic, and by that fall they were in talks with PBS, where they had good relations with *Frontline* senior executive producer David Fanning and his number two, Michael Sullivan. Fanning and Sullivan were interested, but didn't see how they'd find the budget Obenhaus and Hersh were asking for. While they scrambled for financing, Obenhaus paid a call on Peter Guber, the recently ousted Sony Pictures chief, who was now running Mandalay Entertainment. Guber suggested that Hersh's information was so good that he worried someone would shoot Hersh—but said he wanted to do features, not documentaries. So it was back to PBS, which by now had come up with a potential backer in Jonathan Taplin, executive producer of the Nicole Kidman film *To Die For.* To spread the costs further, Fanning and Sullivan also had devised a scheme in which a major network would air a two-hour program and PBS would follow up with a three- or four-hour program.

Hersh was thrilled. In addition to collecting a $125,000-a-year salary to serve as writer and on-air reporter, Hersh was to be awarded 25 percent of the production. Ewing, who was to split a $50,000


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rights fee with Hersh, would make out less well. For serving as "lead researcher," he'd receive a flat $50,000 and own 5 percent of the production.

Ewing was irate when Hersh faxed him the proposed contract highlights in November. Schroder tried to soothe him. "We don't know if we are going to get any of this," she said, and promised that he'd be kept fully informed.

It appeared Schroder was correct. Taplin soon dropped out, and by the start of 1996, Hersh and Obenhaus were again searching for a backer. Hersh, who'd already failed to lure HBO and talk-show host Phil Donahue, knocked at CBS, but that approach fell through when a snowstorm prevented then entertainment-division president Les Moonves from attending a pitch meeting.

As Hersh and Obenhaus moved on to NBC and ABC, Ewing continued to test the Cusack file—with dismal results. The only good news was that Hersh had persuaded Little, Brown to up the contract by another $250,000. Even better, ABC and NBC were about to submit bids of up to $3 million each. PBS, Hersh told Ewing, was out.

Ewing, who'd been unaware of the maneuvering, sent off an angry fax to Schroder. She responded by switching his representation to Wayne Kabak, ICM's executive vice president and general counsel. Still unsatisfied, Ewing wrote a 14-page confidential memo to Kabak, quoting Hersh's private conversations and, in blistering terms, reviewing his treatment by ICM.

Kabak tried to calm Ewing down and told him that Obenhaus had just sent another deal proposal. Though the terms appeared sweeter than those of the first deal, they still apparently accorded Hersh the lion's share of the TV proceeds. But then, Hersh would be doing more of the TV work.

Ewing was furious. Only weeks before, he'd lent Hersh another $5,000, bringing the total owed, including deferred advances, to $75,000. Now he thought his partner was trying to screw him. "I've spoken to Sy," Obenhaus had written in his letter to Kabak. "He . . . pointed out that neither he nor I ever talked to Mike about the idea of setting up a partnership to produce the film." Not only did that contradict what Hersh had told him more than a dozen times, Ewing said, it also flew in the face of an ICM document that plainly stated, "Ownership of the project would be held by the creative partnership of Hersh, Ewing and Obenhaus."

It was time for a showdown. Before departing for New York, where Little, Brown had set up a meeting with Hersh, Ewing dispatched another lengthy memo to Kabak, excoriating Hersh,

**MONROE DOCTRINE:** ***Clockwise, from top left:*** **the purported contract guaranteeing Monroe's silence on matters pertaining to J.F.K.; a supposed schedule of assets detailing Kennedy's deposits into the star's bank account; a receipt allegedly written by Kennedy; a handwritten note said to be from the starlet to the president, vowing to "be silent on the secret."**

AGREEMENT

AGREEMENT made this third day of March, 1960, between John F. Kennedy residing at The Carlyle Hotel, New York, New York, and Marilyn Monroe, residing at 444 East 57th Street, New York, New York:

W.I.T.N.E.S.S.E.T.H.

WHEREAS: As a result of the relationship between Marilyn Monroe (Herein after referred to as: MM) and John F. Kennedy (Hereinafter referred to as: JFK) MM believes that she has suffered irreperable harm to her well-being and to her professional life and career and that such has been the cause of personal hardship and suffering which is not possible to measure and

WHEREAS: MM believes that the relationship between her and JFK has caused her to suffer damages which damages are impossible to measure, and

WHEREAS: Certain promises which were made to MM by JFK can not be fulfilled and

WHEREAS: JFK desires to compensate MM for such damage s which may have occured and

WHEREAS: MM has agreed that such compensation shall be adequate;

NOW, THEREFORE, the parties hereto, in consideration of the promises and other good and valuable consideration, to each in hand paid, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged, and of the mutual covenants and hereby cuvenant and

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| (1) | To be deposited upon execution of this Agreement: | $100,000.00 |
| (2) | To be deposited by October 1, 1960: | $250,000.00 |
| (3) | To be deposited by April 1, 1961, | $100,000.00 |
| (4) | To be deposited by October 1, 1961, | $150,000.00 |
| | Total deposits to fund the trust: | $600,000.00 |

J.K.

Dear Jack

I hope you understand I only wished to make sure that my Mother is taken care of - this is difficult for me. I am afraid she will not be cared for.

I will be silent on the secret of your about Dear I. and always. Thanks

Obenhaus, various ICM agents—even David Obst and his ex-wife, producer Lynda Obst, neither of whom had had anything to do with the project. He also enumerated a long list of demands, hinting that if they weren't met he'd veto any television deal. "When I saw that," says an ICM agent, "I knew we were not dealing with someone who was playing with a full deck."

Hersh secured copies of the memos and used them as Exhibit A during a dinner with Jim Silberman, Charles Hayward, and Ewing on March 28, 1996. How could he work with someone who said such things about his friends?, Hersh demanded. How could he continue with someone so delusional? With that, Hersh told Ewing, "We're done, we're through," and stalked out.

By mid-April, it was clear to Little, Brown that the only way it would recoup the $800,000 already advanced was if Hersh wrote the book on his own. "Sy has become convinced that the route you have been pursuing is not yielding anything," Silberman told Ewing. But Ewing still had some literary rights. Little, Brown drafted a settlement and talked of a $200,000 contract for a book on the history of organized crime. Ewing wasn't happy about that either, but said he'd consult a lawyer. When he delayed in getting back to the publisher, Hersh's attorney withdrew his client's approval of the settlement offer. And Silberman dropped the book idea.

Ewing tried to patch things up by offering to waive all TV payments and cut his share of the book money. But Hersh was adamant. "He could come in with a reel of tape of Oswald getting briefed by Giancana," says Hersh, "and I would have said 'Good-bye.'"

Hersh was no longer paying attention to the former friend he'd once described as having "an I.Q. of about 800 and government documents coming out of his ears." Hersh, who was redrafting the overdue manuscript from scratch, claims that Ewing hadn't come close to proving the conspiracy case, a charge Ewing denies. From now on, said Hersh, he'd focus on "people that do things because they can't control themselves."

NBC entertainment-division president Warren Littlefield liked the approach, and in late June 1996 agreed to air a two-hour prime-time special. But barely had filming begun when NBC canceled the project, citing unspecified "creative differences." Hersh heard that complaints from a well-connected Kennedy relative may have prompted the decision. But according to well-placed industry sources, the decision was made by Littlefield's immediate superior, West Coast president Don Ohlmeyer, who had heard the doubts about Hersh's material. "Some is documented and some isn't," says a network executive. "It seemed suspicious." NBC compensated Obenhaus's production company handsomely to go away; the final settlement, sources say, was in the neighborhood of $1 million.

With NBC out of the picture, Obenhaus turned to his former employers at ABC News. Roone Arledge proved amenable and Peter Jennings offered to serve as program host. By November 1996, cameras were rolling.

ABC made it clear that the Cusack papers wouldn't be aired without exhaustive analysis. "We need to know that this stuff is good," said Tom Yellin, executive producer of *Peter Jennings Reporting*. "Not just that it isn't bad."

**"When I saw that," an ICM agent says of Ewing's angry letter, "I knew we were not dealing with someone who was playing with a full deck."**

Now came the hard part: proving a positive. The first step had already been taken. While at NBC, Obenhaus and his team of researchers had spent six weeks scrutinizing the documents for any textual errors. None had been found.

The next test would be even trickier. In order to do fingerprint analysis, they'd need the originals of several of J.F.K.'s file-card notes to Cusack—and all of those were in the hands of investors. With no noticeable reluctance, however, Cloud rounded them up and turned them over to the expert Obenhaus had engaged, a former N.Y.P.D. crime-lab specialist, who'd used lasers to lift Oswald's prints off the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository when everyone else had failed. Two months of searching, though, unearthed no evidence of J.F.K.'s having handled the Cusack documents. But that didn't prove the papers false; after so many years, fingerprints might have worn off.

Handwriting analysis was another wash. The "expert reports" Cloud handed over were all impressive—and all found J.F.K.'s script to be authentic. Obenhaus's expert—Gerald B. Richards, the former chief of the F.B.I.'s document operations and research unit—couldn't swear that Kennedy's and Monroe's handwriting was genuine, nor could he state that the samples were outright forgeries. But he had one more test to go: microscopic analysis of the typewriting on the Monroe contracts.

The work was just beginning this May when one of Obenhaus's researchers noted that the letterhead used for a transfer payment dated January 9, 1961 (written by J.F.K. on Cusack's stationery), included a Zip Code—not unusual, except that Zip Codes didn't exist until 1963 and weren't in widespread use until 1965. "Oh shit," Hersh said.

At a meeting with Cloud, Cusack, and Reznikoff, Obenhaus offered a possible explanation. Maybe, he said, the document had been "backdated," a common, quasi-legal practice. Yes, they agreed, that had to be it. Hersh, who'd turned in a chapter devoted to the Cusack papers, breathed easier.

As if the project needed more trouble, the media were buzzing about "secret documents" which would reveal Marilyn Monroe's "blackmailing" of the Kennedys. Hersh denied the stories—saying, in effect, that those who had repeated his descriptions of the Cusack papers were liars. Digging deeper, *Vanity Fair*'s Marie Brenner put together a rough history of the documents, including Cloud's attempts to sell them to Steve Forbes. Forbes, whom Hersh had still not interviewed, confirmed that he'd been offered the papers, but said he'd decided to pass, partly because Cloud wouldn't allow him to test their authenticity. Cloud denies that he withheld permission.

Hersh, meanwhile, was still clinging to the hope that the documents were authentic. The originals certainly looked good. "Gorgeous," Hersh called them. "They get you hard." Moreover, Cusack, Cloud, and Reznikoff betrayed no trepidation about the testing.

On the other hand, Hersh had recent-

ly discovered that Lex Cusack had shown up at a chapel service at Annapolis wearing the uniform of a lieutenant commander—and Hersh could find no evidence that Lex had attended Annapolis or been in the navy. (Cusack has said the incident was a joke.) Weighing against that was Hersh's interview with singer Phyllis Maguire, a longtime Giancana girlfriend. She said that "Momo" had told her all about the Marilyn contracts. At last, Hersh thought, real-time corroboration. Later, Maguire told Hersh that she had heard of the contracts only in recent months.

Then, in July, the documents fell apart. Examining two of the Monroe contracts, Richards found that some of the characters had been lifted off and replaced—a simple process, employing a "ball-style" IBM Selectric typewriter. But that machine wasn't invented until 1973. Checking further, Richards also discovered that the *y* in Marilyn's signature removed a microscopic fragment of the line beneath, something possible only if a plastic ribbon had been used in typing the Cusack papers—and such ribbons hadn't been around, either, when the documents were supposedly written. Another problem was the Prestige Pica typeface used to create the papers; the sizes of the period and the comma and the quotation mark were subtly different from those of the roll-bar typewriters used at the time. In the file cards on which Cusack typed his "Dr. Watson" notes, Richards came across another glitch: the messages included two different "pitches"—the spacing between individual letters. Machines of the 1960s had only one pitch.

A second expert hired by Obenhaus confirmed Richards's findings, as did a specialist employed by ABC. Cusack's old law firm drove in the final two nails: bills showing that the stationery used for some of the papers hadn't been purchased until 1965, and drafts of two of the Zip Coded documents discovered in a file room that Lex Cusack occasionally used as an office. Someone, it seemed, had been practicing.

By the end of July, there was no doubt: Seymour Hersh had been duped. The question was how to disclose it.

The dilemma was especially acute for Hersh, who'd lent his name to Kloud's huckstering, and who knew




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only too well how "the original, born-again-Christian greed monster," as he called Cloud, was using it. Wielding Hersh's cachet as a Pulitzer winner, Cloud had sold more than $4 million worth of documents—some for as much as $100,000 a page—and planned to sell the rest through the major auction houses.

Lawyers Hersh consulted told him he was under no obligation to alert law enforcement; as long as he had done nothing to further a fraud, he was in the clear legally. Ethically, however, Hersh was unsettled. "I don't want some guy buying documents last week because these assholes told them I was going to write a book," says Hersh, who wanted the story out immediately. "Somebody may rely on me and somebody may sue me."

ABC, however, was carefully gathering its own legal advice before deciding how to proceed. Finally, though, calls went out to Cusack, Cloud, and Reznikoff, requesting filmed interviews.

Cusack was eerily calm when Peter Jennings confronted him with the forensic evidence. Maybe the testers had gotten it wrong, he said. Maybe the Kennedys had corrupted Hersh, Obenhaus, Jennings, and ABC. But if the papers were forgeries, he'd see to it that the investors got back every penny. No one was conceding anything.

Parts of the drama were still to play out, including the possibility of criminal charges. But Hersh had moved on. He had words to write—and he didn't have time to bother with the Cusack papers. Yes, he said, he'd fallen for "one of the great scams of all times." But doing books was "a process," and while it went on, "there's nothing wrong with thinking all kinds of bullshit." Cusack and Reznikoff maintain that the documents are authentic. And Cloud says, "The jury is out. I want the truth."

"Any investigative journalist can be totally fucking conned so easy," Hersh says. "We're the easiest lays in town. You can still sell me bridges. It's what I print that matters." He shrugs. "So what's new? Boy reporter goes down wrong path."

Losing a major chapter didn't bother him. He had plenty of other disclosures, including, he says, "very serious new stuff on foreign policy . . . things nobody knows." Hersh isn't revealing details, but, according to others, the material ranges from the Cuban missile crisis (at one point, J.F.K. considered removing intermediate-range ballistic missiles from parts of Western Europe) to a proposed joint attack with the Soviet Union on the Chinese nuclear center at Lop Nhor (Khrushchev got cold feet). And Hersh is said to have "back-channel" cables—omitted from the Pentagon Papers—linking J.F.K. to the murder of South Vietnamese president Ngo Dinh Diem. "You'll love it," says Hersh.



**SEE MORE HERSH: Peter Jennings and Hersh at Elaine's, July 17, 1997. Jennings is anchoring an ABC News special based on *The Dark Side of Camelot*, but it's unclear whether the program will air.**

He also believes readers will like what he's come up with about Marilyn Monroe and Robert Kennedy—he was head over heels about her—and why Bobby agonized so long before entering the 1968 presidential race. "It's a sad story," says Hersh, revealing that R.F.K. feared disclosures from an unnamed book. "There are things he did for his brother that are sad. His position with his brother is sad. I guess I came away . . . see[ing] both of them as more tragic figures." According to those who have worked with Hersh on the documentary, there have been moments when, while recounting private acts of kindness by J.F.K., Hersh has broken down and wept.

But *The Dark Side of Camelot* will be no love letter. "This is the death rattle," Hersh says. "The death rattle." Counting on it, Little, Brown has ordered an initial printing of more than 350,000 copies.

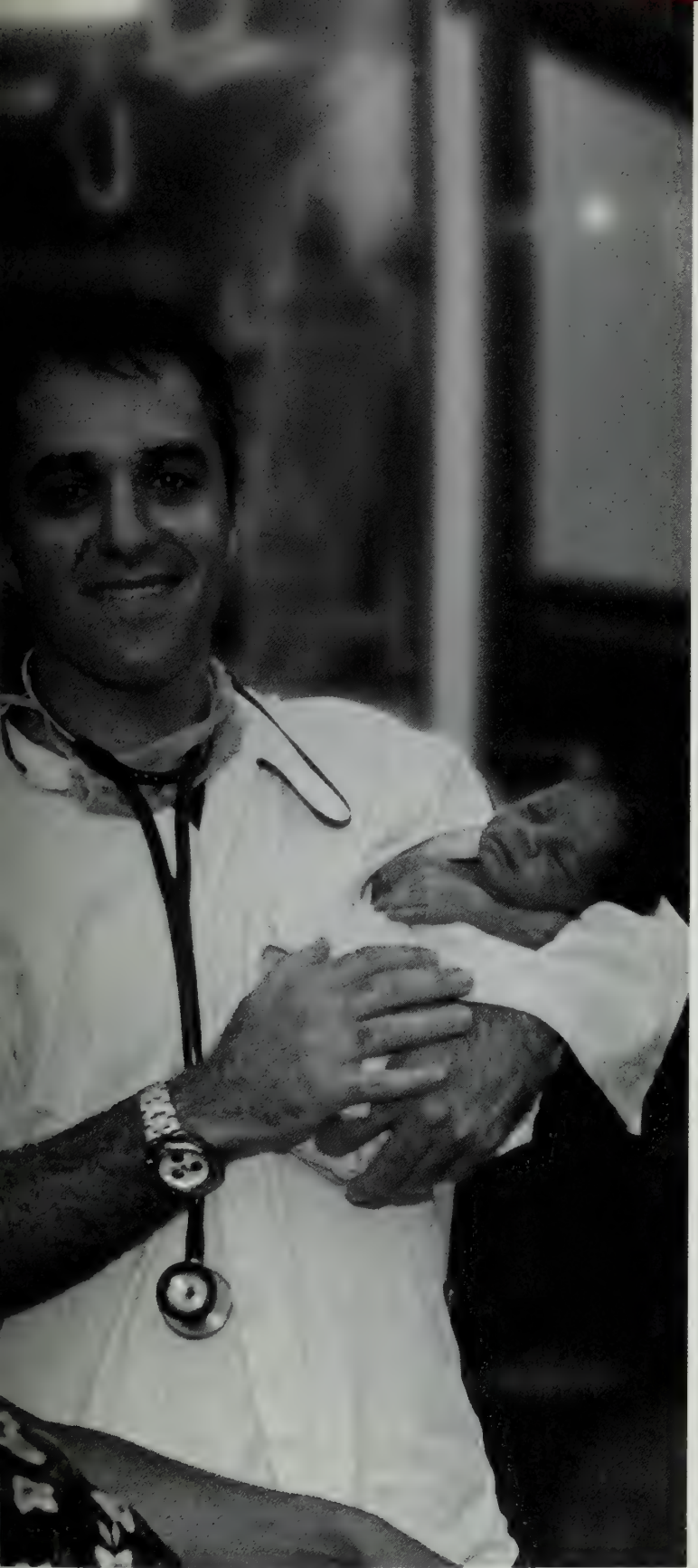
Ewing may tarnish some of the book's sheen; he's considering suing Hersh if the book contains any of his material. The Kennedy family, which has been tracking Hersh's work, has a policy of not responding to critical books. Hersh is expecting an exception. "They're going to come after me," he says.

**"We need to know that this stuff is good," ABC producer Tom Yellin warned. "Not just that it isn't bad."**

The greatest danger could come from Cloud's investors, who may try to hold Hersh responsible for their purchase of fraudulent material. They may find an ally in Cloud, who is furious at Hersh for not immediately disclosing the problems with the documents. According to Cloud, he sold hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of documents *after* Hersh suspected there were problems. "He reassured me more than once," Cloud says. "Never said there were any problems."

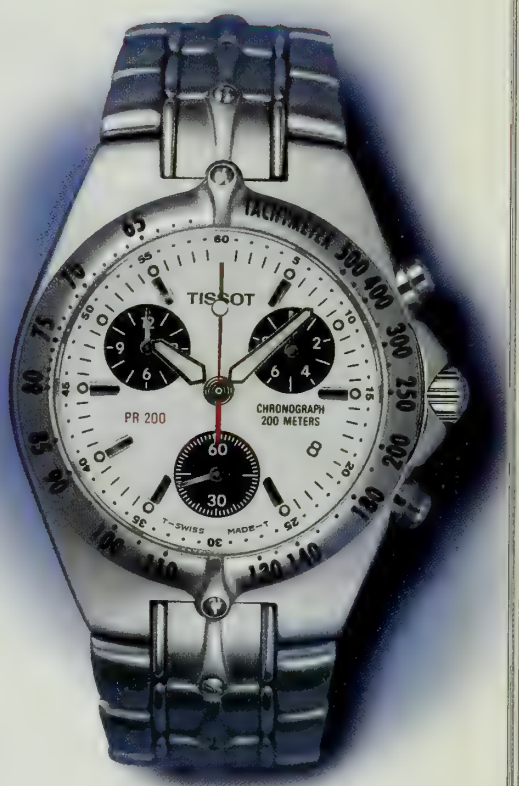
Cloud also disputes Hersh's general version of events. "If Seymour Hersh wants to go on national TV and take a lie-detector test with me, let's get it on," he says. "I don't understand how a man who has that kind of track record can go out—just because I'm a little peon compared to him—and lie to people and try to run over people."

But Seymour Hersh isn't worrying. Dismissing his former friends' complaints as those of "a bunch of guys who are going to jail," he's spending his days thinking of the president he accuses of causing so much mayhem. "I would have been absolutely devoted to Jack Kennedy if I had worked for him," he says. "I would have been knocked out by him. I would have liked him a lot." □



10:08 am. Cordovil, Rio de Janeiro. Dr Luiz Alberto Danon, doctor with the "Anjos do Rio".

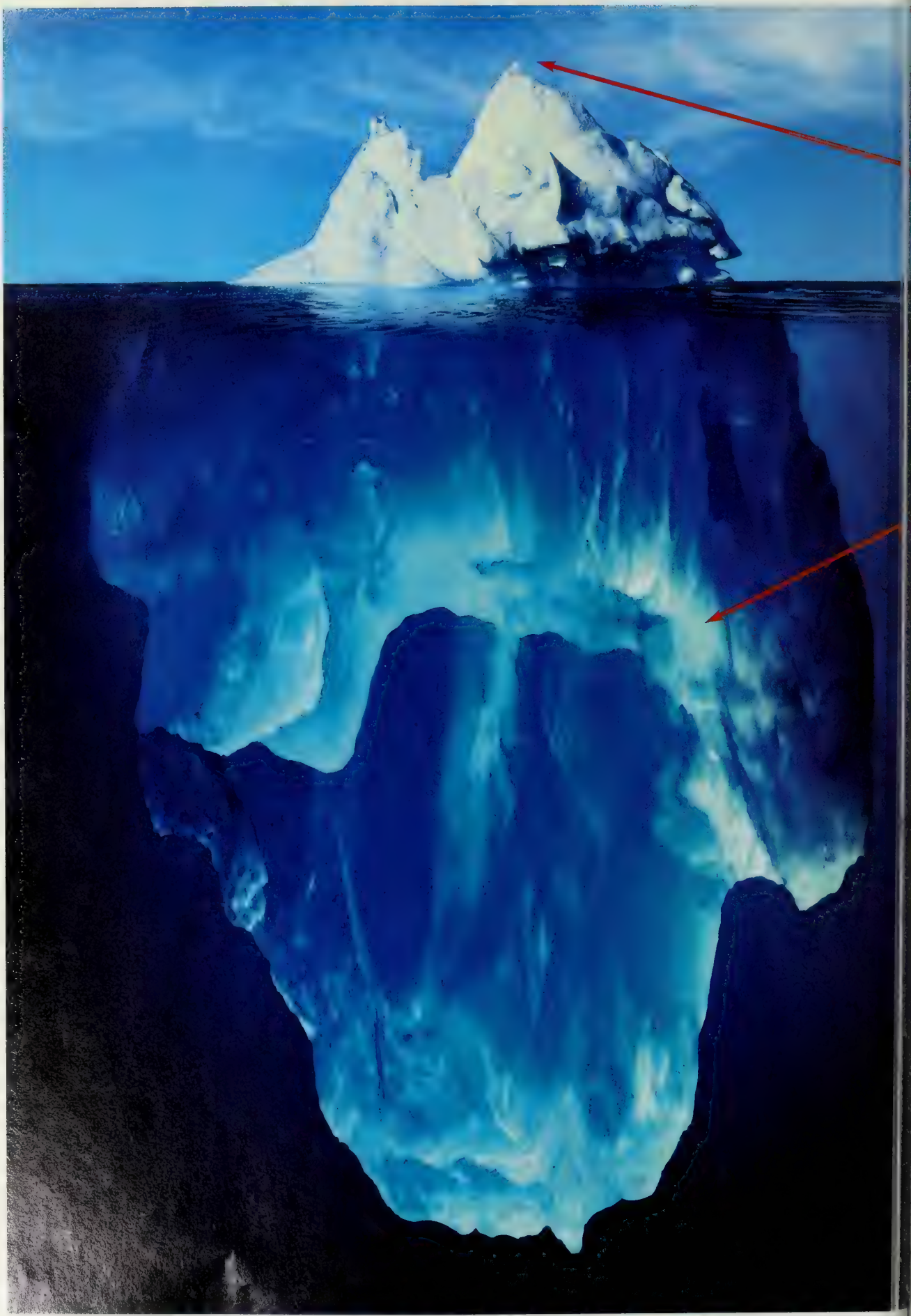
# The angel of Rio and his Tissot PR 200 Chrono.




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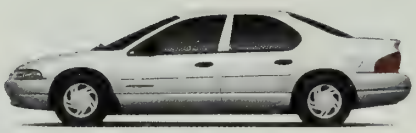
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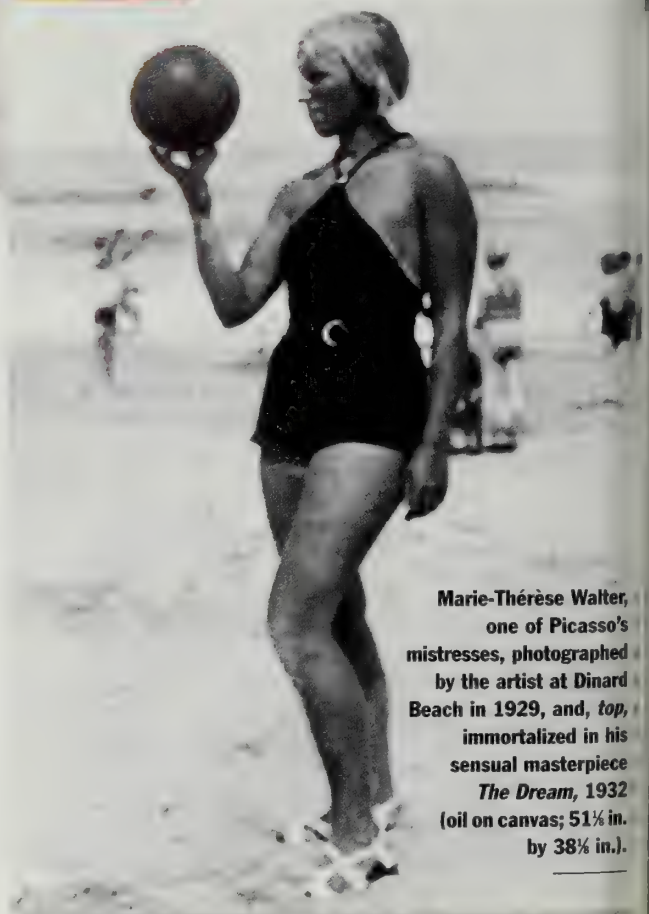
# FOR LOVE OF PICASSO

*The Dream*, Picasso's erotic 1932 portrait of h mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, sparked the wedd of the late Victor and Sally Ganz, who made it the centerpiece of the greatest private Picasso collection in America. This month, the paintin could fetch a record price at Christie's

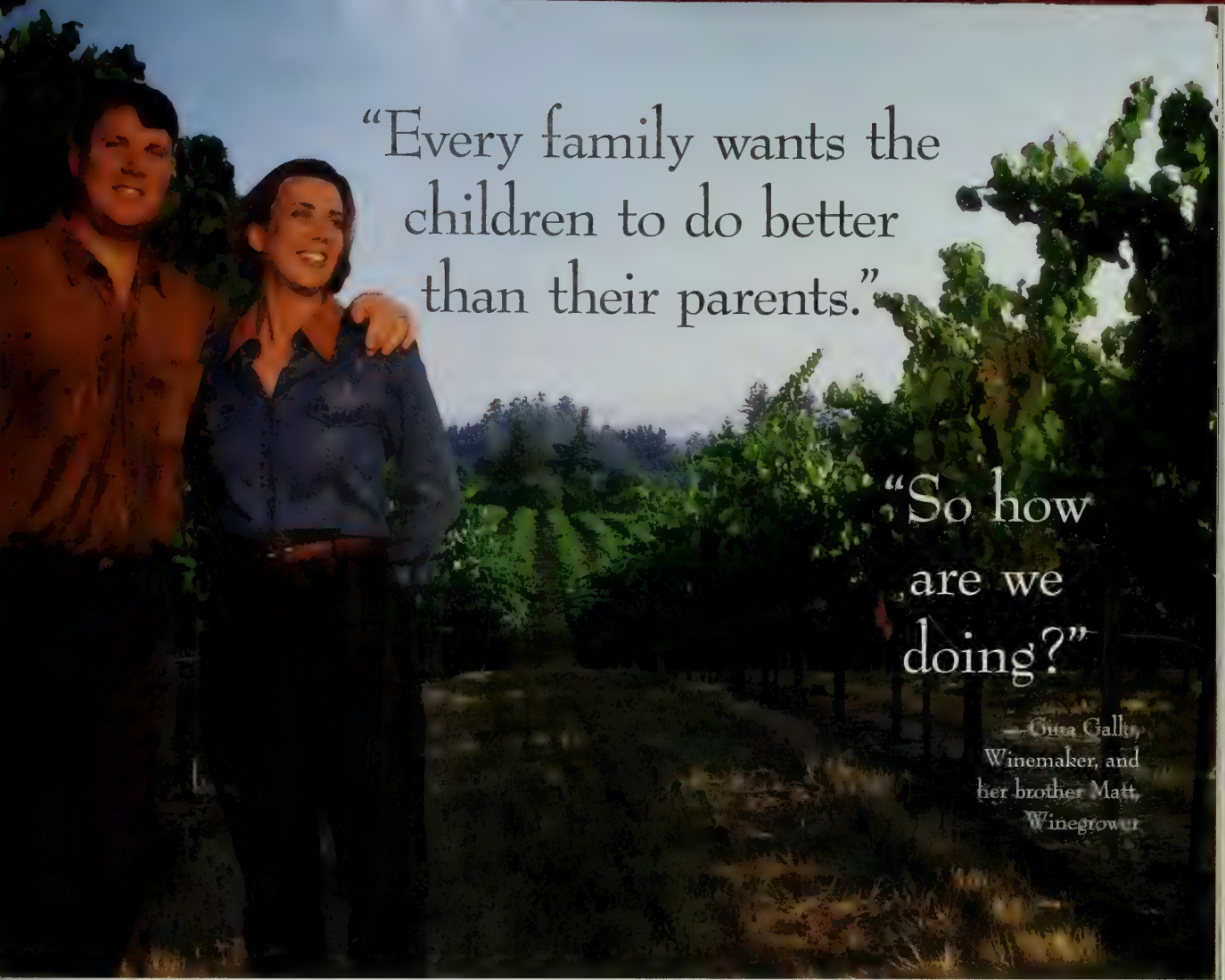
**BY JOHN RICHARDSON**

*The Dream*—Picasso's 1932 painting of his pneumatic mistress, Marie-Thérèse Walter, dozing in a red armchair—is coming up for sale on November 10, when Christie's auctions the collection of masterpieces that the four children of Victor and Sally Ganz inherited on the death of their mother earlier this year. Christie's refuses to predict what the enormously popular *Dream* is going to fetch; however, an informed dealer tells me that it is likely to set a record for a middle-period Picasso—at least $30 million. As for the entire collection, the figure of $125 million is being mentioned.

If *The Dream* has become a 20th-century icon, our *Mona Lisa*, it is not only on account of the beauty of the image—the magic of the color, the harmony of the forms, the ecstatic languor of the pose—but also because Picasso has given one of the most hackneyed subjects in Western art a power- twist. He has made his sexual passion for Marie- culpable, and he has chosen to do so allusively—in *Dream* is a lot less innocent than it seems. Take her look at that serene, heart-shaped face and you will see



**Marie-Thérèse Walter, one of Picasso's mistresses, photographed by the artist at Dinard Beach in 1929, and, *top*, immortalized in his sensual masterpiece *The Dream*, 1932 (oil on canvas; 51⅛ in. by 38⅛ in.).**

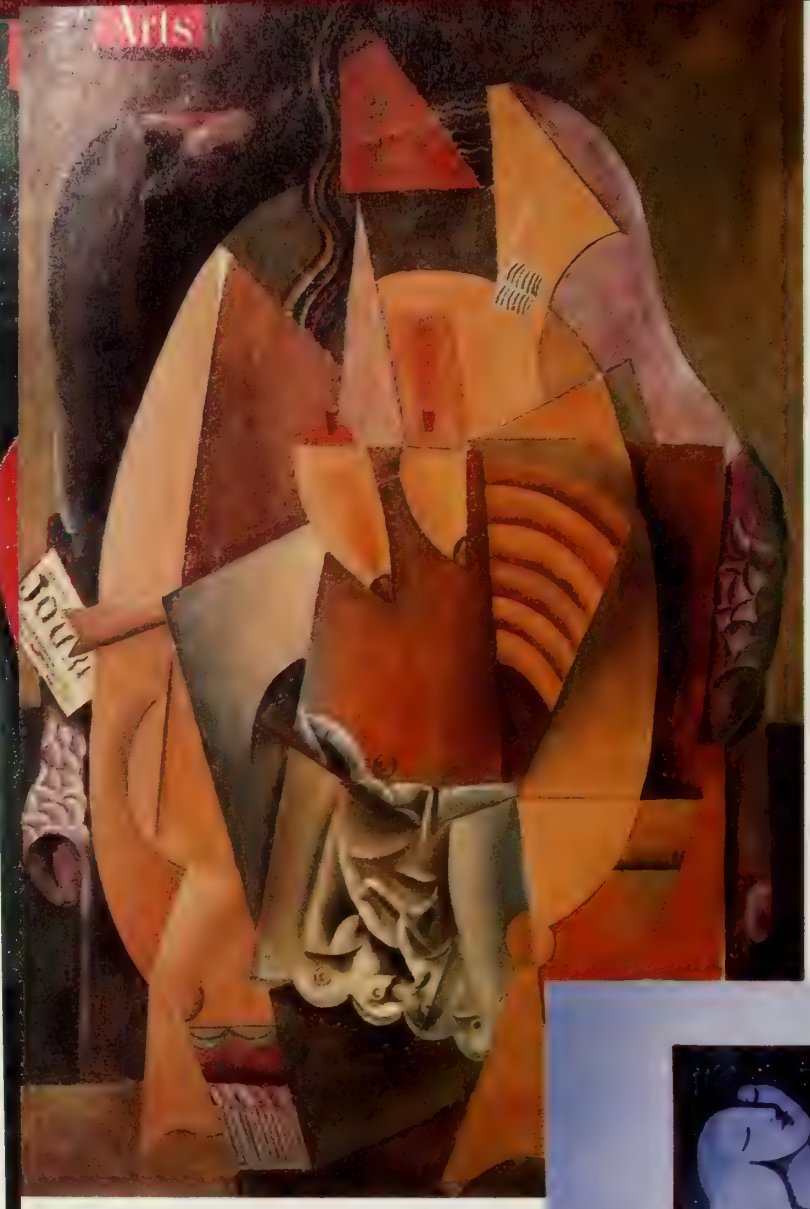



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**Victor and Sally Ganz, *right*, in their New York apartment in 1968 with *The Dream*, the first Picasso they purchased, for $7,000 in 1941. *Above*, the last Picasso the Ganzes bought, the sexually charged *Woman in an Armchair*, 1913 (oil on canvas; 59 in. by 39⅛ in.). Purchased in 1967 for $200,000, it is expected to fetch as much as $20 million at Christie's auction.**

## Picasso presided over the Ganzes' long, happy marriage like a patron sa

mote everything from sleeping pills to bath salts, de spite the copyright owners' efforts to stop them.

The acquisition of *The Dream* helped bring about th Ganzes' marriage. Victor, who would head his family' thriving costume-jewelry business, had been courtin Sally Wile, a peppy young buyer at Macy's, for seve years, but had never gotten around to proposing. Ther in the summer of 1941, *The Dream* worked its magic Victor and Sally had spotted the painting in a show a Paul Rosenberg's gallery, but it was not for sale. Th owner was Meric Callery, a sculptor who had acquire a number of major Picassos in the course of her mar riage to an Italian industrialist and art patron name Carlo Frua di Angeli. When France fell to the Ger mans, Callery abandoned her husband in Paris, rolle up some of her best paintings, including *The Dream* and returned to New York. Victor tracked her down She turned out to need money for taxes and sold hin *The Dream* for what seemed at the time an astronom ical sum: $7,000. A few months later, Victor finall made Sally his bride.

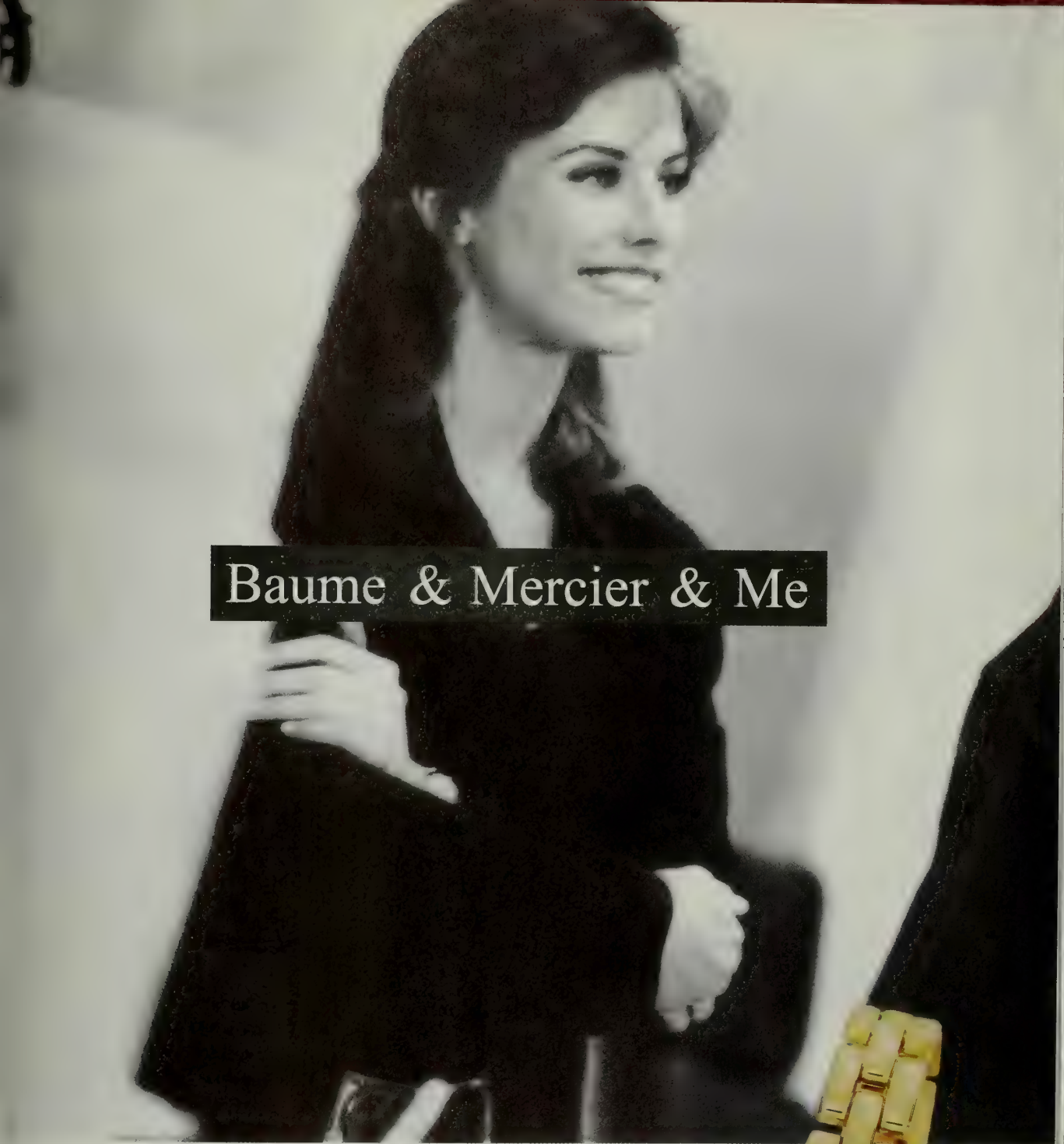
Picasso presided over the Ganzes' long, happy mar riage like a patron saint. For the next 25 years, th couple devoted themselves to forming the greatest pri vate collection of his work in America: 24 paintings, nu merous drawings and sculp tures, and several hundre prints. What is more, the managed this on a relativel modest budget. "There goe my winter coat," Sally said t me ruefully after they ha made one particularly unaf fordable acquisition. "I'll jus have to tighten the belt o the old one."

Although Picasso met th Ganzes only twice, he had th greatest admiration for them He was especially impresse by their preference for diffi cult paintings over easy ones. "Aren't they running out o wall space?" he once aske me. I never dared tell Picasso that the Ganzes had stopped col lecting him because they could no longer afford his ever risin prices. In the early 1960s they began collecting the less costly but no less challenging work of contemporary American mas ters, above all Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns.

The last Picasso the Ganzes bought, the equally celebrated *Woman in an Armchair* of 1913—for $200,000 in 1967—has much in common with *The Dream*. It is one of the most radi cal images of a woman in Western art. Guillaume Apollinaire had been fascinated by it. He told Picasso that he had "always wanted to pull up her chemise." Picasso replied: "You can really see that she's all woman. She's even got what she con ceals"—a reference to the vaginal nature of the image. □

that it is mined with subliminal devices.

Picasso has also rung a change on his old trick of combining profile and full-face. He uses a black shadow to cleave the face in two like a backside so that the lower half, painted pale green, forms a perfect profile, while the upper half, painted pale pink, makes a pictorial pun on a penis. Sex is literally on the dreamer's mind. Look at how Picasso uses a string of beads to delineate the neck and breastlike shoulders, and at how he gets the forms to rhyme lasciviously with one another. Marie-Thérèse's beautiful lilac-colored arms are as tumescent as erectile tissue. In case we are in any doubt as to the area of her dreams, Picasso comes up with another of his pictorial puns: he has linked her fingers together to form a small, unmistakably pubic triangle. Hence *The Dream*'s powerful appeal. No wonder manufacturers use this loaded image to pro-




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# STILL CAPTAIN FANTASTIC

Elton John's worldwide hit "Candle in the Wind" pays tribute to his friend Princess Diana, whose struggles and triumphs helped him survive his own. At 50, after a summer of loss, pop's most prolific balladeer is clean, sober, topping the charts, and finally learning how to live offstage

**BY LESLIE BENNETTS**







**ELTON IN THE WIND**
**Still standin', Elton greets the sun in Nice, where the view from his home reveals Corsica and the Maritime Alps. The singer wears blue sandals and raiment—a Gianni Versace robe—reminiscent of his late buddy and other sunny days.**

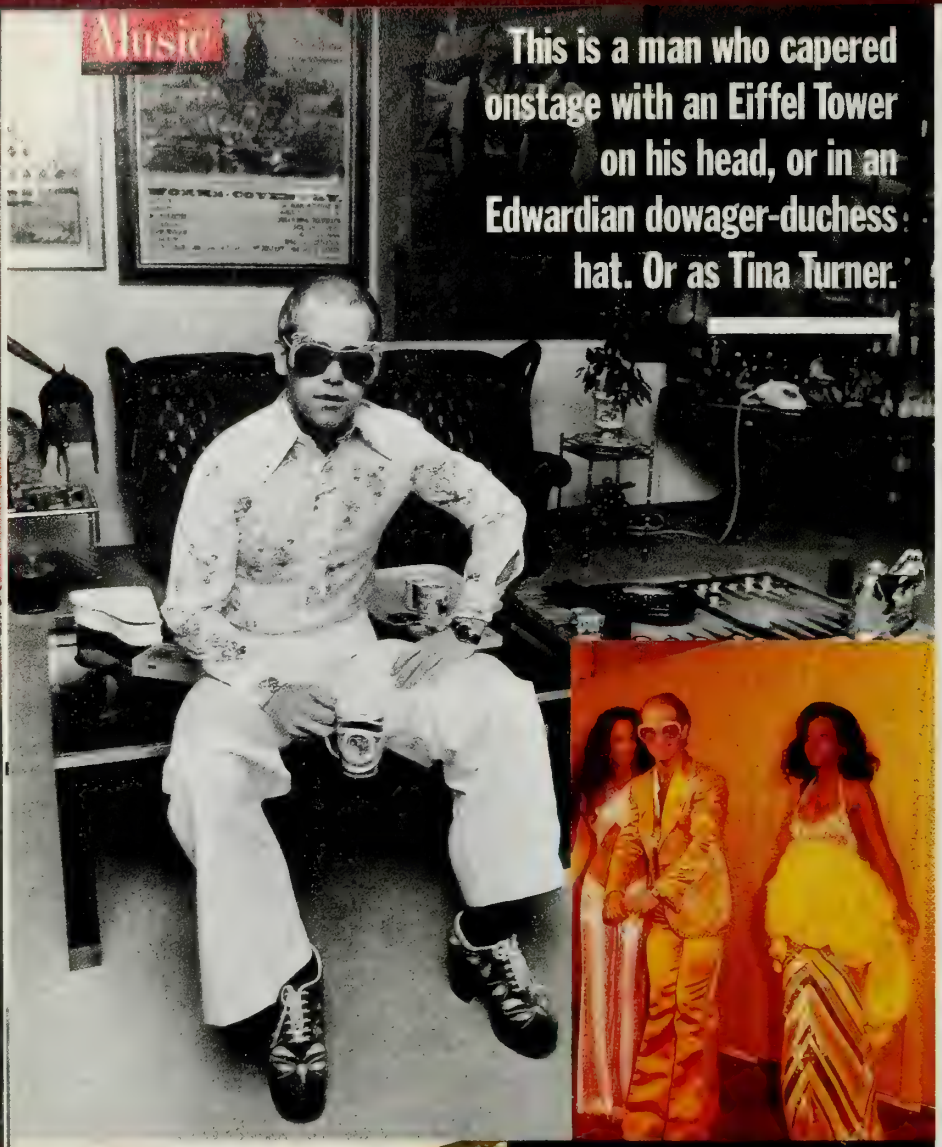
Discreetly monitored by surveillance cameras, the gold-encrusted gates lead to a stately *allée* of chestnut trees that winds past an 18th-century orangery with gold-leafed ceilings, around a pond festooned with fuchsia water lilies that shelters an island bird sanctuary, and up to Woodside itself, a turreted brick mansion flanked by what used to be stables. Since the current master of the house goes in for Bentleys, Ferraris, and Jaguars rather than Thoroughbreds, these have been turned into a 36-car garage.

For his 50th birthday, last spring, Elton John was presented with a leather volume that details, in exquisite calligraphy, the history of the land he has lived on for the last 22 years. Its recorded owners begin with William the Conqueror's physician, the Bishop of Lisieux, who attended the King on his deathbed nearly a thousand years ago.

Taking me for a quick tour of the gardens before lunch, Elton pauses on

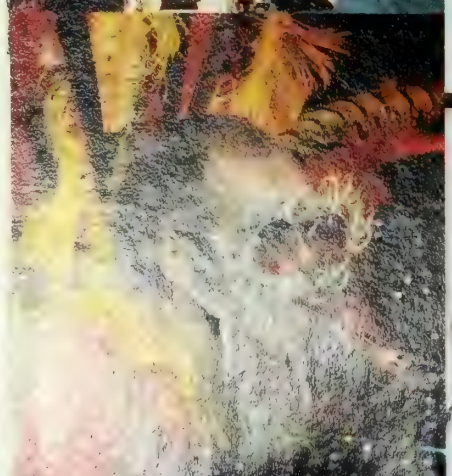
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**This is a man who capered onstage with an Eiffel Tower on his head, or in an Edwardian dowager-duchess hat. Or as Tina Turner.**











**BEHIND THE DAZZLING SHADES** ***Clockwise from top:*** **Elton John in Surrey, England, in the 70s, his era of public spectacles and private pain; the singer framed by giant lenses and giant divas, Cher and Diana Ross (right); in 1971 with lyricist Bernie Taupin, with whom he has written hits for nearly 30 years; eye-catching Elton, 1976; pop's perennial slugger in all his glory in 1975.**

a hillside overlooking Windsor Castle, which shimmers softly in the afternoon sun. "The King would light beacons when he was sick, and his physician would ride over," Elton says.

The story of Woodside, which has burned and been rebuilt at least twice over the centuries, has always been intertwined with that of the crown; in 1537, Henry VIII bought the property to use as a hunting lodge. In recent years, the Princess of Wales—a good friend of Elton's for nearly 20 years—was a frequent visitor.

Many grand estates are now owned by rock stars, but Elton John seems an improbable country squire. He is surrounded by leaping Border terriers—but he's wearing an Alabama football sweatshirt, striped shorts that expose his fleshy legs, and running shoes. Then there's the hair. After decades of agonizing about his balding head, Elton has finally settled on a luxuriant auburn weave styled in a Buster Brown bowl cut that gives him the look of a debauched choirboy. After all the years of alcoholism and drug abuse his pink dumpling of a face is surprisingly unlined, but behind the blue-tinted shades his eyes are sharp and knowing.

We drink water in crystal goblets and pick at vegetable soufflé and fruit. The only hint of bacchanalian excess is provided by the naked men in various poses of bondage that adorn the impeccably polished silver candelabra. In the old days Elton might not have emerged from his room for lunch or anything else. He used to hide out for weeks at a time, swilling scotch and snorting coke, his paranoia so overwhelming he was afraid to face anyone. "He would be in bed all day," says his mother, Sheila Farebrother, who spent years wondering whether her son would kill himself.

But that was before rehab, before the hundreds of A.A. meetings and therapy sessions that got him clean and sober, not to mention the sensible relationship that replaced all the boy toys. Elton's rehabilitation has been so complete that he was the only pop artist asked to perform at Princess Diana's funeral. His heartbreaking appearance at Westminster Abbey and the haunting tribute to Diana suddenly made him the world's most visible artist.

It has been 27 years since he became a star; his music dominated much of the 1970s, with a succession of hits so relentless that—as Bernie Taupin, his lyricist for 30 years, put it—"you couldn't

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fart without hearing Elton John." But most stars of that generation have fallen by the wayside: some are dead; few continue to climb the charts. And yet, at the age of 50, Elton is back in the limelight. His new CD, *The Big Picture,* features a cover portrait by his friend Julian Schnabel, and recently he sang with no less than Luciano Pavarotti in a duet entitled "Live Like Horses." This fall, Elton is hitting the road for a series of American concerts, followed by a major international tour with Billy Joel that begins in January.

Then there's *The Lion King,* which is arriving on Broadway as a lavish musical after a Minneapolis tryout that won ecstatic reviews. Elton and Tim Rice have written three new songs to complement their spectacularly successful movie score, which has sold more than 10 million copies to date. Its best-known song, a ballad entitled "Can You Feel the Love Tonight," won them a Grammy, an Oscar, and a Golden Globe award. As a follow-up to *The Lion King,* Elton and Rice have already written 24 songs for a musical based on *Aïda,* which is expected to come to Broadway in the fall of 1998.

Elton does like to keep busy. "Some people take three or four years in between each album, and I think, What are you *doing?*" he says briskly, settling into an overstuffed sofa. We are surrounded by extravagant arrangements of sweet peas, sunflowers, lilies, roses; between the flowers, scented candles, and potpourri, the air seems downright intoxicating.

But Elton's mind is on work. "Some people do have writing blocks, I know—but some people are bloody lazy," he grumbles.

I raise my eyebrows and he grins sheepishly, peering out from under his preposterously lush bangs. "Some people aren't as driven as I am," he admits. "Sitting around doing nothing doesn't appeal to me. The thing that saved my life was that I worked. No matter what shape I was in, I still managed to perform and make records. I love to tour. The greatest thing in the world is to get onstage. Some nights you feel wonderful and it just doesn't happen. Other nights you've got a headache, but it just goes. It has always been an escape for me to be performing. I think most performers are seeking attention, seeking approval. The tragedy is when you don't know how to be offstage."

That for most of his life, Elton didn't. Although everyone around him knew he was in trouble—his mother moved to Minorca to avoid watching him self-destruct—he remained in deep denial about his addictions. "I thought I could handle it," he says wryly. "I was intelligent and rich and famous enough to sort out my problems on my own, without some fuck telling me what to do. 'I need help'—three words can solve your problem, but my pride would not let me. Pride and ignorance."

By the time he went into rehab in 1990, he was a mess—bloated, unkempt, and totally out of control. "I looked like Jabba the Hutt," he says. "I had lost my sense of values completely. When you do drugs you get lazy and become a slovenly person. And you feel terrible shame. You know you're being a pig; your whole life is a web of lies and deceit. You're always covering your tracks. You think people don't know you're trying to hide what you're doing, but of course they know. I was going downhill at an alarming rate. I couldn't afford to go on like that much longer, but I don't know if I would have had the honesty or humility to do something about it on my own. Most people need a little kick."

**"I looked like Jabba the Hutt," Elton says of his cocaine days. "When you do drugs your life is a web of lies and deceit."**

Elton got his from his boyfriend at the time, an Atlanta real-estate broker named Hugh Williams who had gone into treatment himself. "I was furious," Elton says. "I hated it. I didn't think he had a problem, and I didn't think I was a drug addict; I thought drug addicts were people who stuck needles in their arms. But I was shamed into it. Hugh's level of honesty was so much higher than mine. When I went into treatment they said, 'How do you feel?' I said, 'I don't know.' I didn't have feelings. I was like an iceberg. All I felt was fear."

Sobriety has brought a blessed relief. "I'm not afraid of anybody now," Elton says proudly. "I don't have any secrets, any baggage, any shame."

He has always been famed for his tantrums—"Reggie's little moments," as his fellow musicians used to call them—but even these have diminished. "Now there are no more mood swings," says Bob Halley, Elton's personal assistant for the last 23 years. "I don't have to duck anymore."

Other vestiges of the past are harder to eradicate. "Two or three nights a week he has cocaine nightmares," reports David Furnish, Elton's current boyfriend. "He wakes up in a cold sweat. It's like the demons that never go away."

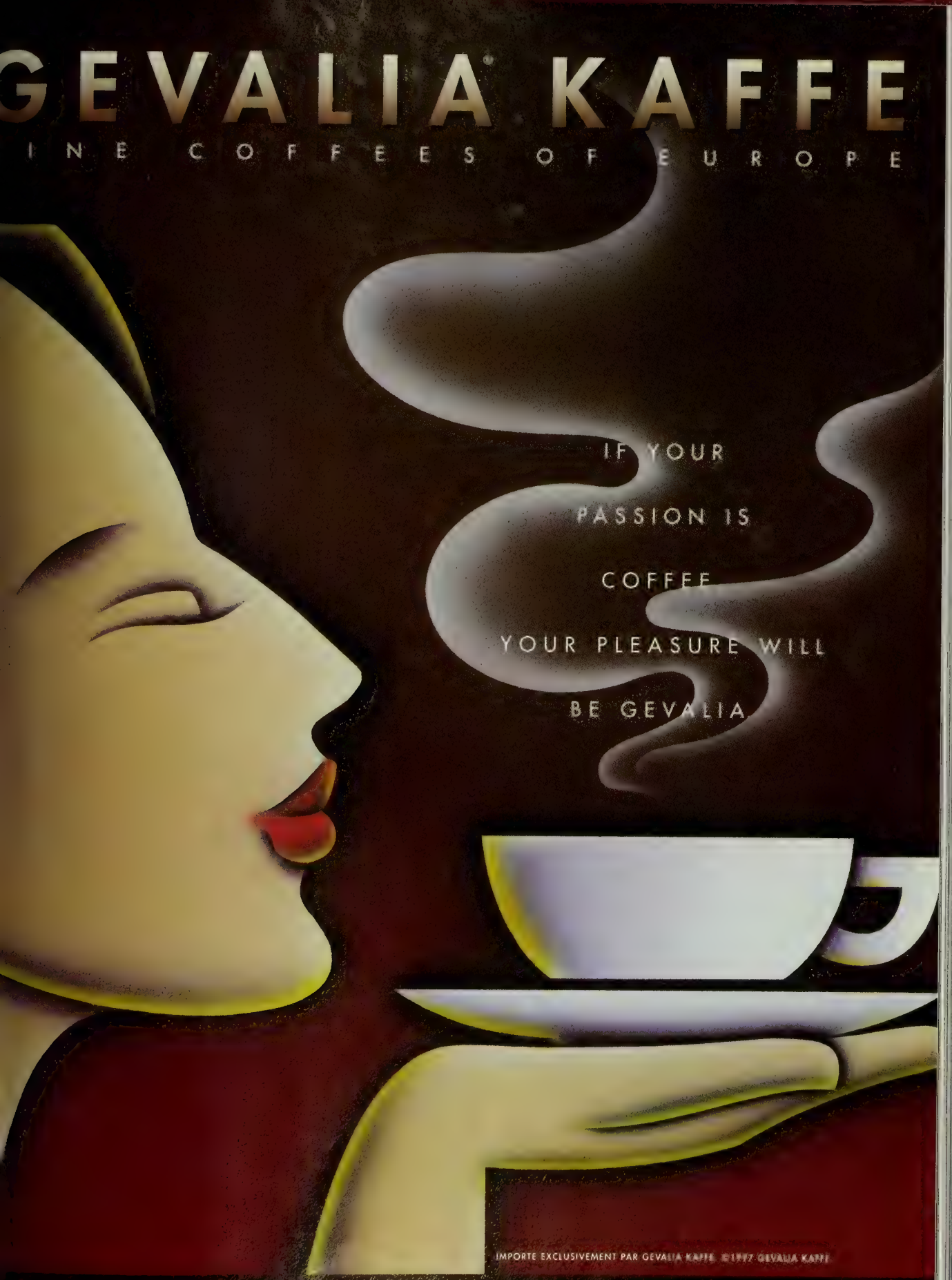
Elton admits he is haunted by his old habits. "If someone's doing coke, I can taste it in the back of my throat, and I'm out of there," he says. "I do miss a glass of red wine; it's so civilized, and it smells so good, but I just ruled it out. I'm not complacent about my recovery."

Distracted, he reaches over and plumps an already perfect sofa pillow. Elton is the kind of person who can't sit still, who straightens picture frames and rearranges tchotchkes while he's talking to you; even the fringe on the rugs must all be pointing in the same direction.

The whole house is so pristine it looks as if no one at all lives here, let alone Elton and David, eight Border terriers, two Irish wolfhounds, two German shepherds, and a mutt. There isn't one speck of dust on the gleaming Steinway. In rehab, when Elton was asked about Hugh, his main complaint was that his lover didn't put away the CDs neatly enough. Before he got famous, Elton's favorite pastimes included vacuuming, which he found very soothing. "There's nothing I like better than to give the old sink a scrub," he says. "I'm anal-retentive. I cannot go to bed at night if the TV changer is by the bed instead of on the television."

Indeed, he gives new meaning to the term house-proud. Although Elton sold off the entire contents of Woodside in 1989 ("I was fed up with Art Deco and Art Nouveau"), it is now crammed full of English chintz, Meissen, and Staffordshire. ("I've never seen so much fucking porcelain," Mick Jagger claimed.) Elton is an insatiable shopper—"I could find a shop in the Sahara desert"—but makes no apologies. "I was always quite attached to things," he says. "Things were my friends, as a kid. It's probably another addiction, but as my mum said, 'It's better than putting stuff up your nose.'"

Unfortunately, he does run out of room sooner or CONTINUED ON PAGE 14




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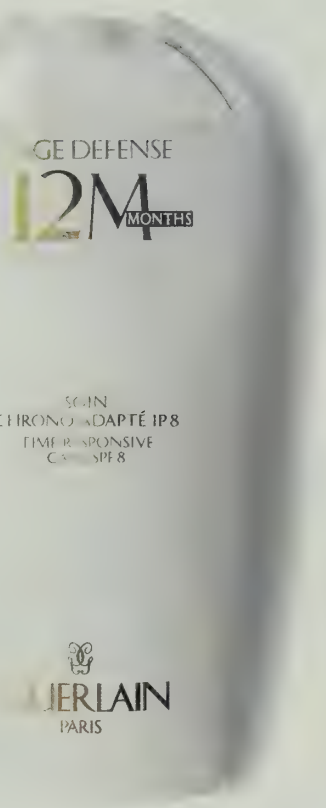


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**THE SITE OF MY FUTURE LIFE**
**Elton's English mansion features Border terriers, Ferraris, and a pond festooned with fuchsia water lilies. But his Riviera retreat, overlooking the Bay of Nice, is a world of modern art, including (*left*) a portrait of Elton by Julian Schnabel and (*clockwise from center left*) a room-size closet with bust and a spectrum of Versace footwear, a landscaped parterre with giant reflecting balls, a pool fit for lion kings, and extraordinary furniture, such as this glass table topped with white lilies.**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138 later. "My houses are all full up now, all four of them," he says regretfully. Besides Woodside, he owns a six-bedroom London town house decked out in Biedermeier; an 18,000-square-foot apartment in Atlanta which contains his vast photography collection ("Every time I ran out of walls to put photographs on, I bought the next apartment," explains Elton, who has combined five separate apartments so far); and his latest acquisition, a three-story rose-colored villa in the South of France, where the art collection ranges from Schnabel and Warhol to Basquiat and Eric Fischl. The view from the hillside, which overlooks the Bay of Nice, is so breathtaking that on a clear day you can see Corsica to the south and the snow-covered Maritime Alps up north.

While Elton has always been known for spectacular displays of conspicuous consumption, he has developed less selfish pursuits as well. "When I got out of treatment, I felt like, Fucking hell—you're really lucky to still be here. You've got to do something really good with your life now—atone, make amends with your friends, do something positive," he says.

One result was the Elton John AIDS Foundation, which has raised $13 million for AIDS treatment. All the royalties from his singles go to the AIDS Foundation, and he often does benefit concerts.

The drug-free Elton is less tolerant about the self-indulgence of his peers. "Sometimes I watch these awards shows, and I think, My God, I'm in the same business!" he exclaims. "All that insincerity flying out of every fucking pore in their bodies!" He shakes his head in disgust; his bangs sway merrily. "When you're on drugs, particularly cocaine, it's nonstop bullshit. You could fertilize the world with the bullshit coming out of people's mouths. It's that rock 'n' roll behavior. Now that I'm 50, it seems so stupid to behave like that."

Growing old is a touchy issue for rock stars, and Elton's flamboyance makes it a particular challenge; after all, this is a man who used to caper onstage with an Eiffel Tower on his head or an outsize Edwardian dowager-duchess hat, trailing enormous white and pink ostrich boas. Other incarnations have included an Aztec wingec god, a French dauphin, a Venetian doge, Rocket Man, Napoleon, and the Statue of Liberty. He dressed up in a yellow Tina Turner wig with a silver lamé tea gown, topped by gigantic sil



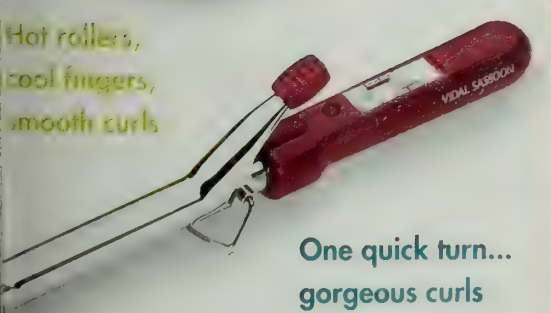

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# HOW STYLE HAPPENS.

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ver angel wings. He wore a spangled Ali Baba turban with bloomers, a Mozart suit with a white wig and a beauty spot, a Mephistopheles costume with a four-foot-high crimson ruff, and a Mohican wig in fluorescent pink, adorned with a black velvet bow. And then there were the glasses—spectacles encircled with white mink or palm trees or feathers or flashing lightbulbs that spelled out ELTON.

While Elton certainly hasn't lost his taste for the odd sequin, he has toned things down; in recent years he has generally performed in Versace suits in colors such as chartreuse, yellow, and red. "I don't mind getting older," he says mildly. "You change; your tastes change; you see things differently. There's a mellowing. I don't jump around onstage like I used to—not like a flying acrobat. The hardest part about rock 'n' roll is that the older you get the more ridiculous you look. I'm so glad I'm sitting on my piano stool now. I don't get up and wiggle my buns. I consider myself a guy who sings and plays the piano."

Not that Elton has gone conservative; when Ingrid Sischy, the editor of *Interview* magazine and a close friend, visited in Nice last summer, he appeared for dinner in a bright-orange suit with a bubble-gum-pink shirt and lavender shades.

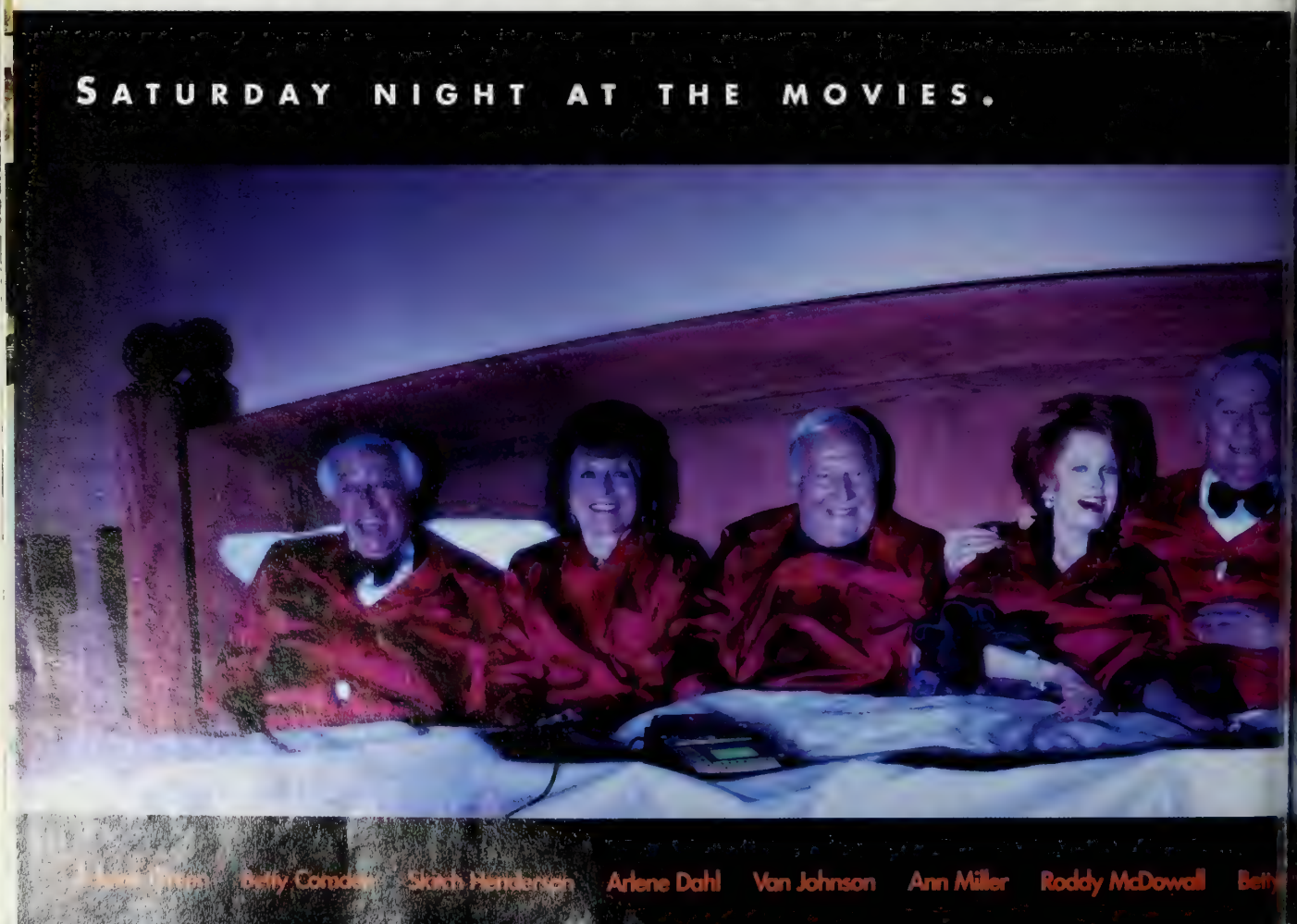
Elton celebrated his 50th birthday with a lavish bash at Hammersmith Palais for 600 of his nearest and dearest, who ranged from Jeffrey Katzenberg and the members of Pink Floyd to Charlie Watts, Billy Joel, and Andrew Lloyd Webber. The highlight of the evening was Elton's appearance in full Sun King regalia, a nine-foot-high extravaganza topped with a silver wig bearing a pirate ship puffing smoke from tiny cannons, not to mention a 20-foot train adorned with white ostrich feathers and carried by two scantily clad male slaves. When I ask Elton exactly which monarch he was, he says gaily, "Which Louis are we? Louis the 20th. Or 'Louie, Louie.'"

Which pretty much sums up the parameters of Elton's world.

From the living room, it looks like just another panel in the wall. Give it a little push, however, and it springs open to reveal a door that leads to a corridor lined floor to ceiling with platinum and gold records from all over the world. "These actually mean something," Elton says softly as we stroll down the glittering hall. "Awards I could care less about, but these mean people actually bought the record."

They began to buy in 1970, when Elton hit the charts with "Your Song," and was catapulted to fame by a legendary performance at the Troubadour. The *Los Angeles Times* review began: "Rejoice. Rock music . . . has a new star. He's Elton John . . . whose debut . . . was, in almost every way, magnificent. His music is so staggeringly original . . . [his] songs so varied in texture that his work defies classification. . . . He's going to be one of rock's biggest and most important stars."

His success was dazzling. Even now, the 70s chart statistics remain awesome: 14 Top 10 albums, including 7 that reached No. 1, plus 26 Top 10 singles. The songs remain rock classics, from "Rocket Man" (currently being heard in an AT&T commercial), "Honky Cat," and "Crocodile Rock" to "Daniel," "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road," "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me," and "The Bitch Is Back." The biggest pop star in the world throughout the 70s, Elton has 18 platinum albums (sales of



nore than a million copies each) to his name. Some industry calculations estimated that his music once accounted for as much as 3 percent of annual record, tape, and CD sales worldwide. By now Elton has sold more than 200 million records ("Maybe it's more than that," he says hopefully).

After all these years, he is as fanatical as ever about what's going on in the music world—and about his own status. "I get *Billboard* every week; I listen to everything that comes out," he says. "I'm like a kid in a candy store, always seeking out new bands and looking for new CDs. I'm not threatened; I get inspired by good stuff. I am competitive. I think it's great to still be on the charts after 27 years, with all these new acts. I like to survive. I've had a Top 40 single in *Billboard* every year for the last 27 years." He smiles slyly. "I beat Elvis's record. He had 22 or 23 years."

"Elton John is the longest-lasting solo rock star there is," observes Stephen Holden, a veteran music critic for *The New York Times*. "He makes more records than anybody else, and he's outlasted his peers. He's the great survivor; he's proved that sheer talent will win out."

According to his longtime manager, John Reid, Elton is probably worth $250 million ("They say McCartney's the richest rock star, but I'm the second," Elton claims), but he pays little attention to his financial affairs. "He has no interest in money for its own sake," says Reid. "The world is a giant toy store. I'm forever hounding him to save money. He'll say, 'What for?'"

**"I am competitive," Elton admits. "It's great to still be on the charts. I've had a Top 40 single in *Billboard* every year for the last 27. I beat Elvis's record."**

Elton has other ways of keeping score. "I want another hit record," he says, his eyes narrowing with determination. "I haven't had a Top 10 album in a long time. I'd like to get a Tony Award. I'd like to write a screen musical. I'd like to get another Oscar. I want to create." He grins. "I love this business."

The meticulously alphabetized shelves of Elton John's CD library are packed with every kind of music: Beethoven, Coltrane, Sinatra, the Velvet Underground, Marvin Gaye, Nat King Cole, Pearl Jam, Edith Piaf, Dusty Springfield.

Music has always been Elton's solace and his passion, and it has always come to him with spectacular ease. He rarely spends more than an hour writing a song, and he never even thinks about what he's going to write until he goes into the studio to record. His collaboration with Tim Rice has followed the same pattern that Elton has always maintained with Bernie Taupin: they work separately—often on different continents. "I say, 'Tim, I've booked a studio for this date,'" Elton explains. "The lyrics always come through the night before, by fax; they never get there till the 11th hour. I have nothing before I go into the studio. I kind of like the danger of that. It's always seemed to work for me."

Even as a toddler, Elton was a prod-








**"I live my life to the fullest," Elton said after Versace's death, "because you never know." And then came the news of Diana.**



**THIS IS YOUR SONG**
*From top:* Elton celebrates his 50th birthday in London last April with David Furnish; Elton, decorous in a baseball cap, in Sardinia in 1996 with the late Gianni Versace, with whom he spoke daily; with Furnish (front row), Versace (back, right), and Antonio D'Amico on Italy's Lake Como during the same summer; with Diana at Versace's memorial Mass in Milan on July 22; singing for the Princess at her funeral, about a month later.



igy. Long before his pudgy little legs could reach the pedals on a piano, he could listen to a record, whether it was Haydn or Little Richard, and play it by ear. "He had the chords and everything, without being taught," says his mother. "He just had the gift."

The gift carried him through a childhood which Elton sees as having scarred him for life. Born Reginald Dwight, the middle-class son of a doting mother and a remote, often absent father (a milkman turned Royal Air Force officer), little Reg spent his early years yearning in vain for his father's approval. "My mother loved me tremendously, but a boy always wants the attention of his father," Elton says bleakly. But his father's attention usually took the form of criticism. "All my insecurities come from that," he says. "When my father came home, there would always be a row. I would shut myself in my room."

"His father was a very jealous man, very possessive of me, and I think Elton got in the way," muses his mom, Sheila, who divorced her husband when Elton was 15 and remarried. "I think he really wanted him to be a daughter. I don't think he liked Elton. He was a nervous child, frightened of his father, who used to pick on him, and that would make him worse; he would do everything wrong. I would stick up for Elton, and then we used to end up having big fights."

Elton was terrified by their arguments. "Fear is awful," he says grimly. "I've lived my life in fear of confrontation, fear of not being liked. I was afraid of my own shadow. But I always knew what I wanted to do. Music saved my life."

Elton's father died five years ago. "I didn't go to the funeral. I didn't want to be a hypocrite," Elton says, staring fixedly at the floor. "I made my peace with him when I was in treatment, but it's molded me for the rest of my life. You never lose it. Any movie that has a father-son thing, I'm off. I just break down and sob and sob." He sighs. "We just never bonded as father and son. We didn't know how to love each other."

But the women in Elton's family more than made up for that. He was raised by his mother, grandmother, and aunt, all of whom doted on him and supported his talent. In fairness, his father was far from a monster; Elton's bitterest complaints revolve around crimes that others might consider triv-

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ial. (His father criticized the way Reg crunched celery; he wouldn't let him wear Hush Puppies.)

Elton spent the next few decades paying his father back. First he changed his name. "How can you name a baby Reginald?" he demands with mock indignation. Borrowing the name Elton from a fellow musician, he announced that he was now Elton Hercules John—and buried timid little Reggie Dwight forever. Eric Clapton is the only one who still calls him Reg. "I can't bear it," says Elton, whose traveling aliases include Sir Tarquin Budgerigar, Bobo Latrine Jr., Sir Horace Pussy, and Binky Poodle-Clip ("Good morning, Mr. Poodle-Clip. Can I help you?" Elton mimics).

Names are easy to change, but his physical problems proved more intractable. At the outset of his career, already starting to lose his hair and perpetually unable to control his weight, Elton realized he was never going to be a sexual icon. Typically overcompensating, he became the most flamboyant entertainer since Liberace: If you won't let me wear Hush Puppies, I'll dress up as Marie Antoinette.

"He's still doing it," Bernie Taupin sighs. "It's that little-boy part of him that says, 'Nah, nah! You can't tell me what to do!' Sometimes he took it too far; seeing Elton sing 'Your Song' dressed as Donald Duck takes away from what the song is about. But it's that rebellious thing he didn't get to do when he was a kid. It was always a slap in the face to his father."

It was also a way of poking fun at himself before anyone else got the chance, a strategy prompted by the insecurity he still feels about his appearance. "That hasn't improved," he says regretfully, looking a trifle shamefaced. "I have a bad self-image. I hate seeing myself in pictures. I'm always going to have weight problems. If I had my own planet, there would be no calories on it. The way we look shouldn't matter, but we're obsessed with it."

Deeper insecurities revolve around his ability to be loved by another man. (There have been women too, including a pickled-onion heiress. Their engagement so panicked Elton that he stuck his head in the oven shortly before the wedding. Bernie Taupin came to the rescue before rigor mortis set in, and they got a song out of it: "Someone Saved My Life Tonight.")

Although Elton is a romantic at heart ("I was always chasing relationships; I used to call myself Sharon Picket-Fence," he says), for a long time he dealt with the need for intimacy by resorting to male bimbos, which eventually led to a brouhaha which Fleet Street papers quaintly described as a rent-boy scandal. Elton had long been the target of unseemly attacks in the British press after his hasty and ill-fated marriage to German sound engineer Renate Blauel back in the mid-1980s (heralded by *The Sun*'s headline GOOD ON YER, POOFTER!) his jilted boyfriend wrote a petulant tell-all called *Elton, My Elton,* complaining that Elton announced his marriage to Blauel only days after getting his boyfriend to fix him up with a blond Australian hustler.

Elton put up with the jeering for many years, but when *The Sun* mounted an all-out assault accusing him of drug orgies with under-age boys, he finally lost patience. As the press bombarded him with headlines like ELTON IN VICE BOYS SCANDAL, ELTON'S LUST FOR BONDAGE, ELTON'S KINKY KICKS, and ELTON'S FIVE-DAY ORGY, he launched his counterattack.

"They can say I'm a fat old sod, they can say I'm an untalented bastard, they can call me a poof, but they mustn't tell lies, because I'm going to fight," he vowed, filing a libel suit. He ultimately won a million pounds and a front-page apology (SORRY ELTON) from *The Sun.*

After that came the relationships with Hugh Williams and with John Scott, and other Atlantan, who now runs the Elton John AIDS Foundation. In the last four years, however, Elton's life has been transformed. "I feel extremely loved," he says shyly. Enter Mr. Right.

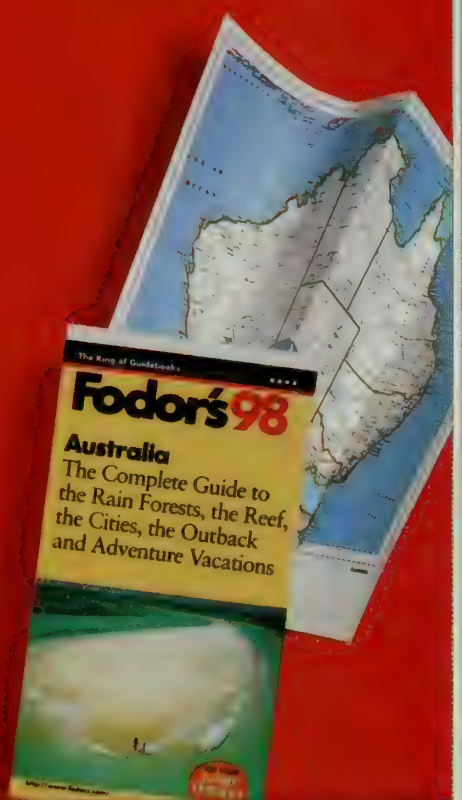
Resplendent in a lime-green linen shirt, jodhpurs, and riding boots, David Furnish strides into the room, a diamond stud twinkling in his right ear and an ingratiating smile on his perfectly chiseled face. He has been our riding Dynasty, a Thoroughbred mare once used as a driving horse for the Queen's carriage.

He and Elton have been together for four years. "We give each other anniversary cards every Saturday, because we met on a Saturday," confides Elton, who wears a slim gold wedding band on his ring finger. "If I'm away, I FedEx it to him. It's like an affirmation of how we feel about each other."

Furnish, a 30-year-old account director at Ogilvy & Mather when they met, left his advertising career to make a documentary about Elton called *Tantrum*

"a one-hour stage show, the performers are from the major sheep breeds. This is not a circus, however, but an opportunity to **gain insight** into the dramatically different appearances and **personalities of sheep**."

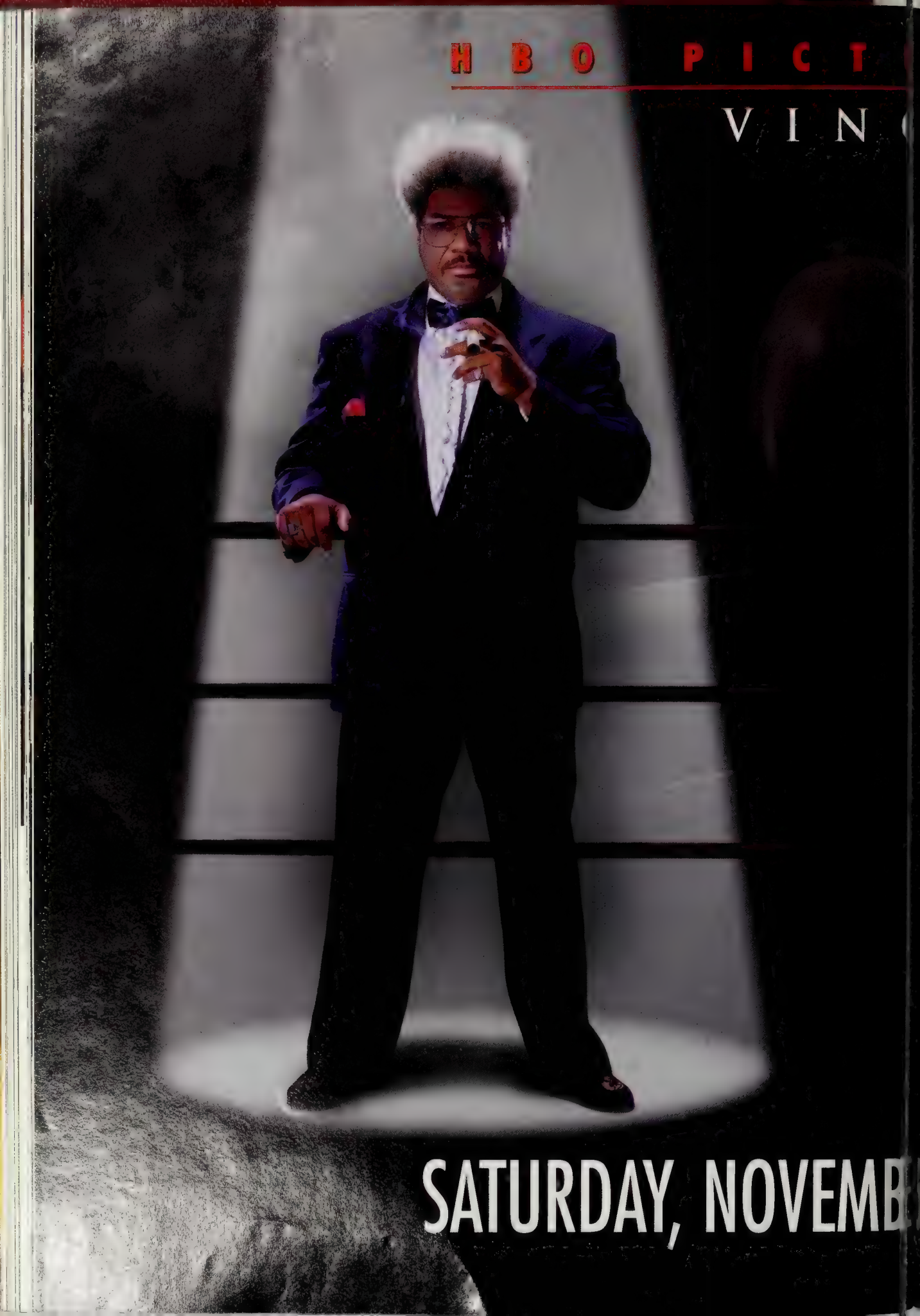


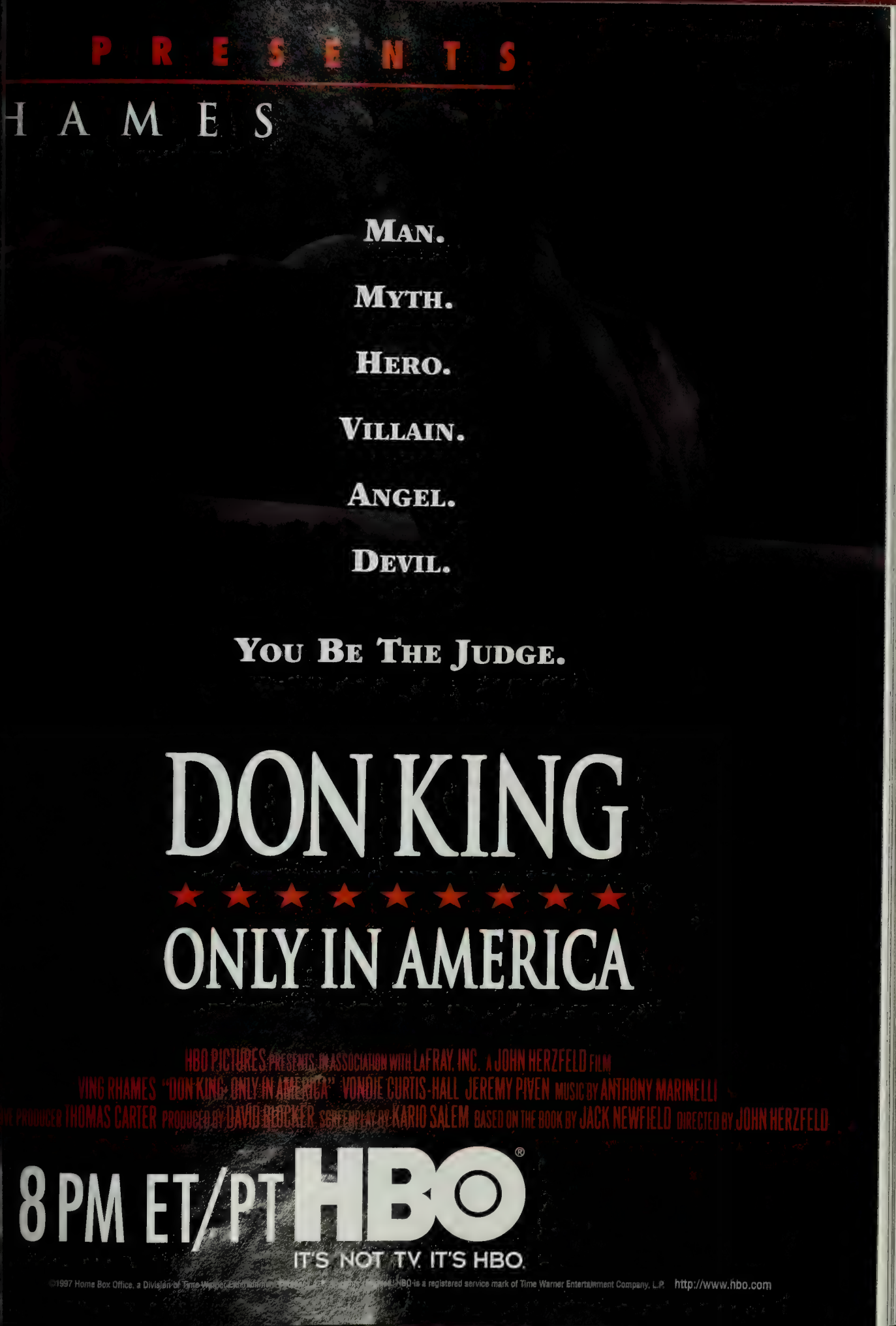



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A LOVER, A ROCKER, A WORTHLESS VENETIAN
Elton with boyfriend David Furnish, who runs John's film company. The painting (of an 18th-century Venetian nobleman) holds mainly camp value, unlike the singer's canvases by Schnabel, Warhol, and Basquiat.

**"They used him," Elton's mother says of his more transient boyfriends. "David is the first who's ever given back. Isn't it lovely!"**

*& Tiaras,* which aired on Cinemax this September and in England last year. He is now running Elton's film company, Rocket Pictures, which has six movie projects in development.

"I've always made the mistake of having people give up their jobs and come with me," explains Elton, who will leave David behind when he tours this time. "People lose their identities; they feel worthless. It's fine for about a week, but then it dawns on them that they don't really have a role to play, and they get angry. The difference with David was that he had a very good job; he was independent. Now he has his routine with the film company. He goes to the office every day; he gets paid a wage; he has his own self-worth."

Of Elton's earlier, more transient boyfriends, Sheila Farebrother says, "The others were just there for the taking. They used him for what they could get out of him, and then he'd be heartbroken." Mrs. Farebrother, who has returned to England now that her son is *compos mentis,* adds, "David is the firs one who's ever given everything back And I think, Isn't it lovely! Everybod needs somebody. Long may it last!"

Not that connubial bliss is ever easy particularly for Elton. "There ar times when I feel a little suffocate by it," he admits. "There are parts o me that still want to push that affec tion away. I've always been used to be ing the caretaker; everything's bee done on my terms. Now everythin


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has to be 50-50, and it's hard. I'm learning to accept love from David, but I still want to be calling the shots all the time."

Elton hasn't really had an equal relationship since he was 23, when he lost his virginity to the man who became his manager, John Reid. ("I was a late bloomer, but I made up for lost time," Elton says wickedly.) Before Reid came along, he had harbored an unrequited crush on Bernie Taupin, his then roommate. "Bernie was sweet, gentle, talented, drop-dead gorgeous—and straight," John Reid recalls.

Bernie and Elton lived together in bunk beds at Elton's mother's, subsisting on fish fingers and Instant Whip while trying to launch their careers. Elton's declaration of passion failed to derail their friendship. "He made his affections known, and my reaction was: You've got to be kidding!" recalls Taupin. "When I started laughing, it sort of broke the ice. He realized, This guy is just going to be my buddy. He got over it very quickly. I became his surrogate brother."

Taupin, who is currently married to his third wife, has long since relocated to the golden-brown California hillsides of Santa Ynez, where his Roundup Valley Ranch is surrounded by blue mountains and spreads such as Michael Jackson's infamous Neverland. Many years ago he and Elton made an album called *Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy,* and Taupin—who comes from the fen country in northern England—has completely transformed himself into the Brown Dirt Cowboy. Lean and sinewy, his face and arms tanned the color of mahogany, he raises, trains, and shows quarter horses; when I arrive at the ranch, he is wearing leather chaps, spurs, a hat with the Professional Bull Riders' insignia, and a white T-shirt whose sleeve is rolled up to reveal a bat tattooed on his shoulder. "It's an old Hopi symbol of freedom," Taupin explains.

Both men claim that Taupin has never been envious of Elton's fame or his work with other collaborators; Taupin records his own music with his band, Farm Dogs. But over 30 years, their bond has proved indestructible. "We are a perfect example of opposites attracting," says Taupin. "We came up together; we lived in a shoebox, and that's when we really got to understand each other. But since then we haven't lived in each other's back pockets. It's like a marriage at a distance. We know each other very, very well, and there's some sort of telepathic communication that binds us together."

Some of the new songs refer obliquely to Elton's recovery; many reflect the contentment that he and Taupin feel now.

"I actually look forward to getting up every single day," Elton says with a certain wonderment. "I felt in a black hole before. I was always uneasy with myself. The worst thing for me was to be alone; I'd start thinking too much, projecting too much. I never used to talk about things. I always used to hold things in. But if you don't talk about how you feel, it just eats you up. There's not a problem I can't solve anymore. And I've got a life outside of music now."

That life included a close friendship with designer Gianni Versace, and Elton was devastated by his murder last summer. "If there was one friend Gianni would confide in, it was Elton," says Donatella Versace, Gianni's sister. "Gianni always thought if you have a problem, you call Elton." The television coverage of Versace's memorial Mass showed Elton sobbing uncontrollably as Princess Diana tried to comfort him; the loss evoked terrible memories of the murder of another close friend, John Lennon. "I live my life to the fullest," Elton told me a few weeks later, "because you never know what's going to happen."

**"Diana was so good to me," Elton said after being comforted by the Princess of Wales at the Versace memorial, "and that meant so much to me."**

Then came the horrific death of the Princess of Wales. When Elton was asked to sing at the funeral, Bernie Taupin rewrote the lyrics to "Candle in the Wind" in a couple of hours, and their tribute to Diana became the emotional centerpiece of the day. Ashen-faced and red-eyed, Elton was afraid he wouldn't be able to get through the song without falling apart, but his performance was as disciplined as it was unforgettable. He went straight from Westminster Abbey into the studio to record it as a single whose profits will go to the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fund, a charity set up to support her favorite causes. The song instantly became Britain's fastest-selling single of all time, hitting No. 1 on the charts within a day of its release. "I will never sing this song again," Elton said afterward. "It is hers."

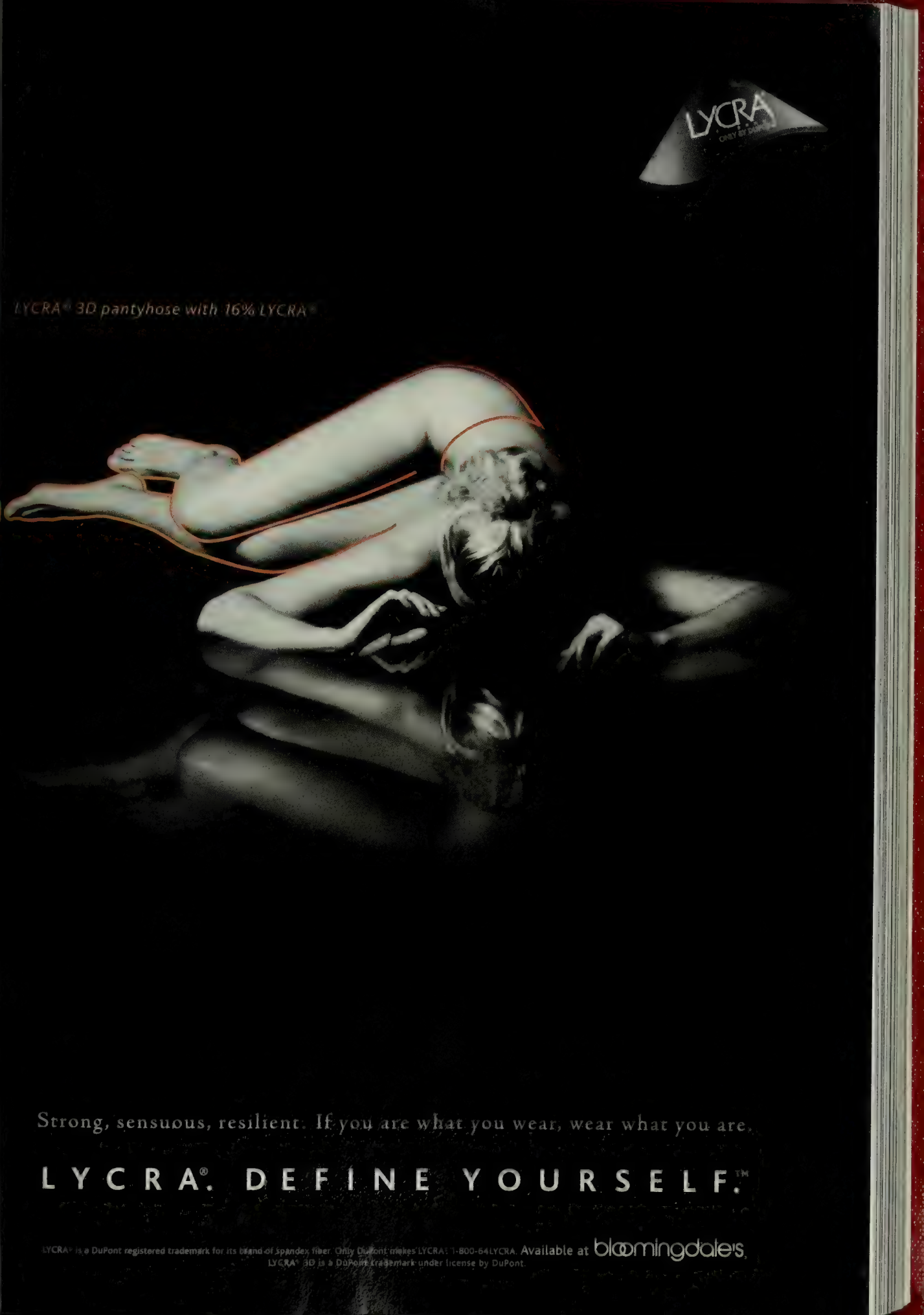
For Elton, Diana's death was made all the more poignant by the fact that the friends had had a brief falling-out last February when she withdrew as guest of honor at a benefit for his AIDS Foundation. The party was to celebrate Versace's book, *Rock and Royalty,* which contained campy photographs of nearly nude men juxtaposed with pictures of the royal family. Elton was informed that Diana had backed out in a frosty letter that began "Dear Mr. John," and the chill that resulted led him and Versace to cancel the benefit entirely. The Princess later apologized to Elton for the way things had been handled, and they were making plans for future appearances together when she died. Indeed, she had asked to sit next to Elton at Versace's memorial, where he was profoundly moved by her support. "She was so good to me, and that meant so much to me," he said later.

Diana's death, so soon after Versace's, left Elton grief-stricken. Less than 48 hours after her funeral in London, Elton flew to New York for Versace's private memorial service at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He sang "Live Like Horses" from his new album because it was one of Gianni's favorite songs. Afterward he simply wept. "I just want to be alone," he told friends.

But his touring commitments awaited: all those tickets sold, all those concert halls waiting to be played.

Perhaps it is better that way; music has always provided what Elton needs most. Weeks earlier I had sat in the London studio where he recorded his new album, watching him listen to it on earphones—completely engrossed, eyes closed in what looked like bliss, mouthing the words and tapping his feet and playing ferocious air guitar. For Elton, music offers a transcendent experience like no other. "I've seen God a few times," he claimed.

And when God doesn't appear, there are other possibilities. "Elton's been lucky," says his mother. "He's getting older, but he's kept his audience. He's got that magic. Elton just has to go and entertain, doesn't he?" □


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**ESTIMABLE:** Dyson, at New York's Downtown Athletic Club, swims and works obsessively. Her eccentricities fuel wild rumors; some have even speculated that she is a spy.

# WIRED AT HEART

## Esther Dyson's high-technology conference, PC Forum, has drawn everyone from Bill Gates to Michael Crichton and Michael Douglas. Her new book earned an advance of more than $1 million. And her opinion can make or break new high-tech ventures. Why is this tiny disheveled intellectual the most powerful woman in Silicon Valley?

**BY LESLIE BENNETTS**

Every spring Esther Dyson's annual conference, PC Forum, draws hundreds of cyber-stars to some luxurious resort where [illegible] technology billionaires [illegible] with baby moguls, [illegible] shattering of investment bankers, and others hoping to cultivate high-level associations at poolside.

One regular presence is Esther's father, the eminent physicist Freeman Dyson, who once startled participants with an odd question. "He was going around asking people, 'Who is my daughter?' " recalled Mark Stahlman, the president of New Media Associates. That might seem a silly thing to ask about an internationally renowned high-tech guru—"the most powerful woman in the Net-erati," according to *The New York Times.*

In December, the Silicon Valley

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIGEL PARRY


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monthly *Upside* ranked Dyson No. 12 in its "Elite 100" list. "La Dyson is the highest-ranking member of the Upside Elite whose stature is based entirely on her ability to influence others with her ideas rather than control companies or huge amounts of capital," explained the magazine. Dyson was ahead of IBM chief Louis Gerstner (No. 14), Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen (No. 21), and Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin (No. 25)—and only one notch below Rupert Murdoch (No. 11). The magazine added, "Dyson has defied the traditionally short pundit's life span with more than two decades of savvy technology analysis."

Dyson's foresight is also the reason 600 people compete ferociously for the honor of spending $3,300 to attend PC Forum, which was held in Tucson this year. "A friend called up wanting me to help someone get in, and I swaggered and said, 'Sure—I'm a good friend of Esther's,'" reports Michael Kinsley, the editor of *Slate*, Microsoft's on-line magazine. "I was shocked that it would be necessary to use a connection for the privilege of paying thousands of dollars to go to this conference, but I was even more shocked when—lo and behold—I couldn't do it. It's like Studio 54: Esther's there with the rope, deciding who's going to get in."

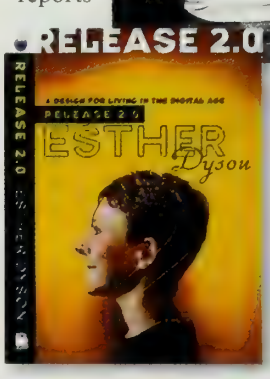
In her rapidly changing world, Dyson knows virtually everyone who matters. "I know Esther because everybody knows Esther," says Steven Rattner, the deputy chief executive at Lazard Frères & Co. "Esther is six degrees of separation, except that it's about one and a half degrees. If the Pope could be a woman, she would be it. She embodies the virtual community everyone's talking about."

Esther Dyson began her ascent with *Release 1.0*, a newsletter she took over in 1982, renamed in 1983, and wrote single-handedly for the next four years. "It is the computer industry's most intellectual newsletter," says author John Brockman in *Digerati*, a book about "the cyber elite." He adds: "Esther and Jerry Michalski [Dyson's managing editor, who now shares writing duties] are the people to read to find how people will use new technology and how companies can make a profit from it." Oddly, *Release 1.0* is published in printed form rather than on-line. "The kind of in-depth analysis it provides doesn't lend itself to the Internet," explains Daphne Kis, the publisher. "The Internet is not yet a place where people spend their time on a hard read."

In whatever form, however, Esther's opinion matters. "She inspires awe and fear," attests Mike Kinsley.

**NET-ERATI:** ***Bottom,*** **Dyson's U.S. publisher paid a cool million for her new book,** ***Release 2.0. Below,*** **Dyson in 1985 with Microsoft's Bill Gates, a former regular at her PC Forum, where cyber-stars shine.**






**"Esther is six degrees of separation, except it's about one and a half degrees. She embodies the virtual community."**

For Dyson, the perennially profitable *Release 1.0* and PC Forum were only the beginning; in what might laughingly be called her spare time, she has also become an expert on emerging technology in Eastern Europe; formed a venture-capital fund to invest in developing markets; established a second annual conference, the international High-Tech Forum, oriented toward Europe; advised Vice President Gore as a member of the U.S. National Information Infrastructure Advisory Council; and become chairman of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, a nonprofit organization started by Mitch Kapor, founder of Lotus, and former Grateful Dead lyricist John Perry Barlow to deal with civil liberties and ethics in cyberspace. (Along with other free-speech advocates, the E.F.F. fought a law later rejected by the Supreme Court which would have banned "indecent material" on the Internet.)

This fall Dyson will expand her influence with *Release 2.0: A Design for Living in the Digital Age*, which was signed up by Broadway Books last year for more than a million dollars. International rights went for what was rumored to be a similar figure.

The hoopla begins when *Release 2.0* comes out this month. The unprecedented publication plan will include simultaneous hardcover editions in at least 15 other countries and a new Web site for readers around the world to discuss Dyson's views on such critical Internet issues as intellectual property, content control, privacy, anonymity, and security. Next spring, a revised trade paperback edition called *Release 2.1* will incorporate reader feedback and Dyson's responses. By then the author, who is doing an eight-city book tour this fall, may be a familiar presence even to the cyber-impaired.

"This book is not a how-to manual," she claims. "It's a how-to-think-about-it manual. I'm not about technology; I'm about the implications of technology. The Internet is very powerful. . . . It's your obligation as a citizen to know a little bit about what's going on in the world so you can make informed decisions. What I really want to be is a Dr. Spock for the Net: here's a lot of helpful advice, but in the end, use your own instincts."

As Queen of the Digerati, Dyson looks out of place. Elfin and disheveled, with short chlorine-scalded hair that sticks out in flyaway wisps (she swims laps for an hour every day), no makeup save the occasional trace of Chap Stick, and a sartorial style that runs to baggy jeans and promotional polo shirts from various conferences, she looks more like an impoverished student than a globe-trotting venture capitalist who hobnobs with the titans of cyberspace.

Her appearance has remained essentially unchanged since her Radcliffe days. "She was so fragile and waiflike and soft-spoken, she was just not the kind of person you would expect to turn into a powerhouse business guru," recalls Kinsley, a fellow student at Harvard, where


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Dyson was referred to as Tiny Esther.

So what kind of person is she, really? Ask any number of prominent people and they will tell you how smart she is; many can even regale you with a description of her eccentricities, from her lifelong inability to keep her shoes on to her fanaticism about swimming. (She plans her travel schedule as well as her daily agenda around pool locations and hours, and friends jokingly say that her signature scent is Chlorine No. 5.)

But dig a little deeper and it seems that the Dyson everyone knows is somebody no one really knows. At 46, she has never been married, has no known romantic entanglements, no children or pets, and doesn't cultivate the intimate friendships that sustain many single people. She doesn't even have a telephone in her apartment. ("We never called her anyway," her famous father says.) Dyson's elusiveness has inspired some intriguing rumors—that she's gay, that she's a C.I.A. agent—all of which seem to be untrue.

But she remains a mystery, in some ways even to her own family. Talk to Esther's brother, the world's leading expert on the Aleut kayak, and at first he insists, "We're close." How often are they in touch? A bit sheepishly, George Dyson concedes, "I talk to her five minutes a year. I read about her in *The Wall Street Journal.*" If he wants to see her in person, he goes to PC Forum.

Verena Huber-Dyson, Esther's mother, says wistfully, "She's never been to my place. She is too busy, and she's just not interested. She is very hard-nosed and determined. But when I travel, I always let her know where I am, and chances are that once in a while we can spend 15 minutes at some airport lounge. She fits me in."

Esther says there's no one she talks to every day, and when I mention that to Freeman Dyson, he smiles. "She doesn't need that," he says condescendingly, as if such intimacy were unworthy of a superior being like Esther. "She never needed to come and talk about her problems, even when she was a child. She was very self-assured and able to cope, and she was a very private person. That, of course, is why we didn't know her very well. She was happy to be left alone. We hardly noticed her."

Famously driven, Esther maintains a prodigious array of contacts and obligations. Her book was due on June 30, but by the beginning of May she had written more than a chapter or two. But with a couple of million dollars at stake, Esther remained unflappable; she is the last person in the world who would ever succumb to such a human frailty as writer's block. "Esther knew exactly what she needed to do; she never doubted that it would all happen," says Janet Goldstein, her editor. With characteristic efficiency, Dyson set aside six or seven weeks to write, and turned in a completed manuscript of close to 100,000 words at five P.M. on June 30. Her publishers are planning a substantial first printing of 125,000 copies.

The day after her book deadline I called to catch up. "I can see you July 4," she said. I was not surprised; other people have resorted to picking up Esther at airports on Christmas Day in order to spend time with her. And so on Independence Day, while most of her peers were lounging on sunny beaches or wide green lawns, I met Esther at her office on Manhattan's lower Fifth Avenue. She had been there since rising at 5:30 A.M. in her one-bedroom apartment two blocks away. Having left the office only for an hour to swim laps, she could hardly wait to get on with her agenda. "I've got 1,500 E-mails to deal with," she said cheerfully. That is Esther's idea of a fun way to spend a holiday weekend: alone, working.

**"Jerry describes Esther as being like a shark because she needs to be in motion. She needs constant stimulation and input or she doesn't breathe."**

"What is it that drives her?" muses Freeman Dyson. "I don't know. That's why I was going around asking people, 'Who is my daughter?'"

The first time I met Esther, I was prepared for her coolly cerebral style, for her formidable intellect, even for her reserve. Although forewarned, I was not prepared for her office. Tornadoes ripping down Fifth Avenue could scarcely produce debris on this scale.

Immense piles of papers are heaped on every available surface; cascades of stuff overflow every shelf and drawer. Staggering quantities of junk are jumbled three feet deep on every square inch of floor: sweat clothes, stuffed animals, beat-up running shoes, discarded bras, magazines, skin creams and lotions, mountains of newspapers, a plastic container of mayonnaise, teetering stacks of books, tote bags with damp bathing suits trailing out of them, a half-eaten chocolate bar, Russian nesting dolls, unopened CDs, four-year-old paychecks.

Vaguely registering my amazement, as if with one tiny corner of her brain, Esther absentmindedly stuck out a bare foot and shoved a bedraggled pair of panty hose behind a pile of papers—a hilariously feeble gesture, considering the Augean-stable scale of what remained.

"At one point, the cancer began to ooze outside the door of her office," reports Bill Kutik, a Harvard friend who now shares space with Dyson's company, EDventure Holdings. "Finally we put white tape around a metastasized portion of the cancer and said, 'Esther, it *cannot* grow beyond the white tape.' It's clearly weird and sick. We're all sort of in awe about the horror of it."

The last time I was in Esther's office I remarked, "It hasn't changed a bit." Esther looked indignant. "I cleared a path over there," she protested, waving at the closet, which spills a permanent river of clothing into the room. It was true: there was now a tiny goat path leading to the cave.

Esther appears to live out of this closet. Our first conversation ended when she had to go to a meeting at IBM; a car was waiting downstairs. Still talking, she dug her way into the closet and rummaged about for some wearable clothes. Looking around, I realized that Esther, whom I had known for approximately two hours, had just let her clothes slide off her wispy little body. (She left them on the floor, where they will probably remain into the next millennium.) Esther continued talking about intellectual property as she wriggled into a pair of panty hose, put on a pink blouse and a burgundy suit, rolled up the waistband of her skirt ("I never got around to having it shortened"), and slipped into some sensible pumps. Ready for IBM.

Esther's explanation for her office is simple: "I don't have time to throw stuff away." Given the rigid self-discipline she exercises over every other aspect of her life, this may be the only way she ever abandons herself.

Dyson's fearsome productivity does have some disconcerting side effects. Although she is cordial, she usually seems




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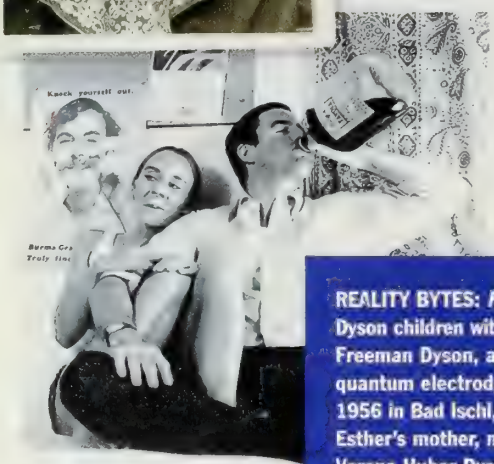
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distracted, as if her mind were simultaneously operating on other channels and your conversation with her has been deemed marginal in some private hierarchy. "When you come up to Esther, you're not sure she's paying a lot of attention to you," admits Stewart Alsop, a longtime acquaintance who runs Agenda, another computer-industry conference.







REALITY BYTES: *From top,* the Dyson children with their dad, Freeman Dyson, an architect of quantum electrodynamics; tea in 1956 in Bad Ischl, Austria, with Esther's mother, mathematician Verena Huber-Dyson, and brother, George Dyson (now an expert on the Aleut kayak); Dyson clowning with photographer Victor Schrager in *The Harvard Crimson,* 1969.

"You learn to have a purpose and get to the point if you want to talk to her," says Jerry Michalski.

Nor does she bother with social niceties. "Some people are used to a lot more pleasantries, and they can perceive her as being cold and aloof, but I perceive it as Esther being efficient," says Lori Fena, executive director of the Electronic Frontier Foundation. "She doesn't waste time on small talk."

Nevertheless, intimidation is a Dyson specialty. Bill Kutik, who met Esther when she was a 16-year-old college freshman, vividly recalls their first conversation. "I took eight S.A.T.'s and Achievement Tests and I got six 800s," Esther announced, referring to an extraordinary number of perfect scores on the exams that weigh so heavily in college admissions.

The sneaking suspicion that Esther is smarter than you are may provide a crucial key to her success. This year's PC Forum featured a good-humored Dyson roast where Kutik told the S.A.T. story. A couple of days later when Reed Hundt, the outgoing chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, got up to debate the logistics of providing Internet access to schools, he was still wrestling with Esther-inspired insecurities. "You have the six 800 test scores, so I'm worried about saying no to you," he confessed.

**"Esther never needed to talk," says her father. "That is why we didn't know her very well. We hardly noticed her."**

Esther has spent decades honing that edge. "She has always been so competitive," says her mother, who is Swiss. "She always enjoyed being smart, and there was always a one-upsmanship that wasn't necessarily appreciated by the other kids. She won all the tests in school, and she always had straight A's. She likes to win."

That made life difficult for her younger brother. "It was an impossible handicap to follow Esther in school," George Dyson says. "She was not only stellar in her accomplishments but off the scale in her determination to be first."

Both George and his father have already published books this year, and George sees this as having prompted his sister's sudden interest in writing one. "When I got a contract, she had to catch up," says George, who has broadened his scope from kayaks to *Darwin Among the Machines: The Evolution of Global Intelligence.*

Part of Esther's secret is an extraordinary ability to focus. "Esther works harder than anyone you'll ever meet," says Kutik. "She'll be reading something when she walks down the street. She doesn't waste two seconds."

But the usual measure of success doesn't seem to motivate her at all. "Esther is the only person I know who has gotten rich, relatively at least, while never caring for a second about money," says Kutik. "She doesn't give a rat's ass about making money. I really think that for her it's just a way of keeping score: How smart have I been in my bets?"

She certainly doesn't go in for conspicuous consumption; the single most expensive item she's ever bought is a Russian sculpture of a bird that cost $1,500. While other cyber-moguls collect planes and boats and all manner of high-tech toys, Esther not only doesn't own a car but also has never had a driver's license; she takes the subway. She doesn't buy designer clothes; she doesn't own houses or anything but her apartment, a tiny walk-up on East 12th Street where she's been living for 25 years. "It's the standard one-bedroom brownstone apartment you move into when you're 24 and leave when you're 32," Kutik reports. "Except that she never left. Esther just considers it a place to sleep."

Other than flying first-class, her sole concession to greater affluence has been to buy the apartment across the hall as a crash pad for out-of-towners, many from Eastern Europe. "I'm too cheap to put visitors up in a hotel," she explains.

Esther prefers to invest her money—not necessarily in those ventures that would reap the greatest profits, which she could easily have done, given her ground-floor role in the computer industry, but rather in enterprises she finds intellectually intriguing and useful. "Money enables me to invest in things I think should exist," she says.

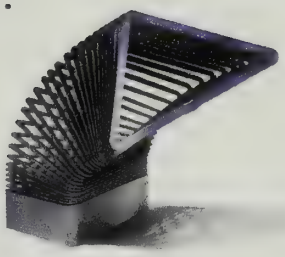
"If I were running this company as a business, the job would be to maximize profits, but we have real social and political preferences that get played out," explains Daphne Kis, the vice president of EDventure Holdings ("Esther runs around the world and I run

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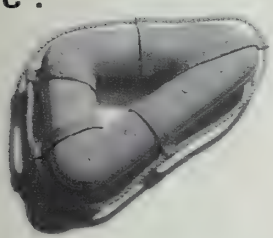
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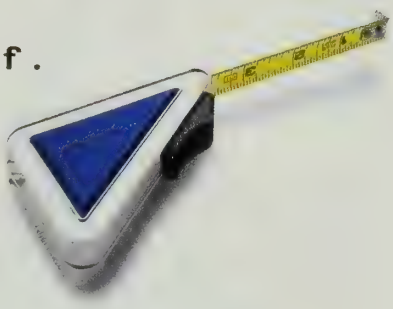
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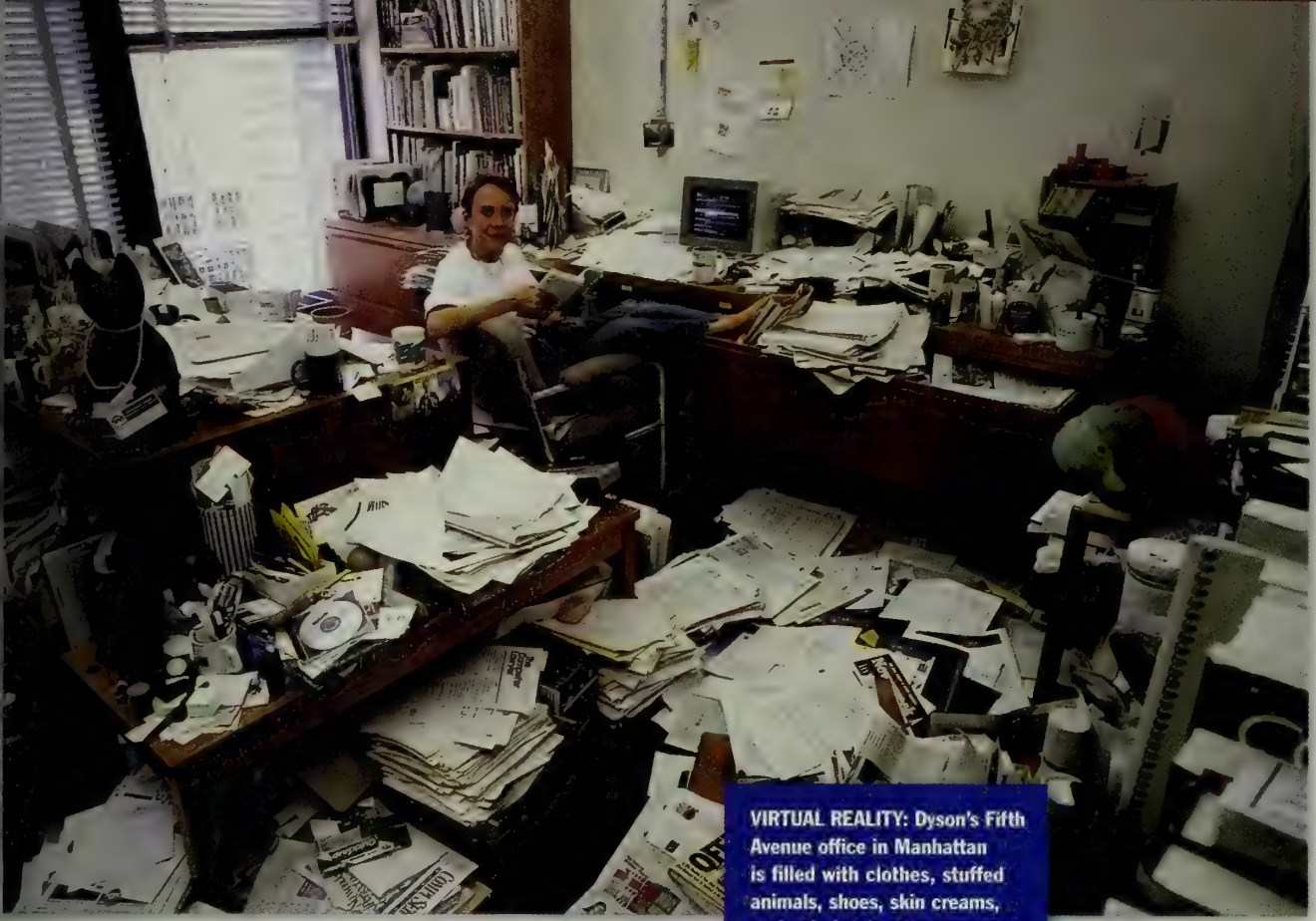
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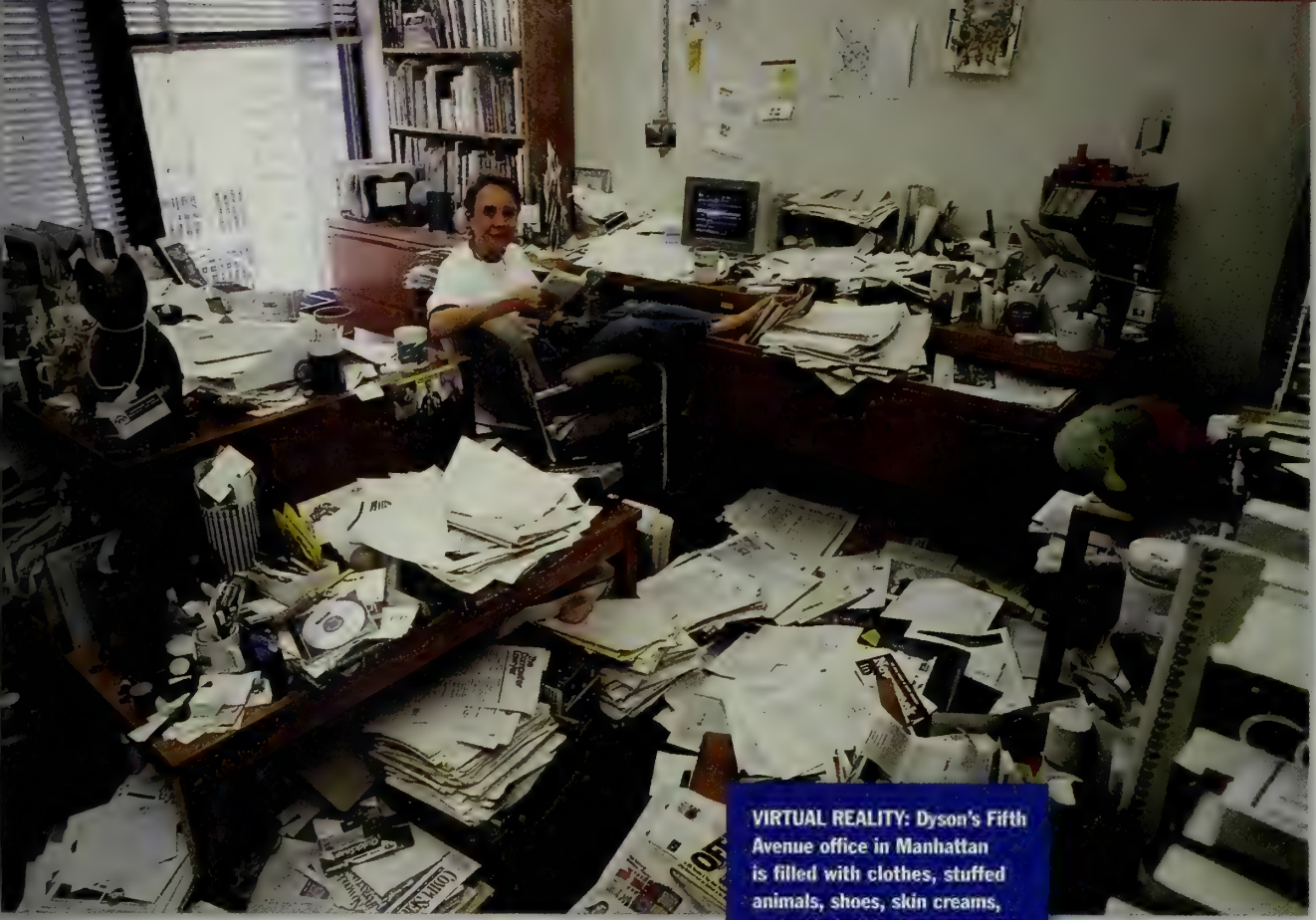



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# HUMAN BEAN

## Rowan Atkinson's TV eccentric hits the big screen–in a talkie, no less

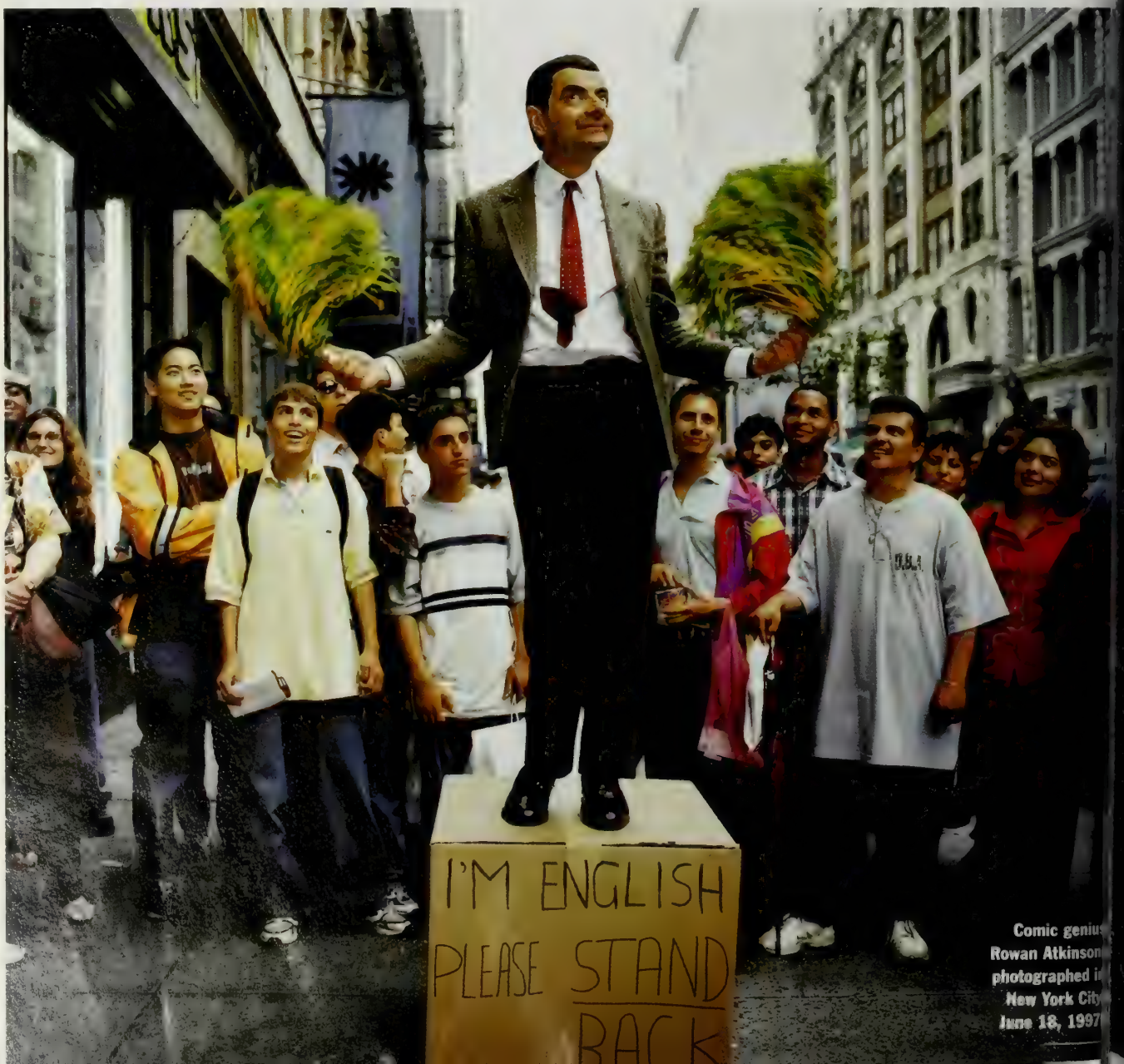
Somewhere on the diagnostic scale between Tourette's syndrome and autism comes the character of Mr. Bean, created in 1989 for British TV by the comedian Rowan Atkinson and the writers Richard Curtis and Robin Driscoll. After 10 million in video sales of their shows worldwide, they have written Bean into his biggest part, a 90-minute movie (*Bean*), which includes all the sudden muscular spasms and mute inversions of logic that have won Atkinson's creation TV screening in 94 countries.

Bean is recognizable as the utterly disconnected British nerd, but he has an international pedigree: a little of Chaplin, perhaps, and a soupçon of Jacques Tati. There's a lot of the arrested child in Bean, and like Tati's and Chaplin's, his character is fixed by an absolutely unvarying costume—a sports jacket, knit tie, too short gray pants, and a choice of ballpoints proudly displayed in the breast pocket. Bean, too, has so far remained speechless, relying instead on a series of mews and grunts, together with the expressive range of Atkinson's features, seen at their optimum plasticity when he played the tongue-tied priest in *Four Weddings and a Funeral*.

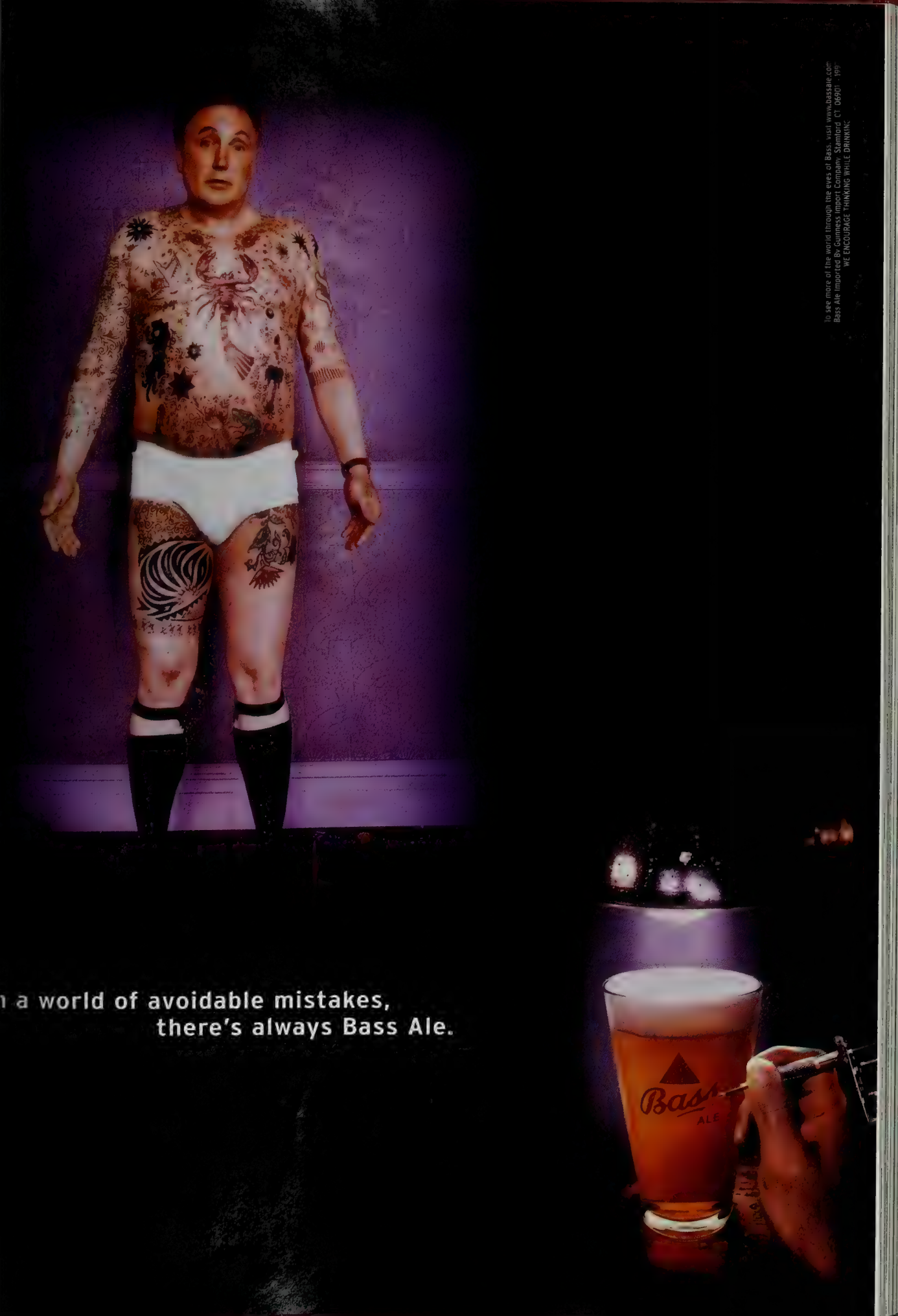
For the new movie, Bean has been wrenched from the familiar backdrop of suburban England to the West Coast of the United States, and for the first time his creators have allowed him to speak, a risk indeed since Bean's following is so polyglot. He never seemed to be in need of words before (nor, conveniently for the international market, dubbing or subtitles); nevertheless, the voice is a success—part imitation of the former British prime minister John Major and the rest a rusty door hinge. This Bean is a runner.

—HENRY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSE FROHMAN




Comic genius Rowan Atkinson photographed in New York City June 18, 1997

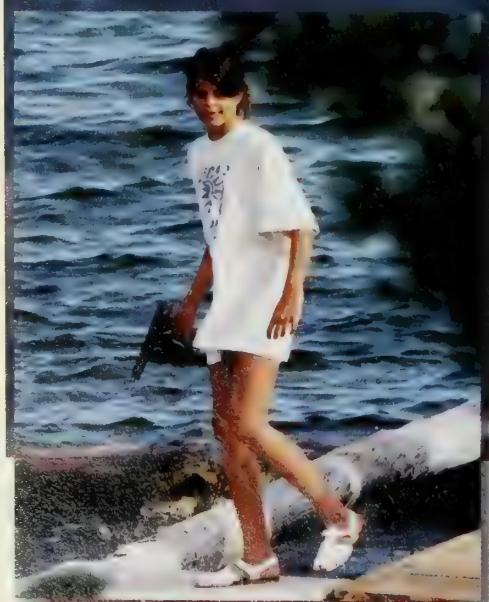

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# THE BATTLE OVER THE GOLDEN CHILD

With the mysterious death of Christina Onassis in 1988, her baby daughter, Athina, became heiress to Aristotle Onassis's $3 billion shipping fortune. Today, a legal war is raging between 12-year-old Athina's father, French playboy Thierry Roussel, and Stelio Papadimitriou, the chief trustee of her estate, over the fate of the world's richest little girl

**BY EDWARD KLEIN**





Athina Roussel when she was 11, at her father's vacation residence on Ibiza, July 1996. *Top*, Athina, left, with an unidentified friend on a ski lift in Saint-Moritz, Switzerland, last February. The heiress to one of the great Greek fortunes spends almost no time in her mother's country.

One day a couple of summers ago, Athina Roussel, the sole surviving heir of shipping tycoon Aristotle Onassis, boarded a small fishing boat in the Greek resort town of Nydrí. She was 10 years old at the time, and her French father, Thierry Roussel, was locked in a bitter legal dispute with the Greek trustees of her estate, which was estimated to be worth $3 billion. Roussel had charged the trustees with criminal mismanagement, and they in turn had accused him of keeping his daughter a virtual hostage in her home in Switzerland. And so, in a final effort to settle their differences, the two sides had arranged for Athina to spend her school vacation on her private island of Skorpios.

It took only a few minutes for Athina's boat to make the passage across Nydrí Bay, a body of water framed by lush islands covered with cypress and olive trees. But just as the boat approached Skorpios, a fleet of small craft crammed

Liz claiborne

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*From top:* three-year-old Christina Onassis aboard the yacht named after her by her father, Aristotle Onassis, 1954; Christina and her mother, Tina, then the Marchioness of Blandford, attend a friend's wedding outside Athens in the late 60s; Aristotle Onassis with his longtime mistress, opera diva Maria Callas, in Monaco in the mid-60s; Alexander Onassis, Ari's only son, in Greece with his girlfriend Fiona Thyssen shortly before his death in 1973.

with paparazzi came into sight. Athina's boat was rocked in the turbulent wake, and the frightened little girl clutched her rag doll Molly, which had been given to her by her mother, Christina Onassis, who died when Athina was three.

"As soon as Athina stepped ashore," recalled Stephanos Daroussos, the steward who manages Skorpios, "I was struck by how much she reminded me of Christina. It wasn't so much the physical resemblance—the large, almond-shaped eyes that turn down at the corners. It was more her mannerisms—the mixture of shyness and restless energy, the way she talked, how she ate, even how she yelled when she was angry or nervous. Everybody on the island noticed it, and you could sense their excitement. They hadn't felt this way since the old days, when Aristotle Onassis used to drop in with Jackie Kennedy on [his yacht] the *Christina.*"

**"Onassis loved women. Women plural. Why didn't he marry Callas, the diva? Because Onassis was a diva. Two divas can't marry."**

A remote, 197-acre speck in the Ionian Sea, Skorpios is not easy to reach from Athens. Daroussos and I had set off early in the morning, and driven at breakneck speeds across the Isthmus of Corinth, over the mountains of the Peloponnese, and through the valleys of Epiros. I was one of the few outsiders to be allowed on Skorpios since Christina's mysterious death in Buenos Aires in 1988.

"The island is exactly the way Christina left it," Daroussos said. "We have a full-time staff of 30 people, including 18 gardeners, a working farm, a state-of-the-art desalinization-treatment plant, four electric generators, two clay tennis courts, and accommodations for 30 guests. It costs more than $1 million a year to maintain, but since Christina's death, Athina has been allowed to spend only 17 days in Greece."

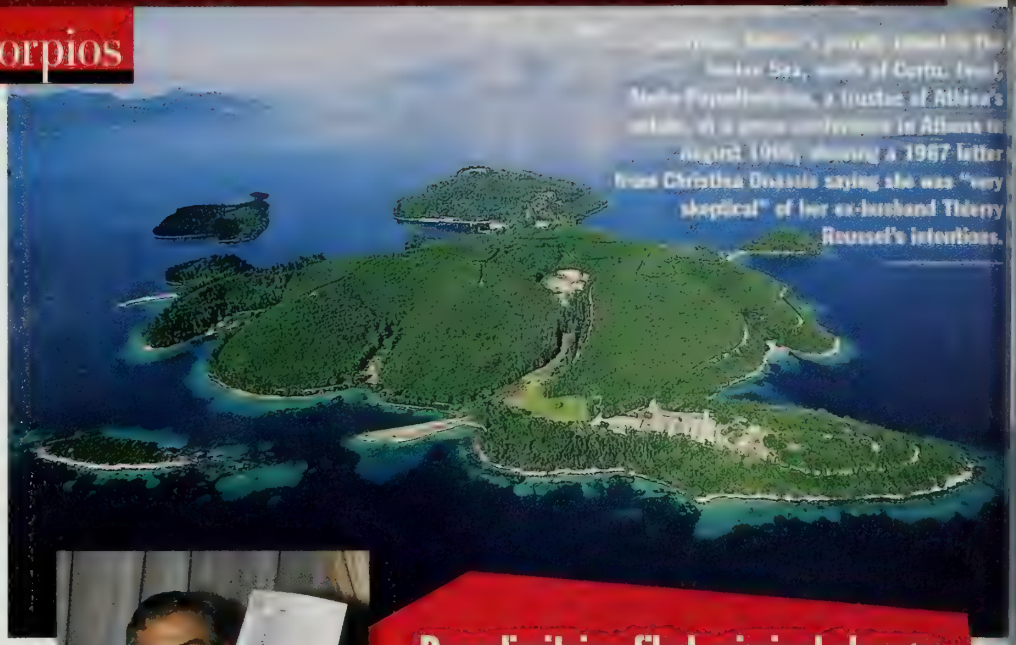
Roussel, 44, is the son of an heir to a French pharmaceutical fortune, and he has lived a life devoted chiefly to the pursuit of pleasure. He arrived on Skorpios with a deep tan, sun-streaked hair, and seven or eight attractive young women in tow. He introduced them as his secretaries and nannies for his children, and installed them in the island's Pink House, which was decorated in the early 1970s by Jackie with the help of the American designer Paul Leonard. Roussel took over Jackie's bedroom suite, which still contains many of her books, including *The Wilder Shores of Love,* by Lesley Blanch, as well as her wrought-iron four-poster bed. After several days, he was joined on the island by Heidi Fleiss's publicist, Richard Pollman, who brought along two of his clients, Mickey Rourke and Carré Otis. The Americans accompanied Roussel on his nightly excursions to the bars and discos of Nydrí.

During the day, the dark-haired Athina snorkeled on a secluded beach with her stepmother, the Swedish former model Marianne "Gaby" Landhage, and her three blond half-siblings—Erik, then 10, Sandrine, 8, and Johanna, 4. The children took their meals on the balcony of the Master House, jabbering away in Swedish. In the evening, if Roussel happened to stop by for a few minutes while the kids were watching their favorite video, *Beauty and the Beast,* Athina greeted him in French. Each night before Athina went to sleep, her bedroom was searched by one of her bodyguards, all of whom were former members of the British Special Air Service, and who spoke to her in English.

Toward the end of her stay, Athina visited the island's little Greek Orthodox chapel, the site of the 1968 wedding of Ari and Jackie. There, in the dim light of a few candles, she stood before four imposing tombs cut from the same pure-white marble used to build the Parthenon. The tombs contained the embalmed remains of the family clan—Aristotle Onassis's son, Alexander, who perished in 1973 at the age of 24 as the result of a plane accident; Onassis, who died two years later of a broken heart over the loss of his only son; Christina, whose life of drugs and excess was snuffed out in 1988, when she was 37; and Christina's favorite aunt, Artemis Garoufalidis.

Athina held a bunch of freshly picked


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...Maria Papadimitriou, a trustee of Athina's estate, at a press conference in Athens in August 1995, showing a 1967 letter from Christina Onassis saying she was "very skeptical" of her ex-husband Thierry Roussel's intentions.



**Papadimitriou filed criminal charges against Roussel in Greece and Switzerland, accusing him of perjury and malicious defamation.**

flowers, but she did not know which of the tombs was her mother's. A member of the Skorpios staff whispered in her ear, but the little girl stood there frozen, at a total loss for what to do. She couldn't understand what he was saying, because she did not speak Greek.

"I realized how completely she'd been cut off from her language, her culture, her religion—her entire Greek heritage," said Daroussos. "And I couldn't help but think, Here she is, the richest little girl in the world, but what good does that do her if she's been robbed of her identity?"

*Athina has been isolated by her father so that he may make of her an easy prey.*

—Stelio Papadimitriou, chief trustee of Athina's estate, in court documents.

A short, dignified man in his late 60s, Stelio Papadimitriou was showing me around the Alexander S. Onassis Public Benefit Foundation, which is located in a neoclassical mansion opposite Hadrian's Arch in Athens. Everything about the place made him beam with pride—the reproduction of Aristotle Onassis's seagoing office on the *Christina;* the model of the *Olympic Loyalty,* the flagship of the Onassis-Olympia fleet; and the portrait gallery of the women in Onassis's life.

One by one, Papadimitriou pointed them out: Onassis's first wife, Tina, who ended up marrying his arch-rival, Stavros Niarchos, and dying in 1974 of an overdose of barbiturates; his second wife, Jackie; and his greatest love, Maria Callas, whose ebony rehearsal piano stood in a corner of the hall under her painting.

"Onassis loved women," Papadimitriou said. "Not one woman. Women plural. That does not mean he didn't love Callas while he was married to Jackie. He did. He liked hunting and being in love with women. Why didn't he marry Callas, the diva? Because Onassis was a diva. Two divas can't marry."

We went to the second-floor dining room, where we were joined by Paul Ioannidis, who was chief pilot of Olympic Airways when it was owned by Onassis, and who now operates as Papadimitriou's deputy. We were served a five-course lunch, and Papadimitriou continued with the Onassis-family saga.

"I was Aristotle Onassis's second-in-command, and I promised Onassis that I would make it the purpose of my life to keep the Onassis tradition for as long as I live and thereafter," he said. "When Onassis was dying, I visited his house in Glifáda, near the Athens airport. Everyone was there, including Jackie, and the family was pressing him to go to the American Hospital in Paris. He heard my cough and called me upstairs, and just outside his bedroom I came upon Christina crying inconsolably. I asked her why, and she said, 'Because my father refuses to go to Paris.' I went inside. It was a simple room with very few furnishings, and I found Onassis in a bad situation. I said, 'Mr. Onassis, why are you behaving like a child? You should go to Paris. Or have you decided to leave everyone behind in a mess?' And he said, 'Do you hear my daughter sobbing outside my door? Would you call her to enter the room?' I went and got Christina. The old man sat up in his bed and whispered to us in a weakened voice, 'I know that my daughter has serious shortcomings and will not be able to cope with life. And I know that you, Stelio, are a fiercely independent man who is always ready to resign his position, and that Christina will make you desperate. So if you wish me to go to Paris, let's make a deal. Do you promise that no matter what my daughter does to you, you will never abandon her?' I said yes. And he said, 'Bend to kiss me. From now on, Christina is your sister.'"

Before Onassis died in 1975, he established a German-style *Stiftung,* or foundation, in Liechtenstein in memory of his son. The foundation awards scholarships for Greeks to study abroad, grants prizes for cultural and humanitarian achievement, and has built a $75 million cardiac-surgery center in Athens. But the *Stiftung* differs from an American charitable foundation in that it also runs a business, one of the world's most modern fleets of tankers and dry-cargo ships. Onassis wanted all of his money—about $500 million at the time—to go to the *Stiftung,* with half of it held in trust for Christina.

"But she objected to the financial arrangements in her father's will," Papadimitriou said. "She told me, 'Stelio, I do not wish to be subject to the foundation. If you compel me, I will be forced to go to litigation.' So we reinterpreted the will. We divided the entire estate into two equal parts—so many ships, so much cash, shares, real estate, etc.—and we wrote it all down on two slips and labeled them 'Part A'

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and 'Part B.' We went to a notary public in Zurich, and Christina agreed in writing that the two slips were of equal value, about $250 million apiece. We put the slips of paper into a small box, and Christina reached in and picked out 'Part B.' She said, 'Gentlemen, now I give it to you to manage for me. Not because my father wanted it that way, but because I wanted it to happen that way.'"

At the time, Christina was divorced from her first husband, Joseph Bolker, a Los Angeles real-estate agent, and was married to Alexander Andreadis, the son of a Greek bank owner. Two more marriages were to follow—to Sergei Kauzov, an official of the Soviet state shipping agency, whom many suspected of being a K.G.B. agent, and then to Thierry Roussel, a young man she had slept with when she was 21 and had never forgotten.

"Roussel comes from a French family of the haute bourgeoisie, but he himself has always been penniless," said Papadimitriou. "He knew that Christina had a passion for him, and he used his hold over her to enrich himself beyond the wildest dreams of avarice. While Christina was alive, he extracted more than $47 million from her, including $30 million to agree to set up home in Switzerland rather than in France, where there are community-property laws, and $10 million in cash to agree to the establishment of a trust [controlled on Christina's behalf by Papadimitriou and his Greek colleagues]. Since her death, he has extracted another $36 million from the patrimony of Athina for his sole personal use. All told, he has received the astronomical sum of $84 million. But even that has not satisfied him. Now he demands control of Athina's money. But Christina asked us to protect her from Roussel, and that is what we intend to do."

As proof that Christina was onto Roussel, Papadimitriou has recently made public a letter in Christina's handwriting which she sent him a year before her death. In it, she wrote in English: "I was the first one who came to [the trustees] to ask you for help, to protect me against Thierry. I built a house made in cement. In this house I put all my capital and the door was closed and the job of the protectors is to keep the door closed." She then went on to confess her [illegible]ss for this man [from whom] I [illegible] be subject to abuse."

In October 1988, a few weeks before Christina set off on her fatal trip to Buenos Aires, she and Roussel, whom she had divorced the year before, had a terrible argument. In an agitated state of mind, she called a meeting in Gingins, her home overlooking Lake Geneva, and summoned her closest advisers—Papadimitriou, his fellow trustees Paul Ioannidis, Apostolos Zabelas, and Theodore Gabrielides, and her financial manager, an Englishman named David Banfield.

"Christina's object in life at the time was to catch Roussel, to make him jealous, entice him to return to her so that she could have a second child with him," Banfield told me when I met him at his Olympic Maritime office in Monte Carlo. "She did silly things to upset him, like going out with his best mate. She was upset about many things. She was paying undue money for the management of her 10 ships. She wanted to reduce her costs. . . . No one dared argue with her. Everybody was afraid of her, especially when she got angry. What I didn't know was that Papadimitriou and the others had been to see her the night before, and Papadimitriou had dictated a new will, and she had signed it."

**"After Onassis's death, the board of trustees was heavily weighted with people loyal to Christina. Gradually, Papadimitriou cut these people out."**

In the will, Christina left virtually her entire estate to Athina. Control of the little girl's money would be placed in the hands of five trustees—the four Greeks and Roussel. But all decisions were to be made by a simple majority vote, which would effectively exclude Roussel from the administration of his daughter's fortune.

"Roussel was shocked that there was a new will," Papadimitriou said. "Before the will was opened, he went on French television and said that he was in charge of Athina's estate, and that he was taking over the Onassis empire. You see, she had died under her previous will, h would have gotten 50 percent of her e tate under Swiss law if applicable, an 25 percent of her estate under Gree law. In addition, Roussel as father woul have assumed the administration of Ath na's estate and would have laid a clair on all its income."

As things worked out, Roussel di not make out so badly. Since Christina' death, he has received $6 million a yea from the estate. The money is partly i payment of his original marriage settl ment, and partly from a deal he cu with the other trustees in which h promised that Athina would maintai close ties with her native Greece.

"Thierry's father, Henri, was the on who pulled the strings," said David Bar field. "He made the deal with the Greek after Christina's death that Thierr would behave and raise Athina as Greek, in return for which Thierr would receive certain financial consic erations. Thierry signed that agree ment because his father told him to He always listened to his father."

However, the son never carrie out his side of the bargain. "Eve for Athina's great-uncle, George L vanos [the head of the famou Greek ship-owning family], to se the child is a major drama," said a Onassis relative. "Athina has never bee allowed to stay with George and hi wife, Lita. Three or four times ever year, they write Roussel, but he alway declines. . . . Roussel wants to keep th child away from the Livanoses. H doesn't want her to go to them and as the truth."

While Christina was alive, she sper millions of dollars bailing Roussel ou of numerous ill-considered investments including two spectacular failures i Equatorial Guinea and Algeria. Afte she died, he plunged into more risk business, a farming project in Portuga that also ended up in bankruptcy. I addition to $15 million of his ow money, he borrowed $80 million fro various sources, including the Eur pean Union, the government in Lisbo banks, and private backers, and repor soon spread throughout Europe tha there was a hit contract out for him i Portugal. Whatever the truth of that ru mor, Roussel was clearly hard up fo money, and in the early 90s his rel tions with the Greek trustees turne even uglier than before.

Cut off from Athina, Papadimitrio grew increasingly concerned about th

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***Clockwise from top:*** **Thierry and Christina Roussel honeymooning in the Caribbean, March 1984; the couple in Paris that same month, and with Athina in Greece in 1985.**

little girl's future. "It is not good to leave a blank in the soul of a child," he told me. "Wouldn't it be wise for the child to have some kind of ties with us? At age 18, we are going to turn this huge estate over to a child who is isolated, knows nothing, has no influential friends, and can only turn to one person for support—her father.

"Of course, she will find out the truth much later," he went on. "But by that time we will be up in heaven, looking down on her and commiserating with her, because Roussel will have squandered her fortune and left her penniless. At age 21, Athina is eligible to assume the presidency of the foundation, but are we going to turn that over to someone who has had no contacts with her grandfather's world? Under the present conditions, I don't think it's at all likely."

*My greatest pride would be for [Athina] to be well adjusted like my other children, that she feels part of the family. . . . She is entitled to a carefree childhood. I don't want her to be treated like a wise monkey.*

—Thierry Roussel

Roussel's war with the Greeks has become the all-consuming obsession of [illegible]. He speaks daily to his lawyers and worries that his Gallic manhood has been called into question. "Because [illegible] he's treated like a poor [illegible] is trying to make a buck,"

**"Christina had no illusions at all. She told me she knew Roussel was marrying her for the money—either you pay this amount or I don't marry you."**

said Jean-Noël Grinda, his uncle, who was a champion tennis player and member of the French Davis Cup team back in the late 1950s. "The whole thing comes from the fact that people wonder why this extraordinarily handsome man would marry this homely woman."

Through his attorneys, Roussel declined to comment for this article. He is legally prohibited from speaking to the press about his daughter by the Autorité de Tutelle, a Swiss child-welfare agency that has jurisdiction over Athina's affairs, including how her money is handled. Before this gag order, he had an arrangement with the editors of *Paris Match.* Each year, the French photo magazine ran what amounted to a layout of publicity stills showing Athina in the bosom of her happy family. "Roussel always wanted to put himself with Athina on the cover of *Paris Match,*" said Jacques-Marie Bourget, one of the magazine's writers. "On the day of our deadline, he would come to see the layouts with his lawyer. He would fight with me and the chief editor: 'No to this picture, no to that caption.'"

In recent years, Roussel has all but disappeared from public view. Like Christina, he is the product of a broken home. His parents divorced when he was 10, and he was sent to live with his grandmother, who died shortly afterward in a car accident. Also like Christina, he has been shadowed by multiple tragedies. His uncle Jean-Claude and his cousin Alain died in helicopter crashes.

His father, Henri, who died last year


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was a famous bon vivant who ran through the family fortune hunting game and young women. Thierry and Henri frequently feuded over money, though they were able to put aside their differences long enough to reportedly share at least one lover. "It's true that I love life and beautiful women," Thierry has said, "and it's true that I was born into a rich family. But it annoys me that this is all people remember about me."

If he has a problem with his image, it is largely of his own making. In Paris, he occupies Aristotle Onassis's old town house on the exclusive Avenue Foch, where he is looked after by a pretty Algerian woman named Waffa. He runs his own modeling agency from the apartment, which has a fully equipped photography studio.

"I was invited to his apartment on the Avenue Foch, and there were tons of girls and boys," said Petra Bohne, a stylist with the magazine *L'Officiel*. "Everything was very tacky—the furniture, the people, everything. The girls were very commercial, catalogue models, Miami-looking."

**"Since Christina's death, Roussel has extracted $36 million from the patrimony of Athina for his personal use. All told, he has received an astronomical $84 million."**

"When I worked with him on his book," said the journalist Jacques-Marie Bourget, who collaborated with Roussel on an unpublished manuscript, "he went to a magazine called *Photo* with his portfolio. He dreamed of having his photos in the magazine. Of course, it didn't happen. The photos were of young girls. Some were nudes."

On weekends, Roussel often goes to Bonneville, his family's Renaissance-style château in the region of Sologne, 130 miles south of Paris, which he has spent millions turning into a [illegible] well-publicized gesture, [illegible] invited underprivileged kids from France and Switzerland to the Sologne, where they get to play with the animals and the richest girl in the world. In the summer, he sails off the coast of Spain with boatloads of attractive young women, while Gaby, Athina, and the other Roussel children remain in the family villa on the island of Ibiza.

"Thierry still lives a fast bachelor life, even though he's married," said Paul Hagnauer, the manager of a French modeling agency, PH-1, who has known Roussel for almost 20 years. "We used to hang out together, but we have different personalities. I am more quiet. I live in Paris, I work at a business. His business is a bit everywhere, not in a particular firm or something, but I could not say exactly where."

Roussel's principal residence is near Lausanne, in Lussy-sur-Morges, a tiny Swiss village tucked away among the vineyards that face Lake Geneva and the French Alps. The area has been the home of such celebrities as Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, Yul and Doris Brynner, and Audrey Hepburn and her companion, Robert Wolders. This is where Athina attends the local public school, bicycles under the watchful gaze of her bodyguards, and takes riding lessons on a mare named Donna, given to her by her father. It is also where Gaby shops for the family. Their house is a surprisingly ordinary pink stucco bungalow located behind a big hedge on the edge of a forest.

"Athina has everything she wants, but nothing different than the other children in the house," said Dominique Rizzo, a family friend. "She is not allowed a single caprice. She understands perfectly that she comes from great wealth. She is very clever. She feels things very strongly, like her mother. But she is well balanced."

Unlike her mother, whom she does not remember, Athina has a long, slender body and a short, straight nose. She will turn 13 in January, and has begun to show an interest in clothes. She is good at sports, especially swimming and skiing. But her great passion is horseback riding, and she often jumps with her younger half-sister Sandrine.

Roussel was once asked what Athina's daily life was like. "Like that of any other child in Switzerland today," he replied. "She goes to school on the bus with her friends. Sometimes she walks home after playing or rollerblades back wearing kneepads—that's the fashion. She'd be upset if I tried to make her different from the others just because her grandfather had a fortune."

*When you say Onassis, you think money. But we don't believe the Onassis Foundation will last very much into the 21st century.*
—Pascale Luscher-Bloch, Thierry Roussel's private secretary.

When Roussel's Belgian-born secretary, Pascale Luscher-Bloch, met me in Geneva, she came armed with an oversize lawyer's briefcase stuffed with legal briefs and lawbooks. As she spoke of Athina and the battle between Roussel and the Greeks, she grew excited, and began pulling out document after document and piling them on the table before us.

Thierry Roussel's problems with the "graybeards" began right after Christina's death. "The four Greeks came to the Hôtel du Rhône here in Geneva to decide what to do with the estate," said Luscher-Bloch. "But instead of discussing the estate, the conversation turned to what language Athina should speak, her religious training, and her education. . . . The Greeks said that Athina must be educated in the Greek Orthodox religious tradition, she should go to a private school, and she should go on holiday to Skorpios once a year. And Thierry Roussel said, 'Wait! Stop! You have no right! I am a nonpracticing Roman Catholic, my wife is Protestant, and my three other children are Protestant. When Athina decides on a religion, I will respect her choice. But you can't tell me where she should go to church or school.'"

The bickering over Athina's upbringing continued for the next two or three years. Then one day Roussel ordered Christina's private Falcon 50 jet to fly him and Athina from Geneva to Saint-Moritz. The pilot informed him that he could not comply with his request because he had received instructions from Greece that the plane was no longer to be made available for Roussel's private use. Roussel later applied to a Swiss court, arguing that as Athina's lawful guardian he was entitled under French law to administer her estate until she came of age.

While the case dragged on in the courts, the trustees in Greece began to tighten the screws. They sold off Christina's jet and disposed of Aristotle Onassis's house in Glifáda. They also threatened to get rid of the Parisian town house on Avenue Foch as well as La Boislande, Christina's Swiss estate in Gingins, which has a 18-room mansion and a private zoo.

After a Swiss appeals court rejected Roussel's bid, the battle escalated. Th

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**The wedding of Thierry Roussel and Gaby Landhage, the Swedish former model, in the Sologne region of France, May 12, 1990, two years after Christina Onassis's death. *Inset,* Athina, aged five, was a member of the wedding. Thierry and Gaby have raised her in Switzerland with their three children.**



**"Christina totally spoiled Athina. Gaby is like a super nurse. Under Gaby, the house is like a school of love."**

Greek trustees filed a blizzard of lawsuits in Switzerland, France, and Greece, charging that Roussel had enriched himself at his daughter's expense, and eventually demanding that he be removed as a trustee of her estate. Roussel retaliated by going to court in Greece, where he accused the other trustees of mishandling the shipping business, which is the financial taproot of both the foundation and Athina's estate. Among other things, Roussel charged that the trustees had packed the foundation's board of directors with their relatives, and had illegally transferred money from the foundation in Liechtenstein to their own pockets. Two-thirds of the foundation's capital had disappeared, he said.

One week before the case was to be heard in Athens, Roussel sent David Banfield, the financial manager of Athina's estate, a draft of his complaint. "I hated the Greeks," said Banfield, "and I told them, 'This is news. I'm not going to testify.' And Theodore Gabrielides, the secretary of the board of directors, said, 'Maybe it's best if you come along.' The judge hearing the case couldn't speak English. He was a doddering old guy. He appointed a woman to translate whose English was rudimentary. The judge hardly seemed to be able to follow what was going on. He kept licking the tip of his pen and making elaborate notes on papers in front of him. . . . The judge asked me, 'You've read all the documents; do you have anything to add?' I said no. Then the judge said, 'Do you have any reason to believe that the assets of the foundation are in danger?' And I said yes." (Papadimitriou says that the judge "was no more than 50 years of age" and that "the principal lawyer of Roussel never objected regarding the translation or the alleged inability of the . . . judge.")

"The truth is," continued Banfield, "it is difficult, without having the accounts and figures, to sit back and criticize the foundation, but it appears that they have put all their money into one basket—the tanker market. The foundation should be more prudent. . . . The Greeks could manage a lot better. They are not entirely competent. . . . At the beginning, after Onassis's death, the board of trustees was heavily weighted with people loyal to Christina. Gradually, Papadimitriou cut these people out. . . . First he put other sons on the board, then his own son, so that no one could accuse him of nepotism."

(Papadimitriou responds: "My son was the first son to be elected director, at the specific recommendation of Christina herself during her lifetime. Two others were elected after her death but at her instigation during her lifetime. . . . It is interesting to note that the board of the foundation consists of 15 members. . . . The majority consists of nonrelatives.")

Despite Banfield's damaging testimony in Athens, the Greek Supreme Court rejected Roussel's petition, and Papadimitriou publicly claimed a victory. Not only had the trustees acted diligently, he said, but they had actually quadrupled the foundation's assets and doubled the value of Athina's estate. Nor did the Greek trustees let the matter rest there. Roussel accused the Greeks of calling him a "psychopath in need of a psychiatrist." (Papadimitriou responds by saying, "Nobody ever called Roussel a psychopath. We only stated that Roussel is a person who . . . does not accept 'reality,' be it in matters relating to his behavior or to his own business.") The Greeks filed criminal charges against Roussel in Greece and Switzerland, accusing him of perjury and malicious defamation.

"The charges in Athens against Roussel are quite serious," Papadimitriou told me. "We definitely want him to be condemned, but whether we want him to actually serve the sentence is another matter. Because he is the father of Athina, we feel sometimes like we are in a boxing match with him with ou

ds tied behind our back. What we looking for is moral vindication. We e no respect for him."

*istina was madly in love with the guy. I m, she felt that way until the last day. . . . was aware that he married her for ney. But I'm not sure this plays any role he feelings of women.*

—Dr. Jean-Michel Oughourlian, Christina Onassis's psychiatrist.

ext to her psychiatrist, who treated ner practically every day for the last 10 years of her life, the person who derstood Christina Onassis best was rence Grinda, her closest friend. Now d of public relations for Emanuel garo, Grinda greeted me in her newly orated apartment on the Left Bank Paris, where she shared her reminisces of Christina and Thierry.

'My ex-husband, the tennis player n-Noël Grinda, is Thierry's uncle a big playboy, and Thierry idolized ," said Grinda. "Jean-Noël had all women running after him, and I uld tell Christina, 'Be careful that erry doesn't fool around and make suffer.' And she would say, 'No, rence, Thierry tells me that he will er be like Jean-Noël.'

'Christina had a big physical attrac- to Thierry," Grinda said. "He was nd, good-looking, and she thought Roussels were rich. At her insisce, my sister and I went to Skorpios tell Onassis how fantastic Thierry . But instead we told Onassis that he n't so great. When Christina asked why I had done that, I told her, 'Bese Thierry has a girlfriend, Gaby, he will never leave her.'"

Roussel had met Gaby Landhage in 4, when he was 21 and she was work- as a fashion model and translator in is. After Gaby returned to Sweden to a job in a Malmö cosmetics compa- Thierry flew there to visit her, and r long-distance romance continued flourish. However, Thierry's social- nber father, who had married off his ghter to the Duke of Chevreuse, was at all pleased about his son's affair the Malmö model. Henri wanted erry to marry someone with money, his first choice was Christina Onassis. As Henri knew, Christina was looking a husband with a good family name ive her children. Desperately lonely, consumed vast amounts of chocolate Coca-Cola, and ballooned to more 200 pounds. She was addicted to ers and downers, and suffered from ts of suicidal depression. Though she was never short of admirers, and was sexually uninhibited, she frequently complained, "I want someone to love just me." Thierry Roussel was never far from her mind.

"Christina wanted to have a blond child," said Florence Grinda. "I was with her in Skorpios after her divorce from that Russian guy, Kausov, who wasn't chic enough for her, and she told me, 'It's your fault that I didn't marry Thierry. I'm so unhappy. I would have children now.'

"Then one time when she was in Saint-Moritz, she met Henri Roussel," Grinda went on. "And Henri encouraged Christina to find Thierry, who, he said, was 'alone.' The father was trying to promote this marriage, and he knew how Christina felt. Finally, Thierry told Christina, 'O.K., I'll see you again, but first you must go to a spa in Marbella and lose weight for a few months.'"

"I was involved in the financial planning of Christina's marriage to Roussel," said David Banfield. "She was no dummy and had no illusions at all. She told me she knew Roussel was marrying her for the money. . . . He set the conditions—either you pay this amount or I don't marry you. If you write that he got $30 million, you'd be in the ballpark."

After the marriage, it took the new Mrs. Roussel three months of fertility treatments to get pregnant. In January 1985, she gave birth to Athina by cesarean section at the American Hospital in Paris, where Aristotle Onassis had died 10 years before. Christina brought her daughter home to La Boislande, where a staff of 30 catered to the infant's every need.

"She was fascinated with this child," said a member of the staff. "It was like a wonder every day. She looked upon Athina as the most precious thing in her life."

Monique Hoetschi, the child's Swiss nurse, tried to prevent Christina from spoiling Athina, whom her mother nicknamed Koukla—"Doll" in Greek. But it was a losing battle. Christina dressed Athina in Dior children's clothes, and when the child expressed an interest in the nursery rhyme "Baa Baa Black Sheep," she bought her a flock of sheep and hired a shepherd to look after them.

Meanwhile, Roussel had secretly established a love nest in Paris with Gaby Landhage, about a mile from the Onassis apartment on the Avenue Foch. According to Chris Hutchins and Peter Thompson, authors of *Athina: The Last Onassis,* Roussel also had two other lovers—Tere-





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Aristotle Onassis's Pink House on Skorpios, which the Roussels have used on their rare visits to Greece. *Inset,* Athina, center, with her father, stepmother, and three half-siblings—Sandrine, Erik, and Johanna—in Athens, August 1996.

**"Skorpios costs more than $1 million a year to maintain, but since 1988, Athina has been allowed to spend only 17 days in Greece."**

sa Prater, a six-foot-tall blonde American, whom he had met at Cap-Ferrat, and Kirsten Gille, a statuesque Danish model. He was involved with four women at the same time. Eventually, Christina's uncle George Livanos blew the whistle and told her of Thierry's infidelities.

When Athina was a few months old, Gaby gave birth to a son, Erik. Shattered by the news that she and Gaby had been pregnant at the same time, Christina confronted her husband, who confessed the truth. Instead of filing for divorce, however, Christina offered Roussel more money if he would stay in the marriage. That arrangement seemed to work until May 1987, when Gaby gave birth to yet another Roussel child, a daughter named Sandrine. Christina, unable to get pregnant herself, had finally had enough. She got a divorce.

But even then she could not free herself from Roussel. To win him back, she offered to pay him $100,000 each time he slept with her. She frequently invited Gaby and her children to visit her and Athina. To demonstrate how sincere she was about accepting the ménage à trois, Christina ordered her personal photographer, Christos Korontzis, to take a picture of her with Gaby, Erik, and Sandrine, and then gave Roussel permission to have it published in a magazine.

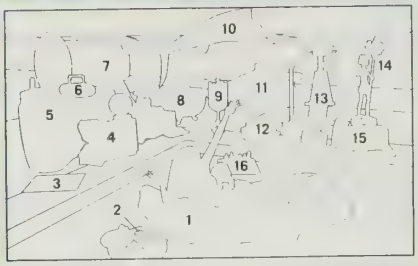
"It was a very paradoxical situation," her psychiatrist, Dr. Oughourlian, told me. "I'm somebody who believes that when you have a certain amount of money it changes your psychology. You don't have the perspective of ordinary people."

But beneath her apparent Olympian detachment, Christina was fuming with resentment. In the fall of 1988, she went to a Swiss clinic, where she surgically reduced the size of her thighs, and announced that she was going to Buenos Aires to visit her friends Marina and Alberto Dodero. She had her eye on Marina's brother, Jorge Tchomlekdjoglou. She was even thinking of taking her daughter to live with her in Argentina. Before she left, she let Thierry and Gaby have it. Screaming at the top of her voice, she told Gaby that she owed everything to her, Christina's, money. Then she stormed out. Two weeks later she was dead, with an empty bottle of pills by her side. The coroner ruled out suicide and concluded that she had died of heart failure.

"I talked with Dr. Oughourlian a the American Hospital in Paris," Steli Papadimitriou said. "I had been wo ried at the time, because wheneve Christina fell in love with someone, sh tried to lose weight in a hurry. Whene er she was disappointed in love, sh consoled herself with chocolates an Coca-Cola and other mischiefs of mo ern civilization. She became like an a cordion—up and down. I asked D Oughourlian, 'Can that have a bad e fect on her heart?' And the doctor sai 'I examined her before she went to A gentina, and her heartbeats were lik those of a bull.' I said, 'A *toro*?' And h said, 'Not just a *toro,* but a herd bulls.'"

Dr. Oughourlian confirmed this co versation, and went further. "Indee she had been in the hospital, and I ha the cardiologist give her a checkup, an was told that she was fine," he said. " is not clear that her heart was involve in her death. The Argentinean docto said it was pulmonary edema. She ha apparently some water flooding h


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8. *Claw-foot bathtub*
9. *Silver candelabra*
10. *Pointy wall ornament*
11. *Yamaha Wave Blaster*
12. *Master's Pizza ("the works, please")*
13. *Exercise gear (mandatory for pizza lovers)*
14. *Funky old lamp*
15. *"Noodles" dog stuff (pooper-scooper, et al.)*
16. *Sunscreen SPF #8-80 (always practice safe sun)*

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lungs. I can't see how the pills could do such a thing. It is not clear in my mind exactly what happened."

*Athina is a happy girl because she is growing up in a family. That's the only thing that is important—that she is part of a family.*

—Kalliroi Patronicolas,
Athina's great-aunt.

Athina's nanny, Monique Hoetschi, broke the news to the little girl that her mother would not be coming home. Then Hoetschi called Christina's closest relative, a cousin named Andreas Tiamcaris, who was in Milan on business. By the time Tiamcaris reached Gingins, Athina's bags were packed. Roussel had flown to Switzerland immediately, and he was taking Athina back with him to France.

Father and daughter spent Christmas week at the estate in the Sologne, where Roussel's sister, Christine de Luynes, the wife of the Duke of Chevreuse, helped care for the little girl. Then they flew to Henri Roussel's villa in San Pedro de Alcantara on the Costa del Sol. Back in the Sologne after the holidays, they were joined by Gaby and her two children.

"In the beginning," said one of the staff, "it was difficult for Athina to adjust to a father who was known by two other children by the same name—Papa. . . . With Christina, everything had been programmed. Christina knew that with a child you need to respect a daily rhythm. But Mr. Roussel, who is an egoist, didn't take the child's rhythms into account. He did whatever he wanted to do, and never bothered to explain."

Roussel did not get along with Monique Hoetschi, who could not hide her disapproval of his lifestyle. He fired Hoetschi by telephone while she was on holiday. Then, little by little, he replaced all 30 members of the household staff with people loyal to him.

After his dispute with the Greek trustees became public, Roussel realized that he had to do something to repair his reputation. In May 1990 he married Gaby in an elaborate ceremony at Bonneville, complete with huntsmen and hunting horns. Athina was a member of the wedding. Afterward, Roussel told the press that his new marital arrangement would provide his daughter with "a pillar of stability, which Christina so lacked."

"Christina totally spoiled Athina," said the writer Jacques-Marie Bourget. "The child could set fire to the house and Christina would say it was O.K. Athina was turning into a bad child. In French we call it *gâté*—spoiled. Gaby is like a super nurse. She loves Athina. If Athina doesn't want to go to bed, Gaby never allows her to get her way. Under Gaby, the house is like a school of love."

"I think Athina has been lucky to have Gaby looking after her," said David Banfield. "She speaks Swedish and, from what I can make out, she seems to be totally accepted as a member of the family. It is a horrible thing to say, but if Christina had been alive, who knows what Athina would have become today."

Even so, Athina faces problems that few girls her age ever have to cope with. What happens, for example, when she begins to date, and comes to understand that her father had a child with Gaby at the same time he had her with Christina? What happens when she gains enough sophistication to grasp the sobering fact that her father, stepmother, and half-siblings all depend on her for their current and future financial welfare? What happens if the Greek trustees win their criminal case against Roussel, and he can't go back to Greece with his daughter for fear that he will be put in jail? Or, alternatively, what happens if her father wins his case in Switzerland and gains control over his daughter's fortune?

**To win Roussel back, Christina offered to pay him $100,000 each time he slept with her. She frequently invited Gaby and her children to visit her and Athina.**

"Athina reminds me so much of her mother," said a relative who has seen the little girl over the years. "She has Christina's character, her strong will and determination, her rebellious nature. No one can foresee the future, but I'd be willing to make one prediction. Athina's been in the middle of this battle between her father and the Greek trustees for a long time. When she's 18 and legally comes of age, she's likely to tell them both to go and mind their own business." □




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served for 28 year
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# General Claudia Kennedy

BECAUSE she is the army's first female three-star general and chief of intelligence. BECAUSE, as a member of the army's panel on sexual harassment, she helped conduct one of the largest studies ever done on the subject. BECAUSE she acknowledges that "sexual harassment is a huge problem," even while insisting, "We've made huge progress." BECAUSE, after growing up in an army household, she joined the service in 1969, when her peers were protesting the Vietnam War, saying, "When your country's at war, you help." BECAUSE Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* taught he "If you want equality, you have to have equal responsibility. saw men around me whose lives were affected by the dra and I thought, We're all part of this." BECAUSE she is 50 ar divorced and has decided not to get a face-lift: "You lose th character in your face." BECAUSE when she received her thi star she thought of Mary Tyler Moore throwing her hat the air, a signal of "triumph—and joy." BECAUSE a female ca tain told her in the ladies' room that day, "No disrespe ma'am, but—you go, girl!"

—LESLIE BENNET



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH

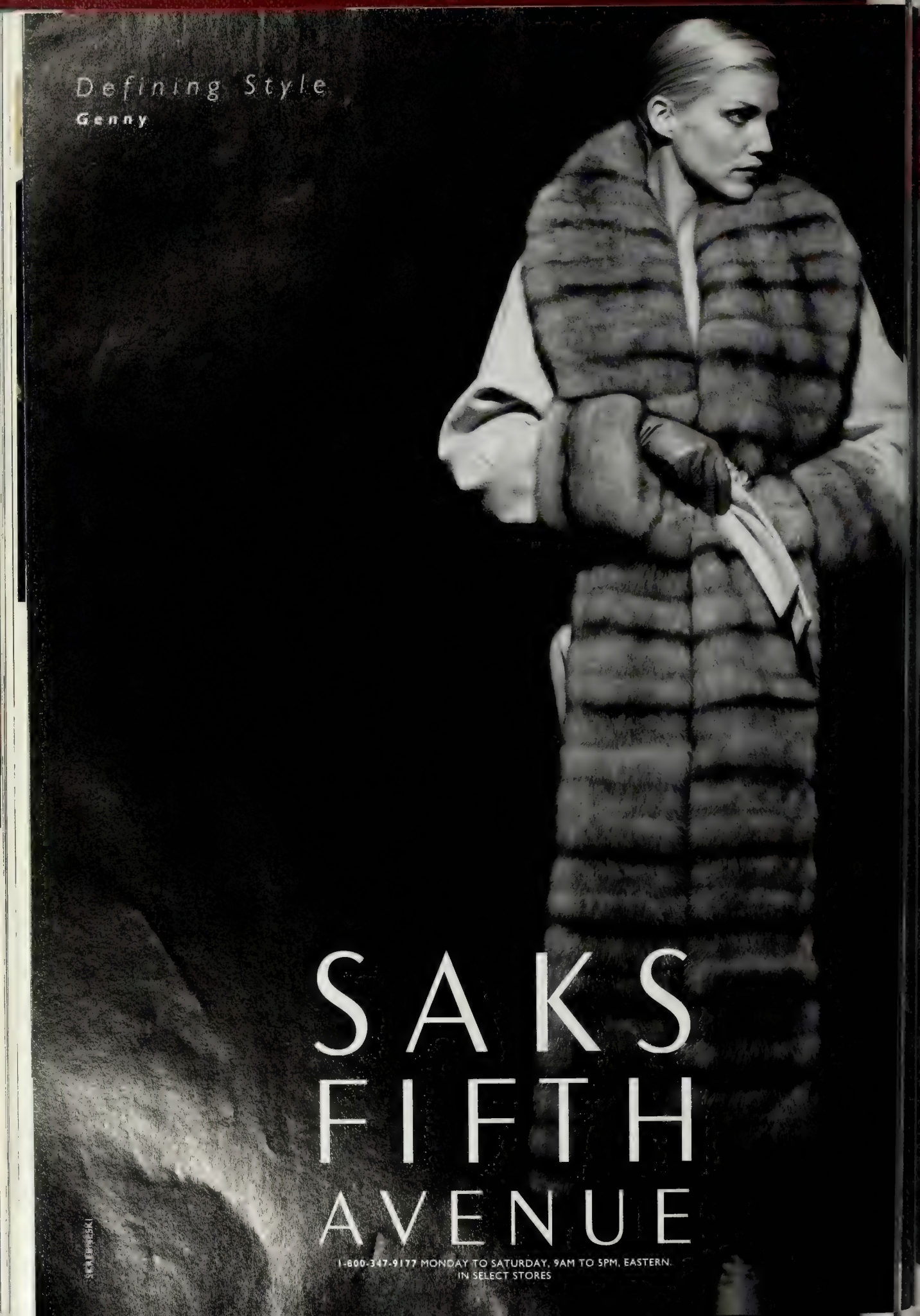



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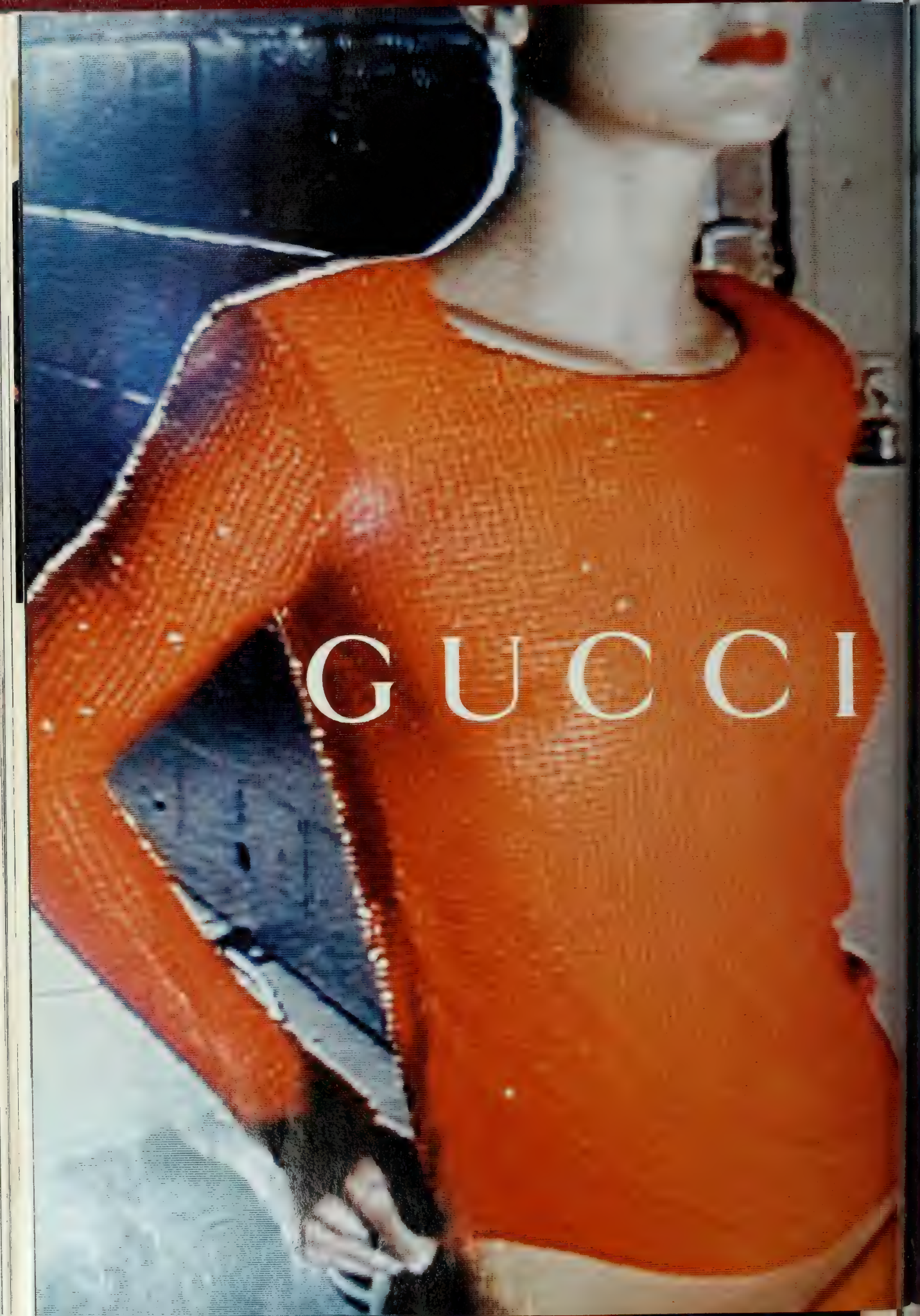

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# ALISON WONDERLAND

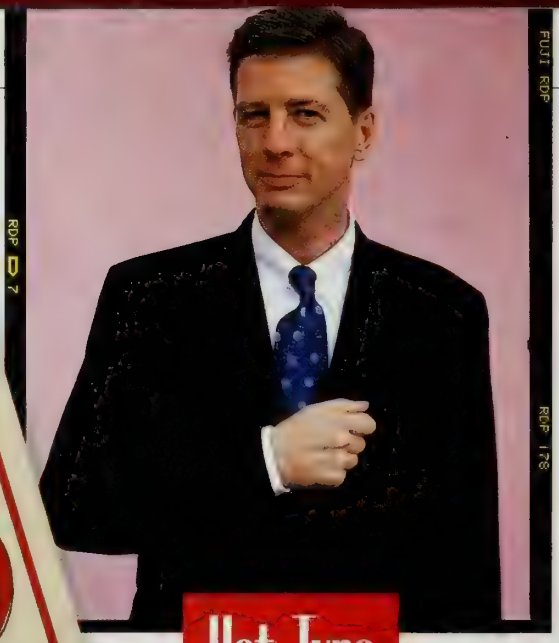
**Name and occupation:** Alison Eastwood, actress. **Age:** 25. **Current claim to fame:** Daughter of Clint Eastwood, actor, director, and former mayor of Alison's hometown, Carmel, California. **Future claim to fame:** Plays a southern belle opposite John Cusack and Kevin Spacey in *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil,* a crime drama based on John Berendt's best-seller and directed by her father. **What was the first time you worked with your father?** "It was *Tightrope.* I was 12 and I played the daughter. Big stretch, huh?" **Now that you're a bona fide ingenue, has your working relationship changed?** "It was hard because there's no way around the fact that he's my dad. But it worked out really well." **As Dirty Harry's daughter, can we assume you go in for blood on the screen?** "I love films from the 30s, 40s, and 50s because they were less about blood and gore and more about the story and the characters and their dynamics. Those are the kinds of films I would like to stay true to. Although it would be fun to do one of those films where you're being chased by aliens."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES


GUCCI


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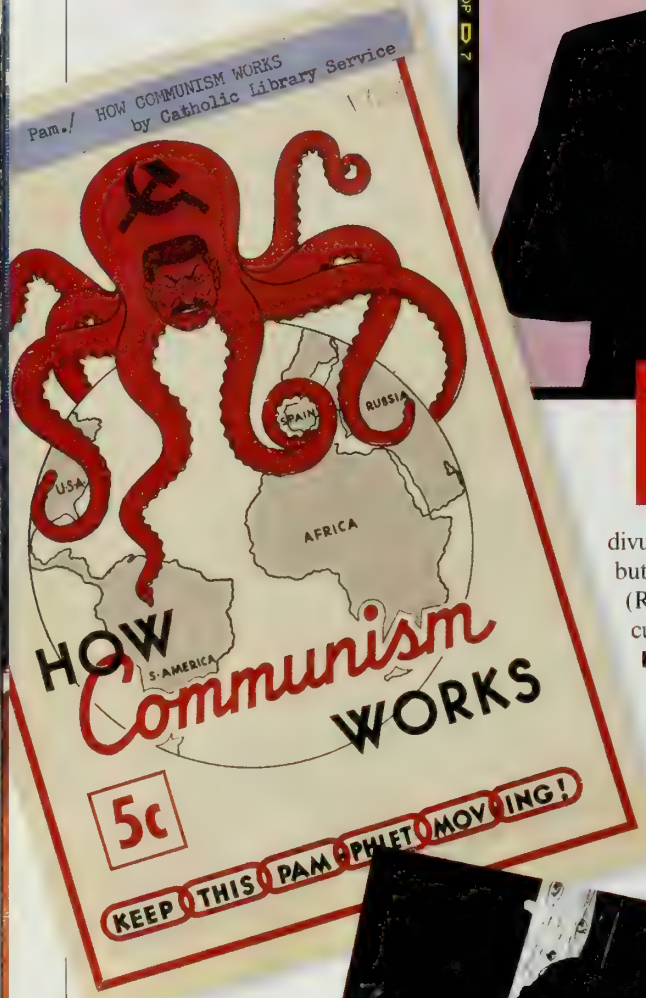
# Vanities

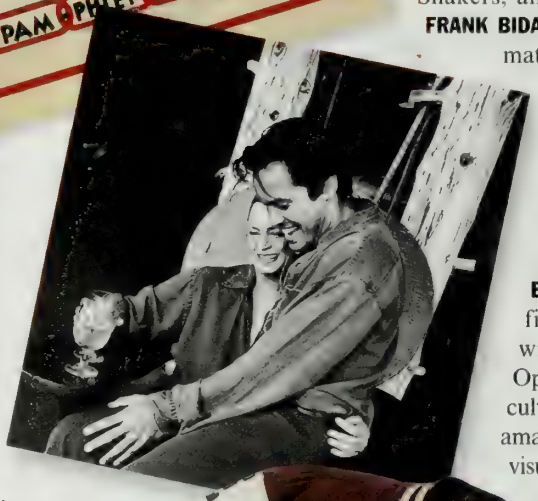



## Hot Type

New York: mad, bad, and dangerous to know, and getting her due this month. If you've got the mean reds, get your paws on *Tiffany's 20th Century* (Abrams), by **JOHN LORING,** a positively sumptuous visual history of Holly Golightly's favorite Fifth Avenue emporium. *Manhattan in Maps 1527–1997* (Rizzoli), by **PAUL E. COHEN** and **ROBERT T. AUGUSTYN,** is a handsome cartographic history of New Amsterdam. *The Gay Metropolis: 1940–1996* (Houghton Mifflin), by **CHARLES KAISER,** is a fascinating and fabulous oral history of how New York became the queer mecca. New York City Ballet legends **HEATHER WATTS** and **JOCK SOTO** won't divulge how they do all that dizzying twirling around without going limp, but they will share tips on throwing memorably festive fêtes in *Our Meals* (Riverhead). Elmira's local boy made good, and style god to the multiculti hip-hop set, offers sartorial tips in *All American* (Universe), by **TOMMY HILFIGER** with **DAVID KEEPS.**

Also this month: murderous, backstabbing, power-mad egomaniacs populate **NICHOLAS COLERIDGE'S** thriller *With Friends Like These* (St. Martin's), set in—of all places—the magazine world. Feeling blue? Dive into the sublime depths of *Blue* (Addison Wesley), **MICHAEL HAINEY'S** fanciful treatise on the color favored by Wall Streeters, Shakers, and Picasso. *Desire* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is poet **FRANK BIDART'S** devastating collection of meditations on the intimate universe of love and grief. **THOMAS CAPLAN'S** *Grace and Favor* (St. Martin's) is an intriguing drawing-room-style family saga. Make your springtime root-and-bulb wish list with **CHERYL MERSER'S** *The Garden Design Book* (ReganBooks). Grand Condé Nast deity **ALEXANDER LIBERMAN'S** *Prayers in Stone* (Random House) is a congregation of stunning photographs and ruminations on majestic stone works. Photographer **BRUCE WEBER'S** *Branded Youth and Other Stories* (Bulfinch) showcases images of Boy Scouts, starlets, and wrestlers. Relics such as Indian treaties and Robert Oppenheimer's notes on nuclear reactions are among the cultural artifacts culled from the Library of Congress and amassed in **VINCENT VIRGA** and **ALAN BRINKLEY'S** stupendous visual history, *Eyes of the Nation* (Knopf). Pop artists from Oldenburg to Lichtenstein get 15 minutes of fame in **STEVEN HENRY MADOFF'S** critical history, *Pop Art* (University of California). *The Herbert Huncke Reader* (Morrow), edited by **BENJAMIN G. SCHAFER,** is an extraordinary collection of the writings of the Ur-Beat hipster. And, finally, if you haven't got a carving block for turkey dinner, this monstrous, ridiculously lovely work would do nicely: celebrated beauties from Drew Barrymore to Miss Piggy (oh, that isn't that far, is it?) are captured in all their splendor by **LEN PRINCE** in *About Glamour* (Simon & Schuster). —ELISSA SCHAPPELL






From top: Gay Metropolis *author Charles Kaiser, 1997; "How Communism Works," a 1938 pamphlet distributed by the Catholic Library Service (the Catholic Church was a leading anti-Communist force in the 30s), from* Eyes of the Nation; *dancers and cookbook authors Heather Watts and Jock Soto; designer Tommy Hilfiger's Elmira Free Academy high-school varsity jacket.*




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**By Linda K. Franks, M.D.**

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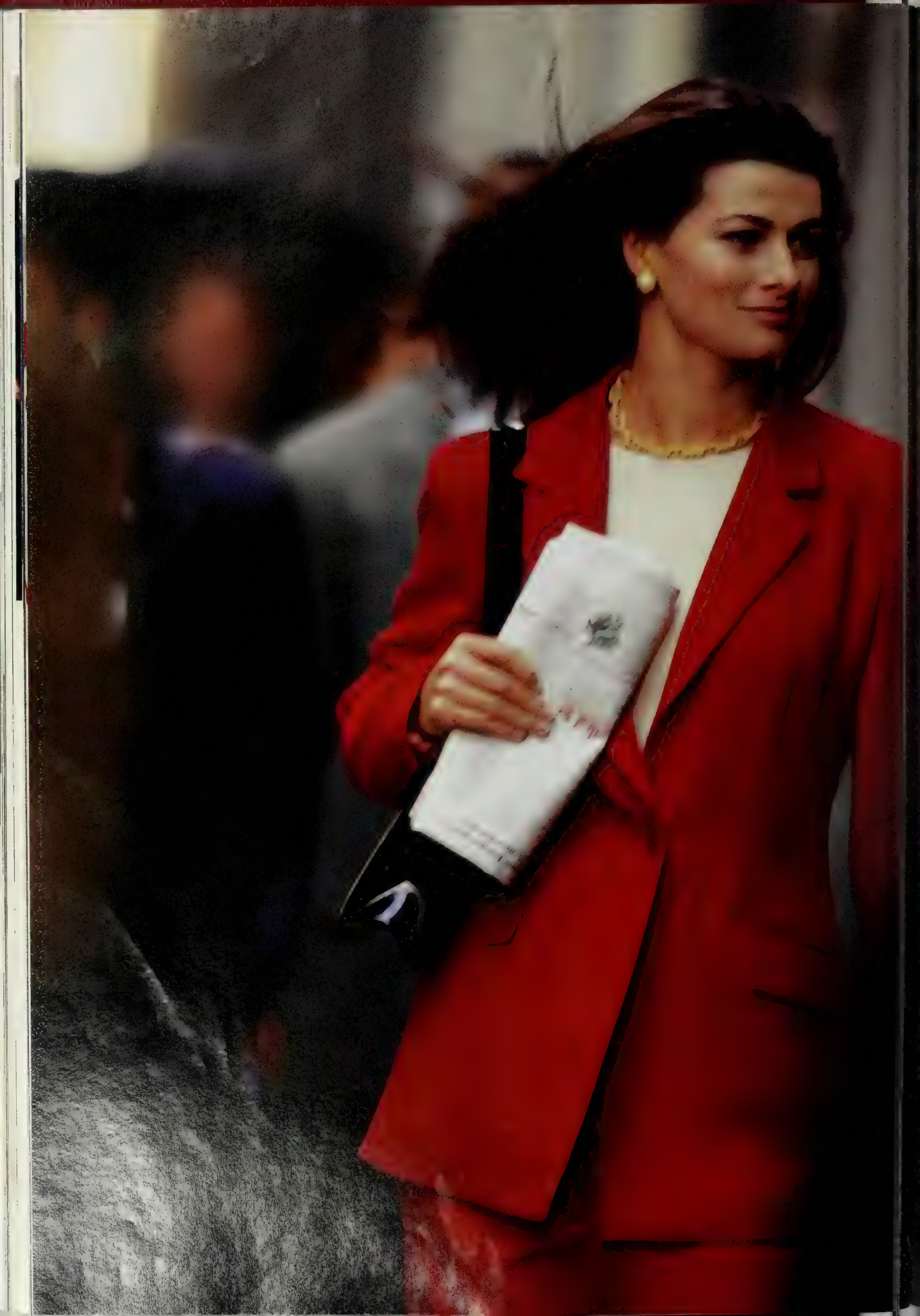
### HOW CAN I BE SURE IT'S GENTLE?

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# Speed Dial



Like many stars, Jean-Georges Vongerichten wants to direct. The food may be great at Jean Georges, the latest restaurant in the chef's Manhattan-based empire (which includes JoJo and Vong), but the bustling scene in the 64-seat dining room appears to have been choreographed to the hilt: waiters in tailored black suits strut about purposefully, silver-domed dishes are shuttled to and fro. This mini-epic is managed not via Busby Berkeley–style megaphone, but over Vongerichten's brand-new Motorola StarTAC 6000 (a gift from a regular customer). "It's mad, but I love it," says the 40-year-old Alsatian. "You can't miss a beat." The numbers programmed into Vongerichten's speed dial show how focused he is: JoJo kitchen, JoJo desk, Vong kitchen, Vong desk, Jean Georges kitchen, Jean Georges desk, his publicist, etc. The length of his average call? "Ten seconds." Though he has yet to put any of his noted fans on instacal he does give his number out to V.I.P.'s, among ther Miuccia Prada and French fashion figure Jean-Claud Weil. With four restaurants in New York one in London, and one in Hong Kong Vongerichten's phone never stops ringing- yet he doesn't seem to mind. "It can hav 100 numbers," he says. "So there's room t open more restaurants." —DAVID COLMA





Clockwise from left: *entries for Vong establishments in New York and London; Jean-Geo Vongerichten at Jean Georges, in the Trump International Hotel & Tower in New York.*

**Maria Bartiromo,**
*co-host,*
*CNBC's* Business Center:
Intellectual Capital:
The New Wealth of Organizations,
*by Thomas A. Stewart*
*(Doubleday). "I strive to know as much as possible about how companies are using information to become more competitive."*





**Ang Lee,**
*director:*
A Dream of Red Mansions,
*by Hsueh-Chin Tsao*
*(Cheng & Tsui). "It's a great classic of Chinese literature, with fresh, vivid characters and an impact that is still devastating."*

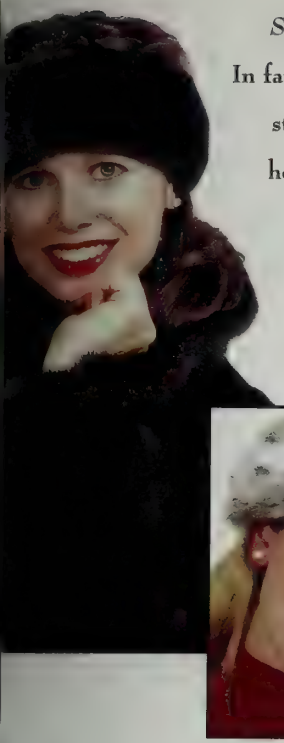
## Night-Table Reading

**Guy Oseary,**
*partner, Maverick Records:*
The Laws of Spirit,
*by Dan Millman*
*(H. J. Kramer).*
*"Wise and playful teachings that apply to everyday life."*





**Sidney Blumenthal,**
*assistant to the president:*
Century's End, *by Hillel Schwa*
*(Doubleday). "The book of the millennium. Written by a big original historian, it describes how societies since the last millennium have approached the end of centurie*



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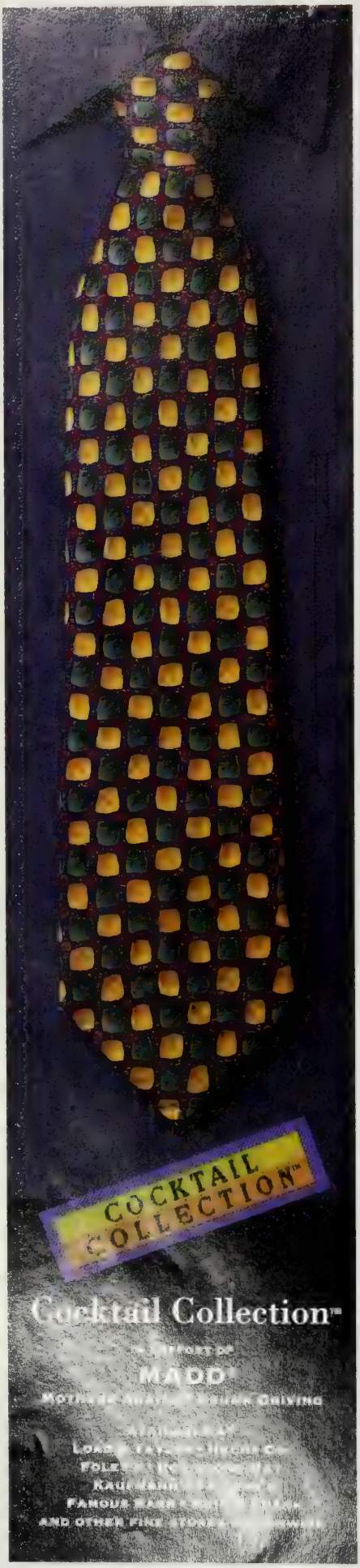


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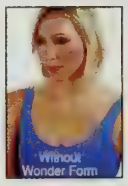
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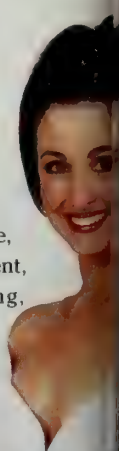


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Golden Heart

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I Was Made for You

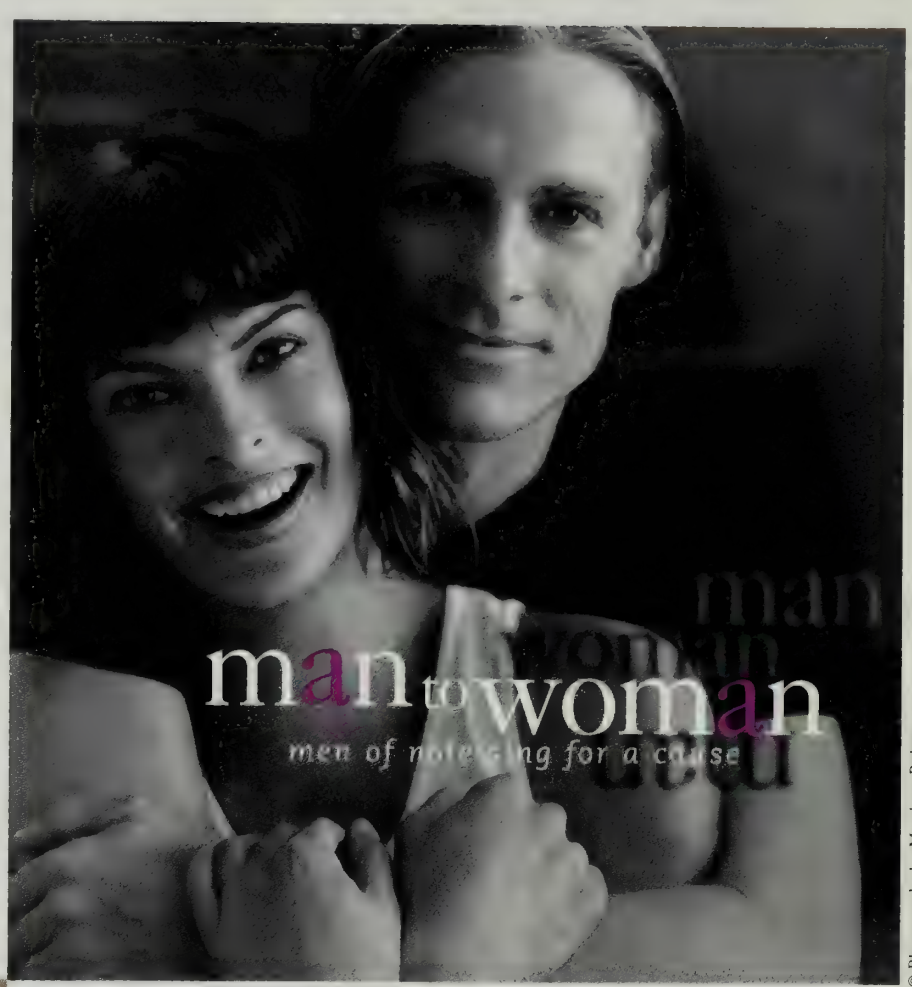
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You Are in My System

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# man to woman

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# New Fun with Dick and Jane

## Henry Alford updates the 30s-era classic for a more dysfunctional age



See Dick and Sally and Jane wave bye-bye.

Mother and Father are going to East Hampton for the weekend.

See Jane have issues with that.

See Jane have abandonment issues.

"Intimacy is not a four-letter word," says Jane.

Jane says abandonment is "not healing."

"Father and Mother are making too many withdrawals from this family's emotional bank account."

See Jane try to talk to Father and Mother when they return.

"Oh, Father! Oh, Mother! I am angry. What has happened to our family?"

See Father say, "You are entitled to your feelings, Jane. But we have issues, too. I have a complicated drinking problem, and your mother is about to pull an Ellen. But we *do* love you so. Here are some separates from Dolce & Gabbana."





"Oh, Dick," Jane says.

"You must help. Our family is mired under with dysfunction."

But Dick is busy, too.

Dick is organizing his wedding to Waldo, from *Where's Waldo?*

Dick is hoarse from telling the party planner, "Less, less, less."

Dick is scouring the township for fresh cilantro.

Dick is looking for napery in burnt icicle.

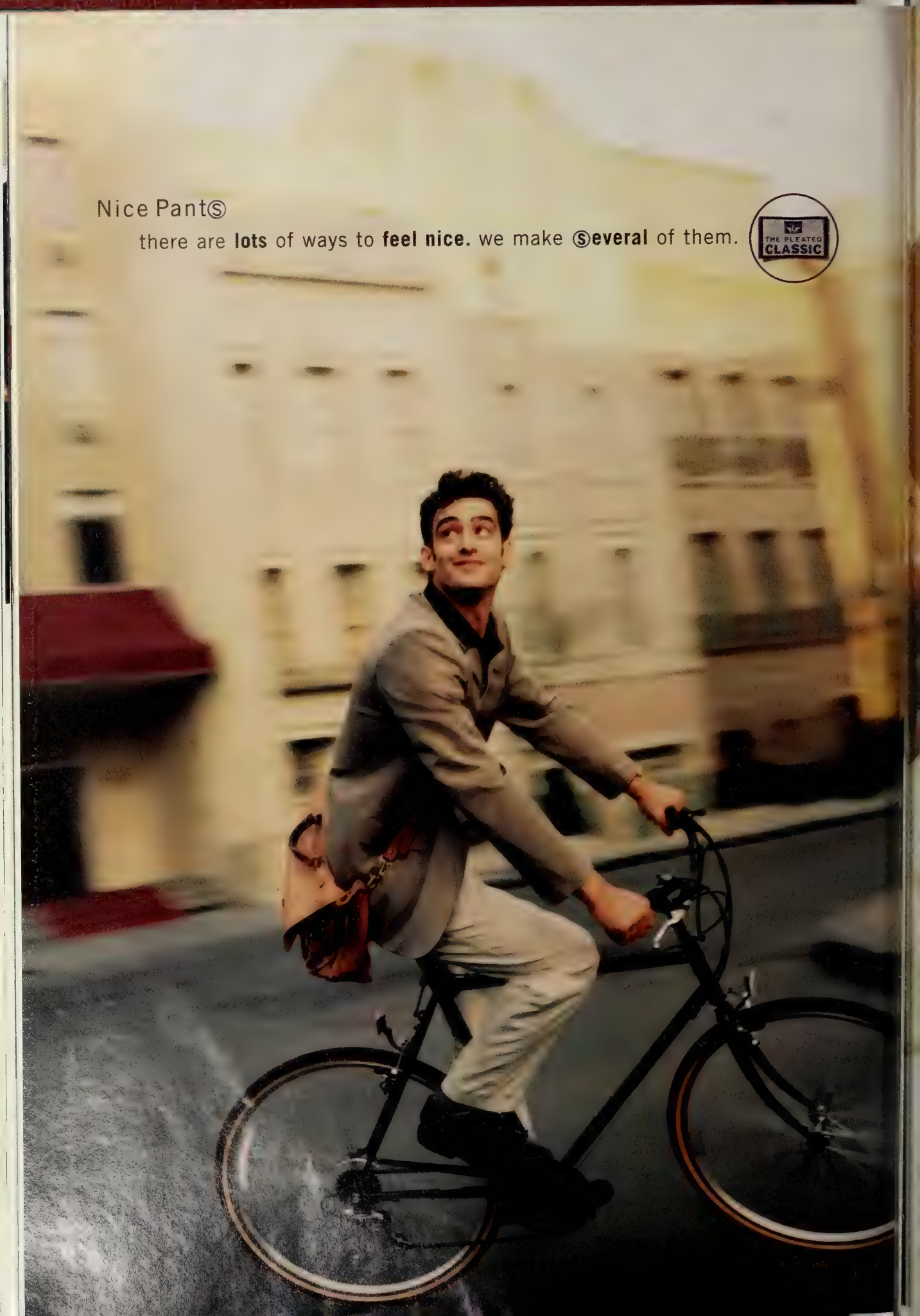
"Oh, Dick!" Jane says. "Identity politics have marginalized you!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSS MacDONALD


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 206



"Oh, Sally," Jane says. "You must help our family."

But Sally is busy, too. Sally is trying to deconstruct Winona Ryder. Sally says Winona Ryder is a cultural signifier. Sally wants to major in Gender Studies at Hampshire.

"But I thought you were interested in Courtney Love," Jane says.

"Oh, Jane," Sally says. "You are so five-minutes-ago."

Deconstruct, Sally, deconstruct!

But the next day, Father and Mother jet off again.

See Sally cry. See Jane seize the moment.

"Now you get it," Jane says. "Father and Mother are part of a larger system of abuse.

Father and Mother are plotting against us.

We must be co-dependent no more."

What will Jane and Sally do?





See Sally and Jane go to the countryside.

See Sally and Jane don berets.

See Sally and Jane form a militia.

There they go!

Bye-bye, Sally and Jane!

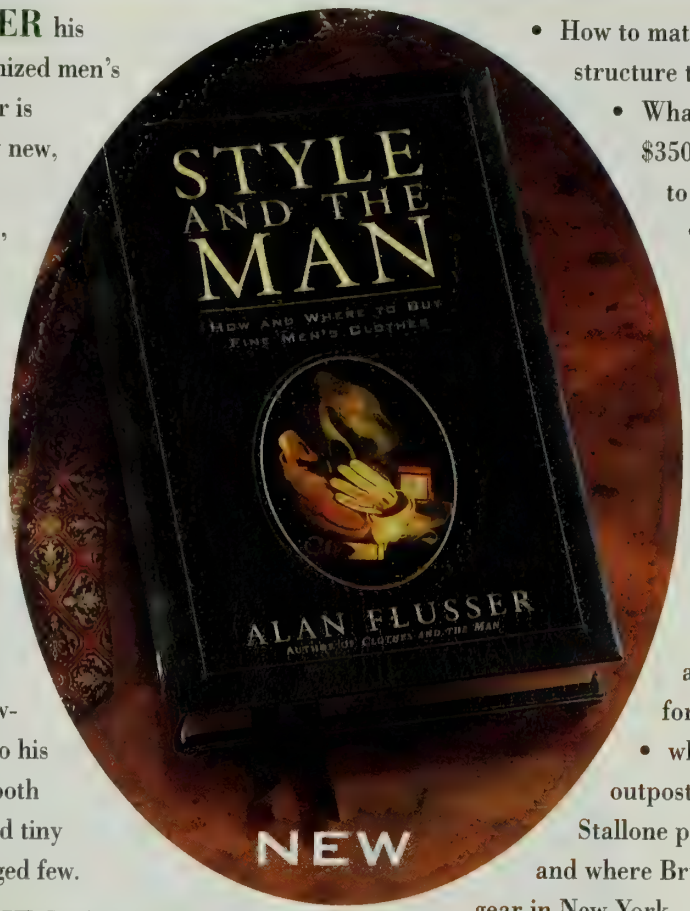
Sally and Jane are going off the grid!

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# All About Bob

## Bob Newhart reclaims prime time

With his trademark stammer and understated style, Bob Newhart has reigned as the king of the sitcom for two decades. This month, as his latest series, *George & Leo,* goes on the air, GEORGE WAYNE catches up with Newhart to explore the buttoned-down world of Bob.

**George Wayne:** *Aren't you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints?*

**Bob Newhart:** Well, my sister is a Catholic nun, so that would come as some surprise to her, to hear that I was Mormon. I'd hate to really find out through *Vanity Fair* that I'm a Mormon.

**G.W.** *Or maybe you're a Scientologist? What do you think of the Scientologists, Bob? Do you think it's a cult?*

**B.N.** You know, I don't get into religion. If people believe in it and it works for them, fine. I don't have enough information to say whether it is or isn't.

**G.W.** *Tell us about your new CBS TV show* George & Leo. *What makes it so special?*

**B.N.** I think the chemistry between Judd Hirsch and myself. I enjoy what he does, and he enjoys what I do. It's fun to watch him work and break up. And then he breaks up when I work. And it's also the great writing. It's so ephemeral, so hard to find.

**G.W.** *Does Johnny Carson ever invite the Bob Newharts over to his home in Malibu?*

**B.N.** Well, we had a beach house in Malibu, and when we did, we saw him all the time. But we don't see him as much as we used to.

**G.W.** *I find it interesting that you were once an advertising copywriter. Did you create any famous jingles?*

**B.N.** Oh my God no! I never got to that level. I was a copywriter locally in Chicago for a commercial/film studio. I was never with a Leo Burnett.

**G.W.** *Another benchmark Bob Newhart moment is the fact that his was the first comedy album to ever go to No. 1 on the charts.*

**B.N.** You've done your research. My daughter's husband is in the music business, and she called me up and told me that I had the No. 1 album for the longest of anybody. And that Axl Rose and Guns N' Roses had broken my record. I said, "Well, at least it happened to a friend. If you've got to have a record broken, at least it's by Axl."

**G.W.** *Which comic strikes a particular funny bone for you?*

**B.N.** I almost hate to say it, because I hate to exclude anybody, but in a general way there are clones and there are originals. I think Seinfeld is an original. I think Garry Shandling is an original, and obviously Letterman and Leno.

**G.W.** *That's quite an understatedly funny performance of yours as Mr. Halliwell in the movie* In & Out. *Was it the first movie script that fell into your lap in a long time, Bob?*

**B.N.** [*Stammers.*] Well, George, they aren't exactly beating down the doors. I don't have a stack of scripts piled up in the living room here. But I haven't done a movie in a long time, and I wanted to work with Kevin Kline and Tom Selleck.

**G.W.** *Are any of your four children homosexual, Bob?*

**B.N.** [*Laughs nervously.*] I don't want to get into that. From Scientology to this? Would you really expect me to answer that?

**G.W.** *Well, you know what, Bob, G.W. will take you all over the map, darling.*

**B.N.** Well, none, none of them have confided that in me.

**G.W.** *If it weren't for Bob Newhart's trademark stammer, he wouldn't be quite so famous. That Newhart stammer is quite unique.*

**B.N.** Somebody once asked me if it was a put-on, if I came up with it. I said, "It's not like I reviewed comedians and said, 'Hey, there's no one doing a stammer out there.'" It's just my natural way of speaking. I suppose I have a certain retardation that accounts for it.

**G.W.** *Well, it obviously endears you to John Q. Public.*

**B.N.** Well, now that I am aware of it, I may lose it. And it will be your fault, George.

**G.W.** *No, keep the stammer, Mr. Newhart. And best of luck with your fabulous new TV show!*


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# PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON AND VICE PRESIDENT AL GORE

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in the Indian Treaty Room of the Old Executive Office Building on August 14, 1997.

Clinton, 51, is the first Democratic president in 60 years to be elected to a second term. A centrist New Democrat, he has transformed his once beleaguered party. Under his presidency, the U.S. has enjoyed the lowest rate of inflation since the early 1960s, and he is the first president in 17 years to submit a balanced budget to Congress.

Gore, 49, is considered the most powerful vice president in U.S. history and is, with the possible exception of Hillary Clinton, the president's closest adviser. The vice president is the current favorite for the Democratic presidential nomination in 2000.



# A PORTRAIT OF WORLD POWER

## The 65 men and women who shape and rule the world today. A 58-page portfolio of global influence by Annie Leibovitz, Helmut Newton, Snowdon, Harry Benson, Jonathan Becker, Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, Nigel Parry, and others. With an essay on "America, the Last Empire," by Gore Vidal, on page 219

n our wired world, lit by Trinitrons, circled by satellites and silicon, and run by good old-fashioned money, the definitions of power are shifting. Before the shrinking of the globe and the explosion of the Information Age, the Powerful were a familiar breed: presidents and prime ministers, monarchs, and a handful of industrial mandarins. ide influences on leaders were minimal (give or take a utin), and the word Empire had terrifying and very real ing. But today, with 40 years of Cold War thawed, and half world no longer intent on exploding if not exploiting the we find that the reins of earthly power (once, not long ago, y in the grip of a few iron fists) are coming up for grabs. In trange age, an extremely wealthy man can buy himself a for- policy. Take, for example, George Soros, the hedge-fund an who has spent more than $1 billion to influence politi- onditions in 31 countries around the globe; last year Mr. alone managed to outgive the U.S. in the lands of Hungary, slavia, and Belarus. That's power. And take the charter members of the multinational Gulfstream-jet set: men like Bill Gates, Rupert Murdoch, Gianni Agnelli, Jack Welch, Michael Eisner, Norio Ohga, Boris Berezovsky, and Gustavo A. Cisneros. They control the tentacles of industrial octopi so vast and influential that heads of state must adhere to their words; in some cases in some countries they must follow their every whim. And in our own nation it is said that the chairman of the Federal Reserve System, Alan Greenspan (likely unknown to 95 percent of the populace), is the most powerful person around because of his ability to move markets and control interest rates. He is quite possibly the ultimate man of influence in a world of expanding economies and—one hopes—expanding peace. And then there remain the traditional imperial magistrates—the president of the U.S., the P.M. of Great Britain, the presidents of France, Russia, and China: armed and dangerous. The ability to blow up the world still grants you a huge amount of sway in the international arena, but surely even these nuclear leaders can't help but notice how crowded and varied the global stage seems to be these days.




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# THE LAST EMPIRE

**ty years ago, the American Republic set forth to become the American Empire. In the name of saving the world from Communism, GORE VIDAL explains, its leaders created a National Security State, engaged in perhaps a hundred covert and overt wars, and an up $5 trillion in debt. The winners were the arms merchants; the losers, the hoodwinked citizens of the United States. Without its Soviet enemy, the author asks, can the empire survive?**



**STAR CHAMBER**
The leaders of the seven wealthiest industrial nations and Russia in conference at the Denver Public Library, June 22, 1997. The eight leaders are identified overleaf.

t is wonderful indeed, ladies and gentlemen, to have all of you here between covers, as it were—here being the place old John Bunyan called "Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis t, is lighter than vanity." these days the town is so much London or New k as the global village it- , wherein you are this nth's movers and shakers, well as moved and shaken eel your pain, Yasser). In umber of ways I find it ly fitting that we meet on the old ground as 20th century and Sec- Christian Millennium are saying d-bye. Personally, I thought they'd er go without taking us with them. re are, of course, 791 days still to I also note that the photographers have immortalized a number of smiles. Joy? Or are those anthropologists right who say that the human baring of teeth signals aggression? Let's hope not before 2001 C.E.

Of course, centuries and millennia are just arbitrary markings, like bookkeeping at Paramount Pictures. But, symbolically, they mean a lot to those who are interested in why we are today what we are and doing what we are doing. This goes particularly for those movers and shakers who have spent a lot of this year in meetings, courtesy of the one indisposable—or did President Clinton say indispensable?—nation on earth and last self-styled global power, loaded down with nukes, bases, debts.

Denver and Madrid were two fairgrounds. Nothing much is ever accomplished when the managing world director calls in his regional directors for fun and frolic. But when Clinton chose a cowboy theme at Denver, with boots for all, some regional directors actually dared whine. But they are easily replaced and know it. Later the Seven



## THE DENVER SUMMIT OF THE EIGHT, JUNE 20–22, 1997

Photographed by Harry Benson at the Fort Restaurant, outside Denver, Colorado, on June 21, 1997.

**JACQUES SANTER**
President, European Commission.

A former prime minister of Luxembourg, he was appointed president of the commission in 1994. The commission mediates between European Union member states and exercises executive powers for the union.

**TONY BLAIR**
Prime minister, Great Britain.
See pages 226–27.

**HELMUT KOHL**
Chancellor, Germany.
See pages 230–31.

**BILL CLINTON**
President, United States.
See page 216.

**RYUTARO HASHIMOTO**
Prime minister, Japan.
See page 247.

**BORIS YELTSIN**
President, Russian Federation.
See page 229.

Leading Economic Powers (plus Russia) decided, at Madrid, to extend the North American Atlantic Organization to include Poland, Czechland, Hungary. Jacques Chirac, the French director of the . . . well, let's be candid: American empire . . . wanted several more Eastern countries to join, while the Russian director wanted *no* Eastern extension of a military alliance that he still thinks, mistakenly, was formed to protect Eastern Europe from the power-mad Soviet Union. Actually, as we shall see, NATO was created so that the United States could dominate *Western* Europe militarily, politically, and economically; any current extension means that more nations and territories will come under American control while giving pleasure to such hyphenate American voters as Poles, Czechs, Hungarians. The French director was heard to use the word *merde* when the American emperor said that only three new countries are to be allowed in this time. The Frenchman was ignored, but then he had lost an election back home. In any case, the North Atlantic confederation of United States–Canada plus Western Europe can now be called the North Atlantic Baltic Danubian Organization, to which the Black Sea will no doubt soon be added.

I see that some of you are stirring impatiently. The United States is *an empire?* The emperor's advisers chuckle at the notion. Are we not a freedom-loving perfect democracy eager to exhibit our state-of-the-art economy to old Europe as a model of what you can do in the way of making money for the few by eliminating labor unions and such decadent frills as public health and education? At Denver a French spear-carrier—always those pesky French—wondered just how reliable our un ployment figures were when one-te of the male workforce is not coun as they are either in prison or on bation or parole. The Canadian pr minister, even more tiresome than French, was heard to say to his gian counterpart (over an open m that if the leaders of any other c try took corporate money as openl American leaders do, "we'd be in j Plainly, the natives are restive. Bu are still in charge of the Vanity Fa

I bring up all this not to be unk Rather, I should like to point out those who live too long with unq tioned contradictions are not apt t able to deal with reality when it e tually befalls them. I have lived thr nearly three-quarters of this centu enlisted in the army of the U States at 17; went to the Pacific; nothing useful—I was just there, as on used to say, WHEN THE BO



QUES R.
HIRAC
dent, France.
page 228.

JEAN CHRETIEN
Prime minister, Canada.

Became prime minister on November 4, 1993. Chrétien, 63, a member of the Liberal Party, has helped Canada's international [illegible] by committing its troops to U.N. peacekeeping missions.

ROMANO PRODI
Prime minister, Republic of Italy.

Became prime minister in April 1996. Prodi, 58, a member of the Olive Tree coalition, left a professorship in economics at the University of Bologna to take his current office.

WILLEM KOK
Prime minister, the Netherlands; former president, European Union's Council.

Appointed prime minister on August 22, 1994. The council comprises the heads of state or government from each of the E.U.'s member countries.

RE FALLING. But, actually, the
os were not really falling on either
: he was a naval officer making a
ne playing poker, while I was an
first mate writing a novel.
ow, suddenly, it's 1997, and we are
brating" the 50th anniversary of
Truman Doctrine and the Marshall
Also, more ominously, July 26
he 50th anniversary of the Nation-
curity Act that, without national
te but very quiet bipartisan con-
ional support, replaced the old
rican Republic with a National
rity State very much in the global-
re business, which explains . . .
t, first, into the Time Machine.
is the Ides of August 1945. Ger-
and Japan have surrendered, and
13 million Americans are headed
to enjoy—well, being alive was al-
the bottom line. Home turns out
a sort of fairground where fire-
s go off and the band plays "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," and an endlessly enticing fun house flings open its doors and we file through. We enjoy halls of mirrors where everyone is comically distorted, ride through all the various tunnels of love, and take scary tours of horror chambers where skeletons and cobwebs and bats brush past us until, suitably chilled and thrilled, we are ready for the exit and everyday life, but, to the consternation of some—and the apparent indifference of the rest—we were never allowed to leave the fun house entirely: it had become a part of our world, as were the goblins sitting under that apple tree.

Officially, the United States was at peace; much of Europe and most of Japan were in ruins, often literally, certainly economically. We alone had all our cities and a sort of booming economy—"sort of" because it depended on war production, and there was, as far as anyone could tell, no war in the offing. But the arts briefly flourished. *The Glass Menagerie* was staged, Copland's *Appalachian Spring* was played. A film called *The Lost Weekend*—not a bad title for what we had gone through—won an Academy Award, and the as yet unexiled Richard Wright published a much-admired novel, *Black Boy,* while Edmund Wilson's novel *Memoirs of Hecate County* was banned for obscenity in parts of the country. Quaintly, each city had at least three or four daily newspapers in those days, while New York, as befitted *the* world city, had 17 newspapers. But a novelty, television, had begun to appear in household after household, its cold gray distorting eye relentlessly projecting a funhouse view of the world.

Those who followed the—ugly new-minted word—media began to note that while watching even Milton Berle we kept fading in and out of the Chamber of ESSAY CONTINUED ON PAGE 224

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— *David H. Komansky*
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Horrors. Subliminal skeletons would suddenly flash onto the TV screen; our ally in the recent war "Uncle Joe Stalin," as the accidental president Harry S. Truman had called him, was growing horns and fangs that dripped blood. On earth, we were the only great unruined power with atomic weapons; yet we were now—somehow—at terrible risk. Why? How?

The trouble appeared to be over Germany, which, on February 11, 1945, had been split at the Yalta summit meeting into four zones: American, Soviet, British, French. As the Russians had done the most fighting and suffered the greatest losses, it was agreed that they should have an early crack at reparations from Germany—to the extent of $20 billion. At a later meeting at Potsdam the new president Truman, with Stalin and Churchill, reconfirmed Yalta and opted for the unification of Germany under the four victorious powers. But something had happened between the euphoria of Yalta and the edginess of Potsdam. As the meeting progressed, the atom bomb was tried out successfully in a New Mexico desert. We were now able to incinerate Japan—or the Soviet, for that matter—and so we no longer needed Russian help to defeat Japan. We started to renege on our agreements with Stalin, particularly reparations from Germany. We also quietly shelved the notion, agreed upon at Yalta, of a united Germany under four-power control. Our aim now was to unite the three Western zones of Germany and integrate them into *our* Western Europe, restoring, in the process, the German economy—hence, fewer reparations. Then, as of May 1946, we began to re-arm Germany. Stalin went ape at this betrayal. The Cold War was on.

At home, the media was beginning to prepare the attentive few for Disappointment. Suddenly, we were faced with the highest personal income taxes in American history to pay for more and more weapons, among them the world-killer hydrogen bomb—all because *the Russians were coming.* No one knew quite why they were coming or with what. Weren't they still burying 20 million dead? Official explanations for all this made little sense, but then, as Truman's secretary of state, Dean Acheson, merrily observed, "In the State Department we used to discuss how much time that mythical 'average American citizen' put in each day listening, reading, and arguing about the world outside his own country. . . . It seemed to us that ten minutes a day would be a high average." So why bore the people? Secret "bipartisan" government is best for what, after all, is—or should be—a society of docile workers, enthusiastic consumers, obedient soldiers who will believe just about anything for at least 10 minutes. The National Security State, the NATO alliance, the 40-years Cold War were all created without the consent, much less advice, of the American people. Of course, there were elections during this crucial time, but Truman-Dewey, Eisenhower-Stevenson, Kennedy-Nixon were of a single mind as to the desirability of inventing, first, a many-tentacled enemy, Communism, the star of the Chamber of Horrors; then, to combat so much evil, install a permanent wartime state at home with loyalty oaths, a national "peacetime" draft, and secret police to keep watch over homegrown "traitors," as the few enemies of the National Security State were known. Then followed 40 years of mindless wars which created a debt of $5 trillion that hugely benefited aerospace and firms like General Electric, whose longtime TV pitchman was Ronald Reagan, eventually retired to the White House.

Why go into all this now? Have we not done marvelously well as the United States of Amnesia? Our economy is the envy of the earth, the president proclaimed at Denver. No inflation. Jobs for all except the 2 percent of the population in prison and the 5 percent who no longer look for work and so are not counted, bringing our actual unemployment close to the glum European average of 11 percent. And all of this accomplished without ever once succumbing to the sick socialism of Europe. We have no health service or proper public education or, indeed, much of anything for the residents of the fun house. But there are lots of ill-paid work-hours for husband and wife with no care for the children while parents are away from home. Fortunately, Congress is now preparing legislation so that adult prisons can take in delinquent 14-year-olds. They, at least, w be taken care of, while, economica it is only a matter of time before great globe itself is green-spanned.

Certainly European bankers e us our powerless labor unions (o 14 percent of the lucky funsters privileged to belong to a labor uni and our industries—lean, mean, do sized, with no particular place for redundant to go except into the of sizzle and fry and burn. Today give orders to other countries. We them with whom to trade and which of our courts they must sh up for indictment should they diso us. Meanwhile, F.B.I. agents range world looking for drug fiends peddlers while the unconstitutic C.I.A. (they don't submit their counts to Congress as the Const tion requires) chases "terrorists" that their onetime colleagues and so time paymasters in the Russian K.G have gone out of business.

We have arrivec what Tennessee liams once ca A Moon of Pa When I asked what on earth phrase meant, as spoken by an act in one of his plays, "It is," he loftily, "the actual Greek transla of menopause." I said that the w "moon" did not come from *me* (Latin, not Greek, for "month"). "What," he asked suspiciously, "is Latin for moon?" When I told hi was *luna* and what fun he might with the word "lunatic," he sighed cut. But at the time of the Ma conference about the extensior NATO, a moon of pause seemed a dotty phrase for the change of life our empire is now going through, no enemy and no discernible func

While we were at our busiest i fun house, no one ever told us the North Atlantic Treaty Alli was really about. March 17, 1948 Treaty of Brussels called for a mil alliance of Britain, France, Benel be joined by the U.S. and Canad March 23. The impetus behind was the United States, whose prin foreign policy, since the administr of George Washington, was to what Alexander Hamilton called tangling ESSAY CONTINUED ON PAC

# THE PRESIDENT'S NATIONAL SECURITY TEAM

Photographed by Harry Benson
after the weekly "principals' meeting" at 4:30 P.M. in the office of the national-security adviser in the West Wing of the White House on August 1, 1997.



## SAMUEL R. "SANDY" BERGER

Assistant to the
...nt for national-security affairs.

...rn, Sharon, Connecticut.
B.A., Cornell, 1967;
...cum laude, Harvard, 1971.
...52. Deputy national-security
...viser to President Clinton,
...97; appointed national-security
adviser, 1997.

...Has known the president
...than anyone else on Clinton's
...eign-policy team. They met
...Alamo during the McGovern
campaign in 1972.

## BILL RICHARDSON

United States permanent representative
to the United Nations.

Born, Pasadena, California. B.A., 1970, M.A., 1971, Tufts University. Age, 50.

U.S. representative from New Mexico, 1982–96. U.N. ambassador since February 1997.

## MADELEINE K. ALBRIGHT

United States secretary of state.

Born, Prague, Czechoslovakia.
Immigrated to the United States in 1948.
B.A., Wellesley, 1959;
Ph.D., Columbia, 1976. Age, 60.

The most visible and activist secretary of state since Henry Kissinger, Albright is the highest-ranking woman in the history of the United States government; previously she served as President Clinton's ambassador to the United Nations and in foreign-policy advisory positions for Jimmy Carter, Edmund Muskie, and Michael Dukakis.

## WILLIAM S. COHEN

United States secretary of defense.

Born, Bangor, Maine. B.A., Bowdoin, 1962;
LL.B., Boston University Law School, 1965. Age, 57.

The only Republican in the Clinton Cabinet. U.S. representative from Maine, 1972–78; U.S. senator, 1979–96.

## GENERAL JOHN M. SHALIKASHVILI

Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Born, Warsaw, Poland.
Immigrated to the United States in 1952.
B.Sc., Bradley University, 1958;
M.A., George Washington University, 1970.
Age, 61.

The highest-ranking member of the U.S. armed forces. Shalikashvili was drafted into the army as a private in 1958. Before becoming chairman of the Joint Chiefs, he was NATO's supreme Allied commander, Europe.

# TONY BLAIR

Prime minister, Great Britain.
Photographed with his staff by Annie Leibovitz at 10 Downing Street in London on July 3, 1997.



Left to right: Gordon Brown, chancellor of the exchequer; Ed Balls, economic adviser to the chancellor of the exchequer; Philip Gould, pollster and political strategist; Alastair Campbell, chief of staff; Bruce Grocott (obscured), parliamentary private secretary to the prime minister; Sally Morgan, political secretary to the prime minister; and Prime Minister Tony Blair.



Born, Edinburgh, Scotland. Educated at Fettes College and at St. John's College, Oxford. Blair is the first Labour Party prime minister since 1979. He plays the guitar and listens to R.E.M.

The son of a Tory barrister, Blair has reinvented Labour along lines agreeable to Baroness Thatcher. "New Labour" is less beholden to socialist tradition than to a center-left coalition.

Forty-three when elected, he is the youngest prime minister in this century. At Cabinet meetings, he has instructed his ministers to refer to him as "Tony."

Ten Downing Street is too small for a man with three young children. Blair and his wife, Cherie Booth, and their children live at No. 11 Downing Street.

Left to right: Blair; Alastair Campbell, press secretary; Peter Mandelson, minister without portfolio; Charlie Whelan, press adviser to the chancellor of the exchequer; Chancellor of the Exchequer Brown.

# JACQUES R. CHIRAC

President, French Republic.

Photographed by Jean-Daniel Lorieux in the Corrèze, France.

Born, Paris, France. Educated at Lycée Louis-le-Grand, Institut d'Etudes Politiques, and Ecole Nationale d'Administration. Married, Bernadette Chirac; three children, one of them an adopted Vietnamese girl.

France's economy is the fourth-largest in the world. The country is visited more than any other on earth.

Since Charles de Gaulle, national pride has dictated that France maintain the only Western nuclear arsenal independent of NATO's. In 1966, de Gaulle withdrew French military forces from NATO in protest of American dominance. The neo-Gaullist Chirac wants to reintegrate French forces—but only if some American troops are put under European command. The White House has thus far refused. "France will wait for things to change," says Chirac.

He is known as "le bulldozer" for his fierce determination. He won the presidency on his third attempt, in 1995. The victory ended 14 years of Socialist rule.

Chirac, 64, is a confident man, but a reluctant campaigner. His daughter Claude, 34, has become his most trusted aide and carefully stage-managed her father's 1995 campaign.

As mayor of Paris, Chirac overrode a neighborhood's ban on a 1987 Madonna concert after listening to her records. The singer kissed him on both cheeks and donated part of the concert proceeds to AIDS research.

The president maintains a long-standing friendship with Gregory Peck.





## BORIS YELTSIN

President, Russian Federation.

Photographed by Sasha in Red Square, Moscow, on May 8, 1997.

Born, Butko, Sverdlovsk, Russia.
Educated in engineering at Urals Polytechnic Institute.
Married, Naina Yeltsina; two children.

Yeltsin, 66, joined the Communist Party in 1961. From 1968 through the mid-80s he worked for the party in his home region of Sverdlovsk, gaining a reputation as a charismatic reformer. In 1985 he was summoned to Moscow by President Mikhail Gorbachev to help implement his *glasnost* reforms. Shortly after, he was promoted to first secretary of the Moscow City Party Committee, and in 1986 joined the Politburo. In June 1991, after gaining massive public support for his critique of governmental privilege and corruption, he became the first democratically elected president of Russia. Gorbachev's exit and the collapse of the Soviet Union were imminent.

Yeltsin's attempt to bring about democracy in Russia has been anything but smooth. In 1993 he halted a coup attempt with military force. He has since made headway with the economy (inflation is down from 2,600 percent in 1993 to 12 percent in 1997) and was re-elected in 1996 by a 13 percent margin.

alliances." Now, as the Russians were supposed to be coming, we replaced the old republic with the newborn National Security State and set up shop as the major *European* power west of the Elbe. We were now hell-bent on the permanent division of Germany between our western zone (plus the French and British zones) and the Soviet zone to the east. Serenely, we broke every agreement that we had made with our former ally, now horrendous Communist enemy. For those interested in the details, Carolyn Eisenberg's *Drawing the Line (The American Decision to Divide Germany 1944–49)* is a masterful survey of an empire—sometimes blindly, sometimes brilliantly—assembling itself by turning first its allies and then its enemies like Germany, Italy, Japan into client states, permanently subject to our military and economic diktat.

Although the Soviets still wanted to live by our original agreements at Yalta and even Potsdam, we had decided, unilaterally, to restore the German economy in order to enfold a re-armed Germany into Western Europe, thus isolating the Soviet, a nation which had not recovered from the Second World War and had no nuclear weapons. It was Acheson—again—who elegantly explained all the lies that he was obliged to tell Congress and the 10-minute-attention-spanned average American: "If we did make our points clearer than truth, we did not differ from most other educators and could hardly do otherwise. . . . Qualification must give way to simplicity of statement, nicety and nuance to bluntness, almost brutality, in carrying home a point." Thus, were two generations of Americans treated by their overlords until, in the end, at the word "Communism," there is an orgasmic Pavlovian reflex just as the brain goes dead.

In regard to the "enemy," Ambassador Walter Bedell Smith—a former general with powerful simple views—wrote to his old boss General Eisenhower from Moscow in December 1947 apropos a conference to regularize European matters: "The difficulty under which we labor is that in spite of our announced position we really do not want nor intend to accept German

CONTINUED ON PAGE 245






## HELMUT KOHL

Chancellor, Federal Republic of Germany.

Photographed by Konrad Müller in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Born, Ludwigshafen, Germany.
Married, Hannelore Kohl, two children. Kohl was given a remarkably ecumenical education—including, over time, studies of Jewish history, religion, and culture.

The chancellor's nickname, Der Schwarze Riese ("The Black Giant"), refers both to his size (six feet four inches and approximately 300 pounds) and to the traditional color of German conservative parties.

Superb interpersonal skills have won him the enduring support of fellow leaders. George Bush is still received with honors when in Bonn, and Kohl and Boris Yeltsin have been known to discuss politics in a sauna. "We're not discussing our good looks," says the chancellor.

Last fall, Kohl, 67, passed his mentor, Konrad Adenauer, to become the longest-serving chancellor in Germany's postwar history (since October 1982). He has fulfilled his dream of a unified Germany and currently leads the drive for a single European currency. The elder statesman among the world's leading industrialized nations, he intends to [illegible] 1998.



# HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II

Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and Her Other Realms and Territories; Head of the Commonwealth; Defender of the Faith.

Photographed by Brian Aris at Buckingham Palace.

Born, London, England. Married, Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh four children. Ascended to the throne February 6, 1952.

Elizabeth II's worth, including the Royal Collection Trust in art and jew is estimated at $16 billion, making her by far the richest woman in the w

At 71, she is the head of state of the United Kingdom and its territories and signs Parliament's acts into law. Britain has no writte constitution; its parties elect new leaders, but a leader may become prime minister only at the Queen's invitation to form a governn

The prime minister of Great Britain has a private audience with the Queen every Tuesday. Only the two participants ever know what is discussed. Tony Blair is Elizabeth II's 11th P.M. Winston Churchill, at the end of his career, was her first.

The royal art collection includes 7,000 oil paintings, 10,000 watercolors, and 20,000 old-master drawings. The trust's furnit catalogued in 75 volumes. As a whole, the collection is by a wide margin the world's largest. It has been appraised at between £4 and £10 billion ($6.3 and $15.9 billion).

# HIS MAJESTY - KING JUAN CARLOS I OF SPAIN

Photographed by Snowdon in London.

Born, Rome, Italy. Educated at several military academies in Spain and the University of Madrid. Married, Queen Sofía (the former Princess Sofía of Greece); three children.

Juan Carlos, 59, ascended the throne in 1975, two days after the death of Generalissimo Francisco Franco, whose Falange Party had ruled Spain for 36 years.

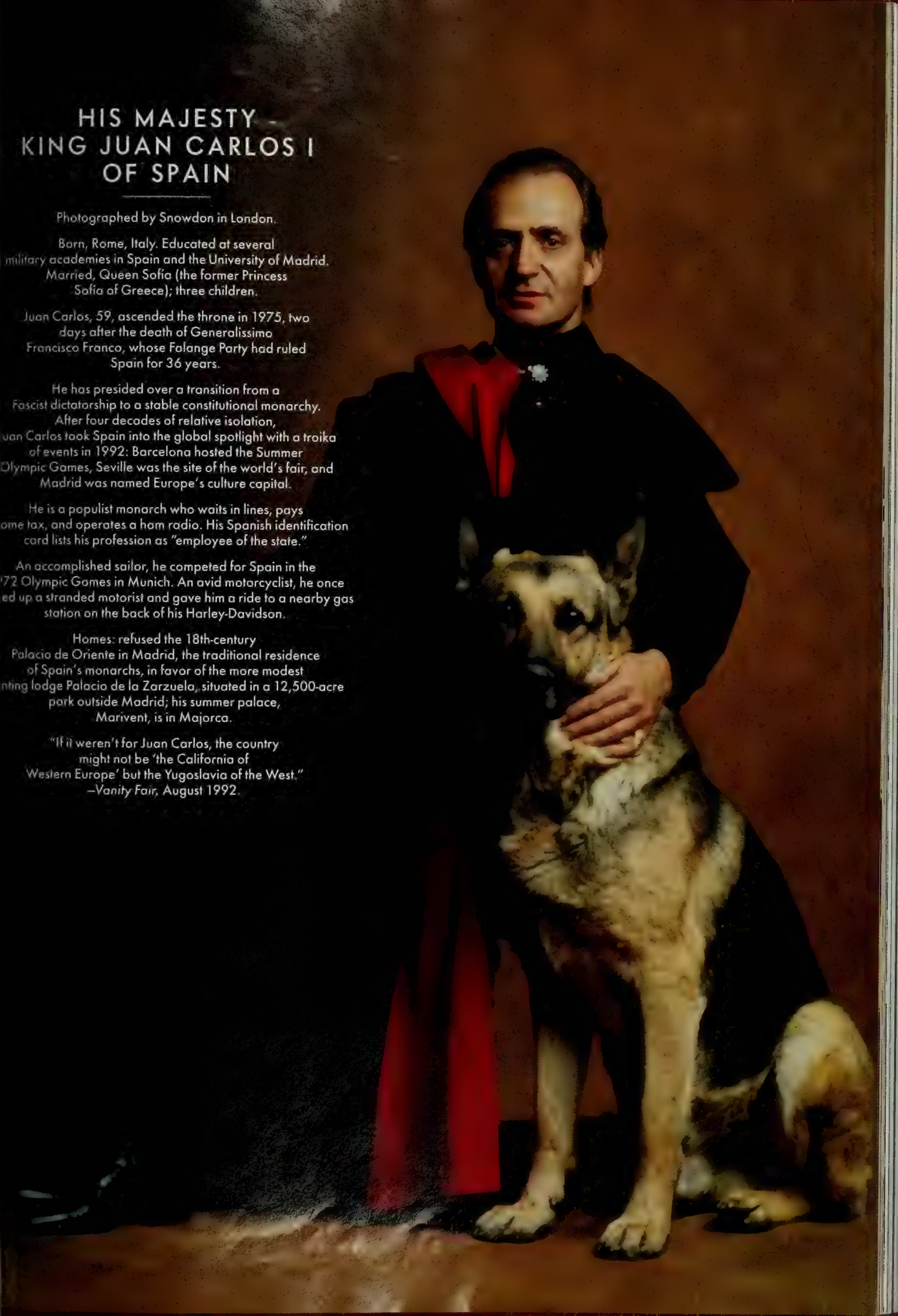
He has presided over a transition from a Fascist dictatorship to a stable constitutional monarchy. After four decades of relative isolation, Juan Carlos took Spain into the global spotlight with a troika of events in 1992: Barcelona hosted the Summer Olympic Games, Seville was the site of the world's fair, and Madrid was named Europe's culture capital.

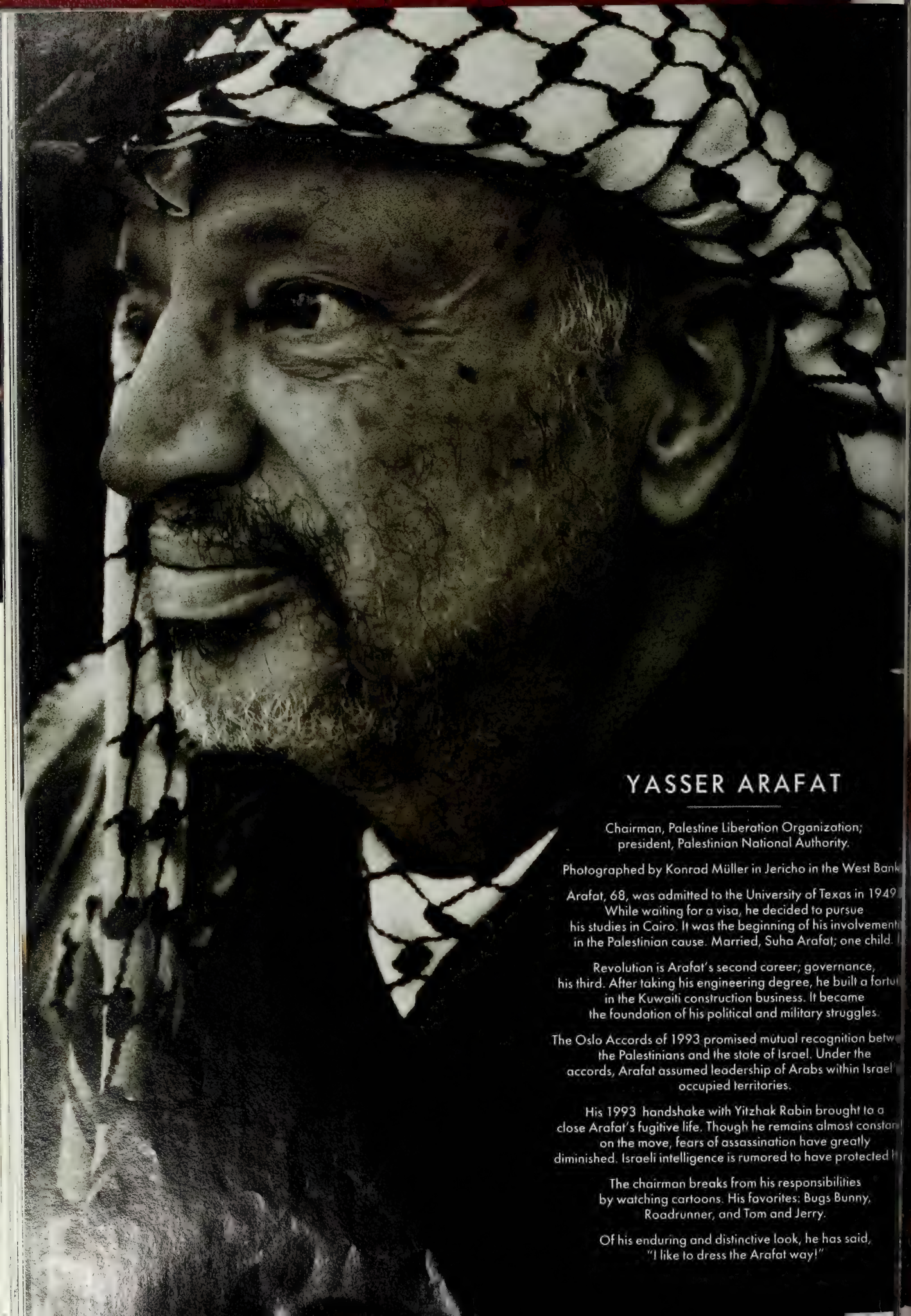
He is a populist monarch who waits in lines, pays ome tax, and operates a ham radio. His Spanish identification card lists his profession as "employee of the state."

An accomplished sailor, he competed for Spain in the '72 Olympic Games in Munich. An avid motorcyclist, he once ed up a stranded motorist and gave him a ride to a nearby gas station on the back of his Harley-Davidson.

Homes: refused the 18th-century Palacio de Oriente in Madrid, the traditional residence of Spain's monarchs, in favor of the more modest nting lodge Palacio de la Zarzuela, situated in a 12,500-acre pork outside Madrid; his summer palace, Marivent, is in Majorca.

"If it weren't for Juan Carlos, the country might not be 'the California of Western Europe' but the Yugoslavia of the West."
—*Vanity Fair*, August 1992.





## YASSER ARAFAT

Chairman, Palestine Liberation Organization; president, Palestinian National Authority.

Photographed by Konrad Müller in Jericho in the West Bank

Arafat, 68, was admitted to the University of Texas in 1949. While waiting for a visa, he decided to pursue his studies in Cairo. It was the beginning of his involvement in the Palestinian cause. Married, Suha Arafat; one child.

Revolution is Arafat's second career; governance, his third. After taking his engineering degree, he built a fortune in the Kuwaiti construction business. It became the foundation of his political and military struggles.

The Oslo Accords of 1993 promised mutual recognition between the Palestinians and the state of Israel. Under the accords, Arafat assumed leadership of Arabs within Israel's occupied territories.

His 1993 handshake with Yitzhak Rabin brought to a close Arafat's fugitive life. Though he remains almost constantly on the move, fears of assassination have greatly diminished. Israeli intelligence is rumored to have protected him.

The chairman breaks from his responsibilities by watching cartoons. His favorites: Bugs Bunny, Roadrunner, and Tom and Jerry.

Of his enduring and distinctive look, he has said, "I like to dress the Arafat way!"

# BENJAMIN NETANYAHU

Prime minister, Israel.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker in the Cabinet Room of the prime minister's office in Jerusalem on August 4, 1997.

Born, Tel Aviv, Israel. B.S., 1974, M.Sc., 1976, M.I.T. Married to his third wife, Sara Netanyahu; three children, two sons with Sara and a daughter from a previous marriage.

At age 48 he is the youngest Israeli prime minister ever.

Often called Israel's first American-style politician, Netanyahu is well known for his performances on *Nightline* and CNN. He is equally well known by Israelis for "Bibigate," wherein he confessed to marital infidelity on prime-time television and insinuated that a fellow Likud Party member was blackmailing him with a videotape of the tryst.

Netanyahu has steadfastly rejected a land-for-peace bargain with the Palestinians, the backbone of the Oslo peace accords. In the wake of his hard-line stance, there has been much carnage: spring 1996, three terrorist bombings in Jerusalem and Tel Aviv left 58 dead; fall 1996, four days of conflict left 73 Israelis dead, with hundreds of other casualties; summer 1997, two suicide bombings claimed by the militant Muslim group Hamas in Jerusalem drove Netanyahu to halt peace proceedings indefinitely.





# HIS MAJESTY SULTAN HAJI HASSANAL BOLKIAH MU'IZZADDIN WADDAULAH

Head of state, prime minister, Negara Brunei Darussalam.

Photographed by Alistair and Greg Pitkin at the king's palace near Mecca.

Born, Bandar Seri Begawan, Brunei. Married [illegible] wives, 10 children.

His fortune, which officially belongs to the country, is estimated at $38 billion. He rules from a palace which has more than 1,700 rooms and is roofed by domes gilded with 22-karat gold.

Each July his people honor his birthday with parades and festivities. In the past, the sultan has celebrated by releasing prison inmates. In 1996 the Prince of Wales and Michael Jackson attended the festivities.

Sultan Hassanal Bolkiah, 51, assisted by five councils, controls Brunei's [illegible] and [illegible] economy. He ascended to the throne at the age of the island kingdom's independence from Great Britain in 1984. The sultan owns three homes in England, in addition to a string of luxury hotels [illegible] Dorchester, Paris's Meurice, and the Beverly Hills Hotel.

# HIS MAJESTY FAHD IBN ABDUL AZIZ AL-SAUD

King, Saudi Arabia.

Born, Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Ed.D. (hon.), King Abdulaziz University, 1976; D. (hon.), Islamic University of Imam Muhammad Ibn Saud, 1982. Reportedly has two wives; is said to have as many as 10 children.

The kingdom of Saudi Arabia is situated above a quarter of the world's known oil reserves. It functions more like a private company than a state. All of its oil and gas fields are owned by King Fahd. His worth is estimated at $20 billion.

Fahd, 74, suffered a stroke in November 1995, but made a quick recovery and returned to the throne in February of last year. Crown Prince Abdullah, 73, Fahd's brother, is expected to succeed him.

The king, who has been on the throne since 1982, was told by a soothsayer that he will die in the Saudi capital, Riyadh. He now lives in Jidda and often retreats to his 100-room estate in Marbella, Spain. Fahd also maintains homes in Geneva, Paris, and Britain.

# ALAN GREENSPAN

Chairman, Board of Governors,
United States Federal Reserve System.

Photographed by Louis Psihoyos in his office
at the Federal Reserve, Washington, D.C.

Born, New York City. Attended George Washington High School; studied music at Juilliard; B.S., M.A., Ph.D., New York University. Spent a year on the road playing saxophone and clarinet with the Henry Jerome band.

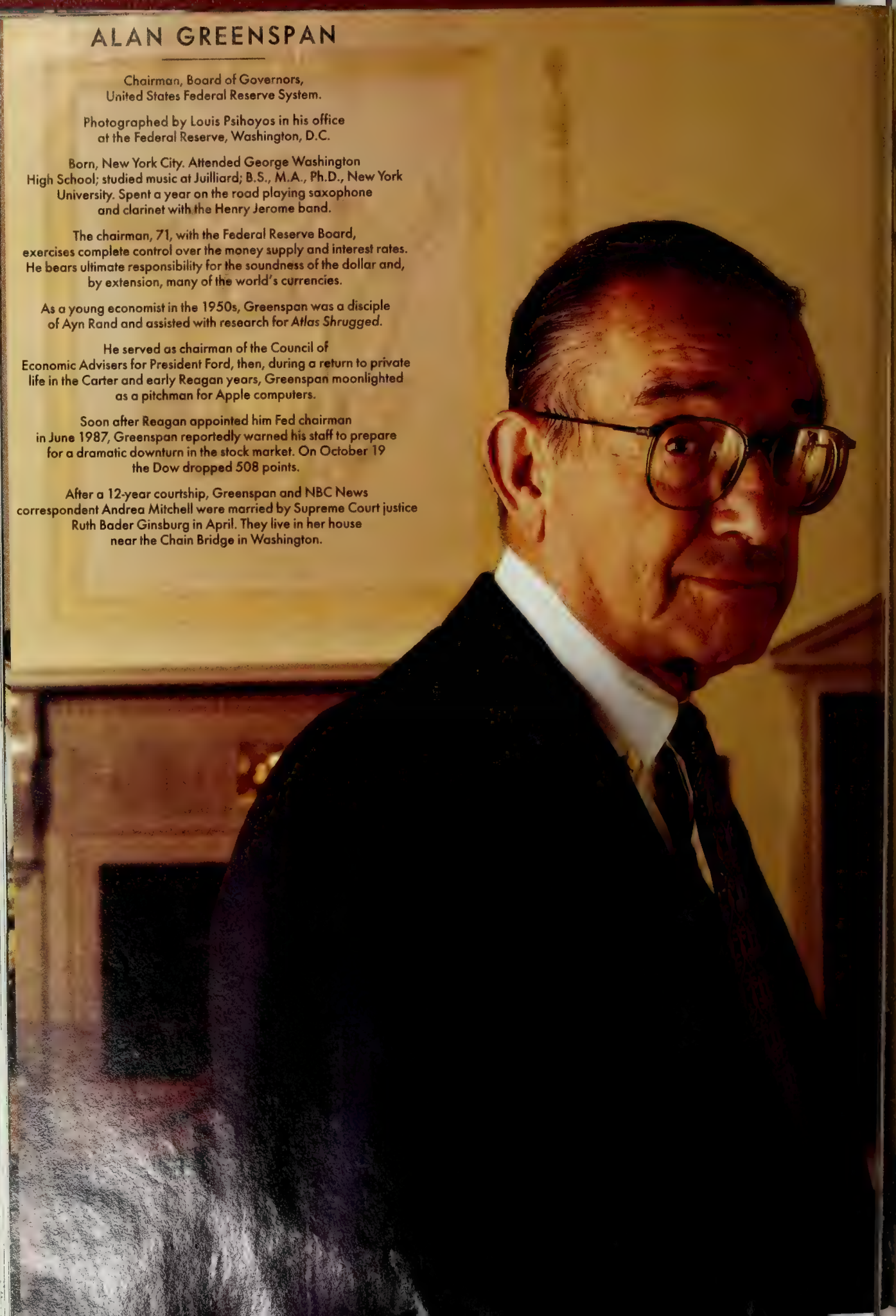
The chairman, 71, with the Federal Reserve Board, exercises complete control over the money supply and interest rates. He bears ultimate responsibility for the soundness of the dollar and, by extension, many of the world's currencies.

As a young economist in the 1950s, Greenspan was a disciple of Ayn Rand and assisted with research for *Atlas Shrugged*.

He served as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers for President Ford, then, during a return to private life in the Carter and early Reagan years, Greenspan moonlighted as a pitchman for Apple computers.

Soon after Reagan appointed him Fed chairman in June 1987, Greenspan reportedly warned his staff to prepare for a dramatic downturn in the stock market. On October 19 the Dow dropped 508 points.

After a 12-year courtship, Greenspan and NBC News correspondent Andrea Mitchell were married by Supreme Court justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg in April. They live in her house near the Chain Bridge in Washington.





# GEORGE SOROS

Chairman, Soros Fund Management.

Photographed by Abe Frajndlich at his apartment in New York City.

Born, Budapest, Hungary. B.S., London School of Economics, 1952. Married to his second wife, Susan Weber Soros; five children, two with Susan. Homes in Manhattan, London, and Southampton and Bedford, New York.

He describes himself as a "financial, philanthropic, and philosophical speculator." The investment funds bearing his name have earned him a fortune estimated at $2.5 billion.

Soros, 67, first achieved popular notoriety by betting against the British pound in 1992. He made $1 billion over the course of a single week and was crowned "the man who broke the Bank of England."

He has now become more well known for giving money away than for amassing it, and has established a global network of philanthropic organizations. In the early 1980s he used his wealth to foster political and philosophical freedom in Eastern Europe. One of his first targets was censorship in Soros's native Hungary: he distributed photocopiers throughout the country. Worldwide giving is now around $350 million annually. Soros has given away a total of $1.1 billion.

He is now turning his focus to the United States, sponsoring controversial projects dealing with social programs, including drug-policy reform and poverty.

# ROBERT RUBIN

Secretary, United States Treasury.

Photographed by Steve Barrett on Capitol Hill, Washington, D.C.

Born, New York City. A.B. summa cum laude, Harvard, 1960; LL.B., Yale Law School, 1964. Married, Judith Oxenberg Rubin; two children.

Rubin, 59, is arguably the perfect specimen of a Clintonian New Democrat, and incontestably the most influential member of the Cabinet.

The secretary engineered a controversial ($20 billion) bailout of the Mexican peso by tapping the Exchange Stabilization Fund in 1995. The bet paid off well: Mexican reimbursement was early, as were the accolades of Washington and Wall Street.

Rubin and his wife live on Park Avenue in Manhattan, but the secretary stays at the Jefferson Hotel during the workweek. Rubin's personal fortune (near $100 million), which he amassed during a 26-year career at Goldman Sachs & Co., takes some of the sting out of public service.



# FERNANDO HENRIQUE CARDOSO

President, Federative Republic of Brazil.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker at the former presidential office, Palácio das Laranjeiras, in Rio de Janeiro on April 27, 1997.

, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Ph.D., University of São Paulo, 1961. Married, Ruth Corrêa Leite Cardoso; three children.

He presides over the world's eighth-largest nomy—Latin America's most prosperous. Cardoso, 66, has moved Brazil away from decades of political and social epression and reintegrated it into the global marketplace.

Cardoso entered the Brazilian Senate in 1983. 93, after a stint as President Itamar Franco's foreign minister, Cardoso became his finance minister; he won the esidency the next year. Cardoso's "Real Plan" is credited ith bringing inflation down from as high as 2,600 percent in 1993 to an estimated 7 percent in 1997.

The Brazilian stock market has exploded, ving 80 percent this year. The boom times have brought high praise, and a recent constitutional amendment ows him to become the first Brazilian president to stand for re-election. Cardoso is expected to win handily in next year's contest.



# ERNESTO ZEDILLO

President, Mexico.

Photographed by Keith Dannemiller at Los Pinos, in Mexico City.

Born, Mexico City, Mexico. Studied economics at the National Polytechnic Institute; Ph.D., economics, Yale University, 1978. Married, Nilda Patricia Velasco; five children.

In 1993, exiting president Carlos Salinas de Gortari chose Institutional Revolutionary Party (P.R.I.) leader Luis Donaldo Colosio to be his successor, and Colosio appointed Zedillo as his campaign manager. In March 1994, Colosio was assassinated at a campaign rally in Tijuana, and Zedillo was thrust into the political spotlight as the P.R.I.'s presidential candidate. He was elected later that year.

In December 1994, only weeks after he was inaugurated, Zedillo made an attempt to reduce Mexico's $28 billion deficit by devaluing the peso. The results were disastrous: the peso crashed, sending Mexico into a deep recession. The U.S. bailed out its neighbor (and third-largest trading partner) with a $20 billion loan orchestrated by Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin.

Zedillo, 45, is often accused of being aloof from the general populace. At a concert in Mexico City in 1995 the audience cheered him in his seat in the presidential box. The president had to be prompted to acknowledge the tribute.

He has devoted much of his term to weeding out corruption at all levels of government. In July 1997, Mexico held its most conflict-free elections in decades, and the P.R.I. lost control of the lower house of Congress for the first time in 68 years. It has been said that there has not been political upheaval of this magnitude in Mexico since the revolution of 1910.



## HOSNI MUBARAK

President, Arab Republic of Egypt.

Photographed by Gerard Rancinan in Cairo.

Born, Kafr El-Moseilha, Egypt. B.M.S., 1949, B.A., 1952, National Military and Air Force Academies. Married, Suzan Mubarak; two children.

Mubarak, 69, was thrust onto the international stage when President Anwar Sadat was assassinated by Islamist radicals in 1981. He was sworn in as the Egyptian Republic's third president eight days later.

After Sadat's murder, Mubarak vowed to uphold the 1978 Camp David Peace Accords between Egypt and Israel. During his 16 years in office, he has secularized the country while successfully re-establishing its ties to other Arab states. He has revitalized a buckling economy and promoted privatization while developing a $3.5 billion annual tourist trade.

Mubarak was instrumental in the secret 1993 talks that resulted in the Oslo Accords between Israel and the P.L.O.

He was called "Hosni the Pharaoh" by the extreme Islamists who, in June of 1995, tried to kill him; it was the eighth assassination attempt the president has survived.

## HAFEZ AL-ASSAD

President, Syria.

Photographed by Barry Iverson at the presidential palace in Damascus, Syria.

Born, Qardaha, Syria. Graduated from Military Academy. Married, Aniseh Makhluf; five children.

Assad, 67, was elected president of Syria in 1971. In 1991 he spent $80 million on his third re-election campaign. He won handily in an uncontested race.

Leader of the Baath Party, which supports Arab unity and national independence. His family belongs to Alawi, a liberal branch of Shiite Islam.

Assad is known for his ruthless strong-arm tactics and his associations with terrorist groups, including the guerrilla organization Hezbollah. Syria's human-rights record is among the worst in the world (more than 10,000 Syrians have been killed at the hands of Assad's security forces; ex-prisoners describe at least 23 methods of torture in Syrian jails).

After Syria lost the Golan Heights to Israel in the 1967 Six-Day War, Assad pledged to regain control of the territory and has resisted peace processes for three decades.

"If the president tells somebody to leave Syria and he refuses, he'll turn up a head shorter."—Syrian defense minister General Mustafa Tlass.





# ALBERTO KENYO FUJIMORI

President, Peru.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker at the presidential residence in Lima on May 8, 1997. The portrait behind him depicts Indian revolutionary Tupac Amaru.

Born, Lima, Peru. B.S., National Agrarian University of La Molina, 1961; M.S., University of Wisconsin, 1972. Married, Susana Higuchi; four children.

Fujimori, 59, has said that "Peru has united and Peruvians agree on many things. They agree that a firm hand is necessary to bring order to this country."

He was an academic and a television talk-show host before forming the Cambio 90 ("Change 90") Party in 1989. In June 1990 he stunned the country by winning the presidency in a hotly contested runoff election.

Immediately after taking office he instituted an array of economic reforms commonly known as "Fujishock." Inflation, which was running at 7,000 percent annually, fell to 12 percent by 1995.

When terrorists seized the Japanese ambassador's residence in Lima last spring, Fujimori personally oversaw the daring commando operation that slaughtered the attackers and returned all but one of the 71 hostages alive.

The afterglow of the successful rescue has quickly faded. Lately, Fujimori has been besieged by allegations that Peru's intelligence agency has conspired to keep him in power and that democracy in the country has suffered.

# CARLOS SAÚL MENEM

President, Republic of Argentina.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker with two presidential guards at the Olivos presidential residence, in Buenos Aires, on April 29, 1997.

, La Rioja, Argentina, to Syrian immigrants. J.D., University of Córdoba School of Law, Argentina.

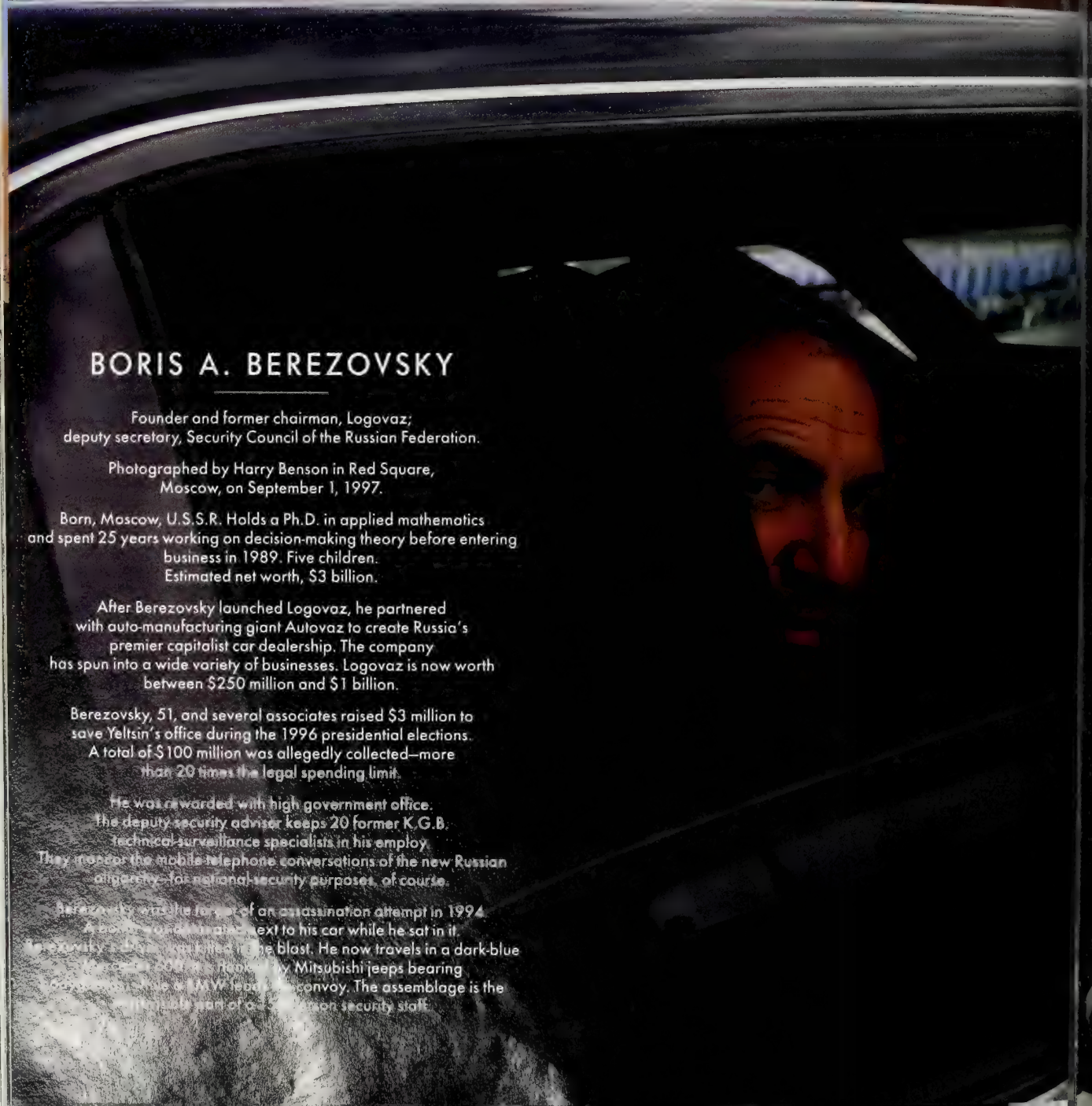
Menem, 67, stands five feet four inches. unning for the presidency in 1989, he toured the country in a luxury bus known as "the Menemmobile." His program: populist slogans which evoked memories of Juan and Eva Perón.

He assumed office a day early, on July 8, 1989. rgentina's Independence Day, the ninth, was not deemed auspicious by his astrologer.

Marital strife is an integral part of the Menem persona. On his wife, Zulema Fátima Yoma: "I fear only God . . . and Zulema." The couple is now separated. They have one child.







# BORIS A. BEREZOVSKY

Founder and former chairman, Logovaz;
deputy secretary, Security Council of the Russian Federation.

Photographed by Harry Benson in Red Square,
Moscow, on September 1, 1997.

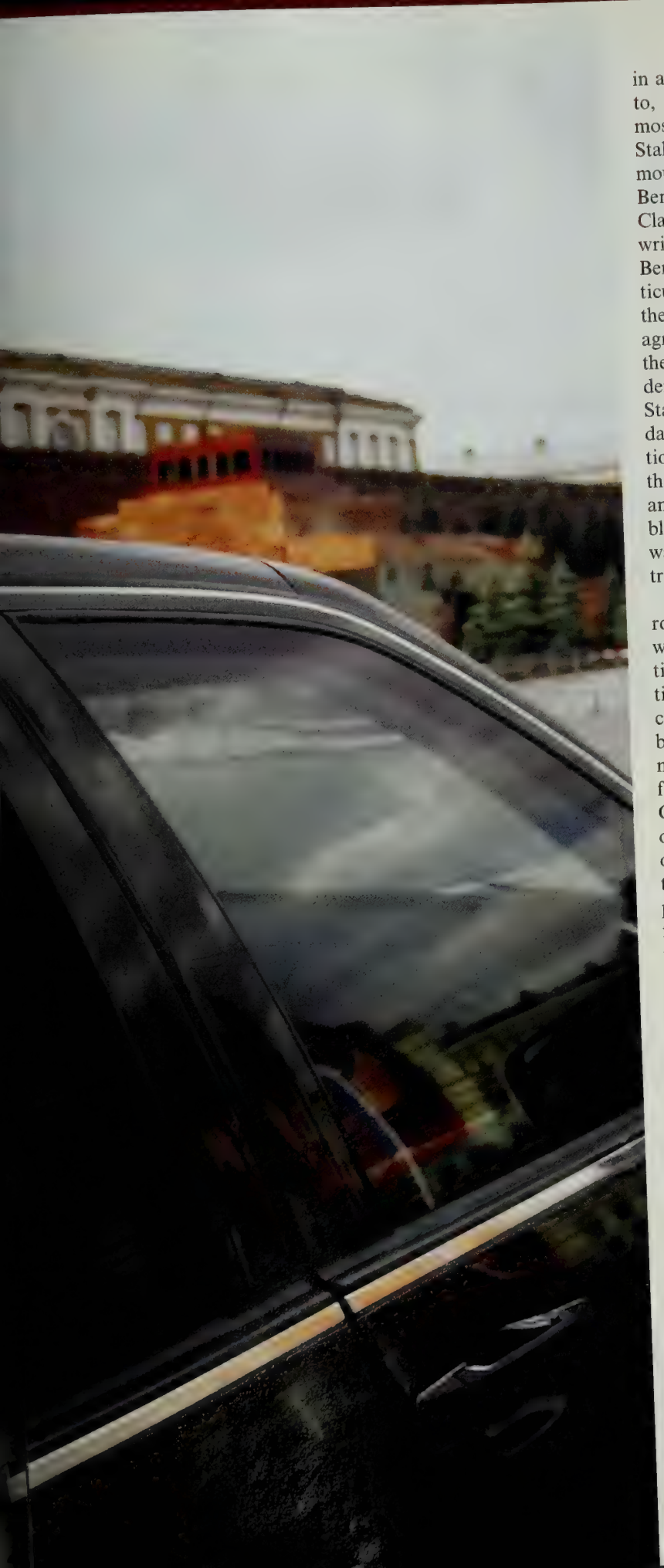
Born, Moscow, U.S.S.R. Holds a Ph.D. in applied mathematics and spent 25 years working on decision-making theory before entering business in 1989. Five children.
Estimated net worth, $3 billion.

After Berezovsky launched Logovaz, he partnered with auto-manufacturing giant Autovaz to create Russia's premier capitalist car dealership. The company has spun into a wide variety of businesses. Logovaz is now worth between $250 million and $1 billion.

Berezovsky, 51, and several associates raised $3 million to save Yeltsin's office during the 1996 presidential elections. A total of $100 million was allegedly collected—more than 20 times the legal spending limit.

He was rewarded with high government office. The deputy security adviser keeps 20 former K.G.B. technical-surveillance specialists in his employ. They monitor the mobile telephone conversations of the new Russian oligarchy—for national-security purposes, of course.

Berezovsky [illegible] the target of an assassination attempt in 1994. A bomb [illegible] next to his car while he sat in it. Berezovsky [illegible] the blast. He now travels in a dark-blue [illegible] flanked by Mitsubishi jeeps bearing [illegible] in the convoy. The assemblage is the [illegible] of a [illegible] security staff.



in any terms the Russians might agree to, even though they seemed to meet most of our requirements." Hence, Stalin's frustration that led to the famous blockade of the Allied section of Berlin, overcome by General Lucius Clay's successful airlift. As Eisenberg writes, "With the inception of the Berlin blockade, President Truman articulated a simple story that featured the Russians, trampling the wartime agreements in their ruthless grab for the former German capital. The president did not explain that the United States had abandoned Yalta and Potsdam, that it was pushing the formation of a West German state against the misgivings of many Europeans, and that the Soviets had launched the blockade to prevent partition." This was fun-house politics at its most tragicomical.

The president, like a distorting mirror, reversed the truth. But then he was never on top of the German situation as opposed to the coming election (November 1948), an election of compelling personal interest to him but, in the great scheme of things, to no one else. He did realize that the few Americans who could identify George Washington might object to our NATO alliance, and so his secretary of state, Acheson, was told to wait until February 1949, *after* the election, to present to Congress our changeover from a Western Hemisphere republic to an imperial European polity, symmetrically balanced by our Asian empire, centered on occupied Japan and, in due course, its tigerish pendant, the ASEAN alliance.

The case for an American world empire was never properly argued since the debate—what little there was—centered on the alleged desire of the Soviet Union to conquer the whole world, just as Hitler and the Nazis were trying to do until stopped, in 1945, by the Soviet Union with (what Stalin regarded as suspiciously belated) aid from the U.S.

On March 12, 1947, Truman addressed Congress to proclaim what would be known as the Truman Doctrine, in which he targeted our ally of two years earlier as the enemy. The subject at hand was a civil war in Greece, supposedly directed by the Soviet. We could not tolerate this as, suddenly, "the policy of the United



## JIANG ZEMIN

General secretary, Communist Party; chairman, Central Military Commission; president, People's Republic of China.

Photographed by Claude Ena at L'Aérospatiale (France's aerospace-industry headquarters) in Toulouse, France.

Born, Yangzhou City, Jiangsu, China. Degree in electrical engineering, Jiaotong University, 194 He studied engineering at Moscow's Stalin Automobile Plant and worked in several factories in the Soviet Union and Romania. Married, Wang Yeping; two so

In February, Jiang became China's third leader since 1949. He governs the world's most populous nation—1.2 billion people covering an area of more than 3.7 million square miles.

Jiang's ascent marks a new era in Chinese politics. His predecessors Mao Zedong and Deng Xiaoping had be peasants and soldiers. Jiang, 71, who was born and bred in cities and never served in the military, is the first Chinese leader to hold a college degree. In the 1980s, served as mayor and, later, party chief in Shanghai. Under his leadership, the city became the most prosperous and cosmopolitan in mainland China.

In September he solidified his power by ousting his Politburo rival Qiao Shi.

An engineer by training, he has discussed computer technology with IBM C.E.O. Louis Gerstner, and took former secretary of state Warren Christopher by surprise by blurting out, "To be or not to be, that is the question."

States [is] to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressure." Thus, Truman made the entire world the specific business of the United States. Although the Greek insurgents were getting some help from Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, the Soviet stayed out. They still hoped that the British, whose business Greece had been, would keep order. But as Britain had neither the resources nor the will, she called on the U.S. to step in. Behind the usual closed doors, Acheson was stirring up Congress with Iago-like intensity: Russian pressure of some sort "had brought the Balkans to the point where a highly possible Soviet breakthrough might open three continents to Soviet penetration." Senators gasped; grew pale; wondered how to get more "defense" contracts into their states.

Of the major politicians, only former vice president Henry Wallace dared answer Truman's "clearer than truth" version of history: "Yesterday March 12, 1947, marked a turning point in American history, [for] it is not a Greek crisis that we face, it is an American crisis. Yesterday, President Truman . . . proposed, in effect, that America police Russia's every border. There is no regime too reactionary for us provided it stands in Russia's expansionist path. There is no country too remote to serve as the scene of a contest which may widen until it becomes a world war."

Nine days after Truman declared war on Communism, he installed a federal loyalty-oath program. All government employees must now swear allegiance to the new order. Wallace struck again: "The President's executive order creates a master index of public servants. From the janitor in the village post office to the Cabinet members, they are to be sifted, and tested and watched and appraised."

Truman was nervously aware that many regarded Wallace as true heir to Roosevelt's New Deal; Wallace was also likely to enter the presidential race of 1948. Truman now left truth behind in the dust. "The attempt of Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, et al. to fool the world and the American Crackpots Association, represented by Jos. Davies, Henry Wallace, Claude Pepper and the actors and artists in ir moral Greenwich Village, is just lil Hitler's and Mussolini's so-called s cialist states." Give 'em hell, Harry.

In the wake of Truman's cucko like emergence from the old-fashion closet of the original American Repu lic, a new American state was bei born in order to save the nation a the great globe itself from Comm nism. The nature of this militariz state was, from the beginning, beyo rational debate. Characteristically, Tr man and Acheson insisted on clos hearings of the Senate Committee Foreign Relations. These matters we too important to share with the peop whose spare 10 minutes was now mo and more filling up with televisio The committee's Republican lead Arthur H. Vandenberg, the gre goose of Grand Rapids, Michigan, w thrilled to be taken into the confide of the creators of the new empire, b he did suggest that, practically spea ing, if hell wasn't scared out of t American people, Congress wou have a hard time raising the revenu to pay for a military buildup in wh was still thought to be, inside the ev more isolated fun house, peacetim



# RYUTARO HASHIMOTO

Prime minister, Japan.

Photographed with his wife, Kumiko Hashimoto, by Tom Wagner in Tokyo.

Born, Tokyo. Graduated from Keio University Faculty of Law, 1960. Five children.

In 1963, when he was 26 years old, he was elected to the parliamentary seat previously held by his father. He has been re-elected to the Diet (Parliament) every term since.

Hashimoto, 60, is head of the Liberal Democratic Party, Japan's largest political party. He was thrust into the political spotlight in June 1995, when, as minister of trade, he skillfully negotiated a potentially disastrous auto-trade situation with U.S. trade representative Mickey Kantor.

Extremely telegenic, with slicked-back hair and his signature cigarette holder, he is considered something of a sex symbol for older women voters. He holds the rank of fifth dan in kendo (Japanese fencing) and has headed two attempts to scale Mount Everest.

he media spoke with a single voice. ime Inc. publisher Henry Luce said it udest: "God had founded America s a global beacon of freedom." Dis- nters, like Wallace, were labeled Com- unists and ceased to engage meaning- lly in public life or, by 1950, even in ebate. Like the voice of a ghost, an ncestral voice, he spoke on May 21, 947: "Today in blind fear of commu- ism, we are turning aside from the Inited Nations. We are approaching a ntury of fear." Thus far, he is proved be half right.

On July 26, 1947, Congress enacted e National Security Act, which creat- d the National Security Council, still oing strong, and the Central Intelli- nce Agency, still apparently going ver a cliff as the result of decades of ad intelligence, not to mention all ose cheery traitors for whom the ountry club at Langley, Virginia, was nce an impenetrable cover. Years lat- r, a sadder, if not wiser, Truman told is biographer, Merle Miller, that the .I.A. had become a dangerous mess nd ought not to have been set up as it as. But in 1947 the C.I.A.'s principal le in Europe was not to counter So- iet activities but to control the poli- tics of NATO members. French and Italian trade unions and publications were subsidized, and a great deal of secret money was poured into Italy to ensure the victory of the Christian Democratic Party in the elections of April 1948.

Acheson, in *Present at the Creation,* a memoir that compensates in elegance what it lacks in candor, alludes delicately to National Security Council document 68 (the 1950 blueprint for our war against Communism). But in 1969, when he was writing, he sadly notes that the memo is still classified. Only in 1975 was it to be declassified. There are seven points. First, never negotiate with the Soviet Union. No wonder the rebuffed Stalin, ever touchy, kept reacting brutally in *Mitteleuropa.* Second, develop the hydrogen bomb so that when the Russians go atomic we will still be ahead of them. Third, rapidly build up conventional forces. Fourth, to pay for this, levy huge personal income taxes—as high as 90 percent. Fifth, mobilize everyone in the war against internal Communism through propaganda, loyalty oaths, and spy networks like the F.B.I., whose secret agent Ronald Reagan, president of the Screen Actors Guild, had come into his splendid own, fingering better actors. Sixth, set up a strong alliance system, directed by the United States–NATO. Seventh, make the people of Russia, through propaganda and C.I.A. derring-do, our allies against their government, thus legitimizing, with this highly vague task, our numerous unaccountable secret agents.

So, after five years in the fun house, we partially emerged in January 1950, to find ourselves in a new sort of country. We were also, astonishingly, again at war: this time in Korea. But as Truman-Acheson were nervous about asking Congress for a declaration, the war was called a United Nations police action; and messily lost. Acheson did prepare a memo assuring Truman that, hitherto, 87 presidential military adventures had been undertaken without a congressional declaration of war as required by the old Constitution. Since 1950 the United States has fought perhaps a hundred overt and covert wars. None was declared by the nominal representatives of the American ESSAY CONTINUED ON PAGE 251

# GUSTAVO A. CISNEROS

Chairman and C.E.O., Cisneros Group of Companies.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker at his office in New York City on September 11, 1997.

Born, Caracas, Venezuela. B.A., B.S., Babson College, 1968. Married, Patricia Phelps; three children. Homes in Manhattan, Caracas, Madrid, and Aspen.

Controls the Cisneros Group (C.G.C.), a diversified conglomerate with annual revenues of $2.6 billion. C.G.C.'s Univision is the largest Spanish-speaking television network in the U.S. The company has partnerships with BellSouth, Motorola, and Hughes as well as large television networks in both Venezuela and Chile. With his satellite network, Galaxy Latin America, Cisneros, 52, has the content and distribution to become the Rupert Murdoch of the next century's Spanish-speaking Western Hemisphere.

His father, Cuban immigrant Diego Cisneros, operated passenger buses in Caracas in the 1930s before entering the soft-drink business.

Venezuela has been an important front in the worldwide "cola wars." C.G.C.'s Pepsi bottler, Hit de Venezuela, was Pepsi's largest international bottling group and dominated the Venezuelan market for 50 years. In 1996, the family abruptly struck a $500 million deal with Coke, tipping the worldwide balance of cola power.





# ROBERTO MARINHO

Chairman, Globo Organizations.

Photographed with his wife, Lily de Carvalho Marinho, by Jonathan Becker at their ranch house in Rio de Janeiro on March 31, 1997.

Born, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Three children from his first marriage. Marinho's ne worth is currently estimated at $3 billion.

His nicknames include "the president without a term" and "big brother." He is the most powerful man in Brazil, the principal owner of a diversified empire that includes one of the country's largest newspapers and radio and TV networks.

The TV Globo network is Marinho's crown jewel and power base. It is the world's fourth-largest network, trailing only CBS, NBC, and ABC. Its programming usually captures 65 to 70 percent of the market share.

He is said to be a teetotaler who shuns red meat for fish and vegetables. At 92 he is beginni his eighth decade in the Brazilian media business. Reports of "Dr. Roberto"'s retirement are, in all likelihood, greatly exaggerated—as they have been for the last 20 years.

# JULIO MARIO SANTO DOMINGO

Chairman, Santo Domingo Group.

Photographed by Nigel Parry at his home in New York City on May 9, 1997.

Born, Republic of Panama.
Attended University of Virginia and Georgetown without receiving a degree. Married to his second wife, Beatrice Santo Domingo; three children, two with Beatrice.

Santo Domingo, 74, returned to Colombia in 1951 to join the family's brewing enterprise. Worth $1.9 billion, he now commands Colombia's biggest conglomerate. The Santo Domingo Group controls Avianca airline—as well as over 100 other companies, including television and radio networks.

He has been a steadfast critic of the cocaine barons. In 1989 a passenger left a bomb aboard an Avianca flight. When the device exploded in midair, 107 passengers were killed. The ticket had been purchased in the name of Julio Mario Santo Domingo.

Santo Domingo reportedly gave an estimated $3.7 million to President Ernesto Samper's campaign. As a diplomat told the *International Herald Tribune*, "When Santo Domingo tells him to go, he is toast. But unless and until that happens, Mr. Samper can probably hang on."



# KERRY PACKER

Chairman, Consolidated Press Holdings, Ltd.

Photographed by Andrew Campbell in Canberra, Australia, on April 22, 1997.

Born, Sydney, Australia. Educated at Geelong Grammar, Victoria. Married, Roslyn Packer; two children.

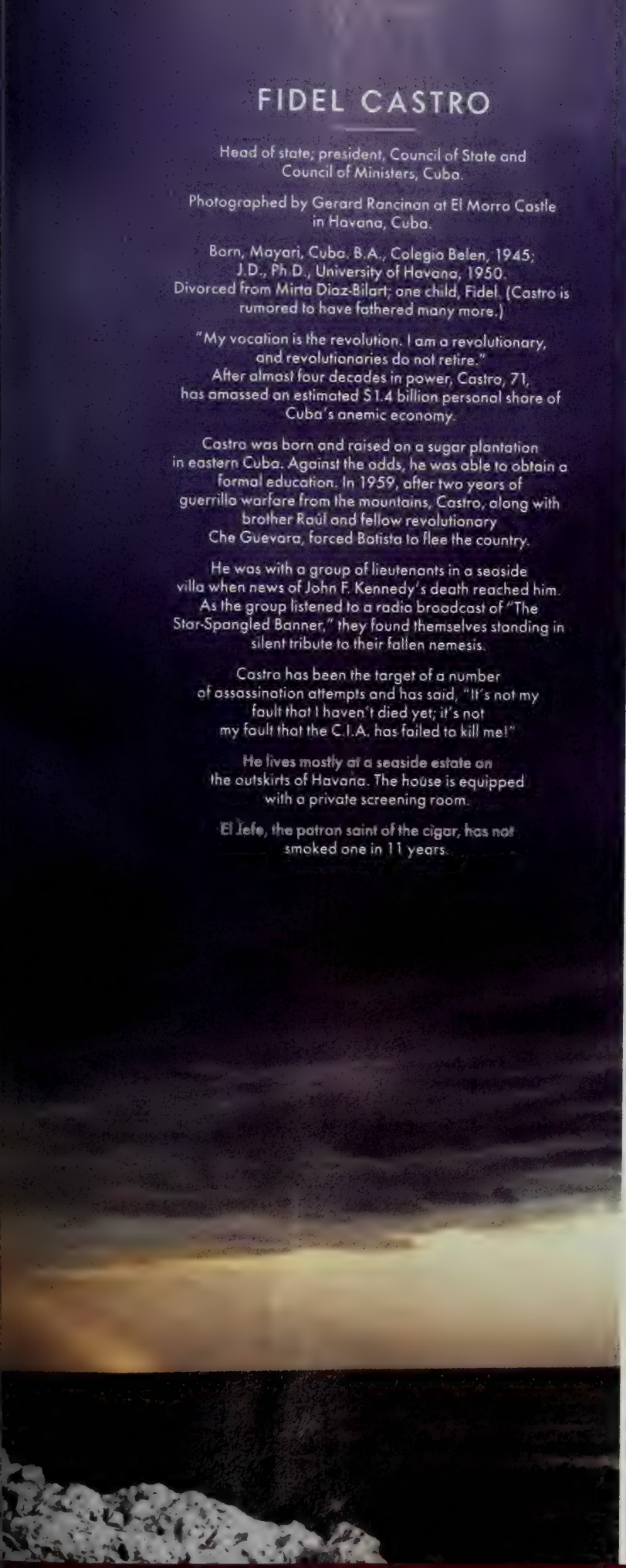
Packer's mammoth Consolidated Press Holdings (C.P.H.) is one of Australia's largest private companies, and he is Australia's wealthiest man. Net worth: an estimated $2.4 billion. C.P.H. owns stakes in casinos, ski resorts, agriculture, banking, and chemicals, but its most high-profile arm is Publishing and Broadcasting, Ltd., which controls Australia's leading TV network, cable-TV services, and more than 70 magazines.

Packer's grandfather Clyde founded the family's newspaper business. His father, Sir Frank Packer, founded C.P.H. in the 1930s and started the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* as well as Australia's first commercial TV station.

He is an avid polo player and gambler. In 1995, in 40 minutes of blackjack at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas, he won $20 million. (It is rumored that he single-handedly broke London's Aspinalls club in 1991.)

In 1990, Packer, 59, had a massive heart attack while playing polo. He was dead for several minutes before being revived. "I have been to the other side," Packer said afterward, "and there's nothing there."





## FIDEL CASTRO

Head of state, president, Council of State and Council of Ministers, Cuba.

Photographed by Gerard Rancinan at El Morro Castle in Havana, Cuba.

Born, Mayari, Cuba. B.A., Colegio Belen, 1945; J.D., Ph.D., University of Havana, 1950. Divorced from Mirta Diaz-Bilart; one child, Fidel. (Castro is rumored to have fathered many more.)

"My vocation is the revolution. I am a revolutionary, and revolutionaries do not retire." After almost four decades in power, Castro, 71, has amassed an estimated $1.4 billion personal share of Cuba's anemic economy.

Castro was born and raised on a sugar plantation in eastern Cuba. Against the odds, he was able to obtain a formal education. In 1959, after two years of guerrilla warfare from the mountains, Castro, along with brother Raúl and fellow revolutionary Che Guevara, forced Batista to flee the country.

He was with a group of lieutenants in a seaside villa when news of John F. Kennedy's death reached him. As the group listened to a radio broadcast of "The Star-Spangled Banner," they found themselves standing in silent tribute to their fallen nemesis.

Castro has been the target of a number of assassination attempts and has said, "It's not my fault that I haven't died yet; it's not my fault that the C.I.A. has failed to kill me!"

He lives mostly at a seaside estate on the outskirts of Havana. The house is equipped with a private screening room.

El Jefe, the patron saint of the cigar, has not smoked one in 11 years.

People in Congress Assembled; they had meekly turned over to the executive their principal great power, to wage war. That was the end of that Constitution.

As it will take at least a decade for us to reinvent China as a new evil empire, the moon is in a state of pause over the old fairground. We are entering a phase undreamed of by those "present at the creation" of the empire. Although many still reflexively object to the word "empire," we have military bases in every continent, as well as 10 aboard the aircraft carrier called the United Kingdom. For 50 years we have supported too many tyrants, overthrown too many democratic governments, wasted too much of our own money in other people's civil wars to pretend that we're just helping out all those poor little folks all round the world who love freedom and democracy just like we do. When the Russians stabbed us in the back by folding their empire in 1991, we were left with many misconceptions about ourselves and, rather worse, about the rest of the world.

The literature on what we did and why since 1945 is both copious and thin. There are some first-rate biographies of the various players. If one goes digging, there are interesting monographs like Walter LaFeber's "NATO and the Korean War: A Context." But the link between universities and imperial Washington has always been a strong one as Kissingers dart back and forth between classroom to high office to even higher, lucrative eminence, as lobbyists for foreign powers, often hostile to our interests. Now, with Carolyn Eisenberg's *Drawing the Line,* there is a step-by-step description of the years 1944–49, when we restored, re-armed, and reintegrated *our* German province into *our* Western Europe. For those who feel that Eisenberg dwells too much on American confusions and mendacities, there is always the elegant Robert H. Ferrell on "The Formation of the Alliance, 1948–1949." A court historian, as apologists for empire are known, Ferrell does his best with Harry Truman, reminding us of all the maniacs ESSAY CONTINUED ON PAGE 255

# THE DALAI LAMA

Leader-in-exile, Tibet.

Photographed by Michael O'Neill in Bloomington, Indiana, on September 26, 1996.

Born Lhamo Dhondrup, Taktser, Amdo Province, Tibet.
Enthroned as the 14th Dalai Lama in 1940 at the age of four. Educated in the Potala Palace in Lhasa, Tibet, he achieved the Geshe Lharampa degree (doctorate in Buddhist philosophy) at the age of 24. Won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1989.

As the spiritual and temporal head of the deposed Tibetan theocracy, the Dalai Lama, 62, has waged an aggressive, but staunchly pacifist, campaign against the Chinese occupation of Tibet for almost 40 years. As Mao Zedong's forces invaded Tibet in October 1950, the Dalai Lama, on the advice of the state oracle and by popular plea, agreed to assume temporal authority over the Tibetan people. He was 15.
After an abortive Tibetan uprising in 1959, he was forced into exile in Dharamsala, India, or "Little Lhasa," where he has lived ever since.

In a 1969 interview he said, "In Buddhism, you should not mind those who make you angry. You should love those people who irritate you, because they are your gurus. In that sense, the Chinese are our gurus."



## POPE JOHN PAUL II

Photographed by Massimo Siragusa in Assisi, Italy

Born Karol Josef Wojtyla, Wadowice, Poland. Studied for the priesthood in an underground seminary. Ordained in Krakow, Poland, 1946; named Archbishop of Krakow, 1964; named cardinal, 1967; elected Pope, 1978 (the first Polish Pope, and the first nonItalian in 455 years).

Spiritual leader for the world's one billion Catholics, John Paul II, 77, has traveled to over a hundred countries, appeared before more people, and canonized more saints than any Pope before him. He helped bring the end of Communism in his homeland with his support of Lech Walesa's Solidarity movement. He has also made unprecedented apologies for the Church's past transgressions, including the repression of Galileo.

"Having lived in a country that had to fight for its existence in the face of the aggressions of its neighbors, I have understood what exploitation is. I put myself immediately on the side of the poor, the disinherited, the oppressed, the marginalized, and the defenseless."

# MINISTER LOUIS FARRAKHAN

Leader, Nation of Islam.

Photographed with his security staff by Eli Reed in Washington, D.C.

Born Louis Eugene Walcott, the Bronx, New York City. Studied at Winston-Salem Teacher's College. Married, Khadijah Farrakhan; nine children.

Farrakhan, 64, is America's foremost apostle of black separatism. His oratory has reached outside the religious confines of Islam to redefine the identity of millions of African-Americans. The Nation of Islam exists apart from any other Muslim sect—American or otherwise. It has been called "a social movement on a religious vehicle" and has an estimated membership of 10,000 to 200,000.

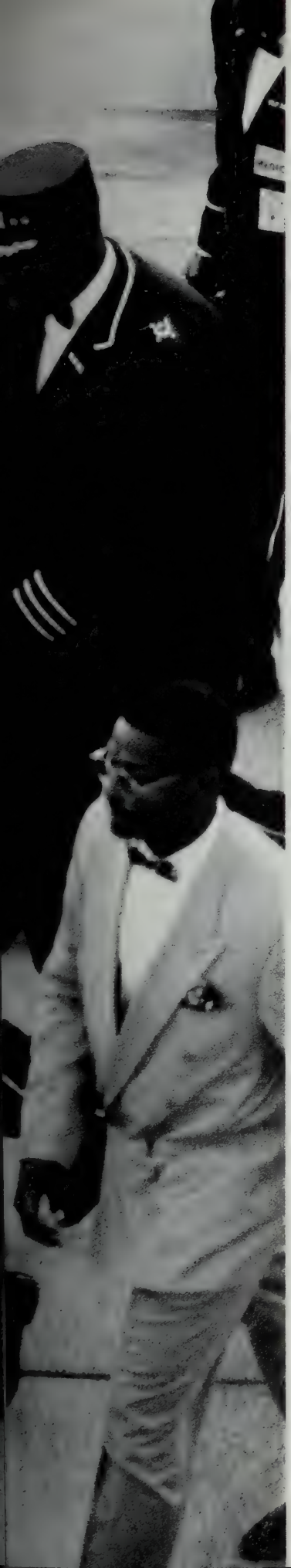
Over 400,000 attended Farrakhan's 1995 Million Man March at the U.S. Capitol building—twice the number Martin Luther King Jr. drew for his "I Have a Dream" speech in 1963.

In the wake of the march, he has made voter registration among African-Americans a top priority. The Million Man March is credited in part with adding 1.7 million African-American men to the 1996 voting rolls.

He is famous for his antipathy to Jews, whom he has referred to as "bloodsuckers," though he claims not to be an anti-Semite.

He relaxes by playing Mendelssohn on a two-century-old Guadagnini violin. His violin teacher was Jewish.





around him who wanted atomic war at the time of Korea, among them the first secretary of defense, the paranoid James Forrestal, who, while reading Sophocles' *Ajax* in hospital, suddenly defenestrated himself, a form of resignation that has never really caught on as it should.

At one point, Ferrell notes that Truman actually gave thought to the sufferings of women and children should we go nuclear in Korea. As for Truman's original decision to use two atomic bombs on Japan, most now agree that a single demonstration would have been quite enough to cause a Japanese surrender while making an attractive crater lake out of what had been Mount Fujiyama's peak. But Truman was in a bit of a daze at the time, as were the 13 million of us under arms who loudly applauded his abrupt ending of the first out-and-out race war, where the Japanese had taken to castrating Marines, alive as well as dead, while Marines, good brand-name-conscious Americans, would stick Coca-Cola bottles up living Japanese soldiers and then break them off. Welcome to some *pre*-fun-house memories still vivid to ancient survivors. The story that Lieutenant R. M. Nixon tried to persuade the Marines to use Pepsi-Cola bottles has never been verified.

The climate of intimidation that began with the loyalty oath of 1947 remains with us even though two American generations have been born with no particular knowledge of what the weather was like before the great freeze and the dramatic change in our form of government. No thorough history of what actually happened to us and to the world 1945–97 has yet appeared. There are interesting glances at this or that detail. There are also far too many silly hagiographies of gallant little guy Truman and superstatesman George Marshall, who did admit to Acheson that he had no idea what on earth the plan in his name was really about. But aside from all the American and foreign dead from Korea to Vietnam, from Guatemala to the Persian Gulf, the destruction of our old republic's institutions has been the great hurt. Congress has surrendered to the executive not only the first of its great powers, but the second, the power of the purse, looks to be up for grabs as Congress is forcing more money on the Pentagon than even that black hole has asked for, obliging the executive to spend many hot hours in the vast kitchen where the books are forever cooking in bright-red ink. As for our Ouija-board Supreme Court, it would be nice if they would take time off from holding séances with the long-dead founders, whose original intent so puzzles them, and actually examine what the founders wrought, the Constitution itself and the Bill of Rights.

Did anyone speak out during the half-century that got us $5 trillion into debt while reducing the median household income by 7 percent when . . . No. Sorry. Too boring. Or, as Edward S. Herman writes, "Paul Krugman admits, in *Age of Diminished Expectations,* that the worsening of the income distribution was 'the central fact about economic life in America in the 1980s,' but as an issue 'it has basically exhausted the patience of the American public'"—the 10-minute attention span, unlike the green-span, has snapped on that one— "and 'no policy change now under discussion seems likely to narrow the gap significantly.'"

It was *The New Yorker*'s literary and social critic Edmund Wilson who first sounded the alarm. In 1963 he published *The Cold War and the Income Tax.* Stupidly, he admits, he filed no income-tax returns between 1946 and 1955. As I've noted, one of the great events of our first year in the fun house was the publication in 1946 of Wilson's novel *Memoirs of Hecate County.* Wilson's income—never much—doubled. Then a system of justice, forever alert to sexual indecency, suppressed his book by court order. He was now broke with an expensively tangled marital life. Wilson describes being hounded by agents of the I.R.S.; he also goes into the background of the federal income tax, which dates, as we know it, from 1913. Wilson also notes that, as of the 1960s, we were paying more taxes than we did during the Second World War. Since N.S.C.-68 would remain a secret for another 12 years, he had no way of knowing that punitive income taxes must be borne by the American people in order to build up both nuclear and ESSAY CONTINUED ON PAGE 262

# JACK WELCH AND RUPERT MURDOCH

Photographed by Danny Turner at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York City on September 10, 1997.

Welch, 61, is chairman and C.E.O. of the General Electric Company. He was born in Salem, Massachusetts. B.S., U.Mass. Amherst, 1957; M.S., 1958, Ph.D., 1960, University of Illinois. He is married to Jane Welch; he has four children from a previous marriage.

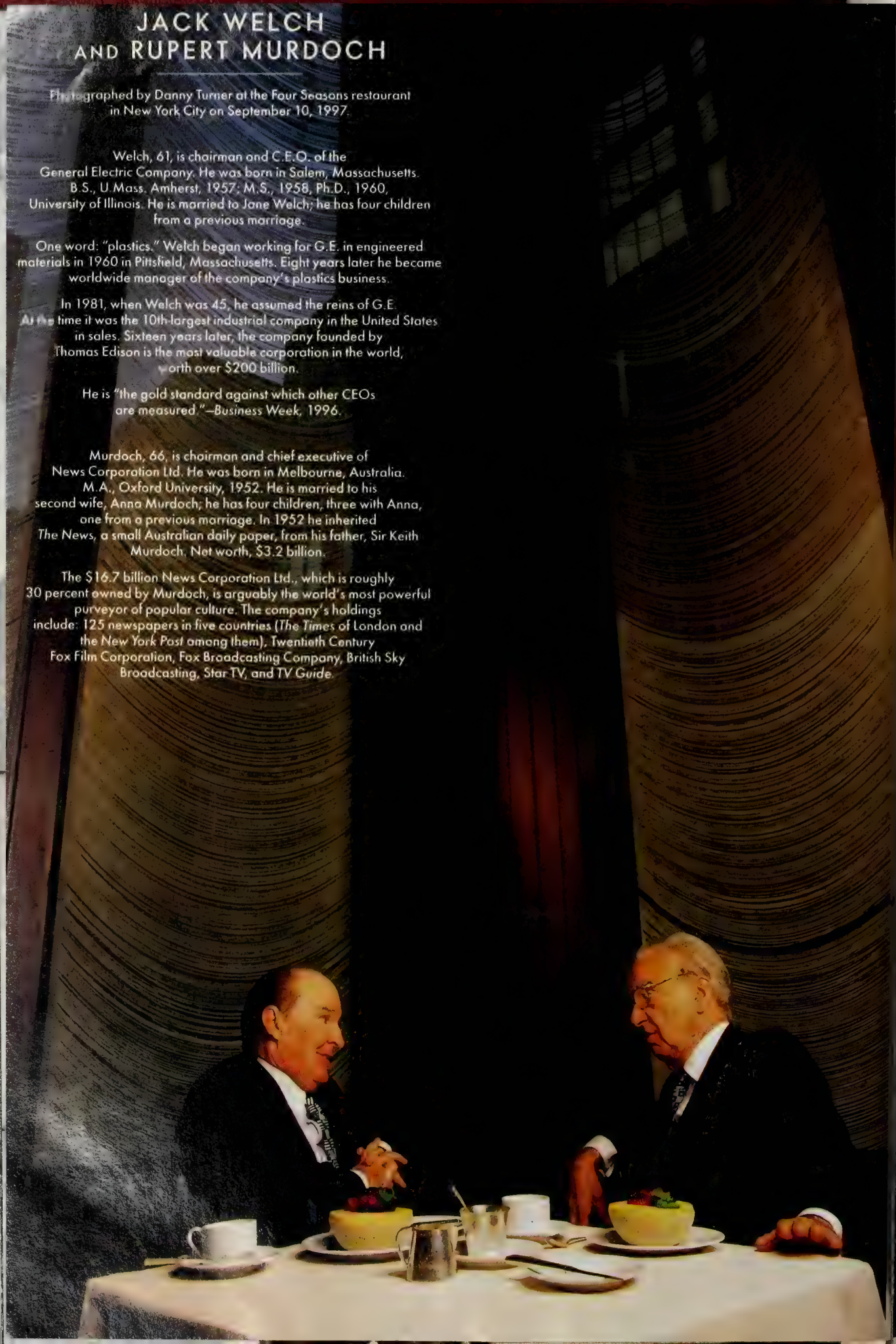
One word: "plastics." Welch began working for G.E. in engineered materials in 1960 in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Eight years later he became worldwide manager of the company's plastics business.

In 1981, when Welch was 45, he assumed the reins of G.E. At the time it was the 10th-largest industrial company in the United States in sales. Sixteen years later, the company founded by Thomas Edison is the most valuable corporation in the world, worth over $200 billion.

He is "the gold standard against which other CEOs are measured."—*Business Week*, 1996.

Murdoch, 66, is chairman and chief executive of News Corporation Ltd. He was born in Melbourne, Australia. M.A., Oxford University, 1952. He is married to his second wife, Anna Murdoch; he has four children, three with Anna, one from a previous marriage. In 1952 he inherited *The News*, a small Australian daily paper, from his father, Sir Keith Murdoch. Net worth, $3.2 billion.

The $16.7 billion News Corporation Ltd., which is roughly 30 percent owned by Murdoch, is arguably the world's most powerful purveyor of popular culture. The company's holdings include: 125 newspapers in five countries (*The Times* of London and the *New York Post* among them), Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, Fox Broadcasting Company, British Sky Broadcasting, Star TV, and *TV Guide*.





# JOHN F. 'JACK' SMITH JR. AND ROBERT J. EATON

Photographed by Danny Turner in Troy, Michigan, on September 3, 1997.

Smith, 59, left, chairman and C.E.O. of General Motors, is at the wheel of a '98 Chevrolet Corvette; Eaton, 57, chairman and C.E.O. of Chrysler, is at the wheel of a '98 Plymouth Prowler.

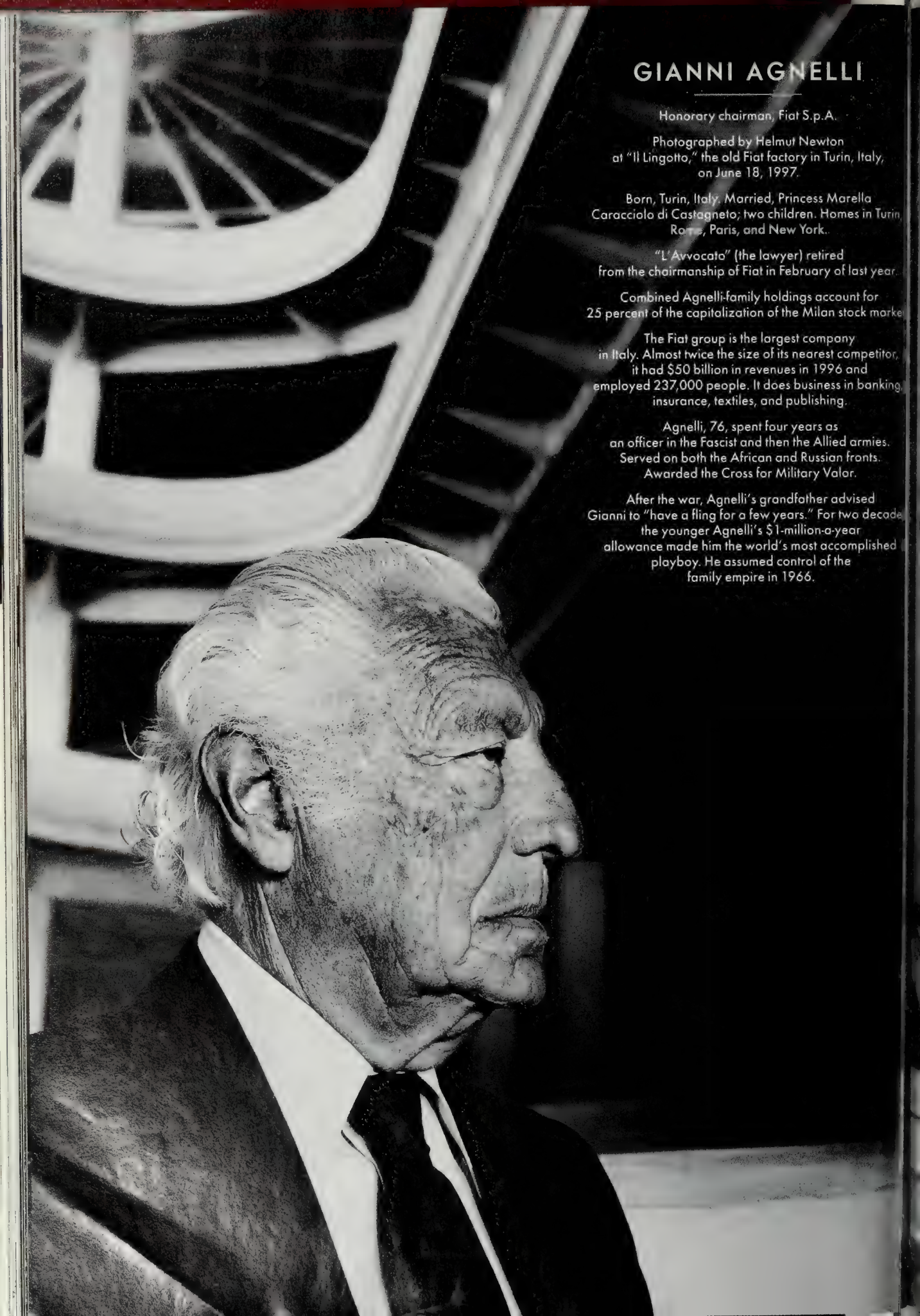
Both men are products of General Motors and both trained for their current jobs in the same place: presidency of General Motors Europe. Smith had the job first, and was succeeded in Zurich by Eaton in 1988.

G.M.'s 1996 sales: over $164 billion—more than any other company in the world.

One of Smith's first moves when taking over as C.E.O. was to close the executive dining room at the company's Detroit headquarters.

Under Eaton, Chrysler has become the world's most innovative and efficient developer of new cars. He is known as an accessible C.E.O. and often answers his own telephone.

In their respective emphases on management teamwork, the chairmen have broken with the outdated methods of older auto chieftains. In the last decade, the import share of the U.S. auto market has been cut in half.



# GIANNI AGNELLI

Honorary chairman, Fiat S.p.A.

Photographed by Helmut Newton at "Il Lingotto," the old Fiat factory in Turin, Italy, on June 18, 1997.

Born, Turin, Italy. Married, Princess Marella Caracciolo di Castagneto; two children. Homes in Turin, Rome, Paris, and New York.

"L'Avvocato" (the lawyer) retired from the chairmanship of Fiat in February of last year.

Combined Agnelli-family holdings account for 25 percent of the capitalization of the Milan stock market.

The Fiat group is the largest company in Italy. Almost twice the size of its nearest competitor, it had $50 billion in revenues in 1996 and employed 237,000 people. It does business in banking, insurance, textiles, and publishing.

Agnelli, 76, spent four years as an officer in the Fascist and then the Allied armies. Served on both the African and Russian fronts. Awarded the Cross for Military Valor.

After the war, Agnelli's grandfather advised Gianni to "have a fling for a few years." For two decades the younger Agnelli's $1-million-a-year allowance made him the world's most accomplished playboy. He assumed control of the family empire in 1966.



## SIR EVELYN DE ROTHSCHILD

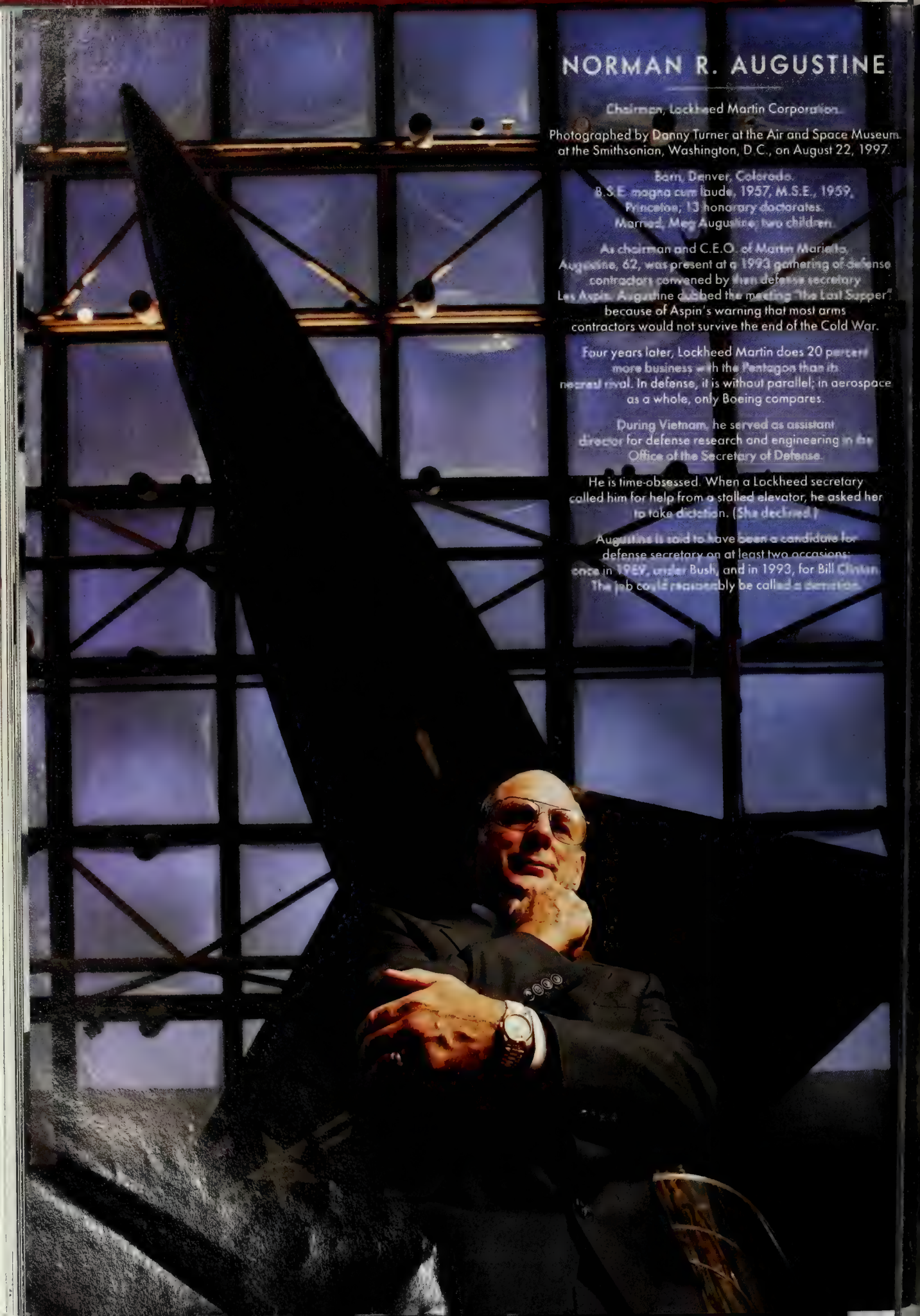
Chairman, N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Ltd.

Photographed by Helmut Newton in the vault at N. M. Rothschild, London, on August 12, 1997.

Born, London, England. Educated at Cambridge University; left before receiving a degree. Married, Victoria Schott, an American; three children. Homes, London, Buckinghamshire, Barbados, and the South of France.

Doyen of the legendary banking family's London branch, Rothschild, 66, chairs N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Ltd., the world's oldest—and last family-owned—investment bank.

Since 1919 the price of gold has been fixed at the N. M. Rothschild offices on St. Swithin's Lane, London, twice each weekday, at 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M.



# NORMAN R. AUGUSTINE

Chairman, Lockheed Martin Corporation.

Photographed by Danny Turner at the Air and Space Museum at the Smithsonian, Washington, D.C., on August 22, 1997.

Born, Denver, Colorado.
B.S.E. magna cum laude, 1957, M.S.E., 1959, Princeton; 13 honorary doctorates.
Married, Meg Augustine; two children.

As chairman and C.E.O. of Martin Marietta, Augustine, 62, was present at a 1993 gathering of defense contractors convened by then defense secretary Les Aspin. Augustine dubbed the meeting "the Last Supper" because of Aspin's warning that most arms contractors would not survive the end of the Cold War.

Four years later, Lockheed Martin does 20 percent more business with the Pentagon than its nearest rival. In defense, it is without parallel; in aerospace as a whole, only Boeing compares.

During Vietnam, he served as assistant director for defense research and engineering in the Office of the Secretary of Defense.

He is time-obsessed. When a Lockheed secretary called him for help from a stalled elevator, he asked her to take dictation. (She declined.)

Augustine is said to have been a candidate for defense secretary on at least two occasions: once in 1989, under Bush, and in 1993, for Bill Clinton. The job could reasonably be called a demotion.

## COLIN L. POWELL

General, United States Army (Ret.);
airman, America's Promise–The Alliance for Youth.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the
Cosmos Club in Washington, D.C.

Born, New York City.
B.S., City College of New York, 1958; M.B.A.,
George Washington University, 1971;
graduated from National War College, 1976.
Married, Alma Johnson; three children.

He has said that he joined the army
"to get out of New York, get a job, and go out
and have some excitement."

Powell completed two tours of duty in Vietnam.
began his first tour in Saigon on Christmas morning
1962, and received a Purple Heart in
963 when he stepped on a Vietcong booby trap.

He served as President Reagan's
national-security adviser and was appointed
chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1989
by President Bush. Powell, 60, was the first
African-American to hold the nation's highest
military post. His performance
the Persian Gulf War made him a national icon.

He earns between $60,000 and $100,000
for a personal appearance,
and it is estimated that he makes $6 million
annually on the lecture circuit.



## PHILIP M. CONDIT

Chairman and C.E.O., Boeing Company.

Photographed by Art Streiber at the Boeing plant in Everett, Washington,
on July 30, 1997.

Born, Berkeley, California. B.S., U.C. Berkeley, 1963;
M.S., Princeton, 1965; M.S., M.I.T., 1975.
Married, Jan Condit; two children from a previous marriage.

The recent Boeing–McDonnell Douglas merger
was transacted in a $16.3 billion stock swap, the largest in aviation
history. The combined companies will have a projected
$48 billion in annual revenues.

Condit, 56, and McDonnell C.E.O. Harry Stonecipher laid the
basis of the deal with a handshake in a Seattle hotel room. They had, said
Stonecipher, circled each other "like a couple of cats."

Before the December 15, 1996, press conference
announcing the merger, Condit made three calls: one to the
Department of Defense, one to House minority leader Dick Gephardt, and
one to then White House chief of staff Leon Panetta.

Boeing's only remaining (distant) rival is the
state-sponsored European consortium Airbus Industrie. It controls
67 percent of the world market for commercial aircraft.
With the acquisition of McDonnell's defense contracts, it trails
only Lockheed in work for the Pentagon.



## DWAYNE O. ANDREAS

Chairman, Archer Daniels Midland Company.

Photographed by Nigel Parry at his apartment in New York City on May 1, 1997.

Born, Worthington, Minnesota. Attended Wheaton College (Illinois) before leaving to join his father and brothers in a soybean-processing business. Married, Dorothy Inez Andreas; three children.

The Archer Daniels Midland Company grows and manufactures a vast array of food ingredients and agricultural products. It has a market value of almost $10 billion and in 1996 logged over $13 billion in sales. When Andreas took control of A.D.M. in 1970, it was a small regional company. The chairman's expansion program has turned it into one of the world's most important agricultural businesses.

In 1996, Bill Clinton's camp received $295,000 in soft money from A.D.M. while old friend Bob Dole and the Republican National Committee got $405,000.

A $25,000 contribution tied to Andreas was found in the bank account of one of the Watergate burglars. The money connected the break-in to Nixon's campaign committee for the first time.

Andreas's son and heir apparent, Michael, took a leave of absence after a 1995 price-fixing scandal. He was indicted and awaits a May 1998 trial.

Meanwhile, the elder Andreas, 79, has relinquished C.E.O. duties to his nephew Allen and now focuses on strategic planning. He has a vast collection of miniature pigs.

conventional forces to "protect" ourselves from a Second World country of, as yet, no danger to anyone except weak neighbors along its borders.

In my review of Wilson's polemic (*Book Week,* November 3, 1963) I wrote: "In public services, we lag behind all the industrialized nations of the West, preferring that the public money go not to the people but to big business. The result is a unique society in which we have free enterprise for the poor and socialism for the rich."

It should be noted—but seldom is—that the Depression did not end with the New Deal of 1933–40. In fact, it flared up again, worse than ever, in 1939 and 1940. Then, when F.D.R. spent some $20 billion on defense (1941), the Depression was over and Lord Keynes was a hero. This relatively small injection of public money into the system reduced unemployment to 8 percent and, not unnaturally, impressed the country's postwar managers: if you want to avoid depression, spend money on war. No one told them that the same money spent on the country's infrastructure would have saved us debt, grief, blood.

What now seems to us as Wilson's rather dizzy otherworldly approach to paying taxes is, in the context of his lifetime, reasonable. In 1939, only four million tax returns were filed: less than 10 percent of the workforce. According to Richard Polenberg, "By the summer of 1943, nearly all Americans paid taxes out of their weekly earnings, and most were current in their payments. . . . [And thus] a foundation for the modern tax structure had been erected." Then some unsung genius thought up the withholding tax, and all the folks were well and truly locked in. Wilson knew none of this. But he had figured out the causal link between income tax and cold war.

The truth is that the people of the United States are at the present time dominated and driven by two kinds of officially propagated fear: fear of the Soviet Union and fear of the income tax. These two terrors have been adjusted so as to complement one another and thus to keep the citizen of our free society under the strain of a double pressure from which he finds himself unable to escape—like the man in the old Western story, who, chased into a narrow ravine by a buffalo, is confronted with a grizzly bear. If we fail to accept the tax, the Russian buffal will butt and trample us, and if we try t defy the tax, the federal bear will crush us

At the time the original North Amer can Treaty Organization was create only the Augustus *manqué* de Gaulle g the point to what we were doing; h took France out of our Cosa Nostra an developed his own atomic bomb. Bu France was still very much linked to th imperium. Through the C.I.A. and othe secret forces, political control was exer ed within the empire, not only drivin the British Labour prime minist Harold Wilson around a bend too f but preventing Italy from ever having cohesive government by not allowin the "historic compromise"—a gover ment of Christian Democrats and Com munists—to take place. The Soviet, alwa reactive, promptly cracked down o their client states Czechoslovakia, Hu gary, East Germany; and a wall went u in Berlin, to spite their face. From 19 to 1990, Europe was dangerously divi ed; and armed to the teeth. But as Ame ican producers of weapons were nev richer, all was well with their world.

At Yalta, Roosevelt wanted to brea up the European colonial empires, pa




ularly that of the French. Of Indo-ina he said, "France has milked it a hundred years." For the time be-, he proposed a U.N. trusteeship. en he died. Unlike Roosevelt, Tru-n was not a philatelist. Had he en a stamp collector, he might have own where the various countries in world were and who lived in them.

But like every good American, Truman knew he hated Communism. He also hated socialism, which may or may not have been the same thing. No one seemed ite sure. Yet as early as the Ameri-n election of 1848, socialism—import-by comical German immigrants th noses always in books—was an inous specter, calculated to derange raw capitalist society with labor ions, health care, and other Devil's rk still being fiercely resisted a cen-y and a half later. In 1946, when Ho i Minh asked the United States to e Indochina under its wing, Truman d, No way. You're some kind of Fu anchu Communist—the worst. In Au-st 1945, Truman told de Gaulle that French could return to Indochina: we were no longer F.D.R. anti-imperialists. As Ho had his northern republic, the French installed Bao Dai in the South. February 1, 1950, the State Department reported, "The choice confronting the United States is to support the French in Indochina or face the extension of Communism over the remainder of the continental area of Southeast Asia and, possibly, further westward." Thus, without shepherds or even a napalm star, the domino theory was born in a humble State Department manger. On May 8, 1950, Acheson recommended economic and military aid to the French in Vietnam. By 1955, the U.S. was paying 40 percent of the French cost of war. For a quarter-century, the United States was to fight in Vietnam because our ignorant leaders and their sharp-eyed financiers never realized that the game, at best, is always chess and never dominoes.

But nothing ever stays the same. During the last days of the waning moon, a haphazard Western European economic union was cobbled together; then, as the Soviet abruptly let go its empire, the two Germanys that we had so painstakingly kept apart reunited. Washington was suddenly adrift, and in the sky the moon of empire paused. Neither Reagan nor Bush had much knowledge of history or geography. Nevertheless, orders still kept coming from the White House. But they were less and less heeded because everyone knows that the Oval One has a bank overdraft of $5 trillion and he can no longer give presents to good clients or wage war without first passing the hat to the Germans and Japanese, as he was obliged to do when it came time to sponsor CNN's light show in the Persian Gulf. Gradually, it is now becoming evident to even the most distracted funster that there is no longer any need for NATO, because there is no enemy. One might say there never really was one *when* NATO was started, but, over the years, we did succeed in creating a pretty dangerous Soviet, a fun-house-mirror version of ourselves. Although the United States may yet, in support of Israel, declare war on one billion Muslims, the Europeans will stay out. They recall 1529, when the Turks besieged Vienna not as obliging guest workers but as world conquerors. Never again.

In the wake of the Madrid NATO summit, it ESSAY CONTINUED ON PAGE 276



# NELSON MANDELA

President, South Africa.

Photographed by Jean Baptiste Mondino
in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, France.

Born, Mvezo, Transkei region, South Africa.
B.A., University of South Africa, 1942. Divorced from his
second wife, Winnie Mandela;
four children, including two daughters with Winnie.

Mandela, 78, joined the pro-democratic
African National Congress in 1944. He lead the A.N.C.'s
nonviolent Defiance Campaign
against the Afrikaner-dominated National Party's rule.
In the early 60s, when the A.N.C. was banned,
he became a fugitive. For more than a year
he eluded authorities, earning the nickname "the Black
Pimpernel." In August 1962 he was
captured and later sentenced to life imprisonment
without parole, for high treason.

When Mandela was released on
February 11, 1990, he made a triumphant tour of
North America and Europe.
Working with then president F. W. de Klerk (with whom
he shared the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize),
he brought about the first elections open to all
South African citizens, in April 1994.
In these elections he was
chosen president of South Africa with
62.6 percent of the vote.

# MARY ROBINSON

High commissioner for Human Rights,
United Nations.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker at the Fitzpatrick Hotel
in New York City on July 24, 1997.

Born Mary Bourke, Ballina, Ireland. B.A., LL.B.,
Trinity College, Dublin, 1967; LL.M., Harvard, 1968.
Married, Nicholas Robinson; three children.

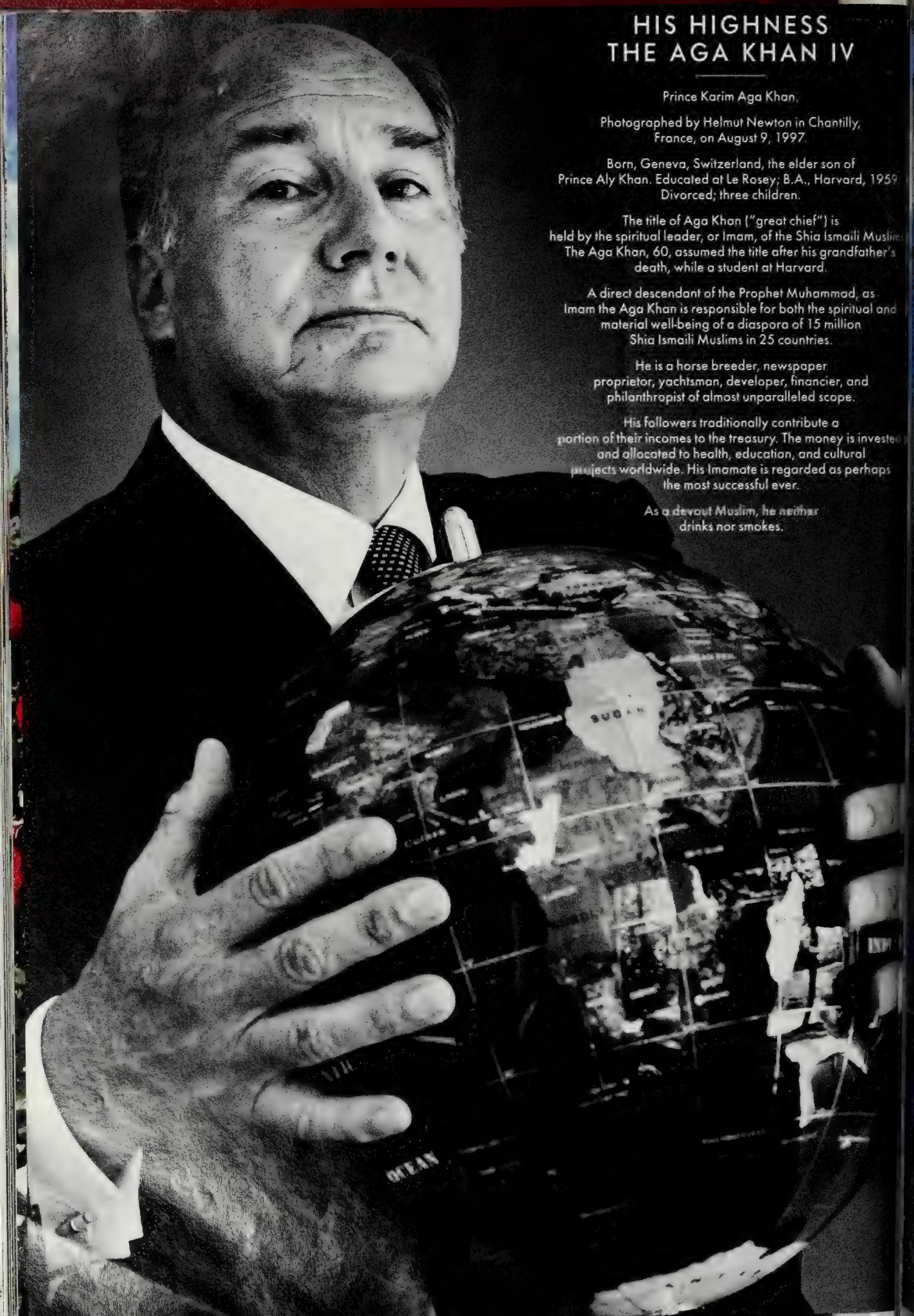
Robinson, 53, was elected president of Ireland in 1990
d has transformed a ceremonial position into a seat of power.
She began her term by opening the president's official
dence to battered women, Northern Irish Protestants, and the
reviled Irish nomads known as Travelers.

During Robinson's seven-year presidency,
sexuality was decriminalized and divorce legalized. In a fiercely
ditional society, the president's stands on these issues stirred
ontroversy, but also won her 90 percent approval ratings.

Robinson has long enjoyed the international
ure required for her new role at the U.N. She skillfully used the
presidency, both at home and abroad, to become a
okesperson for the dispossessed. Her visits to Somalia and
Rwanda focused worldwide attention on the famine
and civil war plaguing those countries.

Robinson has successfully practiced diplomacy
oser to home as well. She shook hands with Sinn Fein leader
Gerry Adams in Northern Ireland in 1993.
In 1996 she became the first Irish president to
officially visit Buckingham Palace.





# HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN IV

Prince Karim Aga Khan.

Photographed by Helmut Newton in Chantilly, France, on August 9, 1997.

Born, Geneva, Switzerland, the elder son of Prince Aly Khan. Educated at Le Rosey; B.A., Harvard, 1959. Divorced; three children.

The title of Aga Khan ("great chief") is held by the spiritual leader, or Imam, of the Shia Ismaili Muslims. The Aga Khan, 60, assumed the title after his grandfather's death, while a student at Harvard.

A direct descendant of the Prophet Muhammad, as Imam the Aga Khan is responsible for both the spiritual and material well-being of a diaspora of 15 million Shia Ismaili Muslims in 25 countries.

He is a horse breeder, newspaper proprietor, yachtsman, developer, financier, and philanthropist of almost unparalleled scope.

His followers traditionally contribute a portion of their incomes to the treasury. The money is invested and allocated to health, education, and cultural projects worldwide. His Imamate is regarded as perhaps the most successful ever.

As a devout Muslim, he neither drinks nor smokes.




# ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER SR.
## AND
# ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER JR.

Photographed by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders at *The New York Times*'s new color printing center in College Point, Queens, New York, on August 12, 1997

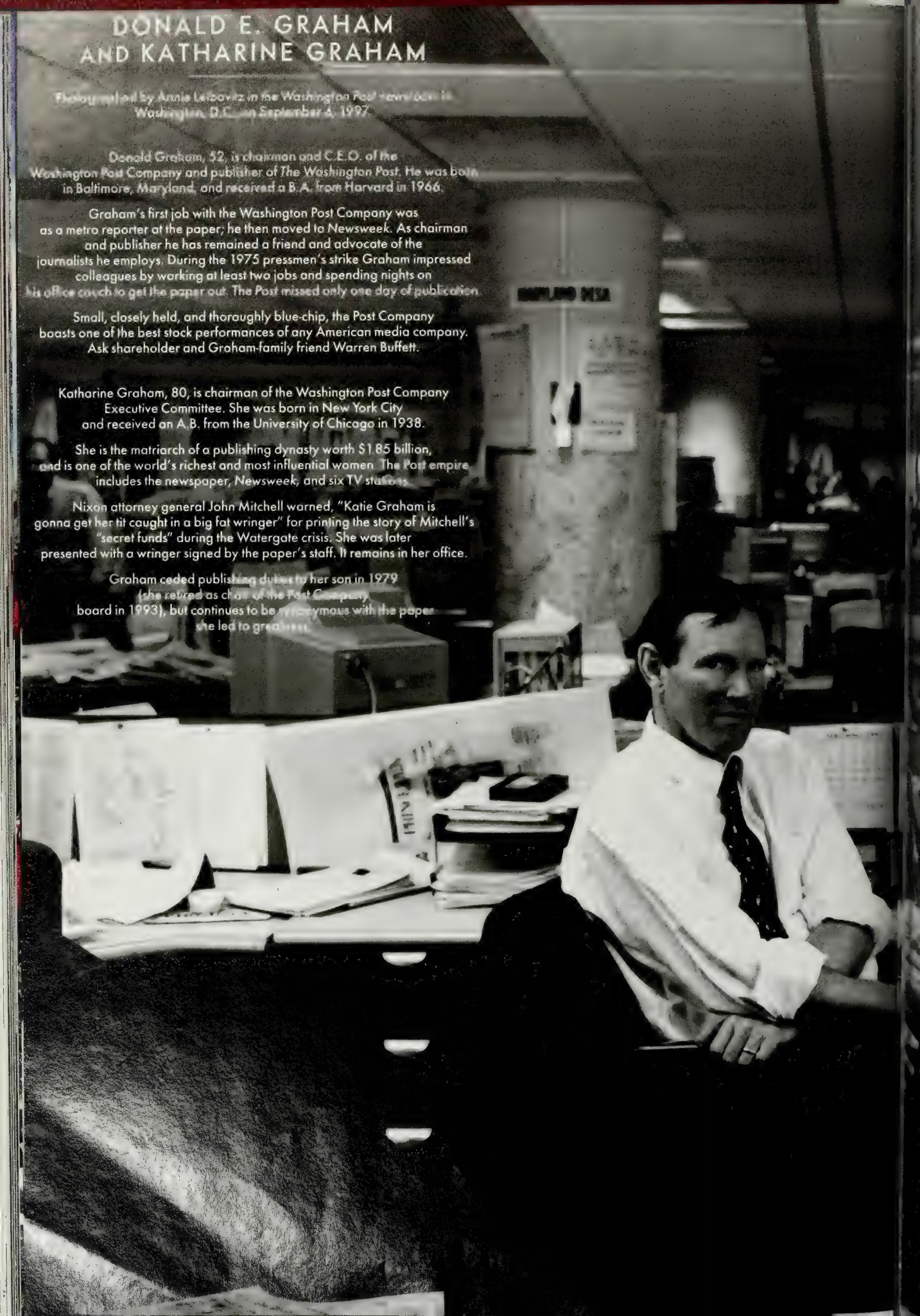
Sulzberger Sr., 71, is chairman and C.E.O. of the New York Times Company. He was born in New York City and received a B.A. from Columbia University in 1951. He is married to Allison Cowles and has four children from two previous marriages. Sulzberger, the grandson of Adolph S. Ochs, the man who made the *Times* a national institution, and his family control the great majority of voting shares in the Times Company (which now includes 22 other newspapers, eight television stations, and seven magazines).

Sulzberger Jr., 46, is the publisher of *The New York Times*. He was born in Mount Kisco, New York, and received a B.A. from Tufts University in 1974. He is married to Gail Gregg; they have two children. His journalism career began in Raleigh, North Carolina, where he was a reporter for the *Raleigh Times*. He then spent two years as an A.P. correspondent in London. In 1978 he joined the family business as a national correspondent for the *Times*'s Washington bureau. He then held posts in advertising, production, and corporate planning.

"We don't particularly like to change, and when we do make changes, we like to sneak them over on our readers."—Arthur Sulzberger Sr., circa 1965

"The plain truth is, I don't give a tinker's damn how we distribute our information. As long as our customers want newsprint, I'll do all I can to give it to them on newsprint. If they want it on CD-ROM, I'll try to meet that need. The Internet? That's fine. Hell, if someone would be kind enough to invent a technology, I'll be pleased to beam it directly into your cortex."
—Arthur Sulzberger Jr., 1994

# DONALD E. GRAHAM AND KATHARINE GRAHAM



Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in the Washington Post newsroom in Washington, D.C., on September 4, 1997

Donald Graham, 52, is chairman and C.E.O. of the Washington Post Company and publisher of *The Washington Post*. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, and received a B.A. from Harvard in 1966.

Graham's first job with the Washington Post Company was as a metro reporter at the paper; he then moved to *Newsweek*. As chairman and publisher he has remained a friend and advocate of the journalists he employs. During the 1975 pressmen's strike Graham impressed colleagues by working at least two jobs and spending nights on his office couch to get the paper out. The *Post* missed only one day of publication.

Small, closely held, and thoroughly blue-chip, the Post Company boasts one of the best stock performances of any American media company. Ask shareholder and Graham-family friend Warren Buffett.

Katharine Graham, 80, is chairman of the Washington Post Company Executive Committee. She was born in New York City and received an A.B. from the University of Chicago in 1938.

She is the matriarch of a publishing dynasty worth $1.85 billion, and is one of the world's richest and most influential women. The Post empire includes the newspaper, *Newsweek*, and six TV stations.

Nixon attorney general John Mitchell warned, "Katie Graham is gonna get her tit caught in a big fat wringer" for printing the story of Mitchell's "secret funds" during the Watergate crisis. She was later presented with a wringer signed by the paper's staff. It remains in her office.

Graham ceded publishing duties to her son in 1979 (she retired as chair of the Post Company board in 1993), but continues to be synonymous with the paper she led to greatness.


FEDERAL



# NORIO OHGA

Chairman and C.E.O., Sony Corporation.

Photographed by Fergus Greer
in a screening room at Sony Pictures Studio
in Culver City, California, on July 11, 1997

Born, Numazu, Japan.
Graduated from Tokyo National University, 1
Married, Midori Ohga.

Ohga, 67, controls a $48 billion company t
emerged from a war-ravaged Tokyo to
become a brand name as familiar as Coca-C
or Kodak. He assumed the C.E.O.'s
post in 1989, after 35 years with the compa

His vision of Sony as a provider of both distrib
("hardware") and content ("software")
prefigured the media-merger craze of the 19
Under his leadership, the company
acquired Columbia Pictures in 1989—and, in a
misstep, hired Peter Guber and Jon Peters
run Sony Studios in an $800 million deal. After
years and billions in losses, the studio
is finally turning a profit.

Ohga is a trained classical musician
who rises before three in the morning to loo
sheet music before going to work. He als
pilots the Sony Falcon jets from Tokyo to New Y
business trips, and his love of design and
technology approaches mania. When reviewi
Sony designers' latest work,
Ohga is known to have thrown unsatisfacto
products across the room.



# MICHAEL D. EISNER

Chairman and C.E.O., Walt Disney Company.

Photographed by Sam Jones at Stage 6 on the Walt Disney lot in Burbank, California, on August 26, 1997.

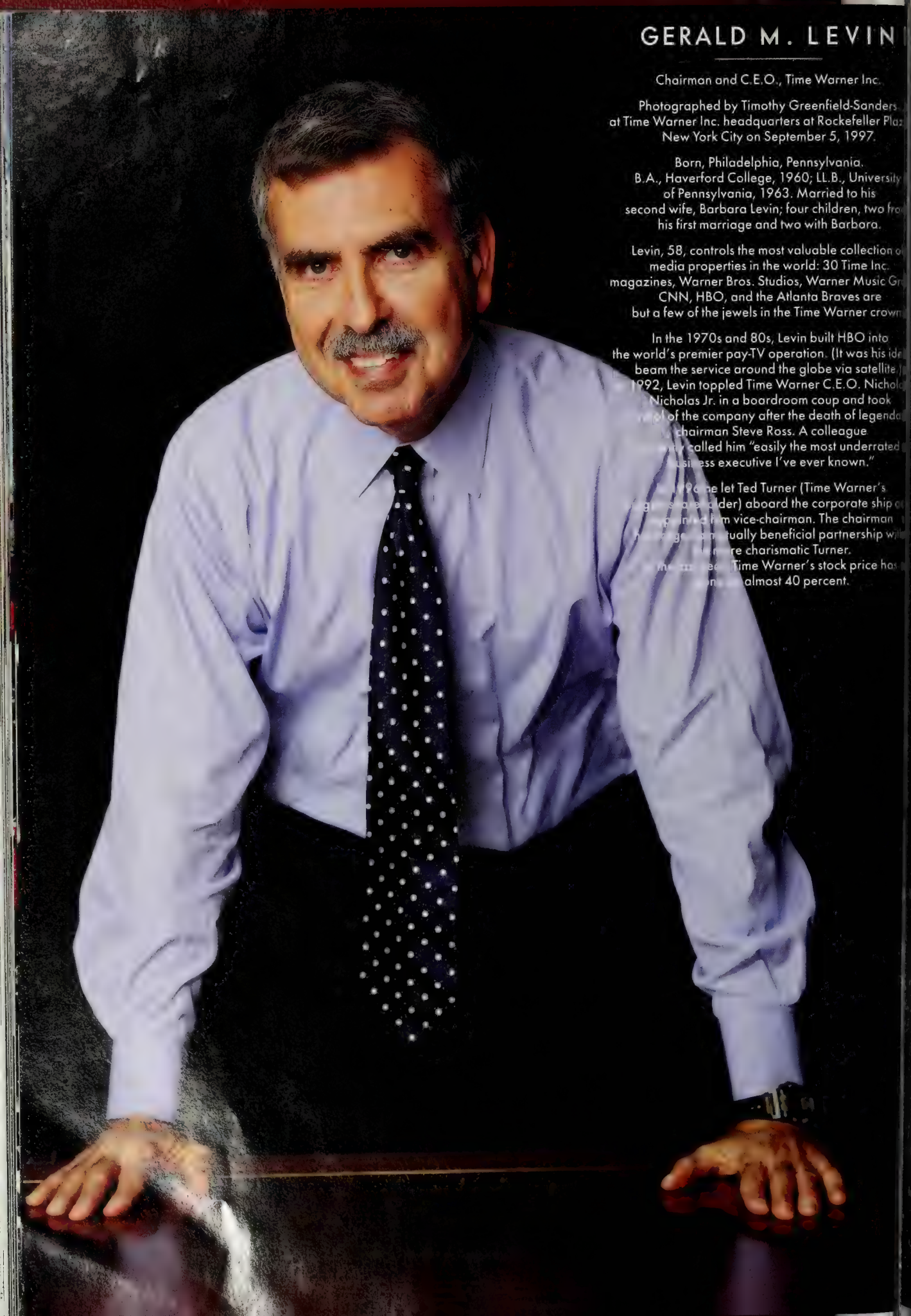
Born, Mount Kisco, New York. B.A., Denison University, 1964. Married, Jane Eisner; three children.

Eisner, 55, took the chairman's job at Disney in 1984. At that time, the company was a fading animation and amusement-park business valued at $2 billion. As of last August, the Walt Disney Company's market value was $53 billion. He is commonly referred to as the most powerful man in Hollywood.

Mickey Mouse is the world's most recognized mascot, and Eisner has diversified the Disney brand name and its corporate interests with staggering success. Beyond its TV, film, and amusement-park interests, Disney owns professional hockey and baseball franchises (the Mighty Ducks and the Anaheim Angels), publishing and software businesses, hotels, and a cruise line. The Disney-created town of Celebration, Florida, has been up and running since June 1996.

Disney's 1995 $19 billion acquisition of Capital Cities/ABC gave Eisner a vast platform for reasserting Disney's family-oriented brand identity. *The Wonderful World of Disney* has returned to ABC's Sunday-evening schedule. Like Walt Disney before him, Eisner introduces the program each week.

Eisner's base salary of $750,000 has remained unchanged for 13 years. What has changed is the value of his stock options, a fortune now estimated at $230 million.



# GERALD M. LEVIN

Chairman and C.E.O., Time Warner Inc.

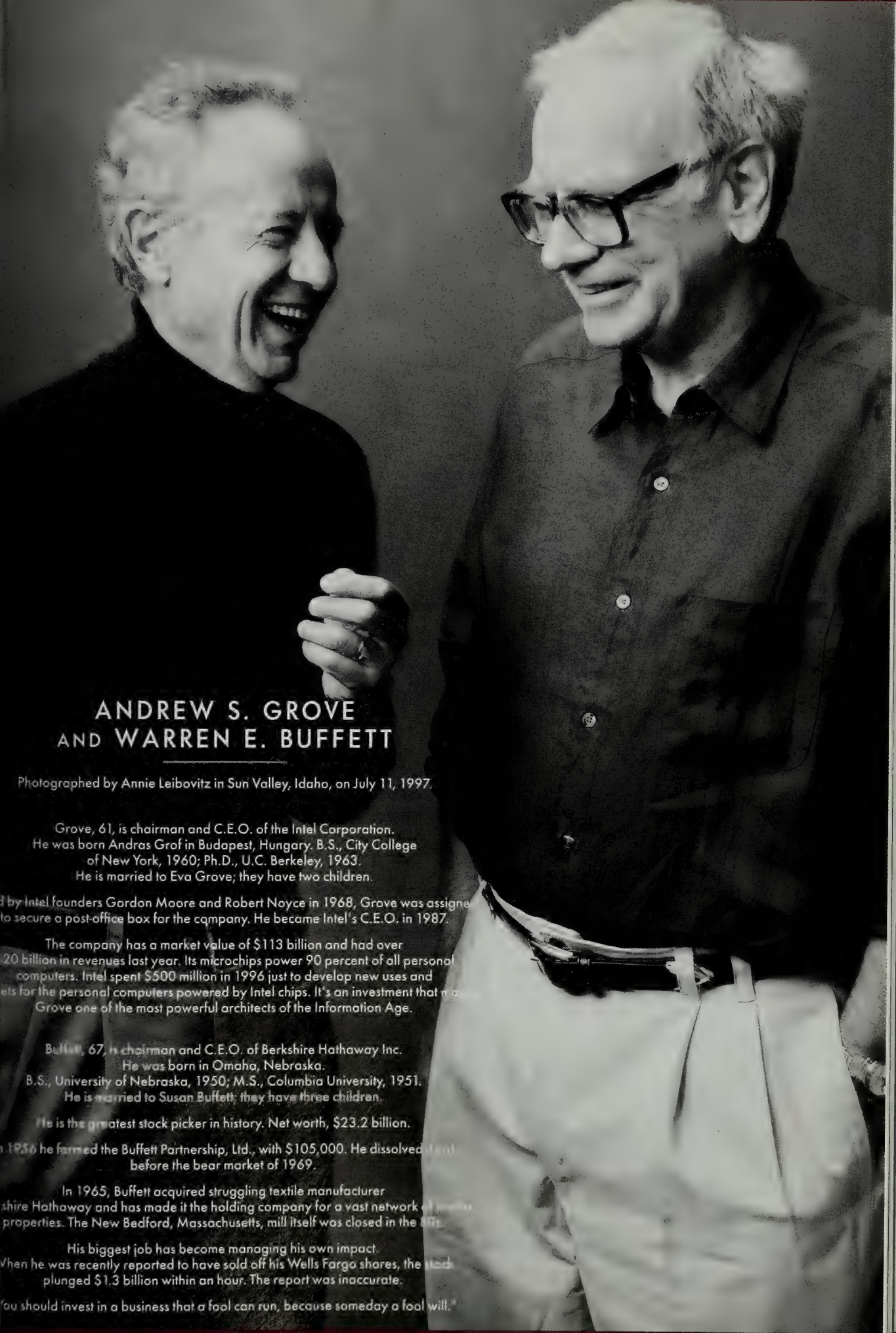
Photographed by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders at Time Warner Inc. headquarters at Rockefeller Plaz New York City on September 5, 1997.

Born, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. B.A., Haverford College, 1960; LL.B., University of Pennsylvania, 1963. Married to his second wife, Barbara Levin; four children, two fro his first marriage and two with Barbara.

Levin, 58, controls the most valuable collection o media properties in the world: 30 Time Inc. magazines, Warner Bros. Studios, Warner Music Gr CNN, HBO, and the Atlanta Braves are but a few of the jewels in the Time Warner crown

In the 1970s and 80s, Levin built HBO into the world's premier pay-TV operation. (It was his id beam the service around the globe via satellite.) 1992, Levin toppled Time Warner C.E.O. Nichola Nicholas Jr. in a boardroom coup and took of the company after the death of legenda chairman Steve Ross. A colleague called him "easily the most underrated siness executive I've ever known."

ne let Ted Turner (Time Warner's der) aboard the corporate ship o m vice-chairman. The chairman ually beneficial partnership wi re charismatic Turner. Time Warner's stock price has almost 40 percent.



# ANDREW S. GROVE AND WARREN E. BUFFETT

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Sun Valley, Idaho, on July 11, 1997.

Grove, 61, is chairman and C.E.O. of the Intel Corporation.
He was born Andras Grof in Budapest, Hungary. B.S., City College of New York, 1960; Ph.D., U.C. Berkeley, 1963.
He is married to Eva Grove; they have two children.

d by Intel founders Gordon Moore and Robert Noyce in 1968, Grove was assigne to secure a post-office box for the company. He became Intel's C.E.O. in 1987.

The company has a market value of $113 billion and had over 20 billion in revenues last year. Its microchips power 90 percent of all personal computers. Intel spent $500 million in 1996 just to develop new uses and ets for the personal computers powered by Intel chips. It's an investment that m Grove one of the most powerful architects of the Information Age.

Buffett, 67, is chairman and C.E.O. of Berkshire Hathaway Inc.
He was born in Omaha, Nebraska.
B.S., University of Nebraska, 1950; M.S., Columbia University, 1951.
He is married to Susan Buffett; they have three children.

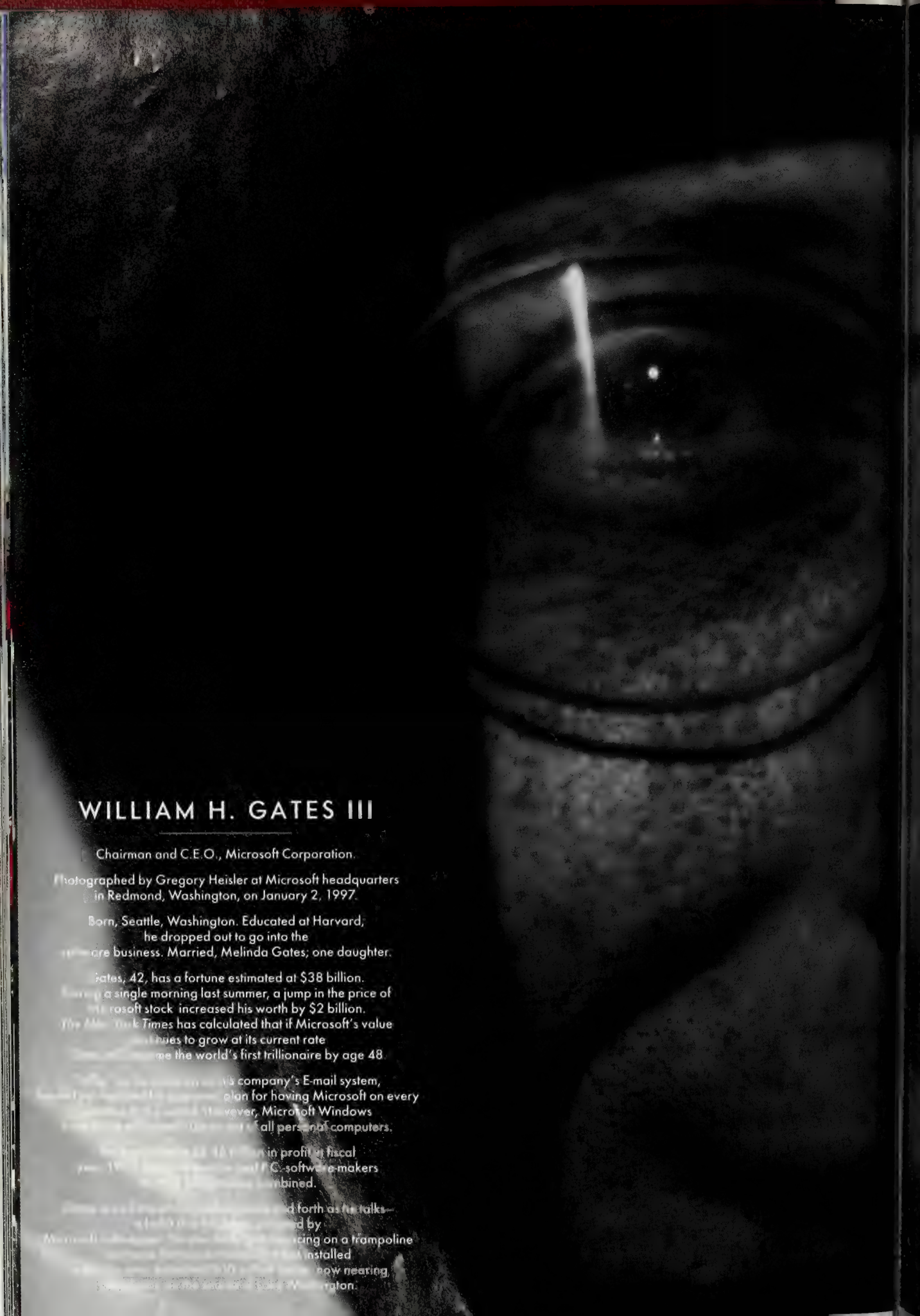
He is the greatest stock picker in history. Net worth, $23.2 billion.

In 1956 he formed the Buffett Partnership, Ltd., with $105,000. He dissolved it before the bear market of 1969.

In 1965, Buffett acquired struggling textile manufacturer shire Hathaway and has made it the holding company for a vast network of properties. The New Bedford, Massachusetts, mill itself was closed in the 80s.

His biggest job has become managing his own impact. When he was recently reported to have sold off his Wells Fargo shares, the stock plunged $1.3 billion within an hour. The report was inaccurate.

"You should invest in a business that a fool can run, because someday a fool will."



# WILLIAM H. GATES III

Chairman and C.E.O., Microsoft Corporation.

Photographed by Gregory Heisler at Microsoft headquarters in Redmond, Washington, on January 2, 1997.

Born, Seattle, Washington. Educated at Harvard, he dropped out to go into the ...are business. Married, Melinda Gates; one daughter.

...ates, 42, has a fortune estimated at $38 billion. ... a single morning last summer, a jump in the price of ...rosoft stock increased his worth by $2 billion. *The ... Times* has calculated that if Microsoft's value ...ues to grow at its current rate ...e the world's first trillionaire by age 48.

...s company's E-mail system, ... plan for having Microsoft on every ...ever, Microsoft Windows ... all personal computers.

... in profit of fiscal ... C-software-makers ...mbined.

...d forth as he talks— ...d by ...cing on a trampoline ... installed ... now nearing, ...gton.



is time for the United States to step away from Europe—gracefully. Certainly the Europeans think it is time for us to go, as their disdainful remarks at Denver betrayed, particularly when they were warned not to walk more than a block or two from their hotels for fear of being robbed, maimed, murdered. Yet why do we persist in holding on to empire? *Cherchez la monnaie,* as the clever French say. Ever since 1941, when Roosevelt got us out of the Depression by pumping federal money into re-arming, war or the threat of war has been the principal engine to our society. Now the war is over. Or is it? Can we *afford* to give up our—well, cozy unremitting war? Why not—ah, the brilliance, the simplicity!—instead of shrinking, *expand* our phantom empire in Europe by popping everyone into NATO? No reason to have any particular enemy, though, who knows, if sufficiently goaded, Russia might again be persuaded to play Great Satan in our somewhat dusty chamber of horrors.

With an expanded NATO, our arms-makers—if not workers—are in for a bonanza. As it is, our sales of weapons were up 23 percent last year, to $11.3 billion in orders; meanwhile, restrictions on sales to Latin America are now being lifted. Chile, ever menaced by Ecuador, may soon buy as many as 24 American-made F-16 jet fighters. But an expanded NATO is the beauty part. Upon joining NATO, the lucky new club member is obliged to buy expensive weapons from the likes of Lockheed Martin, recently merged with Northrop Grumman. Since the new members have precarious economies—and the old ones are not exactly booming—the American taxpayer, a wan goose that lays few eggs, will have to borrow ever more money to foot the bill, which the Congressional Budget Office says should come to $125 billion over 15 years with the U.S. paying $19 billion. Yeltsin correctly sees this as a hostile move against Russia, not to mention an expensive renewal of the Cold War, while our very own Delphic oracle, the ancient Janus-like mandarin George Kennan, has said that such an expansion could "inflame nationalistic anti-Western and militaristic tendencies in Russian opinion."

Where once we were told it was better to be dead than Red, now we will be told that it is better to be broke than—what?—slaves of the Knights of Malta? Meanwhile, conservative think tanks (their salaries paid directly or indirectly by interested conglomerates) are issuing miles of boilerplate about the necessity of securing the Free World from enemies; and Lockheed Martin lobbies individual senators, having spent (officially) $2.3 million for congressional and presidential candidates in the 1996 election.

For those interested in just how ruinous NATO membership will be for the new members, there is the special report *NATO Expansion: Time to Reconsider,* by the British American Security Information Council and the Centre for European Security and Disarmament. Jointly published 25 November 1996, the authors regard the remilitarization of the region between Berlin and Moscow as lunacy geopolitically and disastrous economically. Hungary is now aiming at a 22 percent increase in military spending this year. The Czechs and the Poles mean to double their defense spending. The world is again at risk as our "bipartisan" rulers continue loyally to serve those who actually elect them—Lockheed Martin Northrop Grumman, Boeing, McDonnell Douglas, General Electric, Mickey Mouse, and on and on. Meanwhile, as I write, the U.S. is secretly building a new generation of nuclear weapons like the W-88 Trident missile. Cost: $4 billion a year.

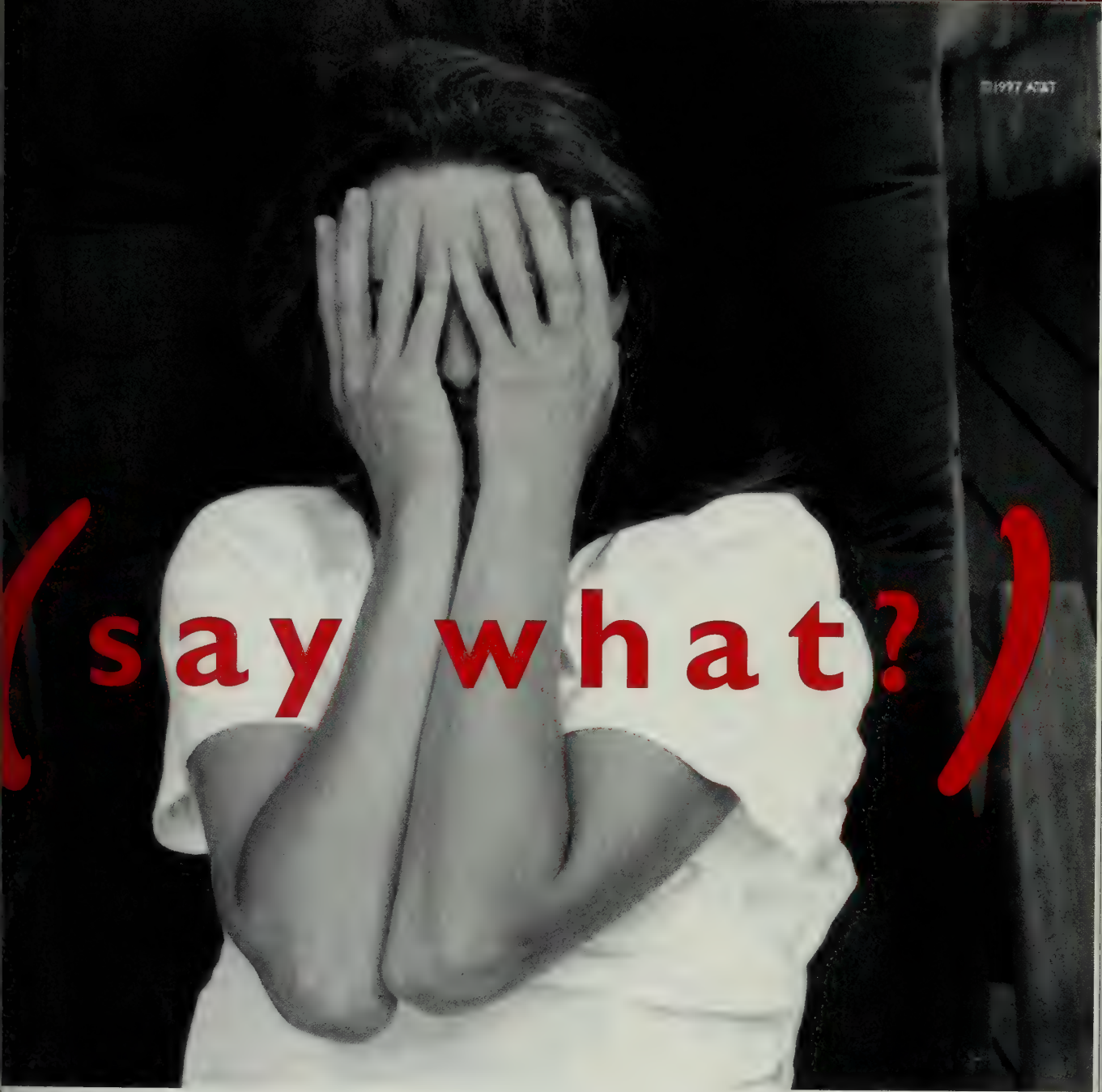
There comes a moment when empires cease to exert energy and become symbolic—or existential, as we used to say back in the 40s. The current wrangling over NATO demonstrates what a quandary a symbolic empire is in when it lacks the mind, much less the resources, to impose its hegemony upon former client states. At the end, entropy gets us all. Fun house falls down. Fairground's a parking lot. "So I awoke, and behold it was a dream." *Pilgrim's Progress* again. But not quite yet.

It is a truism that generals are always ready to fight the last war. The anachronistic rhetoric at Madrid in July, if ever acted upon, would certainly bring on the next—last?—big war, if only because, in Francis Bacon's words, "Upon the breaking a shivering of a great state and empi you may be sure to have wars."

Happily, in the absen of money and comm will nothing much w probably happen. Me while, there is a n better world ready to born. The optimum economic unit the world is now the city-state. Than to technology, everyone knows or c know something about everyone e on the planet. The message n pounding over the Internet is the ir evancy, not to mention sheer dang of the traditional nation-state, mu less empire. Despite currency confusio Southeast Asia leads the way while t warlords at Peking not only are tole ing vigorous industrial semi-autonom like Shanghai but also may have an c going paradigm in Hong Kong. We not like the way Singapore is run (ha ly our business), but it is, relativ speaking, a greater commercial succ than the United States, which mi prosper, once the empire's put out of misery, in smaller units on the Sw cantonal model: Spanish-speak Catholic regions, Asian Confucian gions, consensually united mixed regi with, here and there, city-states New York–Boston or Silicon Valley.

In the next century, barring a dent, the common market in Eur will evolve not so much into a un of ancient bloodstained states as a saic of homogenous regions and c states like Milan, say, each loos linked in trade with a clearingho information center at Brussels to chestrate finance and trade and policing of cartels. Basques, Breto Walloons, Scots who want to be rid onerous nation-states should be let in order to pursue and even—w not?—overtake happiness, the goal, so we Americans have always prete ed to believe, of the human enterpr

On that predictably sententious An ican note, O movers and shakers the month, let us return to wilderness of this world," recalling Hippocratic oath, which enjoins tors: "Above all do no harm." Hip crates also wrote, O moved and shal "Life is short, but the art is long, opportunity fleeting, the experi perilous, the judgment difficult." □




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# GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

When reporter Gus Bailey returns to Los Angeles, city of his defeat and heartbreak, to cover the Trial of the Century, he finds himself sought after by Hollywood's biggest stars all obsessed by the story. In an excerpt from his new novel, *Another City, Not My Own*, DOMINICK DUNNE takes Gu through glittering evening encounters with Marcia Clark and Robert Shapiro, dinner at the Bel-Air with Nancy Reagan, and tête-à-têtes at Elizabeth Taylor's house



"MARINE TO MARINE" Over dinner at the Bel-Air Hotel, Gus Bailey and former First Lady Nancy Reagan discuss the unsavory tactics of O. J. Simpson defense attorney F. Lee Bailey. At the next table: director Mike Nichols, Candice Bergen, and studio head John Calley.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

*In covering the double murder trial of O. J. Simpson for* Vanity Fair *magazine, I had no idea that I would become as personally involved as I did in what would become known as the Trial of the Century. Los Angeles is a city with which I have had a long and complicated relationship. I once lived there and was a part of the film industry, but I moved away 15 years ago, under inauspicious circumstances, and never wanted to return. The murder of Nicole Brown Simpson was eerily similar to a tragic circumstance in my own life, and my obsession with the y began there. During the trial, I came face to face with unfinished business of my life in Los Angeles. I knew n the beginning that the experience would be the basis my next novel. The narrator, a writer named Gus Bai- is very obviously myself, but I have used the real nes of most of the other characters–both the famed tri- igures and the famed film figures who had been a part is life. Gus becomes a participant in the story that he sent to cover as a journalist.*

Before the trial even started, Gus met several of the vers who would dominate the news in the months to ne. At the billionaire Marvin Davis's Carousel of be Ball, he saw Robert Shapiro, Simpson's principal ense lawyer. Marvin Davis and his wife, Barbara, had ome the top hosts in Hollywood society, entertaining lavish style that recalled an earlier era. Shapiro was he time riding high, the master of his universe, signing autographs, waving to the crowds, being interviewed on television, being invited to the best parties. The stigma of being associated with O. J. Simpson, which would come in time, was still a long way off.

That night he was one of the most photographed superstars of the Davises' party, in the heady company of Hillary Clinton, Barbra Streisand, Warren Beatty and Annette Bening, Dustin Hoffman, Goldie Hawn and Kurt Russell, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Maria Shriver, Tom Hanks and Rita Wilson, and Fergie, the Duchess of York. All eyes in the ballroom were at one point focused on Shapiro's nonreaction to Jay Leno, the master of ceremonies, who openly mocked the claim that a bloody glove had been moved by Detective Mark Fuhrman from Nicole's condominium on Bundy to O. J. Simpson's estate on Rockingham as part of a police conspiracy to blame Simpson for the murders. A spotlight found Shapiro at his table, and the entire ballroom studied his face. Later, when people talked about the night of the Davises' ball, a lot of hostesses in the town claimed that that moment, watching Shapiro fail to laugh at Leno's joke, made them realize for the first time that they wouldn't be able to ask him and his wife, Linell, to dinner much longer. Feelings were beginning to heat up.



Gus, fascinated by Shapiro, could not stop looking at him as he walked through the crowd with a beatific smile on his face, a man content with his role in life. He was in the world of the elite and privileged. The defense attorney as celebrity had begun to eclipse the movie star as celebrity. Leslie Abramson had become a national figure for her emotional defense of the young parent-killing Erik Menendez. Now Robert Shapiro was becoming a national figure as the defender of O. J. Simpson, and the town was paying deference.

He turned and saw Gus staring at him. Each held the look. They had never met, but each knew who the other was. Gus walked across the room to where Shapiro was standing and put out his hand.

"Mr. Shapiro, I'm Gus Bailey."

"I know who you are," replied Shapiro, smiling.

"I hear the biggest draw in the silent auction is lunch with you at the Grill in Beverly Hills," said Gus.

"But not until after the trial is over," said Shapiro.

"You're getting more attention tonight than the Duchess of York," said Gus.

Shapiro smiled. "I hear you're out here to crucify me, like you crucified Leslie Abramson at the Menendez trial," he said, full of self-confidence, as they shook hands.

"What do you mean, I crucified her? I made her famous, that's what I did," said Gus.

They both laughed.

"I've also heard about your dinner at '21' in New York with my friend Lee Bailey," said Shapiro. "He tells me you think I shouldn't sign autographs."

"Lee's a good reporter," said Gus.

"We should have lunch one day," said Shapiro.

"I'd really like that," replied Gus. "I hear you go to the Grill every Friday."

"You know everything, and you just got to town," said Shapiro.

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Excerpted from *Another City, Not My Own,* by Dominick Dunne, to be published in November by Crown Publishers Inc.; © 1997 by the author.

Later, Gus said to his friend Wendy Stark, the Los Angeles contributing editor of *Vanity Fair,* "Going to a party like this is a great way to let everyone know you're back in town. Barbara Davis invited me to dinner again tomorrow night, and I'm going to have lunch with Robert Shapiro at the Grill."

"Shapiro was at Jackie Collins's house for dinner the other night," said Wendy. "Thank God she didn't seat me next to him."

The day after the Davises' ball, Wendy Stark, who was both the daughter and the granddaughter of eminent show-business figures, which qualified her for the status of Hollywood royalty, called Gus at the Chateau Marmont.

"My father wants to know if you can come for dinner on Tuesday," said Wendy. "He's having a small group, and he's running the new Brad Pitt movie, *Legends of the Fall,* after dinner, only no one's supposed to know he's doing it, because the producer hasn't shown it to the studio yet, so don't say anything about it to anyone."

Wendy had a way of running all her sentences into one when she spoke. Although there was a considerable difference in their ages, Wendy and Gus were old friends. She had stuck by him during the years of his downfall in the television-and-movie business, one of the not many who had, and Gus felt a great affection for her. He had a long history with the Starks and had even used them as characters of wealth and power in his early novel about Hollywood, *The Winners.*

"Ray's starting to entertain again, on a small scale," said Wendy. From the age of 15, Wendy had called her father Ray. Her mother, Fran, an important figure in the town's social life, had died two years earlier.

"Damn it, I can't go," said Gus.

"Why?"

"I'm having dinner Tuesday with this spy I have in the L.A. County Jail who gives me all the gossip on the Menendez brothers and O. J. Simpson. He knows great stuff," said Gus.

"Oh," she replied. Her voice implied that she didn't think his engagement for the evening was in the same league with the one she was offering.

Gus went on: "Did you know that O.J. and Erik Menendez were in adjoining cells for a bit?"

"David Geffen's coming," replied Wendy, in answer to Gus's enthusiasm, as a lure to entice him. David Geffen was one of the two or three most important moguls in the film business, a partner in DreamWorks.

"Oh, it's a big-time evening, huh?" said Gus.

"I wish I could go, but I've already canceled this once and—"

"Marcia Clark's coming," said Wendy in a casu throwaway voice. "But that's a big secret no one's s posed to know, and I promised Ray I wouldn't tell."

Suddenly, Gus gave Wendy his full attention. "Let get this straight," he said. "Marcia Clark is going to y father's house for dinner and a movie on Tuesday? I hear that correctly?"

"That's what I said," replied Wendy, sounding like father when he outpowered a difficult film star or di tor in a contract dispute.

"How did that come about, for God sake? How you get Marcia Clark to dinner at this juncture of life? She's the lead prosecutor in what they are sayin going to be the most famous murder trial of the ce ry. I would think she'd have her hands full these d and nights."

"Oh, you know Ray," said Wendy. "He has a frien the D.A.'s office, Suzanne Childs, and that's how it arranged. Ray thinks Marcia ought to know that every in the film industry is behind her and rooting for her

"I'm all for that," said Gus.

"So Suzanne's bringing her. You must know Suza Used to be married to Michael Crichton? Divorced before he became famous. Went to law school. Does dia relations for Gil Garcetti?"

"Sure, I know Suzanne," said Gus. "I recently had br fast with Suzanne and Gil Garcetti in New York."

"She's also supervising Marcia's makeover before trial starts. She's the one who suggested Allen Edw to do the new hairstyle, get rid of the tight curls, her kind of a Diane Sawyer look. Allen does Fa Fawcett and Candy Bergen. I forget who's going t her clothes, somebody I never heard of before, med priced working-girl clothes, that kind of thing. Suz wanted Armani, which would have been perfec Marcia, but he's expensive, and they're afraid it m turn off the women in the jury if her clothes are expensive."



Thoughts began racing through Gus's head. How could he tell his jailhouse spy that he had to cancel him for the second time and still not lose him as a source? There were many things Gus wanted to find out about O. J. Simpson in jail. He wanted to know if it was true that Simpson was permitted to receive visitors in a private room with no guard present, only awyer from Robert Shapiro's office named Nicole Pul-s. He wanted to know if it was true that Simpson had uted out a confession to the murders to the Reverend osevelt Grier, which was overheard by a guard in the jail.

'Listen, Wendy, I've been thinking. I just decided to cel my spy from the jailhouse for the second time."

Wendy laughed with delight. "I knew I'd get you," she d. "I know my old friend Gussie."

'Tell Ray I'd love to come. I have been dying to meet rcia Clark."

'There's a catch," said Wendy.

'What's that?"

'You can't ask her anything about the case. No one . She told Ray she's not going to know anyone there, doesn't want to be the center of attention, and she 't talk about the case anyway."

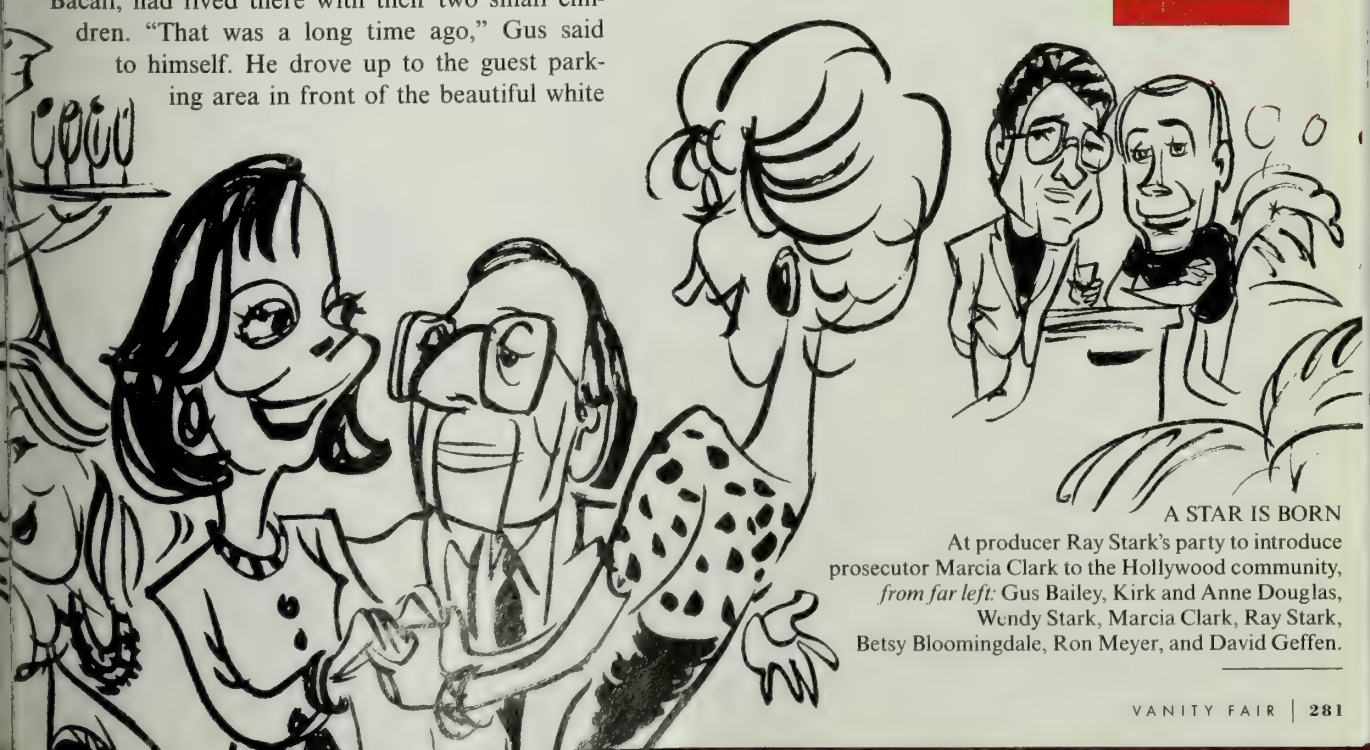
'I still want to meet her before the trial starts," said s.

For the occasion at hand, a small dinner to meet Marcia Clark, the gates of Ray Stark's estate in Holmby Hills were open as Gus drove through. There were green hedges, white flowers, and the occasional piece of sculpture on either side of the long drive. He had been there before, ny times, in years gone by. He'd been there even be-e the Starks bought the house, when the previous ners, the film stars Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, had lived there with their two small children. "That was a long time ago," Gus said to himself. He drove up to the guest parking area in front of the beautiful white brick mansion. There, parked in place, was the police car that Stark always kept in the driveway, visible from the street outside the gates, as a message to the unsavory that they were unwelcome in these environs. The police car was a prop from a television cop series, given to Ray as a Christmas gift by Aaron Spelling, the television mogul and a friend, who lived nearby in an even larger mansion. "You can't be too safe these days," said Spelling, who had two bodyguards.

Ever since the riots two years earlier in the area of Los Angeles known as South-Central—during which much of that part of the city burned—after the acquittal of the police officers who were caught on videotape beating Rodney King with clubs, people who lived in the fashionable areas on the other side of town were in a state of constant apprehension. Security was a prime topic of conversation. Marlene Schlessinger, the wife of Irv Schlessinger, the television producer, said to Gus at dinner at Drai's one evening, "I never drive my Rolls anymore, except from the house in Beverly Hills to the house in Malibu and from Malibu back to Beverly Hills. I'm afraid to. The less attention you draw to yourself these days, the better."

The apprehension in the area increased tenfold after

## When Nancy Reagan was the First Lady, Gus was living in a room without daylight, writing *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles.*



A STAR IS BORN
At producer Ray Stark's party to introduce prosecutor Marcia Clark to the Hollywood community, *from far left:* Gus Bailey, Kirk and Anne Douglas, Wendy Stark, Marcia Clark, Ray Stark, Betsy Bloomingdale, Ron Meyer, and David Geffen.

the murders of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman. They had, after all, taken place in Brentwood, very nearby, where so many people lived whom everyone knew. At dinner parties in the area, people said things like "Next time, they're not going to burn down their own part of town again. They're going to come here." No one had to be told who the "they" of the sentence were, as they looked at one another nervously across the table. Invariably, to ease the tension, someone told the joke about the Beverly Hills matron who said to her maid, Bertha, who had been with her for so many years, "Bertha, if a riot comes, you wouldn't kill me, would you?" To which Bertha answered, "Oh, no, ma'am. I wouldn't kill you, but the maid next door might."

"Is it O.K. to park here?" Gus called out the window of his rented car to Ray Stark's uniformed guard, who had a Rottweiler on a leash.

"That's saved for the guest of honor," said the guard. "Pull up behind Mr. Geffen's car. Now, you are . . . ?" He had a list of the guests on a clipboard.

"Bailey. Gus Bailey."

"Yes, go right in, Mr. Bailey."

As Gus walked up the steps to the front door, it was opened by Wilbur, the Starks' butler, who had been with the family for years.

"Hi, Wilbur," said Gus, holding out his hand.

"It's been a long time, Mr. Bailey," said Wilbur. "Wendy tells me you're doing real good in New York."

"A lot better than I was when I left this town," answered Gus with a smile.

"I'm happy for you. Are you still drinking Diet Cokes, Mr. Bailey?"

"Cut the 'Mr. Bailey' crap, Wilbur. It's Gus, the way it's always been, and I've been drinking Diet Cokes for 14 years now."

"Good for you, Gus. They're all in the living room or the library. You know where to go. They're all talking about O. J. Simpson. That's all anyone talks about these days. You want to know something, Gus? They stop talking when I come in to pass a drink. That's what it's like now. Like a week ago or so, when Mr. Stark was running the new Schwarzenegger movie—I forget the name—David Begelman, who's been coming to this house for 30 years, says to me at the dinner table when I'm passing around a tray of lamb chops, 'What do you think, Wilbur? Do you think O.J. is guilty?' Everyone at the table stopped talking and looked at me. They all really wanted to know what I thought, because I'm the closest most of them ever came to knowing a black man."

"What did you answer?" asked Gus.

"I said, lighthearted-like, 'Oh, I'm not getting into this one,' or something like that, and wall off into the kitchen. Mae heard it. She took the t from me and passed around the rest of the lamb cho

"Any repercussions?"

"Just from myself, for myself. I hated it that I cop out. You see, Gus, I don't think the Juice did it, bu keep my mouth shut. I've been with the Stark famil long time, and I don't want to cause any problems."

"Wilbur, I can't give you any crap. I do think he it," said Gus. "I think he's guilty as sin. That's what come out here to write about."

"But you don't know, Gus."

"You're right, I don't know, but he's never for a sec acted like an innocent man since it happened. An inno man wouldn't have tried to run away in the white Bron

"He wasn't running away, Gus. He was on his wa the cemetery to visit Nicole's grave," said Wilbur.

"He had long passed the exit for the cemetery, Wil He was heading for Mexico."

Wendy Stark raced into the hallway from the li room, adjusting an earring and heading for the di room. "Hi, darling," she said, kissing Gus on both che "I have to put the place cards on the table for Ray." she went into the dining room, her father entered the

"So, the writer has returned," said Ray Stark w shaking hands. He spoke in a slightly teasing t "Wendy tells me you're here for the trial."

"I am. Staying at the Chateau Marmont for the durat Is this new?" asked Gus, pointing to a black ma sculpture of a reclining female nude with uptu breasts. "It's beautiful."

"Maillol," said Ray.

"Really beautiful, Ray," repeated Gus. Gus had trayed Ray Stark as a studio head named Marty L in *The Winners,* which he had written in rage in a in in Oregon after his failure and retreat from H wood 15 years earlier. The plot was partially base the forgery scandal involving the studio head D Begelman, the Academy Award–winning actor Cliff Ro son, and Columbia Pictures, which had been the topic of gossip and conversation at every dinner tab Hollywood. The scandal had rocked the town. Ne



nor his late wife, Fran, had ever acknowledged that were the characters in Gus's book, but their daughVendy, recognized herself as Cecilia Lesky, the Hold heiress, and didn't care.

id Wendy tell you no questions to Marcia Clark the case when she comes?" asked Ray.

ne did, and I won't ask any."

ne doesn't want to be the center of attention," said

ven though she will be," replied Gus. "I wouldn't y chance be sitting next to her at dinner, would I?"

Vill you listen to this guy?" asked Ray, pointing his b at Gus. "Now he wants the seat next to the guest nor."

Gus was one of those people who could survey a room in an instant. He was interested in seeing what sort of group Ray had put together to meet Marcia Clark. There were 14 for dinner. An eclectic mixture, Gus thought. A little of the new power of the industry—David Geffen Ron Meyer, the president of Universal Studios. A of the old-time Hollywood glamour—Kirk glas. A little Los Angeles society—Betloomingdale. Gus knew everyone exa young man who was staring intently Monet painting of water lilies at rny, one of the treasures of the Stark ction.

Vho's the Latino staring at your r's Monet?" asked Gus.

ome trick Skip Hartley brought," ed Wendy. "Wouldn't you my father would seat ext to him at din- I wanted to sit to you."

What's his e?"

"He told me about three times, and I forgot it three times," said Wendy. "He said he went to Bishop's School in La Jolla."

"That's where Peach went," said Gus, referring to his former wife. "He doesn't look like the Bishop's type. What did his place card say?"

"The calligrapher only used first names. Andrew. Andrew somebody. Cooney. Cunanan. Something like that."

"He certainly likes your father's pictures," said Gus. "He's moved on to a Picasso."

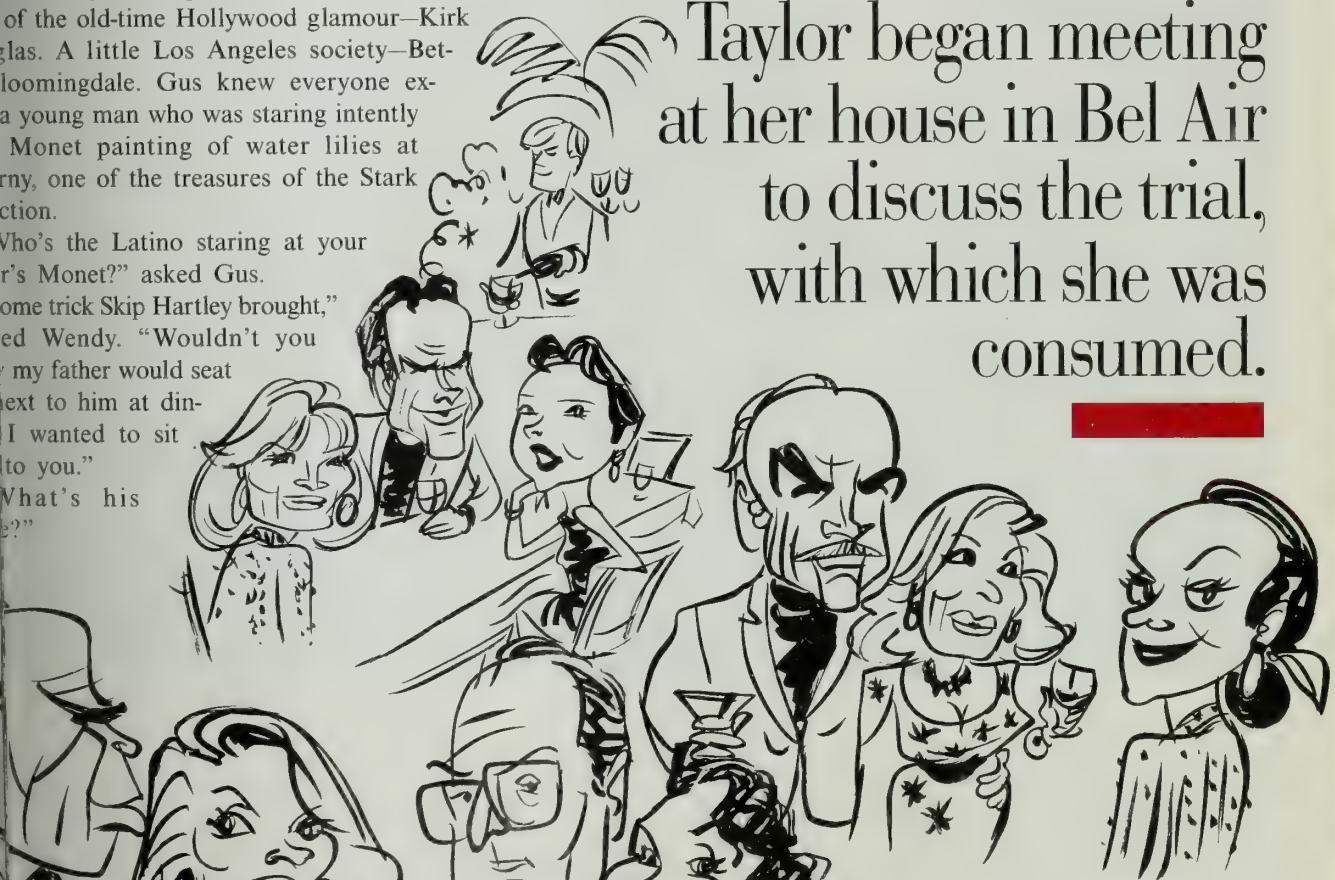
"The kid's got taste," replied Ray, walking up. "Gus, you know Betsy Bloomingdale, don't you?"

Betsy and Gus looked at each other. "I was a character in one of his books," said Betsy. "Not to mention his miniseries of the same name, which, thank heaven, I never saw."

"God, I forgot," said Ray. "What do you mean, you were a character in his book? You were the plot."

"This is my least favorite conversation," said Gus, blushing. "It's time for you to CONTINUED ON PAGE 287

## Gus and Elizabeth Taylor began meeting at her house in Bel Air to discuss the trial, with which she was consumed.



JUICERS
At Tita Cahn's party for Sean and Micheline Connery, everyone talks about—what else?—O.J. *From far left:* Gus Bailey, Margaret and Howard Weitzman, Sidney and Joanna Poitier, William Friedkin, and Sherry Lansing; *above,* Angie Dickinson, Warren Beatty, Annette Bening, the Connerys, and hostess Tita Cahn.

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## nne

TINUED FROM PAGE 283 appear, Marcia
k, and get me out of this."
irk and Anne Douglas joined them.
s is going to be some trial, Gus. Did
ever see anything like this guy
piro, for God sakes? My son Michael—
know Michael, of course you know
hael—saw him at the fights in Vegas
week, and he got a standing ovation."
What is this telling us?" replied Gus.
Anne and I were at the same party
was at the night before the murders,
arity thing at some guy's house in Bel
said Kirk Douglas. "I had a talk
him. What can I tell you? The guy
charming."
When we read about the murders two
later, we couldn't believe it," said
e Douglas.
He was with Paula Barbieri," said
. "She's gorgeous."
Paula used to go out with Bob Evans,"
Wendy. "Remember, Ray? Evans
ght her here one night to see a
ire."
on Meyer joined the group to get into
conversation about O. J. Simpson be-
Marcia Clark arrived. As Gus moved
nd the room saying hello, everyone
him something about O. J. Simpson,
mething that related to him.
Has anyone ever told you the story
t O.J. being at the Daisy on the night
daughter drowned in the pool?" . . .
la Barbieri was with Michael Bolton
e Mirage hotel in Las Vegas on the
of the murders." . . . "Shapiro got
on Brando's kid a plea bargain when
lled his sister's boyfriend."
Marcia Clark just arrived, Ray," said
dy.
Remember, no questions about the
" said Ray to the room.

veryone turned to the entrance of the
iving room, where Marcia Clark was
ling. Her face had become instantly
gnizable, with the kind of fame usual-
served for film stars. Ray and Wendy
ed forward to greet her. Everyone
watched her on television at the pre-
ary hearings, and the consensus was
she had acquitted herself magnificent-
hey believed in her. They felt confi-
e in her. They wanted her to convict
Simpson, who they all felt was guilty
he murders with which he was
ged. Stark's guests, all famous them-
s, moved in to meet her, in the way
do at the great houses of Hollywood
stars like Barbra Streisand come
to dinner. They crowded around her, eager to talk to her, eager to listen to her, biting their tongues to keep from uttering the questions they longed to ask her.

Gus waited before he went up to speak to her. He wanted to be alone with her.

"Marcia, I'm Gus Bailey," he said.

She turned to him, smiled, and gave him her full attention. "So you're Gus Bailey. I read all your coverage of the Menendez brothers' trial," said Marcia. "Is Leslie Abramson giving you a big welcome-to-L.A. party?"

They laughed.

"David Conn told me you were coming out for the trial. He's going to be the prosecutor in the second Menendez trial."

"Sure, I know David," said Gus. "I saw him in action at the Cotton Club trial. He's great. I hope he can take on Leslie Abramson."

"Oh, he can, believe me," said Marcia.

"I know we're not supposed to talk about the case tonight, and I won't—I don't want to get on Ray's bad side, or yours either—but I'm sure it's O.K. to tell you you've been great in the hearings."

"Thanks, Gus."

"Do you like being so famous?"

"I don't think so," she said with a shudder. "This has never happened to me before. I can't go to the supermarket anymore. People crowd around me, and it's bewildering for my little boys."

"We're going in to dinner, Ms. Clark and Gus," said Wilbur.

"I hope I'm sitting next to you, Gus," said Marcia.

"You're not. I already checked. You've got the big guns on either side of you. Not what anyone in this town would call a bad seat."

"Oh my," said Marcia.

"Remember, you're the power in this house tonight. They're more interested in you than you are in them, and that doesn't happen very often in this crowd."

Ray Stark was a stickler for time. There was never lingering over drinks at the Starks'. Ray liked the movie to start promptly at nine o'clock. Movie people get to the studios early, he often said. Immediately following the crème brûlée, he led his guests from the dining room into the library, which had been transformed during dinner so that all the seats faced a cinema screen that had been lowered from the ceiling. The Picasso paintings on the wall opposite the screen rose at the push of a button, revealing the windows of the projection room behind.

"Now, everybody, keep quiet about seeing this picture," said Ray as a warning to his guests. "Even the producer doesn't know I have it."

Gus sat on a chair by the wall. He watched Marcia Clark chat with Betsy Bloomingdale as they were taking their demitasse cups to their seats. Marcia glanced up and saw Gus looking at her. She smiled at him, tapped the seat next to her, and signaled to him with her head to come and sit by her.

"Is this your kind of life, Gus?" she asked him in a low voice, indicating with a hand gesture the transformation of the library into the screening room. "You act like you're used to all this."

"I suppose you could say it's one aspect of my life, not all of it."

"Pretty ritzy," she said in a teasing voice. "You don't seem intimidated by any of these movie moguls."

"I don't need anything from any of them anymore, that's why," said Gus. "I left the business and went into other fields, or I'd probably be over there at the bar right now sucking up to David Geffen or Ron Meyer, like I used to when I was still in the picture business."

"This is all new to me, people like this, houses like this, showing movies after dinner. For years, I've been reading about Betsy Bloomingdale in the society pages and fashion magazines, and here I am talking to her about the clothes I'm going to wear at the trial, as if I knew something about fashion, which I don't."

Gus laughed. "You're holding your own," he said. "I was watching you across the table during dinner. You had the moguls enthralled."

She smiled and changed the subject. "Didn't I read a book you once wrote about Betsy Bloomingdale?"

"Yeah, probably."

"And she speaks to you?"

"She's a classy lady."

"So this is society, huh?"

Just then the movie started.

'Gus, it's Charlie Wick."

"Hi, Charlie."

"I caught you with Dan Rather last night on the news," said Charlie. "Do you enjoy working with Dan?"

"I do. I like him very much."

"I notice every week he asks you the same thing—to predict the outcome."

"And every week I give the same answer: hung jury. There's no chance of a conviction."

"Say, Gus, speaking of the trial. As you probably know, the President's not well," said Charlie. "It's a terrible disease, Alzheimer's."

"Yes," replied Gus. He understood that

# Dunne

when Charlie said "the President" he meant President Reagan, not President Clinton. During the Reagan presidency, Charles Wick had been part of the administration in Washington, when he was made head of the United States Information Service. "I thought the letter the President wrote to the country to announce he had the disease was beautiful," said Gus. "I'm sure Nancy had a great deal to do with that. Please give her my best when you talk to her."

"It's Nancy I'm calling about, Gus," said Charlie. "She is very homebound these days, taking care of Ronnie, and she spends a lot of time watching the O.J. trial on television. She's very much caught up in it, like a lot of people are."

"Amazing, isn't it, the enormous public interest in this trial?"

"Nancy would like to know if you'd have dinner one night to talk about it."

"Of course, Charlie," said Gus.

"She knows every detail of the trial, and she's been reading you in the magazine and watching you on television, and she'd like to talk about it."

"Sounds good to me," said Gus.

"How about the Bel-Air Hotel next Tuesday night?"

Somewhere along the line, Gus had begun to dislike F. Lee Bailey. After their early promise to remain open to each other, despite their different points of view as to the guilt of O. J. Simpson, when they had had dinner at '21' in New York many months earlier, before the start of the trial, they now no longer spoke when they passed in the corridors of the courthouse. Some of Gus's writings about the celebrated lawyer had displeased him. "He reintroduced the word 'nigger' into our lives," Gus had written. The great friendship that Bailey had talked about at dinner between himself and Robert Shapiro, who had brought him on board as a member of the defense team, had disintegrated into hate. Each thought the other was leaking stories to the tabloid papers, minimizing the accomplishments of the other's career. Bailey had been overshadowed in court by Marcia Clark, who had caught him in a lie, which caused a public temper tantrum. He had claimed to have spoken personally to a black Marine, Max Cordoba, who stated that Fuhrman had called him a nigger.

"Your Honor, I have spoken to him on the phone personally, Marine to Marine," Bailey said to the court, in order to validate his claim. In fact, Cordoba later declared on television that he had not had the conversation Bailey claimed he had had. "Marine to Marine" became a joke phrase in the media room on the 11th floor of the courthouse whenever F. Lee Bailey was mentioned.

Gus was in the dining room of the Bel-Air Hotel with Charlie and Mary Jane Wick, waiting for the arrival of Nancy Reagan. He waved to the actress Candice Bergen and the film director Mike Nichols, who were sitting a few tables away with John Calley, who had recently become the head of United Artists.

"The best movie Candy ever made was directed by Mike," said Gus.

"Do you miss the movies?" asked Mary Jane.

"Hell no," replied Gus. "Covering the O.J. trial's more exciting than any movie could ever be."

"I promised Nancy we wouldn't say a word about the trial until she gets here," said Mary Jane. "She couldn't stand F. Lee Bailey in court today."

They talked about their sons, who had known each other as children and were both in the film business. They talked about a long-ago weekend party they had all attended at Malcolm Forbes's château in Normandy. They talked about the New York society figure Jerry Zipkin, whom Gus had portrayed as Ezzie Fenwick in his society novel *People Like Us.*

"Zipkin really hated me after that book," said Gus. "He tried to get Malcolm Forbes to disinvite me to his 70th-birthday party in Tangier."

"Nancy adored Zipkin," said Mary Jane.

"Oh, don't worry. I won't say anything about him when Nancy comes," said Gus.

"Here she comes now," said Charlie, looking toward the entrance.

"Do I ask about the President's health, or is that not to be discussed?" asked Gus.

"Let her bring it up first," said Mary Jane.

Gus turned to watch as the former First Lady walked into the dining room with two Secret Service agents. People who noticed her whispered to their companions, and many smiled greetings at her. She smiled back as she crossed the room. She stopped briefly to say hello to Mike Nichols and Candice Bergen.

"Give my love to your mother, Candy," she said.

Charlie and Gus jumped to their feet as she arrived at their table. She put out her hand to Gus in a forceful gesture and said, in an uncanny imitation of F. Lee Bailey, "Marine to Mari[ne]."

Gus laughed. "This is called ins[tant] bonding," he said.

"Does he drive you as crazy as [he] drives me?" asked Nancy.

"Let me count the ways," said Gu[s] as they all sat down.

Gus had known Nancy and Ro[nald] Reagan back in the days when they [were] still actors, long before he became the [gov]ernor of California. The late film star [Dick] Powell, when he was president of [Four] Star Television, a production com[pany] where Gus had been a vice president, [had] said to Gus, "See if you can get N[ancy] Reagan a part on *Burke's Law* next w[eek]. Gus. She called June last night and [said] she wanted a job, and I said I'd look [into] it." *Burke's Law* was a popular televi[sion] series starring Gene Barry, with mu[ltiple] cameo roles for name actors, and it [was] then shooting on the Republic lot. [One] was the film star June Allyson, who [was] married to Dick Powell. She and N[ancy] had been under contract to MGM a[t the] same time. There were pictures o[f the] Reagans dating back to the 60s in [Gus's] scrapbooks in Prud'homme, Connect[icut].

In the years since then, there had [been] almost no contact between them. A[fter the] Reagans moved up from their house i[n Pa]cific Palisades to the governor's ma[nsion] in Sacramento to the White Hou[se in] Washington, Gus's fortunes were i[n re]verse. He moved from the house in B[everly] Hills to an apartment on Spalding [Drive] south of Wilshire Boulevard to a cab[in in] Oregon to a room in Greenwich Vi[llage]. When Nancy Reagan, whom he had [once] gotten a job on *Burke's Law,* was the [first] Lady of the United States of Am[erica], Gus was living in a room without [day]light, writing *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles.*

After establishing himself in his s[econd] career, as a writer, he had taken an [occa]sional potshot at the First Lady duri[ng the] White House years in articles he had [writ]ten for *Vanity Fair,* particularly in [refer]ence to Jerome R. Zipkin's presence [at] so many White House social events. Fu[rther], Gus, a Democrat, had never vote[d for] Reagan. So he had been unsure how [Mrs.] Reagan would greet him when the [met] again, until she said, "Marine to Ma[rine]," and all anxieties vanished. Throughou[t the] evening, Gus never stopped talking.

"The night before the jury went th[rough] Simpson's house on Rockinghan[ the] defense, particularly certain lawyer[s from] Johnnie Cochran's office, redress[ed the] house," said Gus. "These are the [same] guys who keep saying in court eac[h day]. 'Your Honor, this trial is a sear[ch for] truth.' Let me tell you about their i[dea of]

th. They took down the photographs of ite people and replaced them with pho-raphs of black people. On Simpson's lers, fires were lit in the fireplaces and es were filled with flowers. They put a Bible that hadn't been there before, l at the top of the stairs they hung a py of the Norman Rockwell painting of ite federal marshals leading a little ck girl into a public school, which they l brought over from Johnnie Cochran's ice. They wanted to show the jury that . was proud to be a black man."

There was silence at the table as the r looked at one another.

"Want more?" asked Gus.

"Oh, yes."

"They removed a nude picture of ula Barbieri, and they replaced it with picture of his mother, Eunice, in her eelchair."

"How do you know all this, Gus? I ven't heard this before," said Charlie.

"I have a mole on the defense team o keeps me up-to-date on what's going " replied Gus.

"You're going to use this, aren't you?" ed Nancy.

"It'll be a great scene in my book, owing all the busy-little-bee lawyers tak- down the white-people photographs l putting up the black-people pho-raphs and the Norman Rockwell pic-e. I'm going to have them roaring with ghter as they make the changes."

"It makes me sick to hear these ngs," said Charlie.

"It makes me sick, too," said Gus. What they say is, they're just doing their . From their point of view, lying is just t of their job. Jimmy Breslin said to once, 'A courtroom is a place where ople lie,' which I have come to learn is y true."

fter dinner, Gus walked Nancy out of the dining room to her car. The Se-t Service agents appeared behind them. ead, the parking boys directed her driv- to bring her car forward. As they lked over the little bridge, Nancy ked down at the swans below and the n beyond.

"That's where Patti's wedding was," said. "It was such a pretty wedding. dn't last."

"My son Grafton's been divorced, ," said Gus. "I think it's great you've onciled with Patti."

"I needed her," said Nancy.

"It's been wonderful seeing you again, ncy," said Gus as he kissed her good ht on the cheek. "It's been such a g time."

"This has been great for me, talking about the trial," said Nancy. "Would you like to do it again?"

Gus and the great film star Elizabeth Taylor were not new in each other's lives when they began meeting on Sunday afternoons at Elizabeth's house in Bel Air to discuss the Simpson trial, with which she was consumed, in minute detail. Twenty years before, he had produced one of her films, and they had remained friends, although the film, which was ill-fated from the first day of shooting in Cortina d'Ampezzo, Italy, brought about the end of Gus's career in films. It was there that Elizabeth's celebrated marriage to the Welsh star Richard Burton began to unravel and came to an end in a very public manner. It was there that Elizabeth said to Gus, in the bar of the Hotel Miramonti at two o'clock in the morning, when they were both drunk, "You know, Gus, this is going to be the last picture you're ever going to produce." Gus knew when she said it that she was being prescient, not mean.

"Come at three," her secretary, Randy, would say when he called to confirm the date with Gus. She was never ready when he got there, but he was not put out by that. Invariably, Jose Éber was still upstairs doing her hair. Gus enjoyed looking at her superb picture collection and her exotic fish. He had portrayed her with great affection as the film star Faye Converse in two of his novels and had written a profile of her for his magazine when she came out of the Betty Ford Center, having dealt with the same problem that Gus had dealt with.

Gus once wrote that she had an instinct for entrances, even when she was on a walker, which she now was, following surgery. He jumped to his feet each time, complimented her on her beauty, and kissed her on each cheek. She made her way slowly to the center of a large white sofa and sat beneath the van Gogh painting her art-dealer father had left her in his will. Behind a needlepoint pillow, there were always a lipstick and a mirror, which she occasionally put to use during conversation. Her health at the time of the trial was precarious, her most recent marriage had ended badly in an ugly blaze of tabloid publicity, and she rarely ventured beyond the gates of her estate. The trial occupied her days. She could remember every legal detail.

"Barry Scheck is brilliant, but I felt so sorry for poor Dennis Fung," she said, referring to the criminalist. "The way Scheck went after him day after day. I mean, Dennis Fung didn't kill anybody."

"I couldn't understand how Judge Ito could have allowed Scheck's cross-examination to go on that long," replied Gus. "It was cruel. It's one thing to knock a witness down, but it's another thing entirely to kick him when he is down, especially when every lawyer on the defense team knows O.J. did it."

"I almost couldn't look at him," said Elizabeth.

"This part you didn't see on TV: During the break, Johnnie Cochran was jubilant over what Scheck had done to Fung, and he went skipping down the hall to the men's room, singing, 'We're having Fung, we're having Fung.' It was disgusting, but then, even worse, back in the courtroom, Robert Shapiro handed out fortune cookies to some of the reporters, myself included, saying, in a Charlie Chan accent, 'These from Hang Fung Restaurant.' These are the same two guys who are screaming racist every five minutes."

"I'll tell you who I can't *staaaand* is Mr. F. Lee Bailey. Do you like him?"

Gus smiled. "I saw Nancy Reagan recently, and she can't stand him, either."

"Nancy and I were at MGM together in the old days," said Elizabeth. "She came to my wedding when I married Larry Fortensky at Michael Jackson's ranch. I never see her now that the President's so sick."

"She stays pretty much at home," said Gus.

"Tell me more about F. Lee," said Elizabeth.

"He has lifts in his cowboy boots to make him appear taller, and when he sips from a silver flask he always keeps in front of him, his pinkie finger sticks out."

"And this whole police-conspiracy thing is ridiculous," said Elizabeth. "One minute they're accusing the L.A.P.D. of being inept, incompetent, and careless, and the next they're saying that they're all part of a brilliant conspiracy to frame O.J."

"Thank you, Johnnie Cochran, for that," said Gus. "Cochran's the one who said the police lab is a cesspool of contamination, during his opening statement. When you have a client you know committed the murders, what you do is blame the police for everything. It's surefire. I'm sure that every one of those black jurors has had his or her beefs with the L.A.P.D., and they want to get even, and Johnnie knows that. He's gotten rich over the years suing the L.A.P.D. for infractions against black people, so he knows how to play this game better than any other lawyer in L.A."

"Listen, Gus, I know Johnnie Cochran, for God sakes. He's been here to this

house, sitting right in that chair you're sitting in. He was charming, funny—I adored him. I'm the one who put him together with Michael Jackson when Michael was having his, uh, his problems, and he did a brilliant job for Michael. Oh, have I shown you my latest acquisition?" She shook back the sleeve of her caftan and held a bracelet up to Gus's face. "Michael sent me this sapphire bracelet. Isn't it divine?"

As the trial wore on and became an obsession with the town, Gus was invited out every night, and was usually expected to stand up after dinner and brief the guests on the latest news in the case. He began to refer to himself as "the floor show."

One night Tita Cahn invited him to a dinner for Sean Connery and his wife, Micheline, who had just arrived in town from Spain to begin shooting Connery's new film. Tita was the widow of Sammy Cahn, the famed lyricist.

Arriving late as usual, Gus cased the room from the marble hallway three steps up. There were orchid plants on every flat surface, in full lavender bloom, and 16 or so famous faces were chatting on sofas, or leaning on the bar, or standing in small groups. As always at Tita's parties, the guests were the high-powered of the film world. In a glance, he saw Sherry Lansing, the head of Paramount Pictures, and her director husband, Billy Friedkin, who had directed the film *The Boys in the Band,* which Gus had produced when he was still in the movie business. Sidney and Joanna Poitier. Warren Beatty and Annette Bening. Angie Dickinson.

Tita came to the steps to greet him. They were old friends. "Have I got a surprise for you," she said.

"You're lookin' gorgeous," said Gus. "Sorry to be late."

"I never care if you're late, Gus, as long as you've got all the latest O.J. news," said Tita. "Did you see Faye Resnick on *Larry King* tonight? She's very gutsy, that one, the things she has to say about O.J. and Johnnie Cochran. Of course, I agree with every word. You know me and Johnnie Cochran. Just starting with the spelling of his name, for God sake."

"Johnnie has a very nice wife named Dale," said Gus. "I have to say that for him. A classy lady. I think he must wear those lavender suits and terrible ties for the benefit of the jury. Dale wouldn't ever buy clothes like that for him. I saw her shopping at Sulka in Beverly Hills last Saturday, buying him undershorts."

"Now, listen, Gus, you can't leave right after dinner tonight, like you always do, even if you have to be on *Good Morning America* tomorrow," said Tita. "I've got Michael Feinstein coming in to play after dinner, and Tony Danza's going to sing."

Tita's surprise for Gus was his seat at the table, next to Margaret Weitzman, the outspoken wife of the defense attorney Howard Weitzman, neither of whom he had met before. Howard Weitzman, who achieved a national reputation when he won an acquittal for the automobile designer John DeLorean in a drug case, had been O. J. Simpson's first lawyer after the murders. Three days later, he left the case and turned the reins over to Robert Shapiro. There had been much speculation in legal circles and a great deal of gossip in social circles that Simpson had confessed to Weitzman. Gus was thrilled with his seat at the table.

"I used to go out with Robert Kardashian before I met Howard," said Margaret.

"Everywhere I turn, I run into people who are connected to Robert Kardashian," said Gus.

"I'm not connected to him anymore, believe thou me," said Margaret.

"I hadn't realized Kardashian moved in such exalted circles as this," said Gus.

"No, not quite like this, but this is the kind of group he'd like to be in," said Margaret with a laugh. "We're both from Armenian families, and we went out for a while, but it was nothing serious. He was a nice enough guy then, but I'd never speak to him again now. I mean, this man knows the truth about what happened and he's sticking with O.J."

"Oh, good, I like vehemence," said Gus, knowing they were about to become friends.

"And I'm vehement, all right, at least on this subject," said Margaret. "How Robert Kardashian could line himself up with O. J. Simpson is something I will never understand. He called me once after it happened, and I said to him, 'Don't you *ever* call this number again,' and I hung up on him. None of his old friends will see him now. Did you know that?"

"No."

"I'm so glad Howard got out of that case. You know, Gus, I don't know you very well, but I'm going to tell you something, even though Howard hates it when I say it. If my husband hadn't quit that case, I would have divorced him. I kid you not."

She paused for a moment, as if thinking how much to say. Gus knew never to interrupt when a storyteller was on a

"You see, Howard and I knew O.J Nicole. I mean, we'd have dinner tog the four of us. Howard represented before, after Nicole's 911 call in '89. ways knew he beat her, so I hated even before he killed her. Howard were home that Monday morning, an telephone rang. It was O.J. calling Chicago, where he'd gone to play at tournament, and he said to Ho 'Nicole's been murdered in L.A.' The wasn't out yet. No one knew. It wa first time we'd heard it. Howard sa the appropriate things. I mean, the was shocking. Then O.J. asked Howa be at his house when he got back Chicago. He said, 'I'm going to need help dealing with the media.' Since h calling from Chicago, it didn't occur then that he had anything to do w This was before we knew that he'd ju for Chicago the night before. I wen Howard over to O.J.'s house. I didn him, and he knew I didn't like him. wanted to tell him how sorry I wa cause Nicole was my friend. We over to the house on Rockingham, a was right, the media were already lin outside the gates: CNN, NBC, CBS —the whole nine yards. By that ti course, the news was out, everybody and we drove in through the gates. I opened the door of the car, I down at the driveway before gettin and, I swear to God, Gus, I saw bl the driveway. I knew right then, be walked into that house, what ha pened. I knew he did it. I went in, to O.J., told him I was sorry, and left before Howard and he went o another room to talk."

"You have me transfixed," said "What happened with Howard an behind closed doors? Did he con Howard?"

"I can't discuss my husband' ness—you know that, Gus."

"It was worth a try. You'd be su at how often that trick works," Gus, and they both laughed. "Eve know thinks that Howard knows h and that's why he quit the case."

"My lips are sealed," said Marg

"Don't tie up Gus for the evening, Margaret," called Tita, hostess from her end of the table. ' want to hear what happened in c day. Come on, Gus. Only Gus co you that Johnnie Cochran's wife,

"Dale," called out Gus, correct

"Yes, Dale—she gets his unders Sulka in Beverly Hills," said Tita. up, Gus. Say a few words." □

# Credits

## Fashion

**Cover: President Clinton's** tie by the Donna Karan Collection, from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.
**Page 64:** Bottom right, see credit for cover.
**Page 68:** Robert Sam Anson styled by Kim Debus for Jam Arts. Suit and shirt by Brooks Brothers, from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide. Shoes by J. M. Weston, from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.
**Page 74:** Edward Klein styled by Renee Yan. Pants and belt by Banana Republic, from Banana Republic stores nationwide.
**Page 191: Alison Eastwood's** Christian Dior dress from the Christian Dior Boutique, Beverly Hills; earrings by Cartier, from Cartier, Beverly Hills.
**Page 194: Charles Kaiser** styled by Vincent Boucher; suit and tie by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; shirt by Nautica by David Chu, from selected Lord & Taylor stores.
**Page 212: Bob Newhart** styled by Lisa Michelle for the Crystal Agency.
**Page 216:** See credit for cover.
**Pages 226–27: Tony Blair** styled by Kim Meehan.
**Page 248: Gustavo A. Cisneros** styled by Tina Skouras; tie by XMI, from Nordstrom stores nationwide.
**Page 261: Philip M. Condit** styled by Amanda Stansfield for the Zenobia Agency, Inc.
**Page 265: Mary Robinson** styled by Tina Skouras; camel blanket by Loro Piano; red-and-camel checked and oatmeal blankets by Brannigan Weavers, from Mattie Haskins Shamrock Imports, N.Y.C.
**Page 273: Andrew S. Grove** and **Warren E. Buffett** styled by Kim Meehan; Grove's turtleneck by Giorgio Armani, from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C.; Buffett's shirt by Country Road, from Country Road stores nationwide.
**Page 294: Johnny Cash** styled by Alyssa Leal.

## Beauty and Grooming

**Cover: President Clinton's** hair by Frédéric Fekkai for Frédéric Fekkai Beauté; grooming by Lillian Brown. **Vice President Gore's** grooming by Susan Sterling.
**Page 64:** Bottom right, see credits for cover.
**Page 74:** Edward Klein's grooming by John Olavarria for Pix Producers.
**Page 94: Princess Diana's** hair styled with Sebastian Laminates Heat Safe Spray. All makeup from Lancôme. On her eyes, Le Khôl Poudre in Fumée Noire; on her lips, Rouge Idole Indelibly Divine LipColour in Sacré. Marc Lopez for Brigitte Hébant.
**Page 168: Rowan Atkinson's** grooming by Kelley Quan for the Professionals.
**Page 188:** Barbara Zatcoff for the Artist Agency.
**Page 191: Alison Eastwood's** hair styled with Paul Mitchell Slick Works. All makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On her eyes, Eyeshadow in Topaz; on her lips, Exceptional Lipstick in Pout. Jamal for Smashbox; Bethany Karlyn for Heller.
**Page 194: Charles Kaiser's** grooming by Eric Gabriel for Art and Commerce.
**Page 198: Jean-Georges Vongerichten's** grooming by Manuella for Trilise.
**Page 212: Bob Newhart's** hair by Pixie Schwartz; grooming by Barbara Fonte.
**Page 216:** See credits for cover.
**Page 225: Madeleine K. Albright's** hair and makeup by Olga Morales for the Artist Agency.
**Pages 226–27: Tony Blair's** grooming by Ciona Johnson for Carol Hayes.
**Page 248: Gustavo A. Cisneros's** grooming by Manuella for Trilise.
**Page 249: Julio Mario Santo Domingo's** grooming by Helene Macaulay for Pierre Michel Salon.
**Page 256: Jack Welch's** and **Rupert Murdoch's** grooming by Manuella for Trilise.
**Page 261: Philip M. Condit's** grooming by Amanda Stansfield for the Zenobia Agency, Inc.
**Page 262: Dwayne O. Andreas's** grooming by Helene Macaulay for the Pierre Michel Salon.
**Page 265: Mary Robinson's** makeup by Assumpta for Price, Inc.
**Page 267: Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Sr.'s** and **Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr.'s** grooming by Bahram Rasizadeh for Oscar Blandi at the Plaza/Kiehls.
**Page 270: Norio Ohga's** grooming by Lori Jean Swanson for Cloutier.
**Page 273: Andrew S. Grove's** and **Warren E. Buffett's** grooming by Anette Farnham and Chrissy Smith for Salon Gamine.
**Page 294: Johnny Cash's** grooming by Kelley Quan for the Professionals.

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# Planetarium

## Michael Lutin tells Scorpios that home, for now, is wherever they are

### SCORPIO ♏ OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Did you ever in a million years think for one second you'd be entertaining domestic arrangements of the sort you're involved in? The key-trading alone is mind-boggling. The planets are presenting you with a strange sort of security. On one hand you don't belong anywhere, and on the other you seem quite amazingly to be at home everywhere. Uranus in the 4th house always brings very crazy-making family dynamics. Luckily, Jupiter is also there for the rest of the year, so, nutty and insane as life appears, you are getting a kick out of it.

### SAGITTARIUS ♐ NOV. 22–DEC. 21

The great thing about Jupiter, your ruling planet, going direct in your 3rd house is that it gets you away from home, which at this point could easily turn into Grey Gardens. Your new, upbeat, friendly, social, networking attitude is healthy and revitalizing, even if it is superficial. With Pluto in your sign for the next 10 years, though, what else can you do? Frankly, nobody really wants to see you running through the streets, screaming and tearing your hair out. This is a much better way to influence people, and isn't that the point?

### CAPRICORN ♑ DEC. 22–JAN. 19

You'll be delighted to hear that, thanks to Jupiter and Uranus, you're due to receive an unexpected windfall, even though with you money tends to go out as fast as it comes in. Neptune, which is giving a last gasp as it leaves your sign forever, is raising your consciousness in spite of you, moving you away from the absurd trappings of this world. Wouldn't you just know, however, that right when everything is turning around for you financially and it's raining Krugerrands, you stop giving a damn about any of it.

### AQUARIUS ♒ JAN. 20–FEB. 18

If you swallow pop lore, you probably believe that Aquarians are all the original wild and crazy guys. Not so. Though they may secretly deviate by wearing strange ties, hats, or underwear, people of your sign make every effort to be responsible members of society, just as if they really were earthlings. You aren't, though. You all belong to the planet Uranus, which rotates on its axis almost upside down. As that planet now changes direction in your sign, it is your cosmic duty to turn the lives of everyone around you inside out. Show no mercy!

### PISCES ♓ FEB. 19–MARCH 20

You must believe that God puts you where you are and gives you what you have for a reason other than that you have been good or bad. To stay sane when Jupiter and Uranus are in your 12th house and your own ruler, Neptune, is in your 11th, you should throw yourself into some work or cause that you are dedicated to. Not only will this distract you from your longtime wish that the world would hurry up and end already, but it will actually move people and help make a real difference. Are you in the mood for all that, though?

### ARIES ♈ MARCH 21–APRIL 19

If you haven't quite found yourself yet, take heart. When Neptune finally leaves your 10th house in February, you may no longer be nearly so interested in pursuing the glamour that has eluded you. Besides, as the ruler of your 11th house goes direct in your house of humanitarianism, life will be a whole lot more fulfilling if you devote yourself to saving the whales, rescuing rabbits from cosmetics companies, and things of that nature. Personal relationships? You'd love to care about someone else exclusively, if only you weren't so darned busy.

### TAURUS ♉ APRIL 20–MAY 20

It's pretty understandable why you've been disenchanted with the wo of business. Too often the bigwigs who have all the power are the ve ones who lack vision. Once in a while, though, somebody at the top tually comes through and encourages you to go a little wild. As the rul of your 9th and 10th houses move forward in your midheaven, somec is likely to push you over the line, and little old straight, conservat you is going to go public and blow everybody's mind with something tally outrageous. The fallout should prove very interesting.

### GEMINI ♊ MAY 21–JUNE 21

As Jupiter moves forward in your 9th house, try to picture your mi as a magnificent bird that has been locked up in a cage far too lo Now open the door of the cage. Go ahead. The bird won't bite. cause Neptune is not quite out of your 8th house yet, there may s be something holding you back from taking that magical leap into air that would leave the whole crowd breathless. Can you imagine first time a bird ever took off and flew? Well, then, are you a s lark? Or just a turkey?

### CANCER ♋ JUNE 22–JULY 22

Oh, what a hot month *this* is going to be, and that doesn't just mc fancy-dress balls and elegant fund-raising dinners. Your escapades v raise eyebrows all over the place. In fact, certain shocked onlook (probably Virgos) will be fanning themselves and calling for their smell salts while secretly getting a vicarious charge out of your worst ant With the ruler of your 8th house and Jupiter both *in* your 8th hou why are you even bothering to try to convince people that you're that typical, normal, quiet person next door?

### LEO ♌ JULY 23–AUG. 22

It's certainly not that you *have* to make concessions to the world, even if you did, that wouldn't necessarily be an admission of weakn or guilt, would it? When Jupiter and Uranus transit your 7th ho while Neptune is still in your 6th, if you're going to heal any woun you've got to reach out, be big, show how warm and generous can be, let people know you appreciate their support, and encour their independence. If you are a married person, act like one fc change. It won't kill you. Just the opposite, in fact.

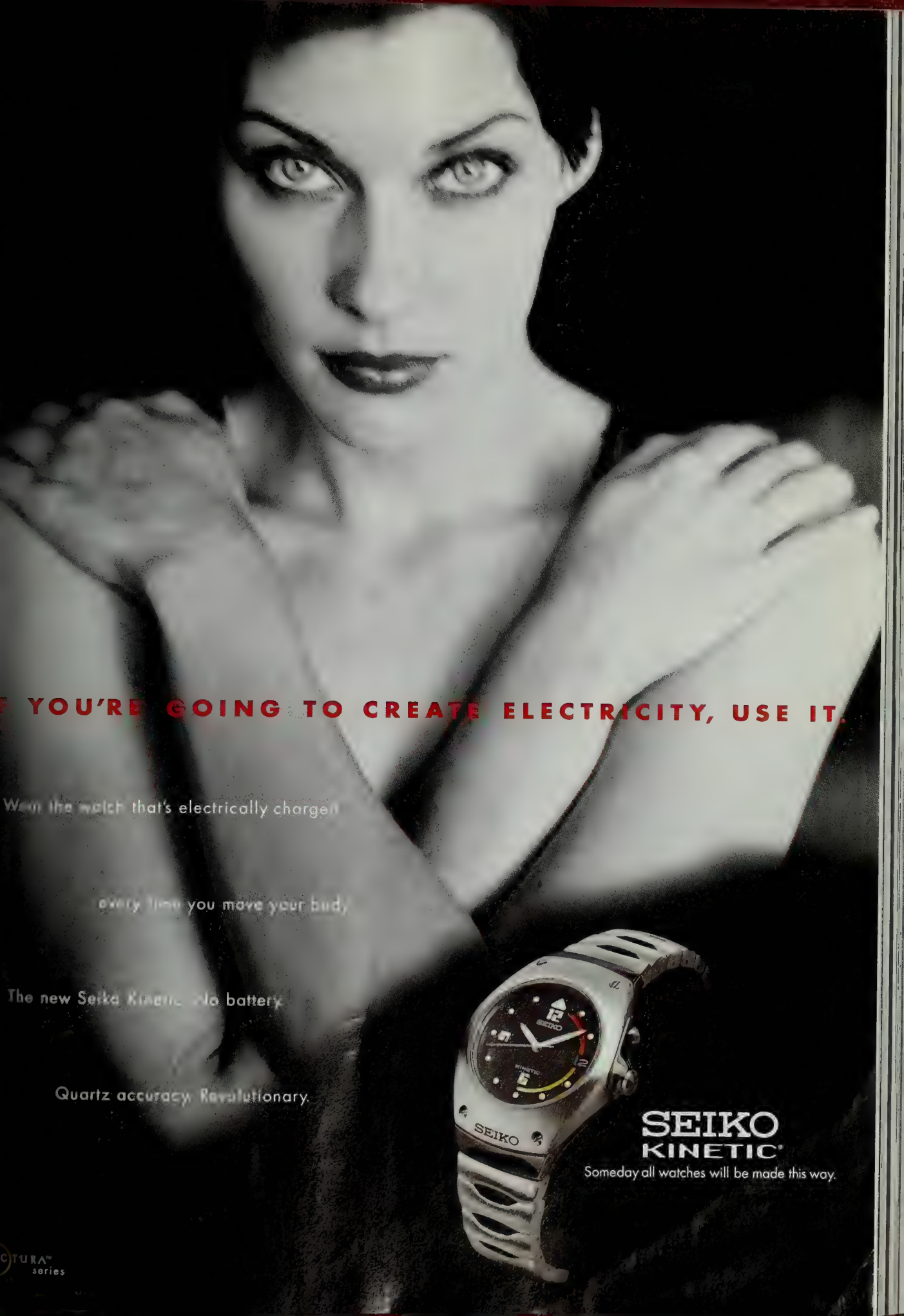
### VIRGO ♍ AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Virgos have not had the most scintillating personal lives lately. E in business, many leads have gone nowhere, and many member your sign have squirmed at their desks with an I-guess-this-is-my-lo titude. Rejoice. A whole new work thing is sure to rekindle the spark and reignite your love for what you do. With planets goin rect in your 6th house, there's a definite buzz at work. Will you sir handedly bring back disco? It's doubtful. But when you're healthy busy, you *are* happy, no matter how much you bitch and moan.

### LIBRA ♎ SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Isn't it great when people come together for some good old-fashic fun and everything flows smoothly? That's the kind of evening Li dream about, especially now, with Saturn in your 7th house. Do t always have to be ugly confrontations? Not this month. Jupiter Uranus could provide easy, spontaneous fun, and you never know the creative issue might be from such happy circumstances. In isn't that how babies get conceived? Note to married Libras: If yc having a secret affair with an Aquarius, it's no secret.

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Proust Questionnaire

# Johnny Cash

Country music's legendary man in black, with close to 500 songs to his name, Johnny Cash has been performing for almost 50 years. This month he looks back in his second autobiography, titled *Cash*, and reveals here that, no matter where a tour might take him, the last mile home is always the sweetest

**What is your favorite occupation?**
Performing.

**What is your greatest fear?**
Losing my voice in concert.

**What is your idea of perfect happiness?**
Home from a tour . . . walking barefoot in my house and yard.

**What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?**
A week on amphetamines, and coming down.

**What is your most marked characteristic?**
The scar on my face.

**What do you dislike most about your appearance?**
My beat-up, cut-up face.

**What is your greatest extravagance?**
Giving money.

**What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?**
My inability to remember the names of important people I meet.

**What is the trait you most deplore in others?**
Gossip.

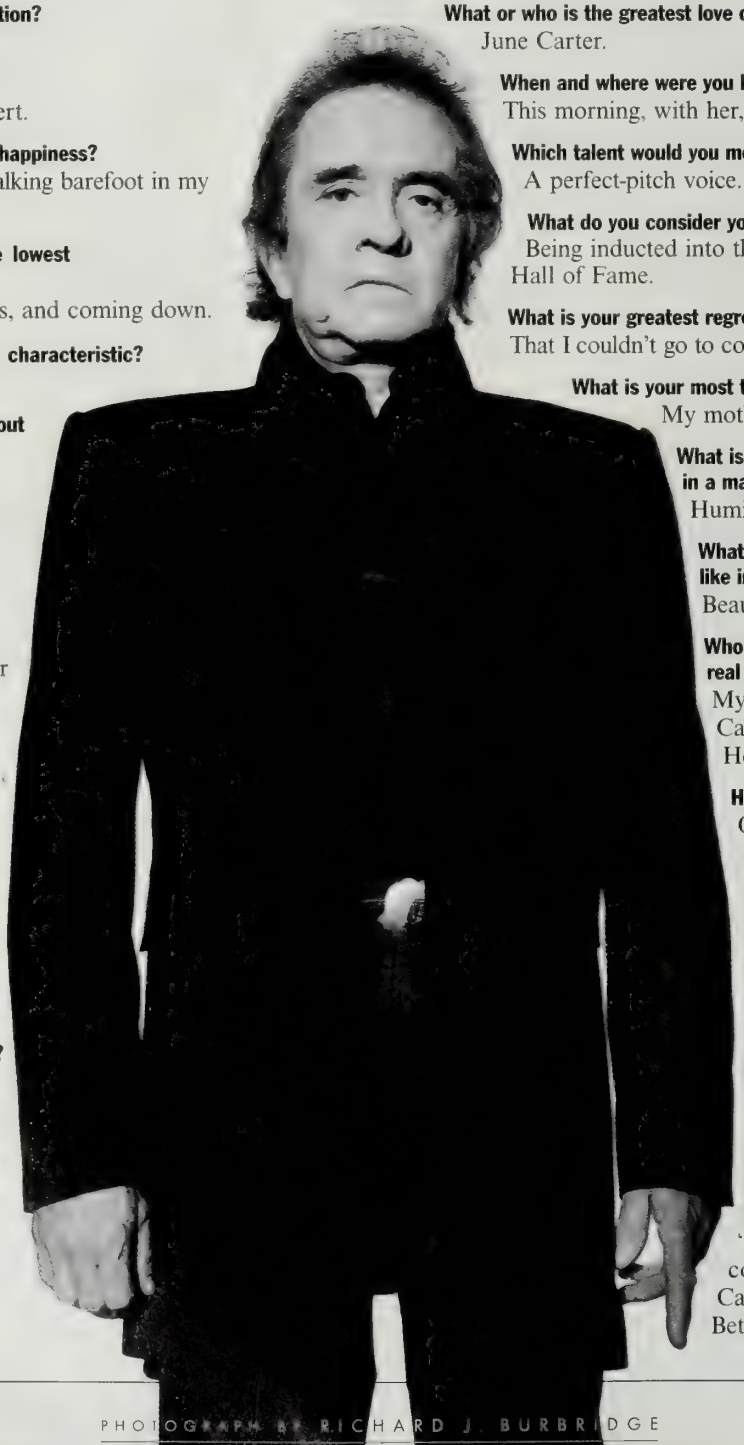
**What is your favorite journey?**
The last mile home.

**What do you consider the most overrated virtue?**
Legend.

**On what occasion do you lie?**
I don't know; try to catch me.

**Which words or phrases do you most overuse?**
Great! Good.

**Which living person do you most despise?**
Fathers who won't pay child support.



**What or who is the greatest love of your life?**
June Carter.

**When and where were you happiest?**
This morning, with her, having coffee.

**Which talent would you most like to have?**
A perfect-pitch voice.

**What do you consider your greatest achievement?**
Being inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame.

**What is your greatest regret?**
That I couldn't go to college.

**What is your most treasured possession?**
My mother's Bible.

**What is the quality you most like in a man?**
Humility.

**What is the quality you most like in a woman?**
Beauty inside and out.

**Who are your heroes in real life?**
My son, John Carter Cash, and Evander Holyfield.

**How would you like to die?**
Onstage or in my sleep.

**If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?**
Dust on the wind.

**If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?**
A tree like the one Joyce Kilmer wrote the poem about.

**What is your motto?**
"Better times will come" is the ancient Cash-family motto. Better times came for me.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE

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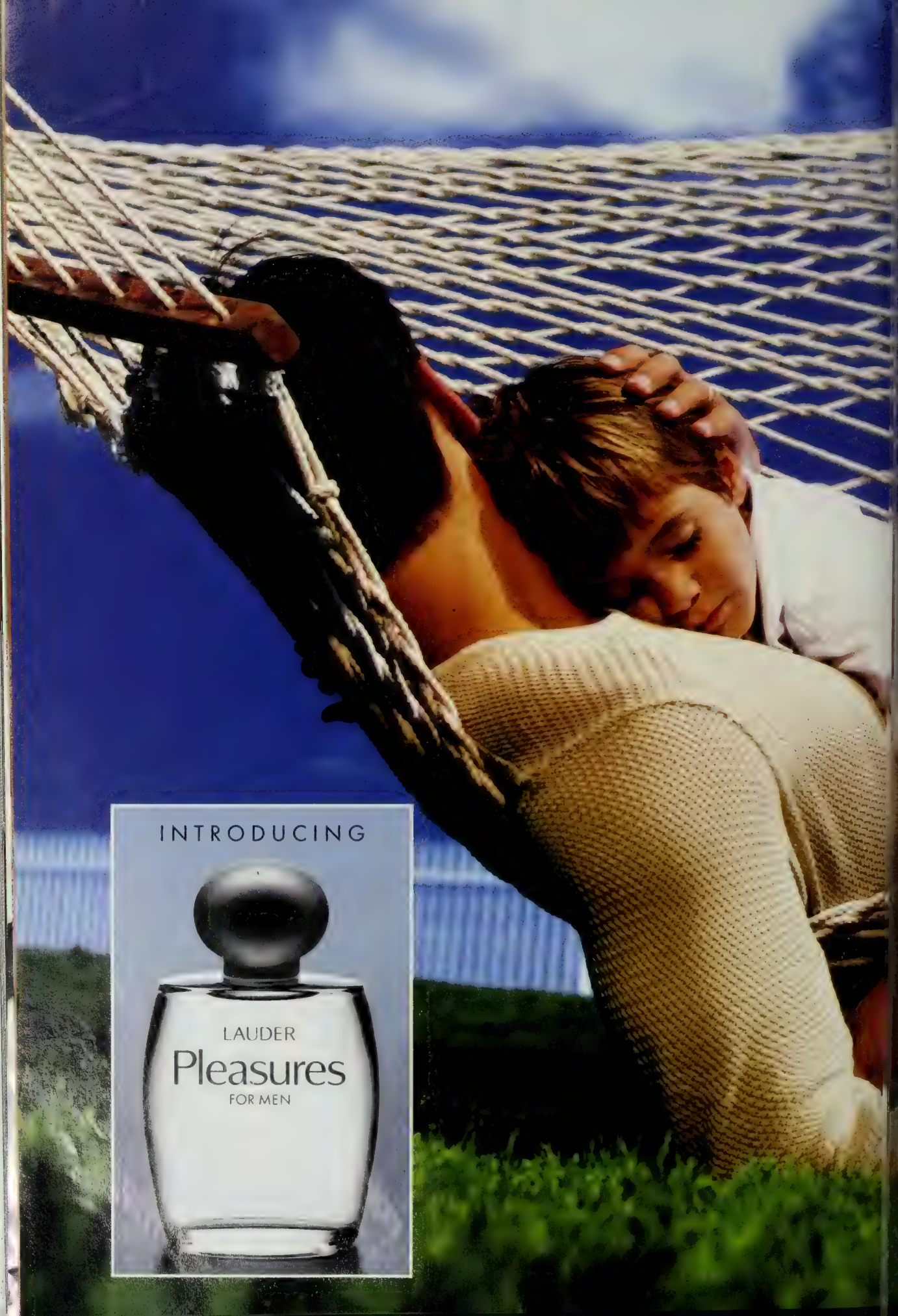



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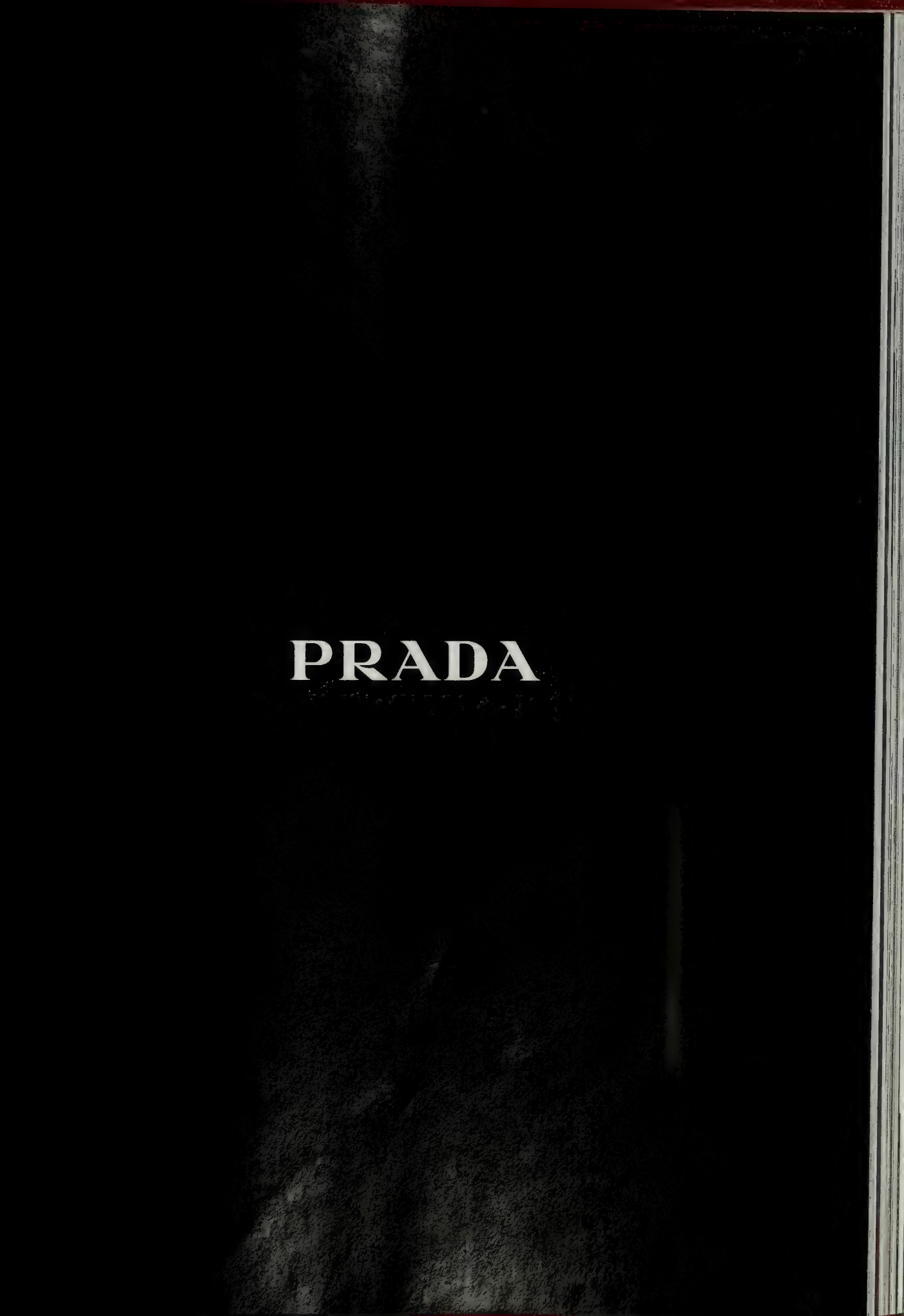

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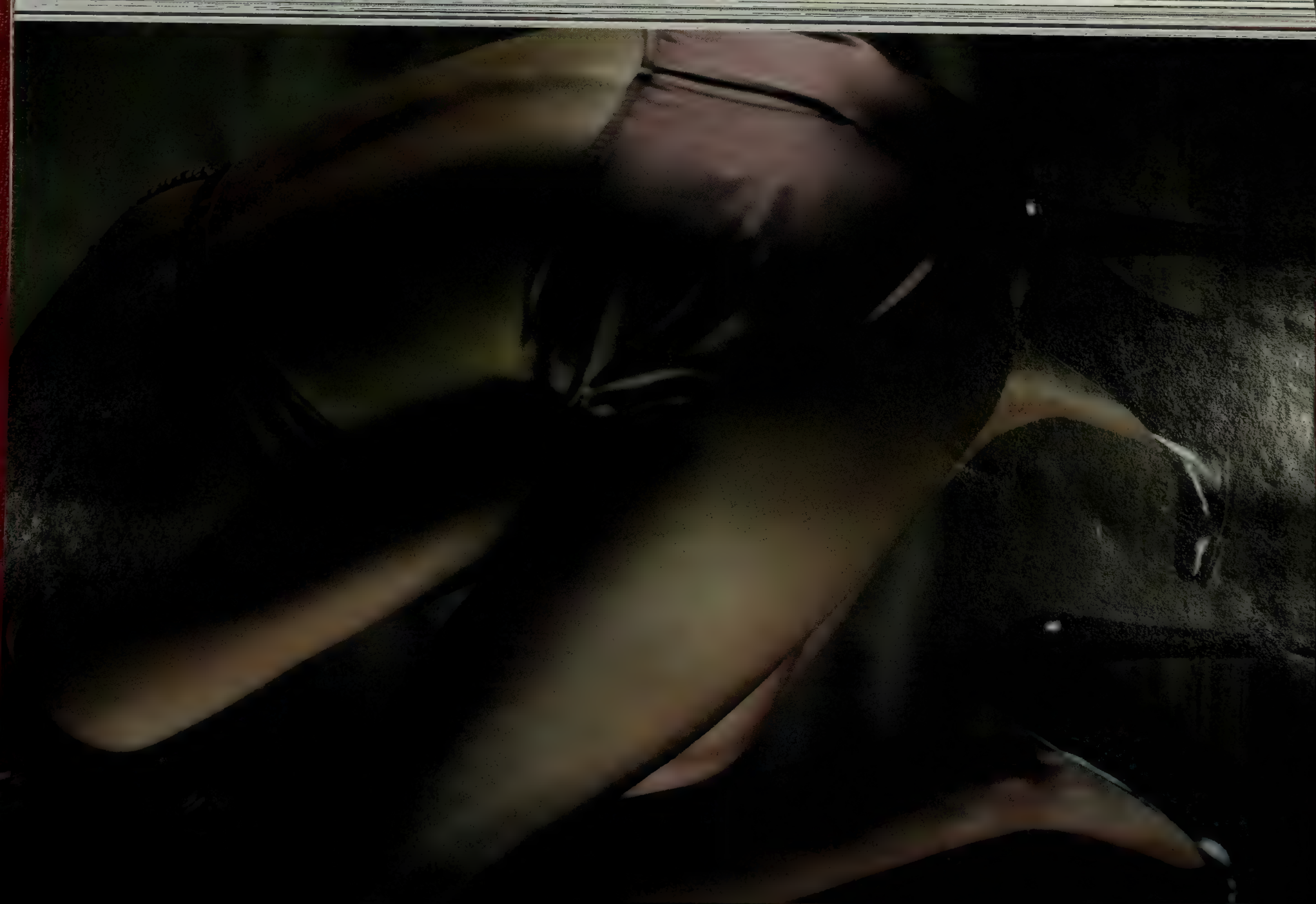

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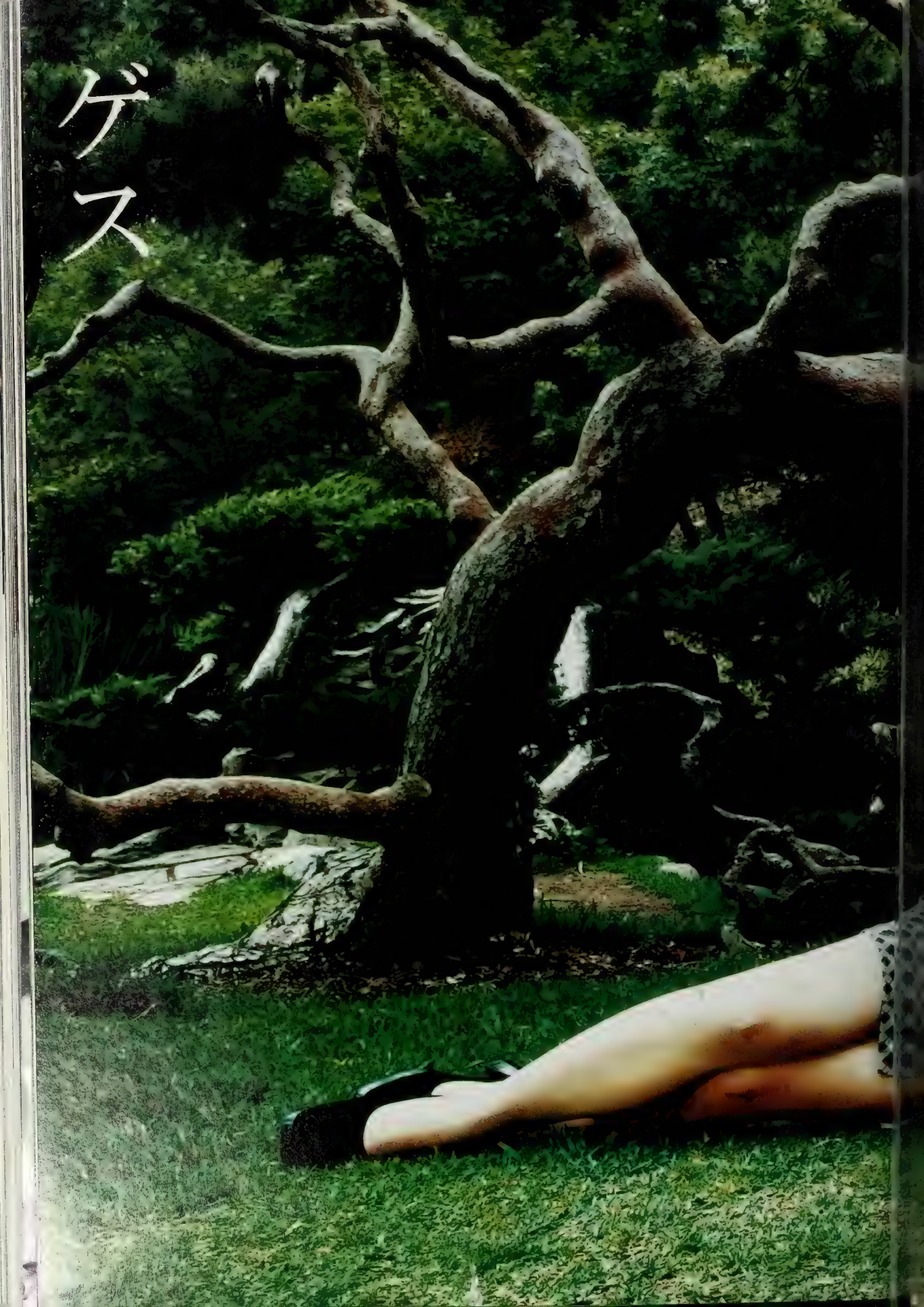
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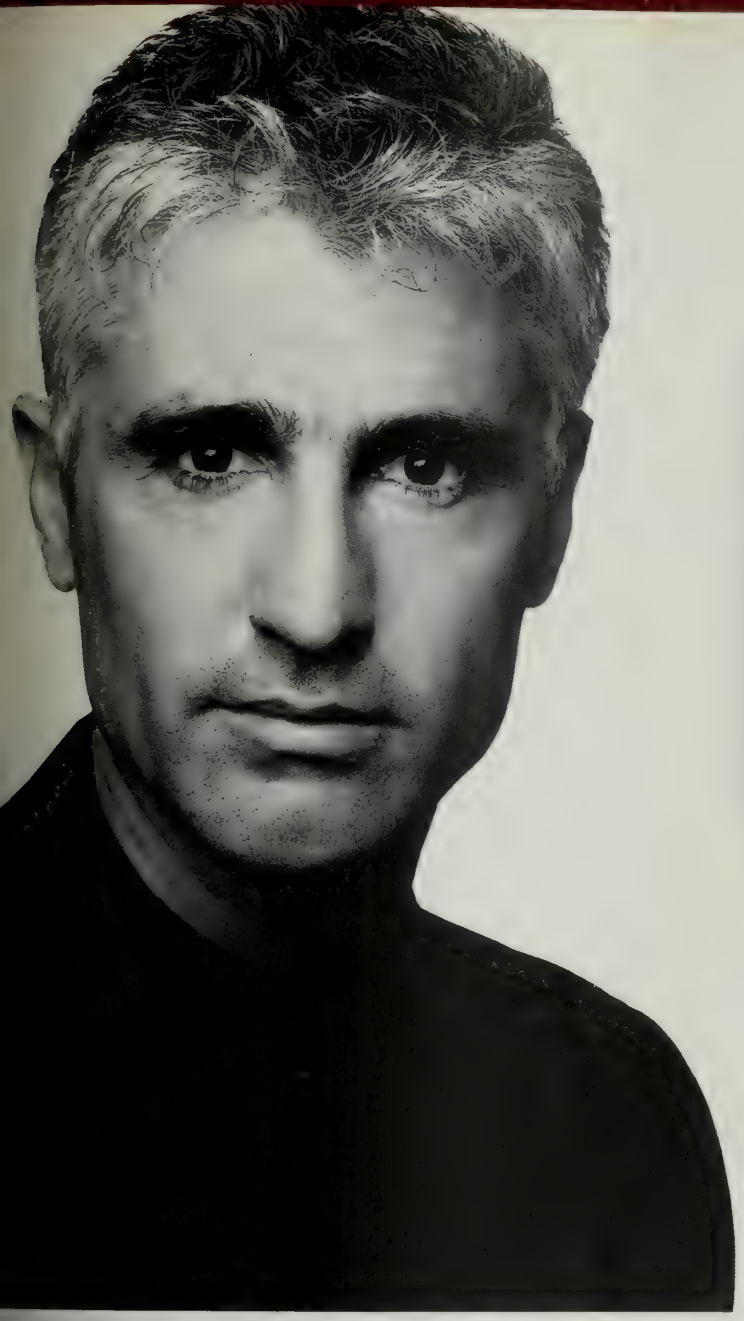
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# VANITY FAIR

DECEMBER 1997 No 448

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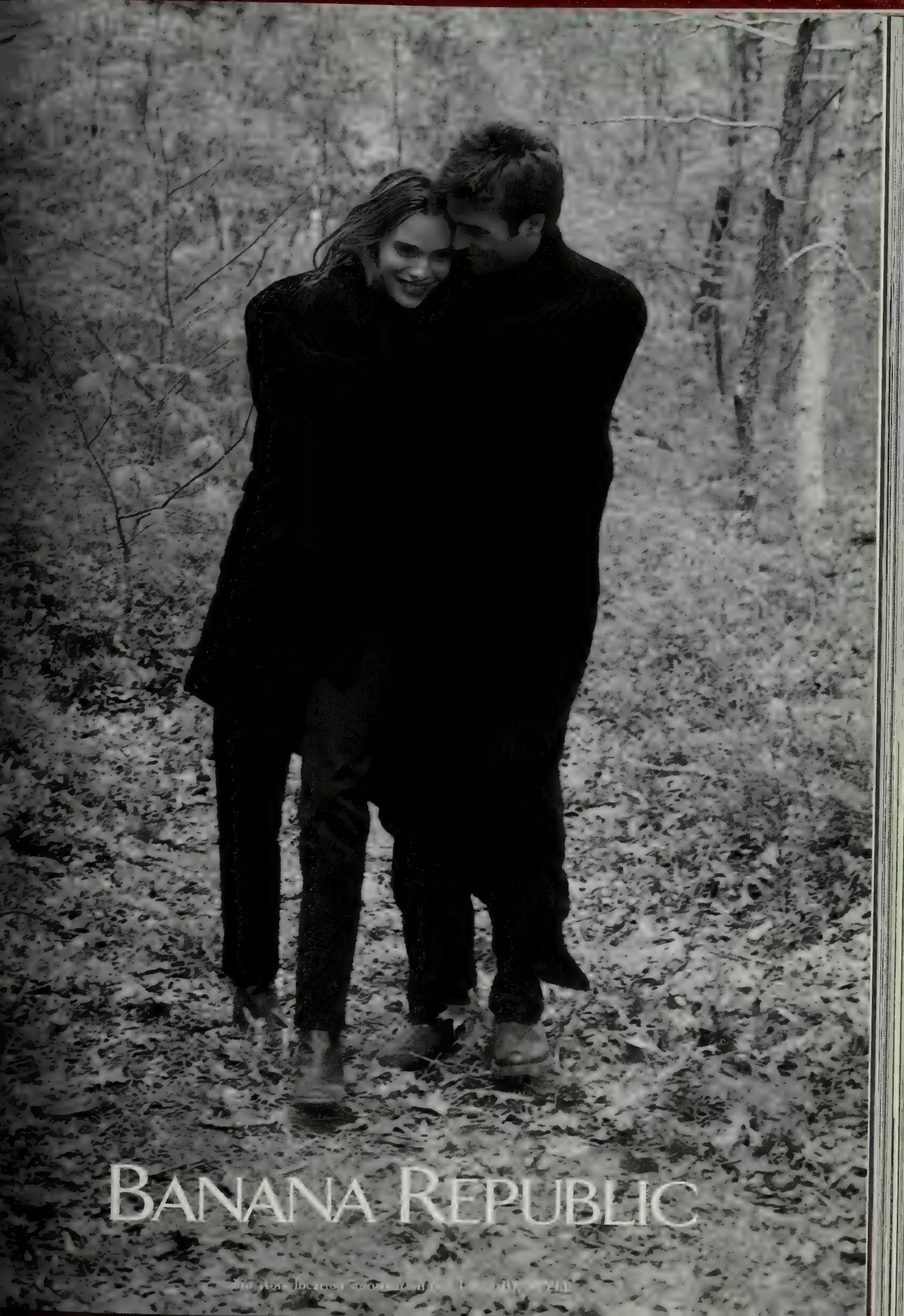




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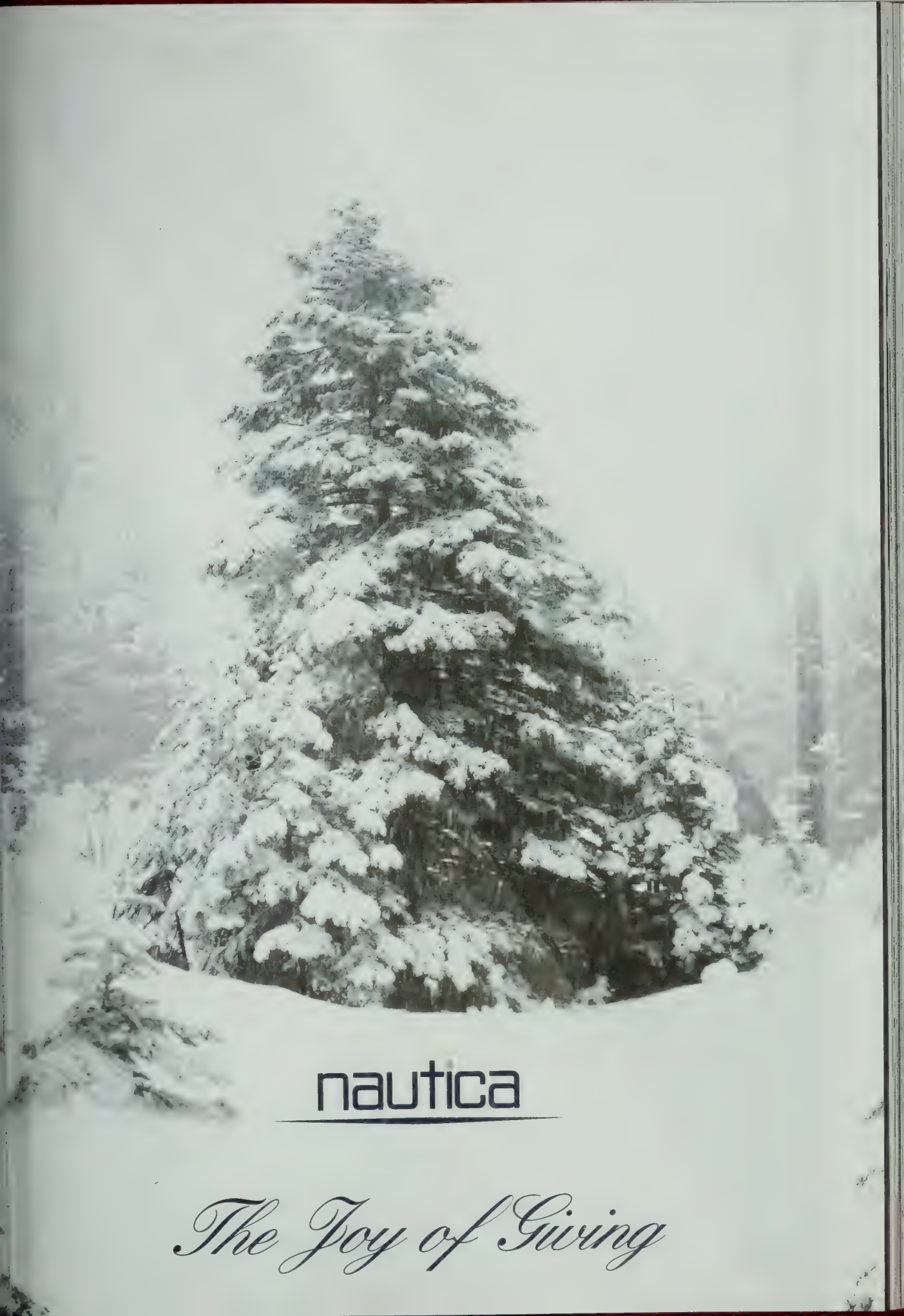
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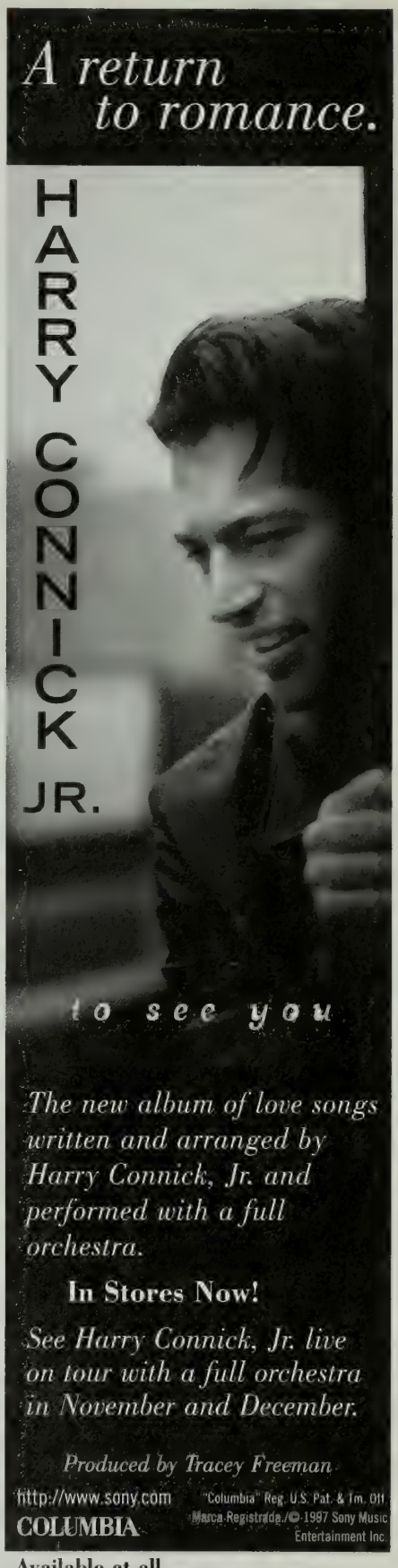
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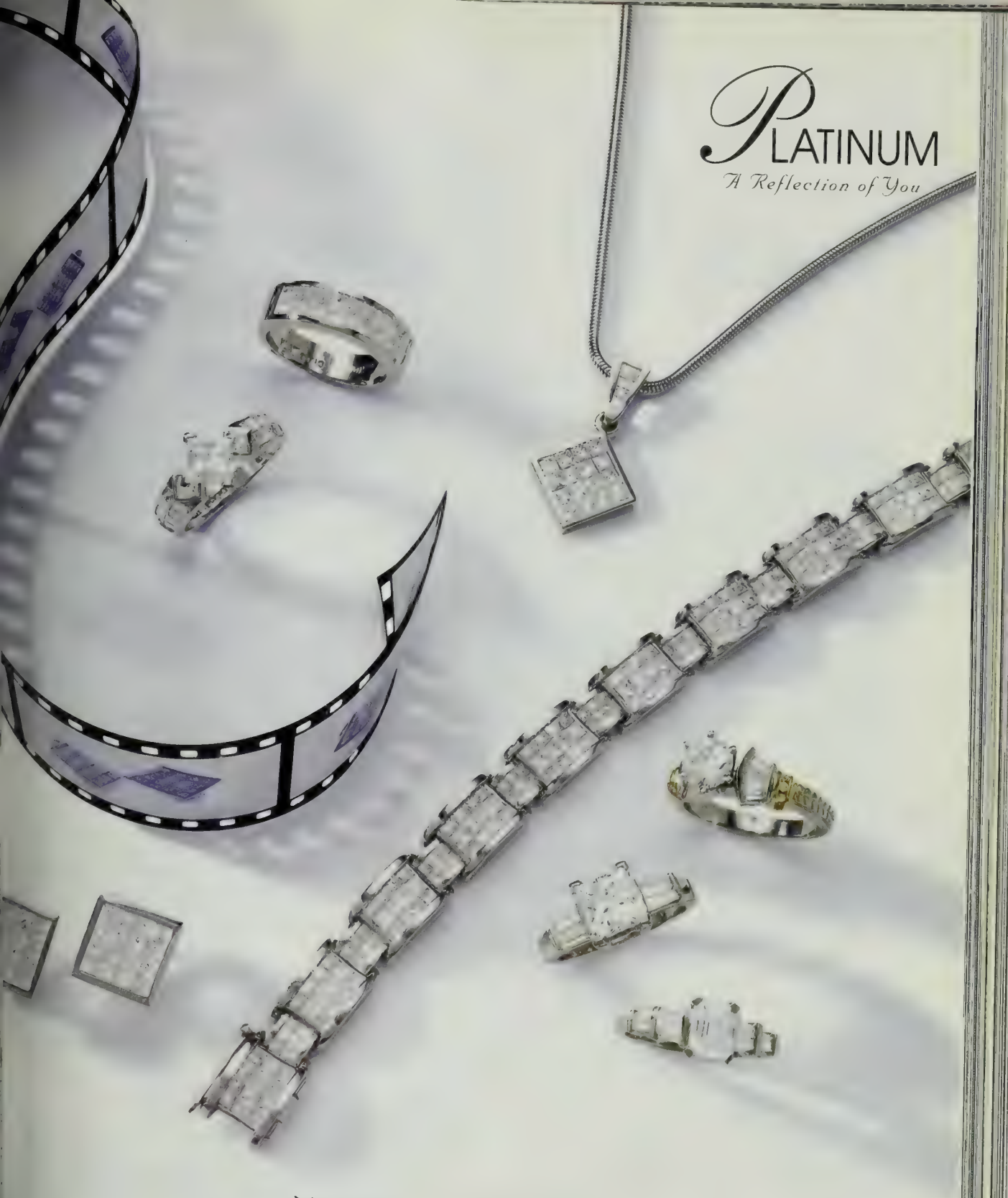
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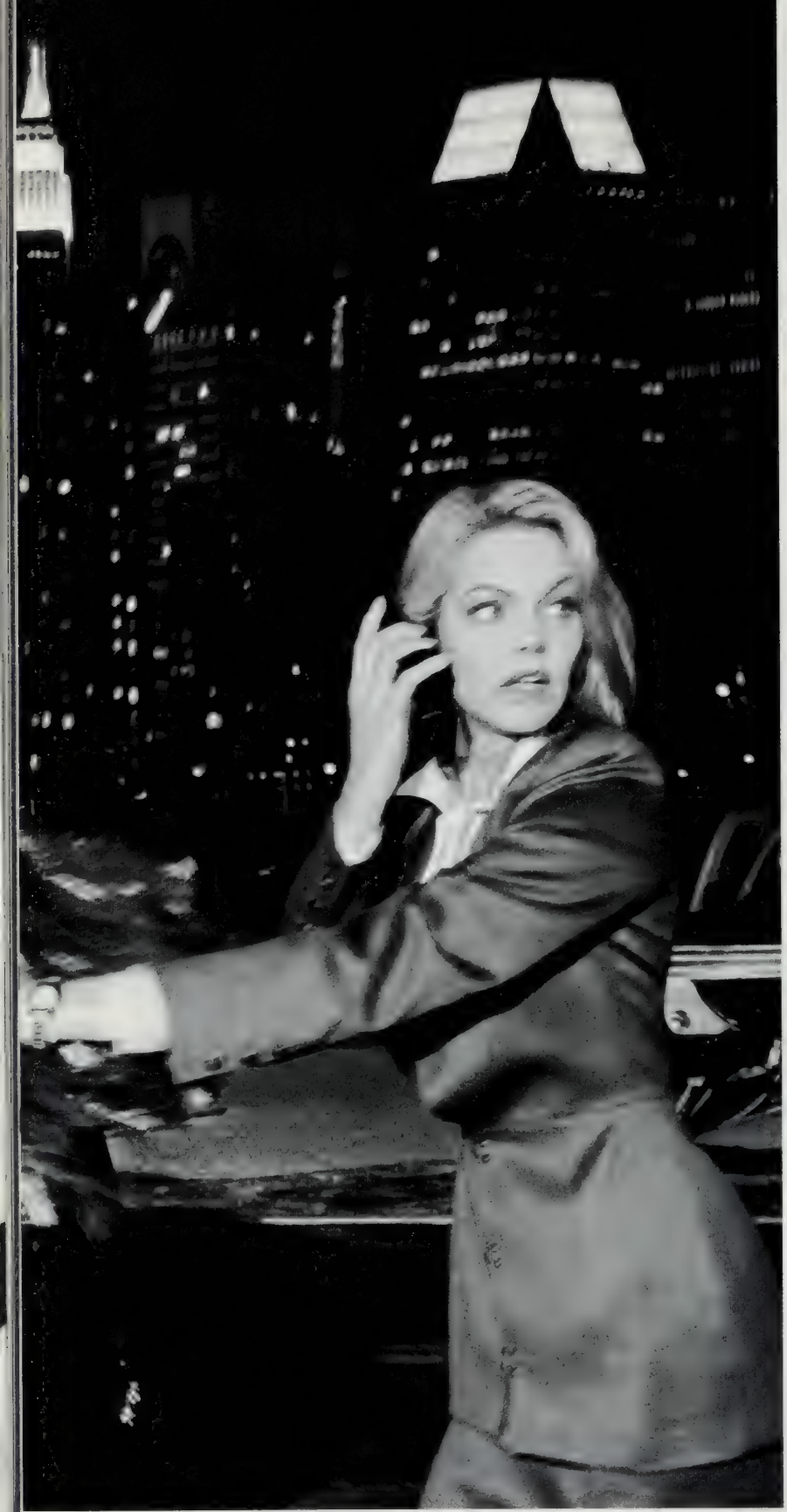

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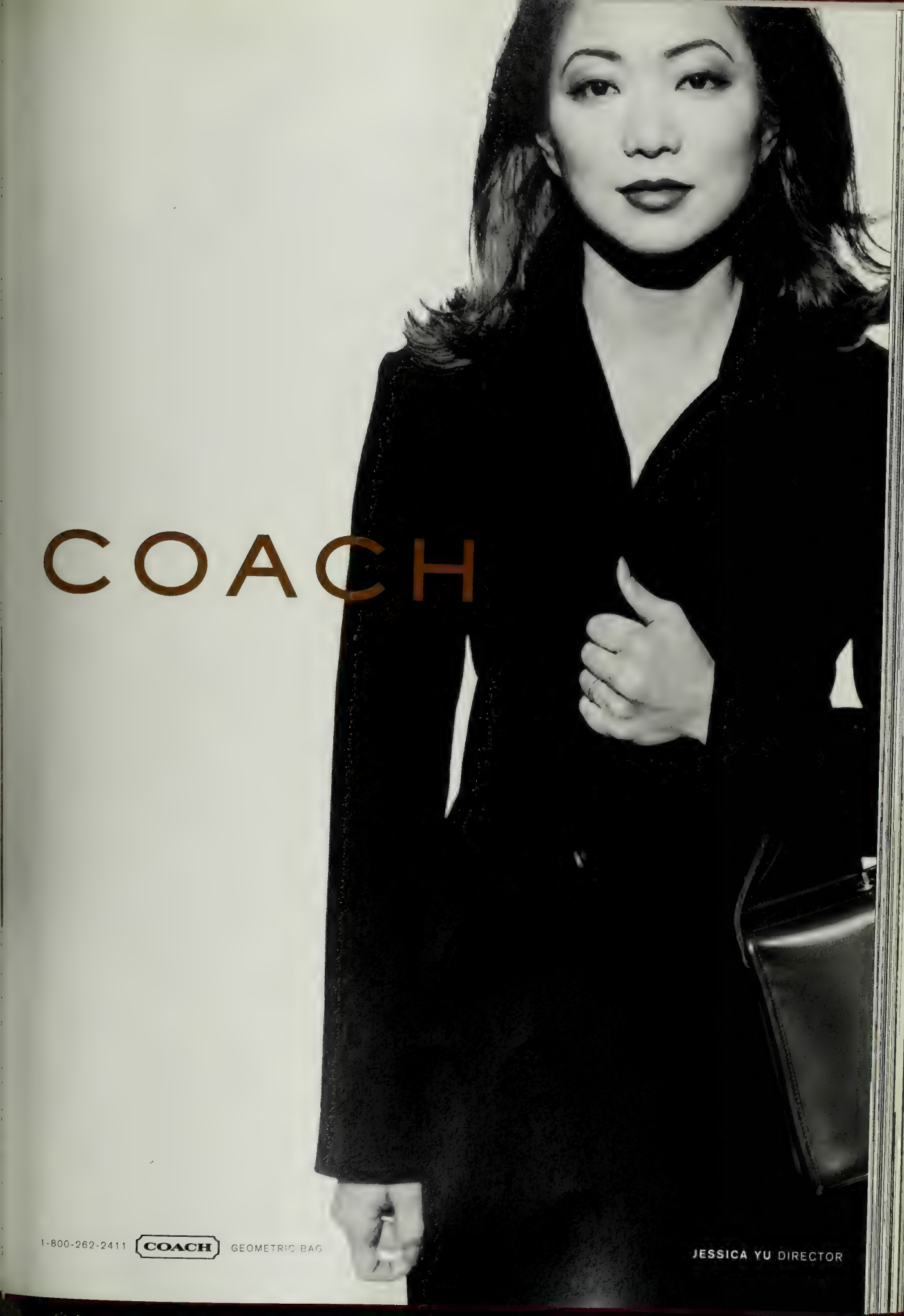
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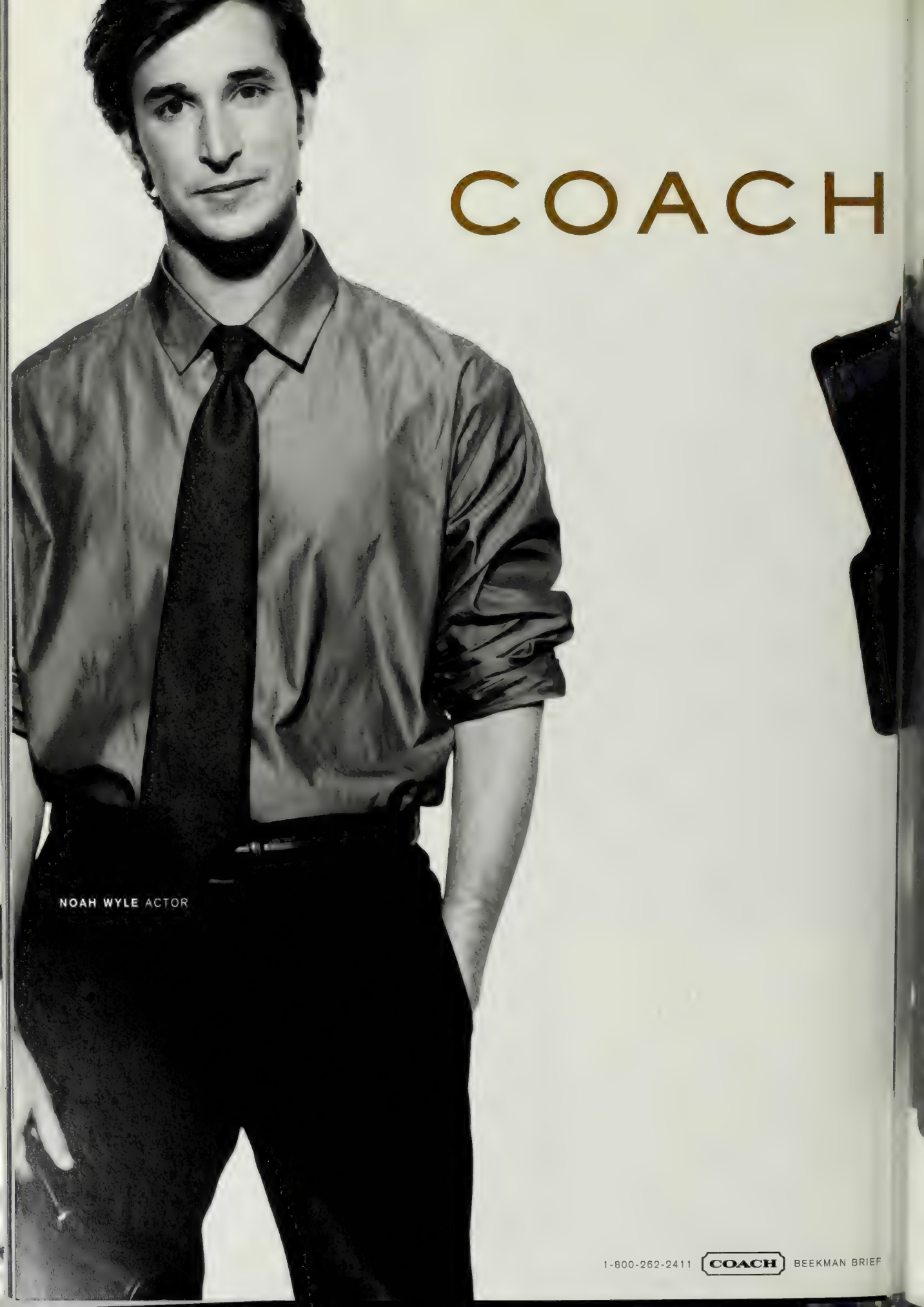

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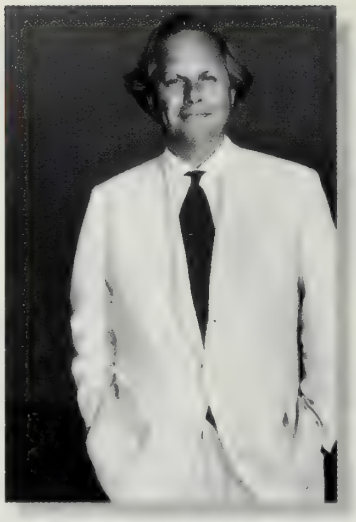
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# Tales of Two Cities



In the New York of the 1970s, when Studio 54 and the Warhol Factory turned Manhattan into a sweaty, druggy sandbox, there was, away from the shadows of skyscrapers, another New York. This one was terrorized by the 13-month-long tabloid fever of the "Son of Sam" murders. The 1980s, the decade of Nell's and Masters of the Universe, was also the era of Tawana Brawley, Bernhard Goetz, and the vicious racist attack on three black men in Howard Beach, Queens. As the 90s trail off into who knows what, those two faces of New York have become ever more extreme. There is that giddy, glamorous world capital of doormen and dog-walkers projected in ad campaigns and Whit Stillman movies. And there is the other New York, the one where people try to get by in crime-ridden neighborhoods and send their children off to broken-down schools with metal detectors at the front door.

In "Champagne City," on page 182, contributing editor Michael Shnayerson assesses the first New York. With a booming economy and Wall Street, despite setbacks, enjoying a bumper year—senior executives at Goldman, Sachs may pay themselves $15 million in salary and bonuses this year—the city is entering a kind of golden age. At Patroon, the '21' Club of the 90s, it is not unusual for customers to order $5,800 bottles of Pétrus. Dolce & Gabbana is selling out of $3,200 cashmere cardigans, and Hermès can't keep its $14,000 Kelly handbags in stock. The real-estate market is so tight that even those willing to part with $10 million can't find the apartments they're looking for. Right now, New York in the 90s makes New York the 80s look like New York in the 30s.

But that's only part of the city's ongoi epic. On August 9, in the Flatbush section Brooklyn—less than seven miles from t moneyed canyons of Wall Street, but worl away in all respects—a Haitian immigra named Abner Louima was allegedly beat and sadistically brutalized by a group of Ne York police officers after they had arrest him following a scuffle outside a Brookl nightclub. Within hours of the *Daily New* breaking the story, word of the incident swe the city. And has not left it.

As writer-at-large Marie Brenner notes in her extraordina report, "Incident in the 70th Precinct," on page 284, the u folding drama now has a Balzacian sweep that includes doze of characters from many walks of life. It has also taken on racial element reminiscent of the Rodney King and O. J. Sim son cases. The four indicted police officers are white, a Louima is now represented by showboating attorney John Cochran, no stranger to big-time racial grudge matches. tough anti-crime measures enacted by Mayor Rudolph Giuli have resulted in a 44 percent decrease in violent offenses ov the past four years, the Louima case begs the question, especi ly for the poor and the nonwhite: Has the decrease in cri come at the cost of an increase in police brutality?

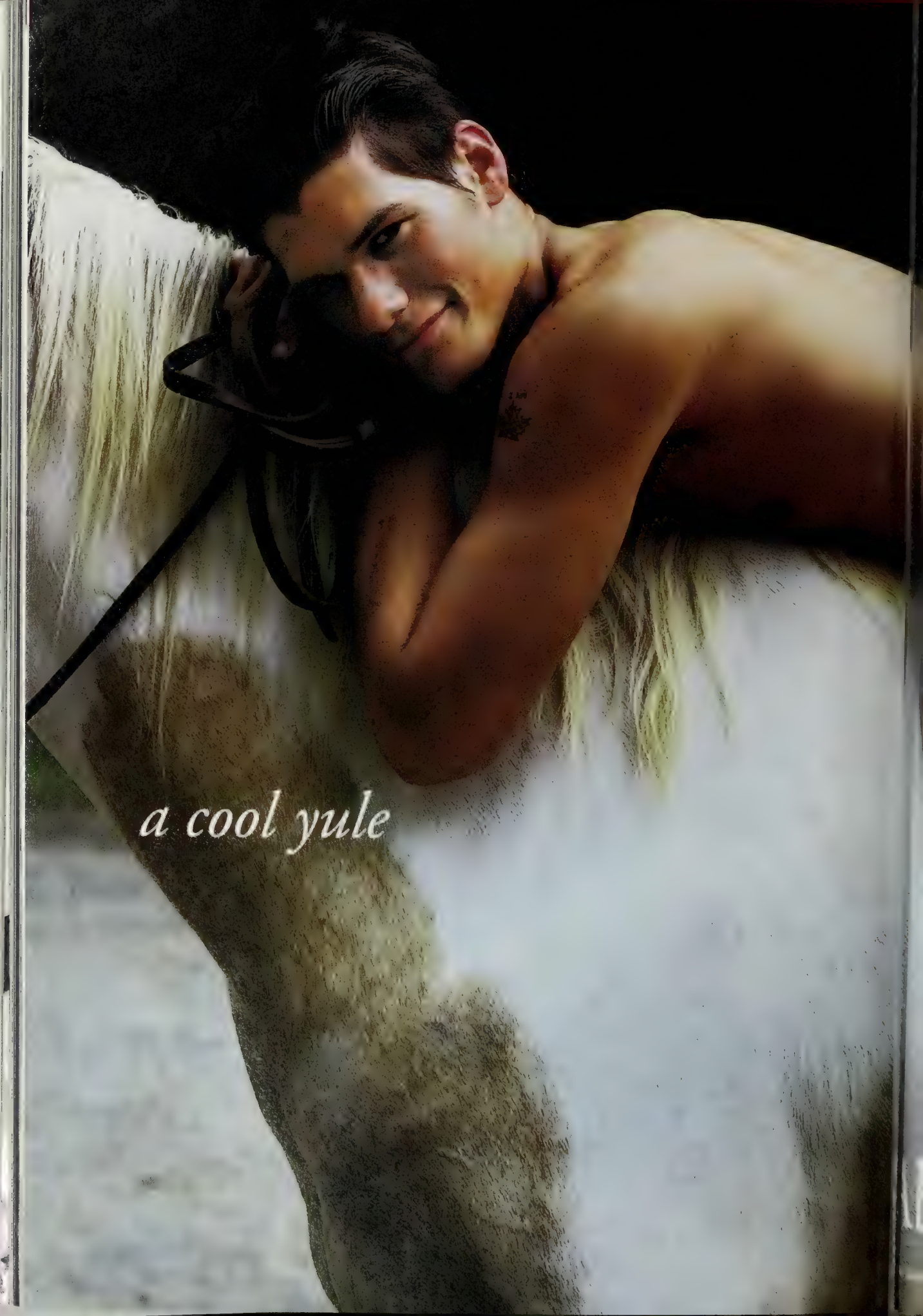
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Vanity Fair invites you to celebrate the holidays with **Coach** in the Jewel Court at South Coast Plaza on December 4th. This festive event will feature holiday music and special giveaways, including tickets to the Moscow Ballet's performance of The Nutcracker at the Orange County Performing Arts Center. While celebrating with Coach, shop from the store's extensive collection of holiday gifts.

For more information on the event, please call (714) 979-1771 between 10 and 6 PST.

# Contributors

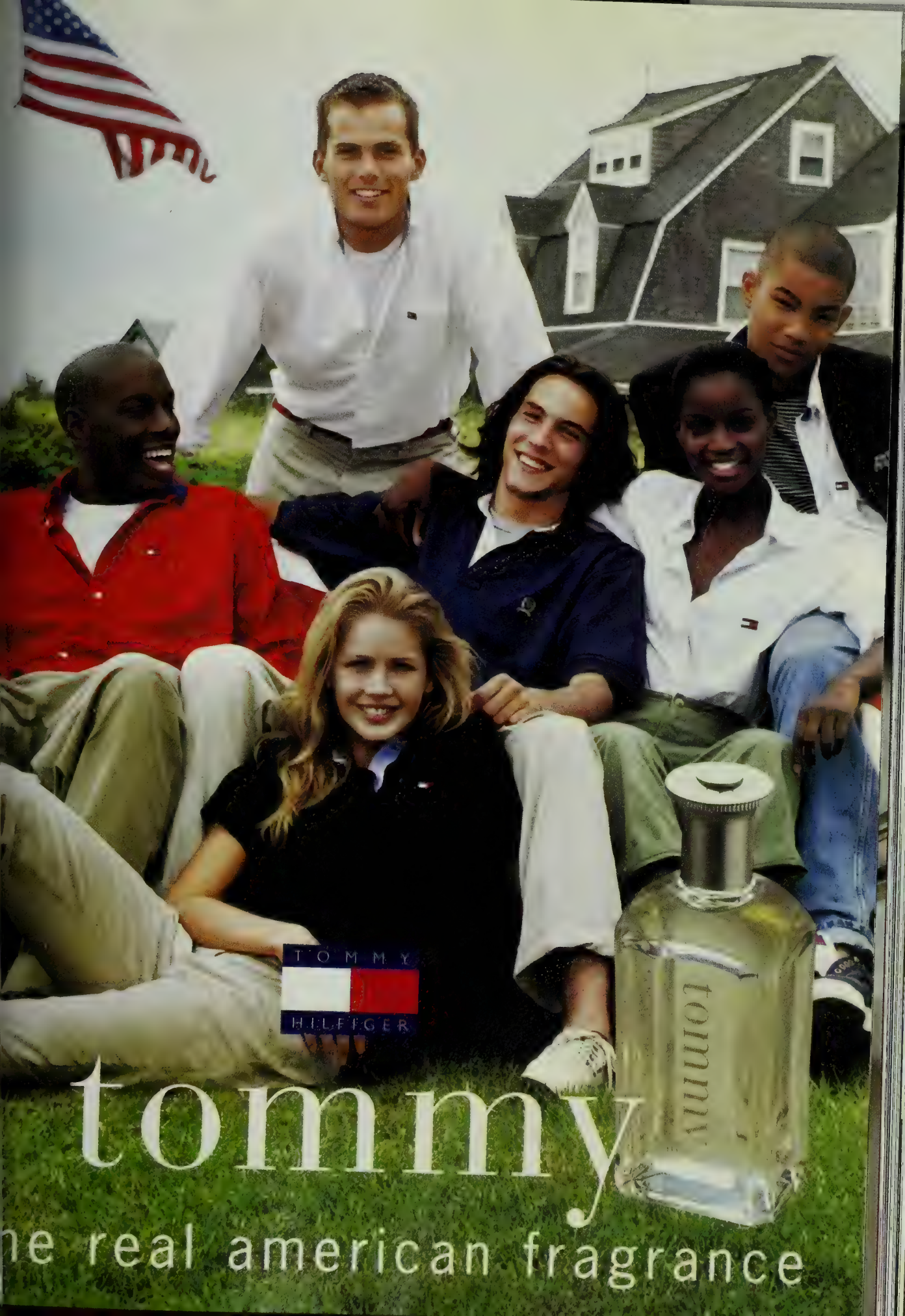


"The Abner Louima case illustrates a large, hidden story of the city," says writer-at-large **Marie Brenner** (pictured at Johnnie Cochran's birthday party at Club Rendez-Vous), who investigates the alleged brutality incident in this issue. "Two societies, Haitian and the N.Y.P.D., who were blind to each other, living within the same community." Brenner has covered many beats over the years—from Iran to the Red Sox. She first worked as a story editor at Paramount—a job that will serve her well. Director Michael Mann is preparing a film based on "The Man Who Knew Too Much," Brenner's award-winning article about former tobacco-company executive Jeffrey Wigand, this spring for Disney.



"Getting to interview someone who really matters was a dream come true," says special correspondent **Bob Colacello**, who paid a series of visits to the home of Balthus for this issue. Working with photographer **Bruce Weber** made the event more special still. "Bruce said he loved Balthus because there are always two stories in his pictures: one in the foreground and one in the background. That's exactly how I feel about Bruce's work." This month, Weber will publish *Branded Youth and Other Stories*, in conjunction with an exhibition at London's National Portrait Gallery.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82


TOMMY
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# DAVID YURMAN




THE CABLE WATCH COLLECTION™

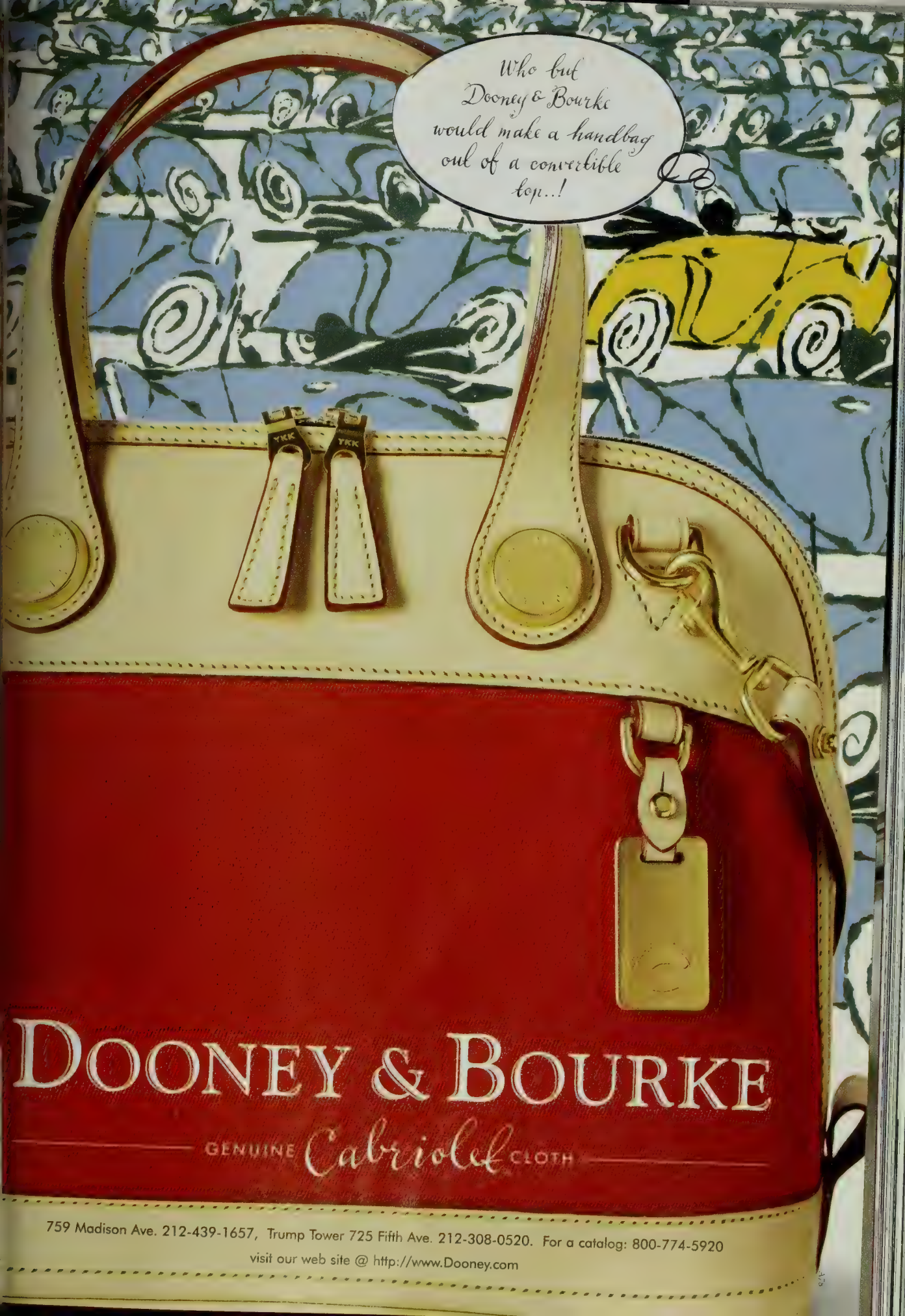
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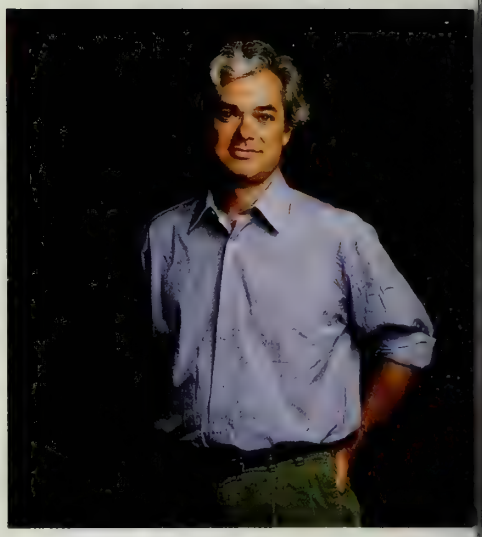
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# Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78



"For my generation, even for those of us privileged or crafty enough to avoid the draft, Vietnam is a holy, haunted place," says contributing editor **David Margolick,** who in this issue explores the significance of the Zippo lighters favored by American troops during the Vietnam War. Margolick bought three during his first visit there in May. One, inscribed to "Rebecca," he gave to a friend of the same name; another bears an inscription "too dirty to put in the magazine."



NINA BRAMHALL

Contributing editor **Howard Blum** investigates the biggest gun-smuggling sting in U.S. history (page 226). Blum's sixth book, *The Gold of Exodus,* about spies and archaeologists in the Middle East is due out in February from Simon & Schuster and will be made into a movie by Castle Rock Entertainment. Blum, who lives in Connecticut, now spends half of his time in Beverly Hills, where he has a production company. "In one place, I write and think," he says. "In the other, I try to make deals based on what I've written and thought."



NINA BRAMHALL

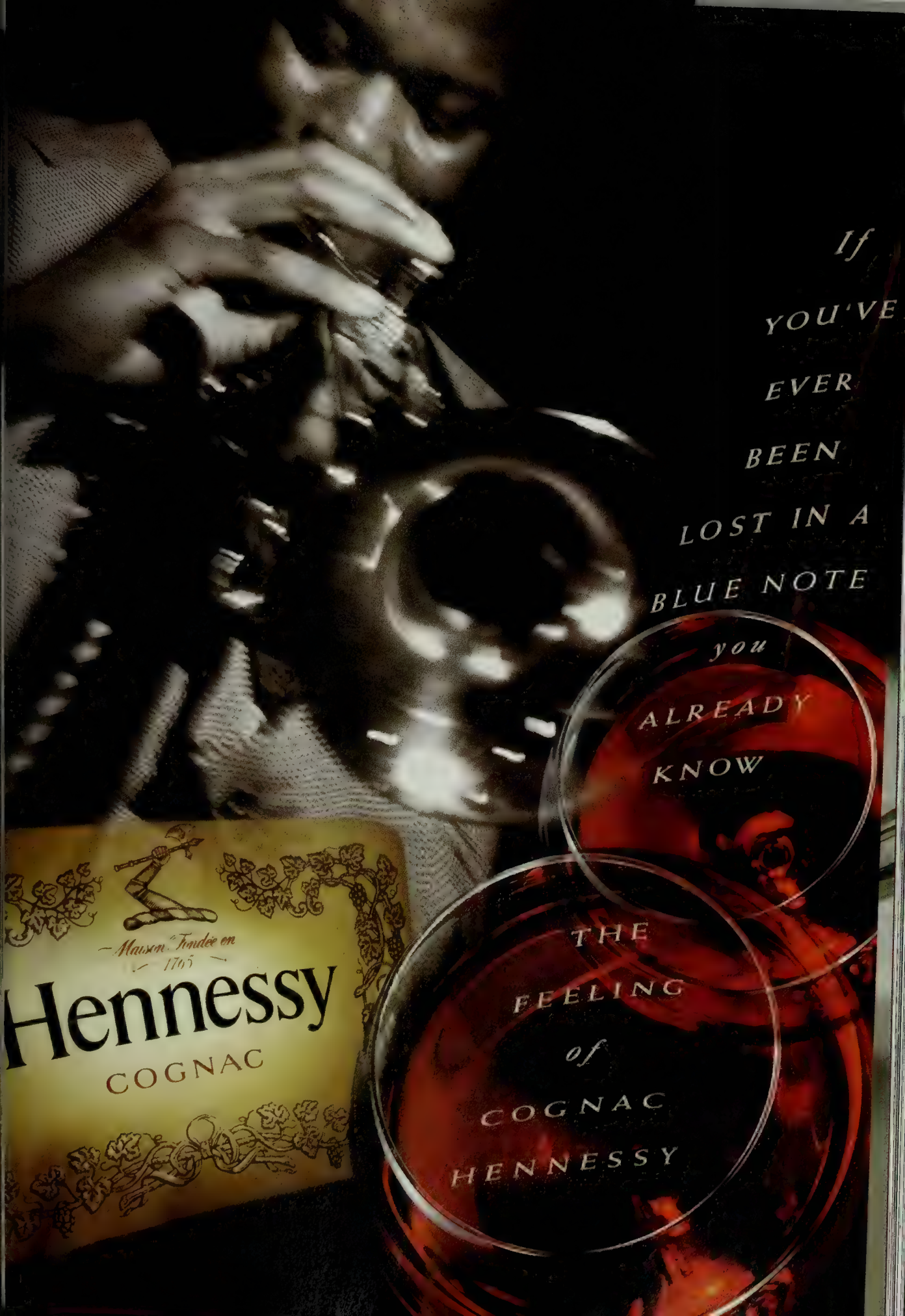
Before becoming a journalist, contributing editor **Sally Bedell Smith** worked in public relations at the Carnegie Corporation. "This is a long way around from social policy," she says of her current assignment for *V.F.*: a profile of the late Dodi Fayed, which appears on page 138. "I arrived five days after the crash and I still haven't quite processed the enormity of it all. It was wild." In the end, she says of Fayed, "he was a much sadder character than I had realized."



GASPER TRINGALE

Contributing editor **David Kamp** says he's "not proud of doing celebrity interviews," but the time he spent with this month's co subject, Matt Damon, turned out to be a night with the guys. "Because he is this ne minted phenomenon, it was remarkably easy to talk to him," Kamp says, "withou the usual wariness and paranoia of celebr subjects." Kamp kicked back and watched football with Damon and actor Ben Affl an experience that "took me back to colle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86


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Whether you drive along the roads of rural Sweden or the streets of urban America. Let's face it, none of us live in a government crash test lab. Be careful out there.

SAAB



From the bestselling author of *Three Blind Mice*— revealing portraits of the men who would rule the information age

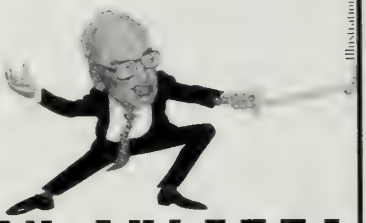


Illustration Patrick D. Milburn

KEN AULETTA

THE HIGHWAYMEN

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# Contributors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82



"I was amazed to learn how many credible journalists sign on to Matt Drudge each day," says contributing editor **Jennet Conant,** who profiles the controversial on-line gossip columnist in this issue. Conant finds it ironic that they are "outraged" about Drudge's item on White House assistant Sidney Blumenthal. "On this issue, I'm with Jerry Seinfeld," says Conant. "'People who read tabloids deserve to be lied to.'"



Ten years ago, **Gasper Tringale** moved from Boston to New York so he could "grow up and become a photographer." Since then his work has appeared in *Esquire, Allure, The New Yorker, Elle,* and *Vanity Fair.* Magazine shoots have allowed him to move back and forth between his two loves: fashion work and portraits. "I like the mix of work," he says. "It gives me the chance to meet and collaborate with some extraordinary people." In this issue, Tringale photographs legendary New York journalist Pete Hamill and N.B.A. superagent David Falk.

**Mimi Kramer** spent five years as a theater critic at *The New Yorker.* In this issue, she returns to Broadway to write about the new production of *The Diary of Anne Frank.* Kramer has a personal connection to the story. Her family was friendly with writer Meyer Levin, who helped bring the original *Diary* to America and who never got over losing the dramatization rights to the book. "Oddly enough," Kramer admits, "I never even read the book as a child."





SARA RAPHAEL

"We grew up just close enough to money to think we had it too," says contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson,** whose father was an editor at *Time.* As a student at New York's Collegiate Schoo Shnayerson attended classes with John Hess of the Hess-oil family, among other scions. "In those days, you could tell that friends were living better than you only if you visited their Fifth Avenue duplexes," says Shnayerson, who on page 182 assesses New York's big spenders. "Now the scale has risen."



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# RUB-A-DUB . . . WHOA!

*Top row,* Thom Priano, Anne Christensen, Lawrie Bird, and Scott Soens; *middle row,* John Scott, Dimitri Levas, Bruce Weber, Soren Mork, and Heather Watts; *bottom row,* Racine Christensen, Jennifer Hitzges, Palomino, and Matt Damon.



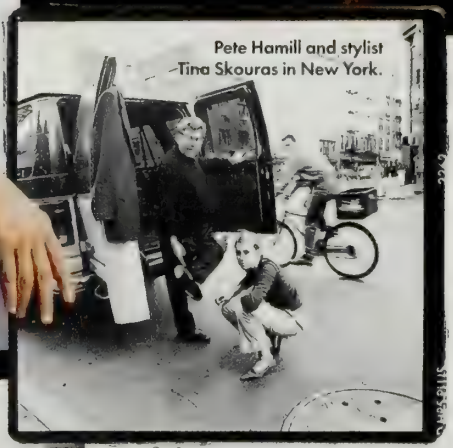


Sam Jones with federal agents Dick Stoltz and Matt King in San Francisco.





Richard Meier, Herb Ritts, and Frank Gehry in Los Angeles.

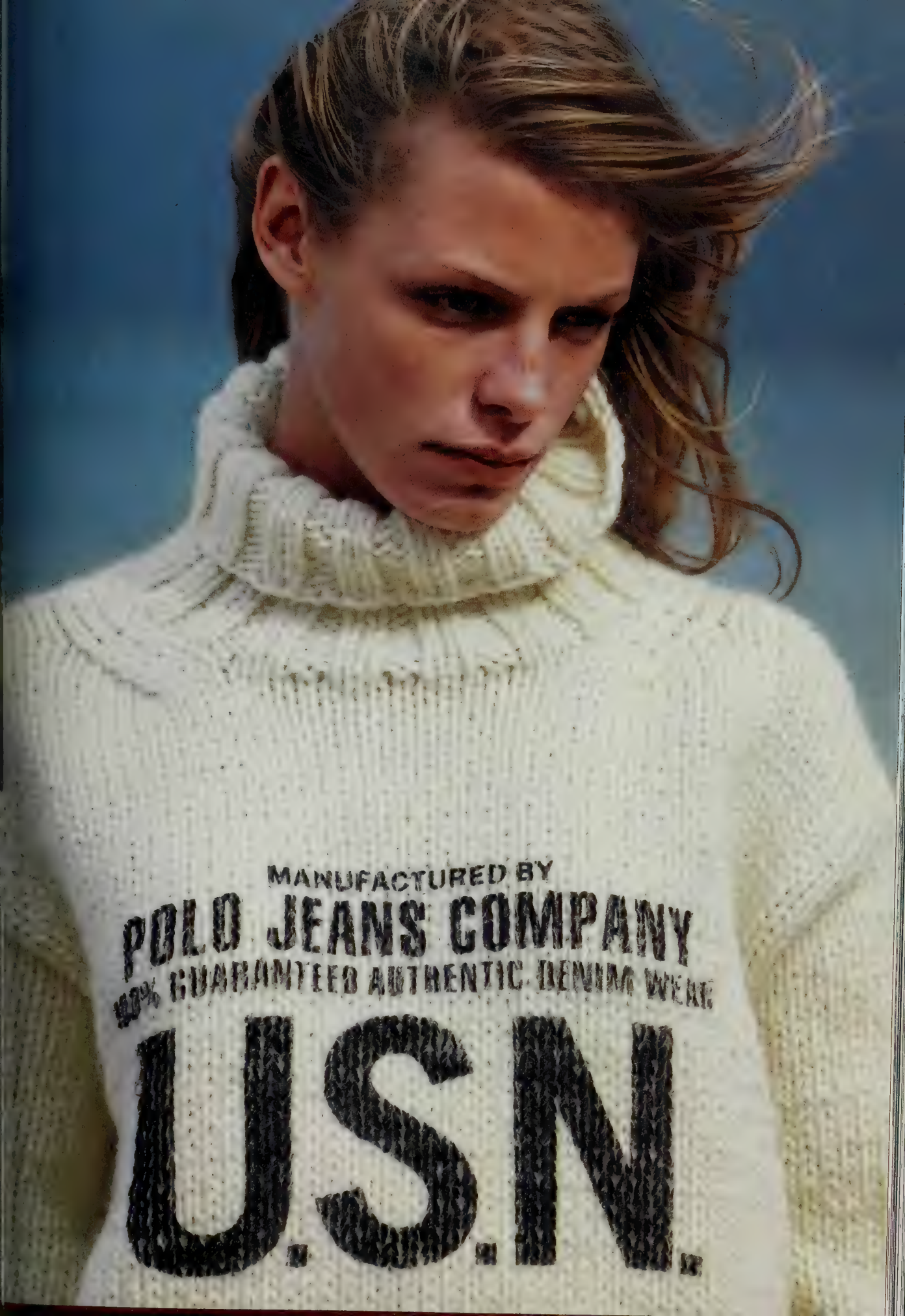


Pete Hamill and stylist Tina Skouras in New York.



Frank McCourt with Matthew Maher at McSorley's Ale House in New York.

Photo shoots rarely go smoothly, as evidenced by Bruce Weber's session with actor Matt Damon in New York. Weber envisioned a glamorous shot of Damon in a bathtub, but Damon wanted to bathe with Weber's dog Palomino, in order to make the comic image more "modest." In the end, Weber won by default: Palomino wouldn't go near the bubbles. While photographing two federal agents near San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge for this month's story on gun smuggling, Sam Jones battled dust clouds and the ceaseless drone of a Bell 206 BIII Jetranger helicopter. Gasper Tringale spent hours looking for the quintessential New York newsstand to use as a backdrop for his shoot with journalist Pete Hamill. And Annie Leibovitz was forced to track down size-40 jeans for Will Smith, who has a 32-inch waist, but wears his pants around his hips. Then there was Herb Ritts's shoot with architects Richard Meier and Frank Gehry in Los Angeles. Meier got stuck in traffic, so Ritts killed time by persuading Gehry to try on a Donna Karan turtleneck. (Gehry wore it the next night—with a tuxedo.) In fact, the only session that went seamlessly was Jonathan Becker's well-lubricated afternoon with memoirist Frank McCourt. They met at McSorley's Ale House, the legendary Manhattan pub, where McCourt kicked back with the bar's owner, Matt Maher. Not surprisingly, McCourt gave Becker all the time he needed. □


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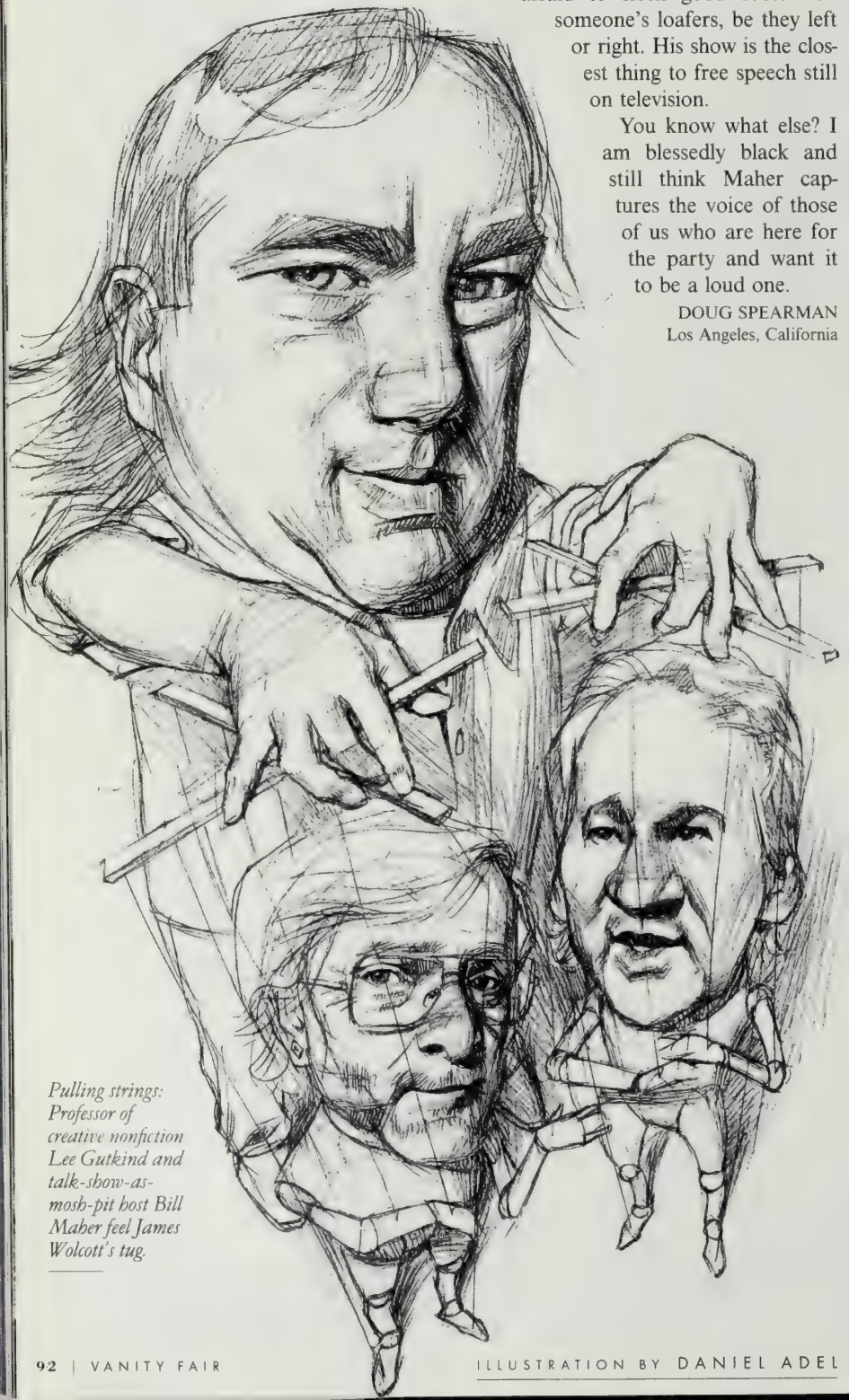
# WOLCOTT VARIATIONS

Thank you, God, for James Wolcott. One night eight years ago, I was on a Washington-bound train from Boston. While people around me snored, I sat in a pool of light from the horribly inadequate reading lamp, opened my copy of *Vanity Fair,* and discovered James Wolcott's biting, rollicking, and inspiring commentary. I woke everyone in the car up because I was laughing so hard.

"Maher's Attacks" [September] is one of Wolcott's best yet. I used to work at CBS, where for a while Bill Maher's show was taped. Wolcott's right: Maher isn't a nice guy. Not once in a year could I get him to smile or return a greeting. But who cares? Maher is not afraid to slosh good scotch on someone's loafers, be they left or right. His show is the closest thing to free speech still on television.

You know what else? I am blessedly black and still think Maher captures the voice of those of us who are here for the party and want it to be a loud one.

DOUG SPEARMAN
Los Angeles, California



*Pulling strings: Professor of creative nonfiction Lee Gutkind and talk-show-as-mosh-pit host Bill Maher feel James Wolcott's tug.*

MAHER DISPLAYS a jaw-dropping lack of basic knowledge and is totally inept as a moderator. After smirking through his nightly monologue of tasteless, generic one-liners, he lets his four guests try to outshout one another. To him, a TV talk show is a mosh pit.

Wolcott should have credited Maher with being a compulsive wanker both before and *during* his show.

ART FINLEY
Bellingham, Washington

I ALWAYS KNEW MAHER was quick-witted and goofy-looking; I never knew he was "despicable." Whatever he is, Maher's klatches are consistently the best thing going in late night.

KATHERINE EMMONS
Hudson, Ohio

IS JAMES WOLCOTT Alexander's son or relative? Alexander is my "fallen idol." James has the same acerbic wit. Surely there must be some connection, no?

BARBARA CURRY
San Francisco, California

*EDITOR'S NOTE: Alexander* Woollcott *was a prolific author, critic, and actor; a member of the Thanatopsis Literary and Inside Straight Club, known for its meetings at the Algonquin Hotel; and the basis for the lead in George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart's play* The Man Who Came to Dinner. *But he is no relation to James Wolcott.*

IF I COULD FIGURE OUT a way to avoid using the I-word, I would. But I can't. I, referring to me, enjoyed James Wolcott's essay "Me, Myself, and I" [October] a lot. A whole lot.

BILLIE ANN LOPEZ
Vienna, Austria

I AM ONE OF THE SEVEN students lucky enough to have been assigned Lee Gutkind as a mentor for this term. He prepares his students to read and approach their writing with a disciplined vision and carefully points out the pitfall of becoming an egocentric writer. Wolcott's approach is cruel and unjustified.

JANET ALEXANDER
Newport, Rhode Island

I WAS APPALLED BY James Wolcott's blanket, mean-spirited condemnation of creative nonfiction, or literary journalism, and of my colleague Lee Gutkind. Had Mr. Wolcott visited our creative-writing program at the University of Pittsburgh, he

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would know that we have students working on manuscripts about cross-country truckdrivers, the Gulf War, and female smoke jumpers, to name just a few. One of this year's graduates has published a book on Elvis Presley impersonators. And I scarcely consider my own research on life inside a Texas prison "navel gazing."

PATSY SIMS
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TO WANT TO WRITE WELL about one's life is no bad thing and doesn't deserve Wolcott's jeers.

STEPHEN LEWIS
Santa Fe, New Mexico

## Top 10 Reasons Not to Be a Mogul

YOU WOULD THINK it would be a mighty cold day in "the North" when I would stop reading at No. 14 in "The New Establishment 1997" [October] to congratulate myself for not:

10. Having to worry about a great magazine's ranking my life and my destiny.

9. Wondering which charity to give $100 million to, just to outperform my No. 1 nemesis with the squeaky voice.

8. Working in a powerful but paranoid environment where the boss breathes down my neck—or sleeps with me, for that matter.

7. Having all of the opposite sex of North America sending me videos in hopes of a date.

6. Duking out my business problems in a public forum.

5. Having to dump 80,000 employees. (Ouch, mister, hope you are enjoying your $20 million bonus and free airfare to anywhere in the world.)

4. Having my picture blown up to the point where anyone can count my nose hairs.

3. Being in the upper echelon of society, where the only critical comment that anyone dares make about me is about my questionable hygiene.

2. Worry that my gazillion-dollar mansion restoration is taking just too darn long!

And the No. 1 reason why I thank my lucky stars that I have a normal life and a mortgage is: I don't have to even consider a pre-nup worth $22 million.

STACI BARRON
Kitchener, Ontario

NEW ESTABLISHMENT? Why, it looks just like the old one, white and male.

MARY SHELTON
Riverside, California

## Slaughter of the Innocent

THE JONBENET RAMSEY murder case is an American tragedy. "Missing Innocence," by Ann Louise Bardach [October], is telling in what it reveals. A prosecution chummy with the family defense team; a district attorney who, like a modern Hamlet, muses about prosecuting or not prosecuting as he blocks others from acting; a lead D.A. investigator who believes good Christians don't commit such crimes; a D.A. staffer who lunches with the attorneys for the main suspects.

Thank you for an excellent article which reminds us that American justice can be held captive to power and influence at the expense of the innocent.

LAURA PIETRO
Clearfield, Pennsylvania

NEW PLAYERS, same old game. The story of the investigation of JonBenet Ramsey's murder was predictable yet sickening. Those who take a conscious leave of moral duty and whore themselves for power and position surely have warm, sticky blood on their hands. Listen up, Hunter, Haddon, Cochran, Abramson, et al. The world is watching. You can spin yourselves silly and confuse the issues till the cows come home, but it will not stop logical, levelheaded people from remembering the facts. Perhaps only if a child or lover of your own were murdered would the legal process interest you as a method of actually finding truth rather than as the farcical game it has become.

KIM REMPEL
Virgil, Ontario

## Truth in Black and White

READING "Fran Lebowitz on Race" [October], I had no way of knowing if Lebowitz was black or white. Then I realized it didn't matter.

BEVERLY A. WRIGHT
Washington, D.C.

LEBOWITZ'S UNDERSTANDING of the issues that face black Americans was breathtaking. It filled me with hope to have a white person articulate what I have been trying to express to my white friends and partners for years.

ELLYN G. LEWIS
Los Angeles, California

FRAN LEBOWITZ DOES the gay and lesbian community CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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# AGENDA

EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

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Downtown Dallas (TX) • Northpark (TX)
Fort Worth (TX) • Prestonwood (TX)
Northbrook (IL) • Oakbrook (IL)
Michigan Avenue (IL) • Los Angeles (CA)
San Diego (CA) • Fashion Island (CA)

*One set to a customer while supplies last.

## Perry Ellis Menswear at Bloomingdale's

Vanity Fair and **Perry Ellis** invite you to view the Perry Ellis collection and pe three of your favorite NBA stars at Bloomingdale's throughout the mor of November.

On **November 13th, Larry Johnson** of the New York Knicks will appe a Bloomingdale's 59th street in New York from 6:30 pm - 7:30 pm.

On **November 20th, Tim Hardaway** of the Miami Heat will appear at Blooming e' Aventura Mall in Miami from 6:00 pm - 7:00 pm.

On **December 6th, Derrick Fisher** of the Los Angeles Lakers will appe at Bloomingdale's Century City Mall in Los Angeles from 3:00 pm - 4:00 pm

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**San Francisco, CA:** December 10th,
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**Chicago, IL:** December 11th,
the Empty Bottle, 9:00 pm - 11:00 pm

For more information, please call 1-888-376-3359.

## VF Tunes In...

Acclaimed Director Gillian Armstrong's **Oscar and Lucinda** opens in ew York and Los Angeles on December 31, and nationwide in January. C ar- nominee Ralph Fiennes returns to the screen along with newcomer te Blanchett in this story of love, fate and chance.

## NFL Recap

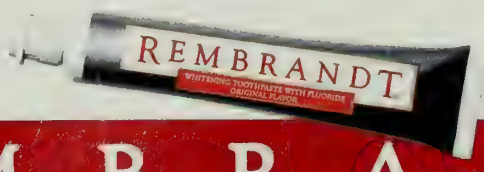
**Baume & Mercier**, master watchmakers since 1830, presented he **NY Chapter NFL Alumni Charity Golf Classic** on September 22, 1997 he tournament, co-sponsored by **Taylor Made, Frederic Goodman Jew rs, London Jewelers** and **Lux Bond Green Jewelers**, took place at the Mor air Golf Club, in Montclair, New Jersey. Proceeds from the tournament raised er $50,000 for local children's charities.

The winning five-some received Baume & Mercier Hampton watches trip to the "Super Bowl of Golf," where they will compete for the na championship. The tournament will be held later this year in Las Vegas.

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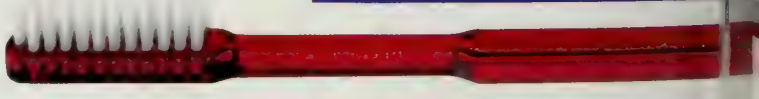
*Survey of these dentists responding to a dental survey [illegible] recommend Dazzling White to their patients.




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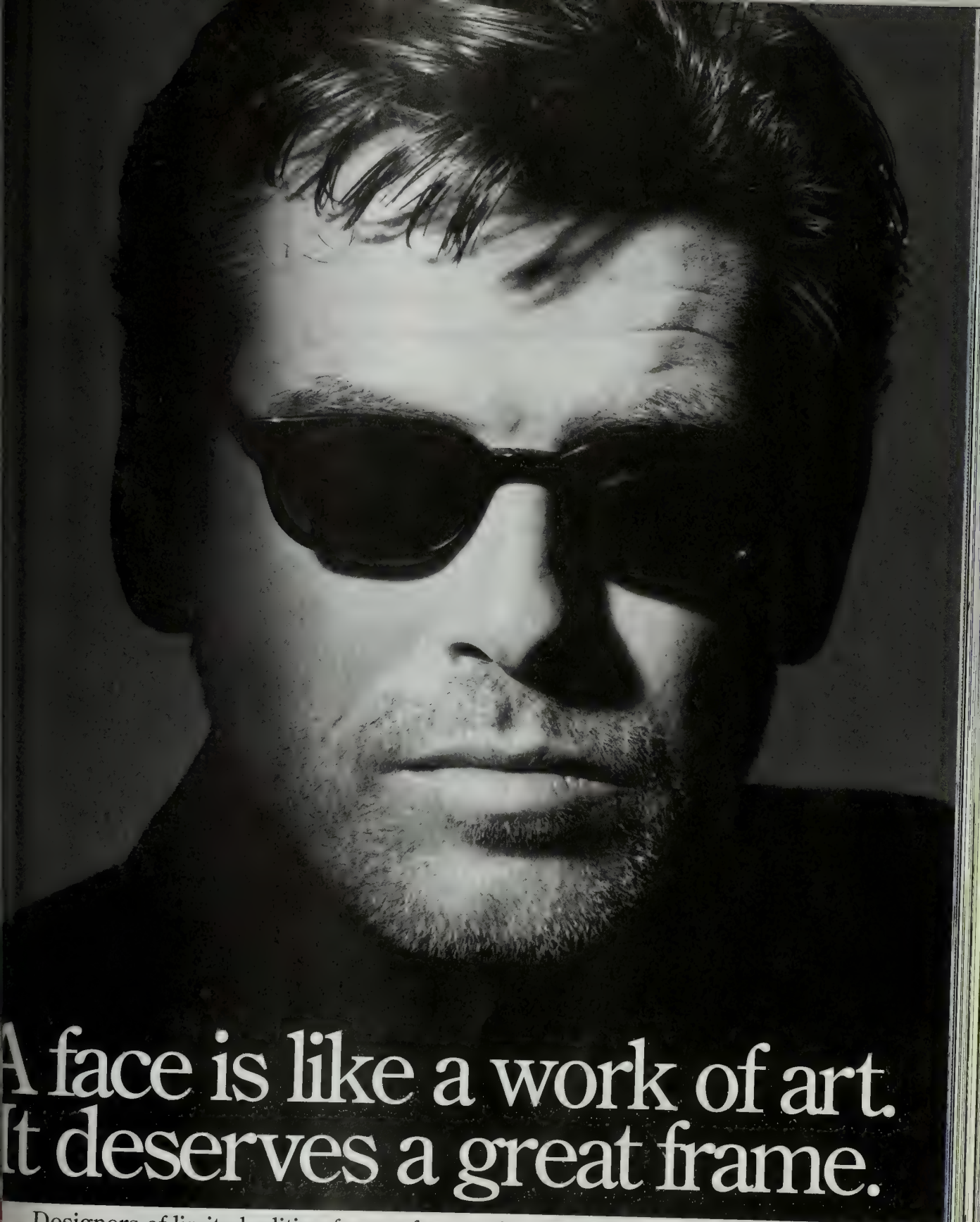
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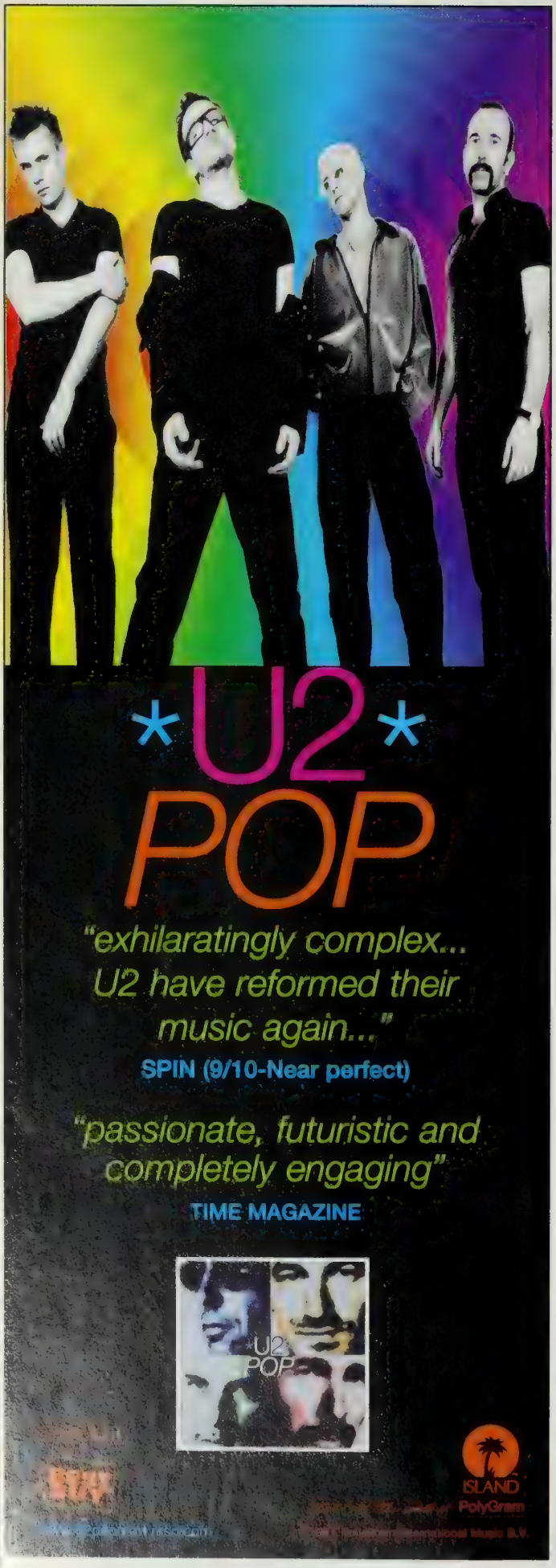
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*Water rights: Segregated water fountains in Atlanta in 1962. As a chi Fran Lebowitz felt "Nazis were the worst, then Communists, then southern*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 a gross disservice by suggesting at it has wrongfully appropriated symbols of oppression suffered by other minority and ethnic groups. Surely Lebowitz realizes that the pink triangle symbol adopted by gay activists was originated by the Nazis, who persecuted gays solely for being gay, just as they persecuted Jews solely for being Jews. To ridicule homosexuals' ongoing struggle for equality on the historically dubious basis that other minorities have been subject to quantifiably greater oppression is an odious lapse into bigotry in the guise of urbanity.

JEFFREY GR[illegible]N
San Francisco, Cali[illegible]nia

MS. LEBOWITZ WAS ACCURATE in all of her observations and was astute in highlighting that the innate privilege of being white in our society is the power center at birth. As a black man working in the white world I'm always surprised when a white colleague ruminates on how hard his road to success has been. In these instances and many others I choose silence. Thank you for giving us a voice.

LIONEL RAY JOHN[illegible]N
New York, New[illegible]rk

THIS WAS SUPPOSED to be a cancellation notice. Despite an addiction to the damned fine writing in *Vanity Fair,* I find the inattention to African-American actors galling. Fran Lebowitz changed my mind.

CHERYL EDW[illegible]DS
Los Angeles, Cal[illegible]nia

LEBOWITZ WAS ASKED, "Why are there so few black writ[illegible]?" There are enough who are qualified to write for and edit mainstream magazines. Yet for some strange reason rarely do we get signed to the type of lucrative magazine contracts that our Caucasian counterparts receive after demonstrating half as much talent.

HUGH PEA[illegible]N
Brooklyn, Nev[illegible]rk

I DON'T SUPPOSE *Vanity Fair* has much of a black readership, and as one of few I would hate to have to give up the magazine for the nitwitted way its contributors seem to keep asking one another about us. That in itself is one CONTINUED ON PAG[illegible]


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 of the primary problems with the discussion of race—the oranges talk only to themselves.

Lebowitz is right about a number of things, but she is wrong about one of our fundamental feelings. White people do not belong to a club that we're desperate to get into. Most of us, that is black Americans with a "cool sensibility," don't want to be white or in white clubs. We just want to play ball on nice courts wearing our own stylish knickers.

J. D. VAILES
Washington, D.C.

I LOVE FRAN LEBOWITZ. What a mensch!

JOAN H. AGIN
Chicago, Illinois

## Big Trouble

ON JULY 19, 1949, for my first job, at KDSH Radio, in Boise, Idaho, I was sent to the Idaho State Penitentiary to interview Harry Orchard, the assassin of former Idaho governor Frank Steunenberg in 1905 ["Bad Trouble in the Big West," by J. Anthony Lukas, October].

Pinkerton detective James McParland said that the 40-year-old Orchard had "the most cold, cruel eyes I remember having seen." Forty-four years later I found the old killer to be the epitome of piety. While still living with acute regret for the 18 lives he had taken, he had long before made peace with his God, and was looking forward to a better life beyond this world.

This reversal of attitude came from two sources: his early ethical home life and the amazing forgiveness of the wife of Governor Steunenberg. Shortly after the assassination Belle Steunenberg sent one of her sons to visit the imprisoned Orchard with a peace offering of several religious tracts. To Orchard this was an incomprehensible gesture. However, over the years the relationship grew. Orchard returned to religion. Mrs. Steunenberg wrote him many times, and visited him in prison on three occasions.

ROSS WOODWARD
Spokane, Washington

## House Cleaning

I SPENT SEVEN very good years at *The Wall Street Journal* ["In the Company of Sharks," by Robert Sam Anson, August] as bureau chief in Rome and then R de Janeiro. For several of those yea Karen Elliott House was my editor. S was tough, she was demanding, and s was extremely good. Karen is blunt, a patience is not her preferred virtue. S is also restlessly interested in stories th break ground, for their originality, the range, or their thoughtfulness. I fou her to be an inspiring editor, one w was always true to her word. She ma some enemies, and she cannot peel b nanas with her toes, but I do not thi that makes her a lesser journalist.

ROGER COH
Paris, Fra

I CONSIDER IT OUTRAGEOUS that was not asked to comment on the ite concerning Karen House which you tributed to Pamela Harriman and whi has been linked to me. I did not live the Harriman residence after May 19 I first met House after her assignme as diplomatic correspondent sometim early in 1978.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINS
Washington, D

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The item to which Brzezinski refers ran as follows: "The ambassador Pamela Harriman, no slouch bedding powerful men, told a leading S Department official of the late night when sh allegedly spied Karen creeping across Georgetown garden to visit a senior forei policy adviser to President Jimmy Carter. Ho denied any impropriety." No mention was m of a name or date.*

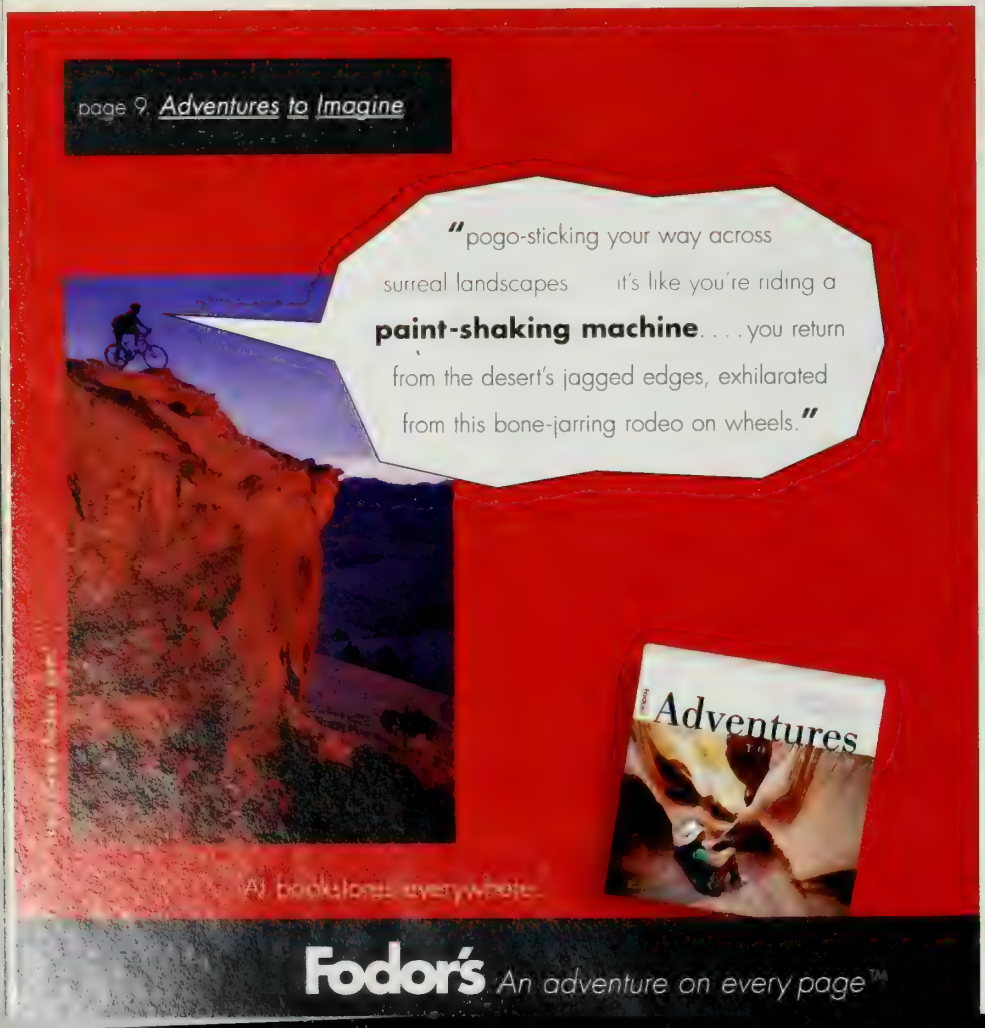
## Nobody but Norell

"NO ONE BUT NORELL" [by Laura cobs, October] brought back a wond ful memory: my first "sighting" o Norell coat at one of the two stores my hometown of Buffalo that carr his designs. I became mesmerized by fact that the buttons appeared to fl on the surface. Norell's meticulous di pline included color-matching the thr exactly to the button.

JAMES SIEWE
New York, New Y

ALTHOUGH I WAS ALWAYS a trem dous fan of Norman Norell's, I could n afford his clothes. But, oh, his perfu I've worn it almost every day of my since 1971. People would walk into office and claim they just wanted a s

Once I was in Grand Central whe heard the man who was using the ph next to me say, "Hey, wait a minute, d



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*Norell on his knees: Future* Vogue *editor Grace Mirabella declared in 1963, "What the women who shop in my market want is quite simple. They want us to tell them what Norman Norell wants them to wear." Here he adjusts the skirt on a sack dress in his showroom in 1958.*

there's a woman next to me wearing
greatest perfume I ever smelled. H
on till I find out what it is." Ano
time, a woman tapped me on the sh
der and said in a desperate voice, "
God, I've just spent an hour in Saks
ing to find a new perfume and no
find it on a complete stranger. Wha
that wonderful stuff?"

MARY H. WHA
Bronxville, New

## Lily Dietrich

MY FAMILY AND I lived in Apartm
12D, across the hall from Ms. Dietr
during the late 50s ["Dietrich Lived He
by Matt Tyrnauer, September]. In
high-school years, I would do my ho
work to the sounds of a gorgeous yo
pianist—who turned out to be Burt B
arach. I also saw Ms. Dietrich dress
in a nurse's uniform to walk her gra
child so that she would go unrecogni
by her legion of fans. On one very m
orable occasion, she knocked on
door, slunk in wearing nothing but a
dress, and asked to be zipped up.

JUDY FELDMAN WE
Beverly Hills, Califo

*CORRECTIONS: In "The New Establish
1997" (October), the annual revenue for ABC, giv
the entry for Robert Iger, was inaccurate. The co
figure is $8.5 to $9 billion for its most recent fiscal*

*In October's "Washington Universe," Tom Fo
partner in Akin, Gump, Strauss, Hauer & Feld,
mistakenly included in the list of another firm.*

*Because of incorrect information provide
Larry King, "He's Just a Guy Who Can't Say
by Marjorie Williams (September), contained e
about King's marriage to Mickey Sutphin. They
married three and a half years. Their daughter,
two and a half years before their divorce, was ad
ed by her stepfather at the age of nine.*

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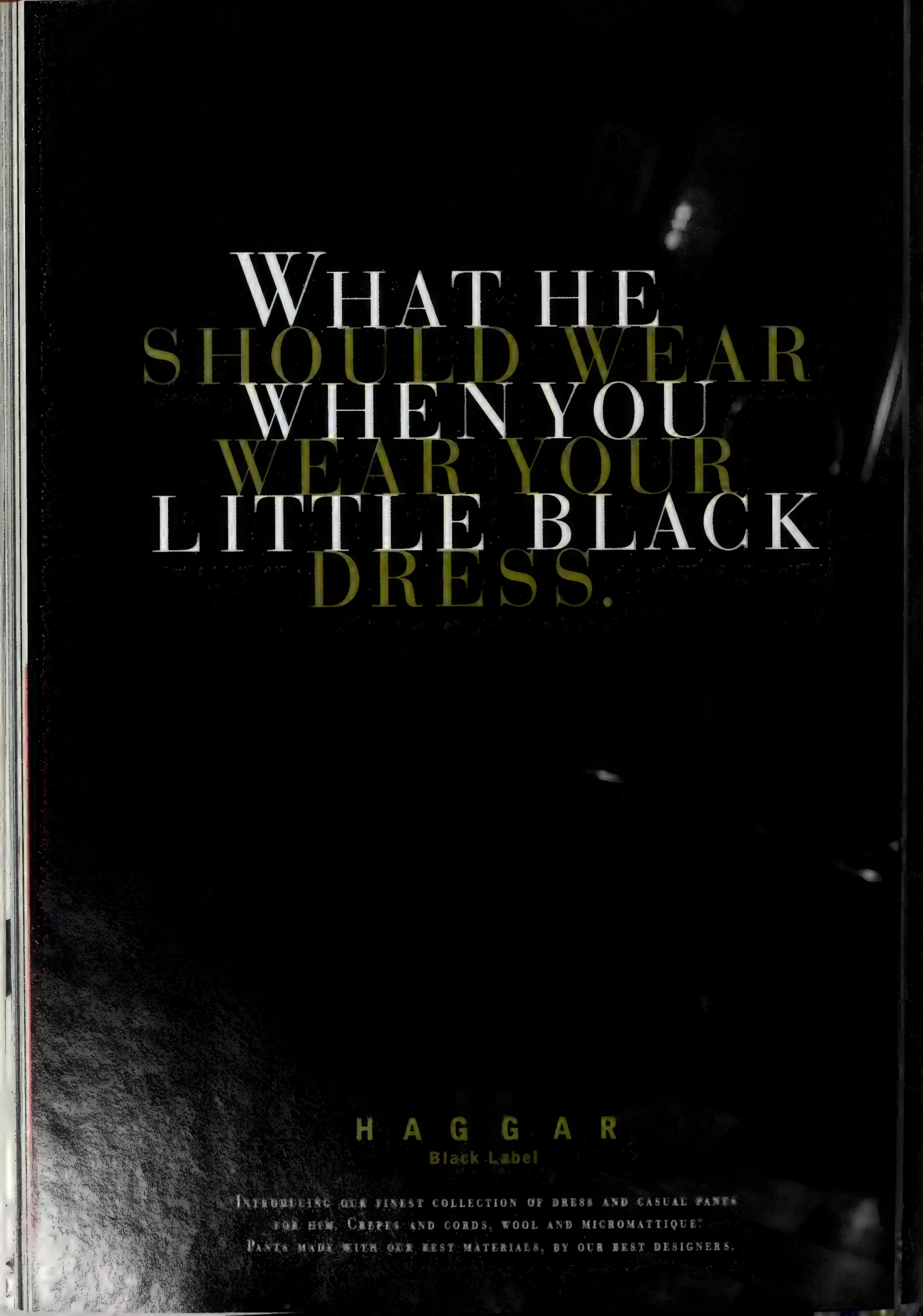
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Christopher Hitchens

# PRINCESS DI, MOTHER T., AND ME

## Sucked in and spat out: Being the journal of three weeks in the life of the only hack on the East Coast who had met both Princess Diana and Mother Teresa (and not thought much of either of them)



















**TALKING HEAD: In the media frenzy that followed the deaths of Diana, Princess of Wales, and Mother Teresa of Calcutta, the author appeared daily on television, filling the slot of contrarian commentator.**

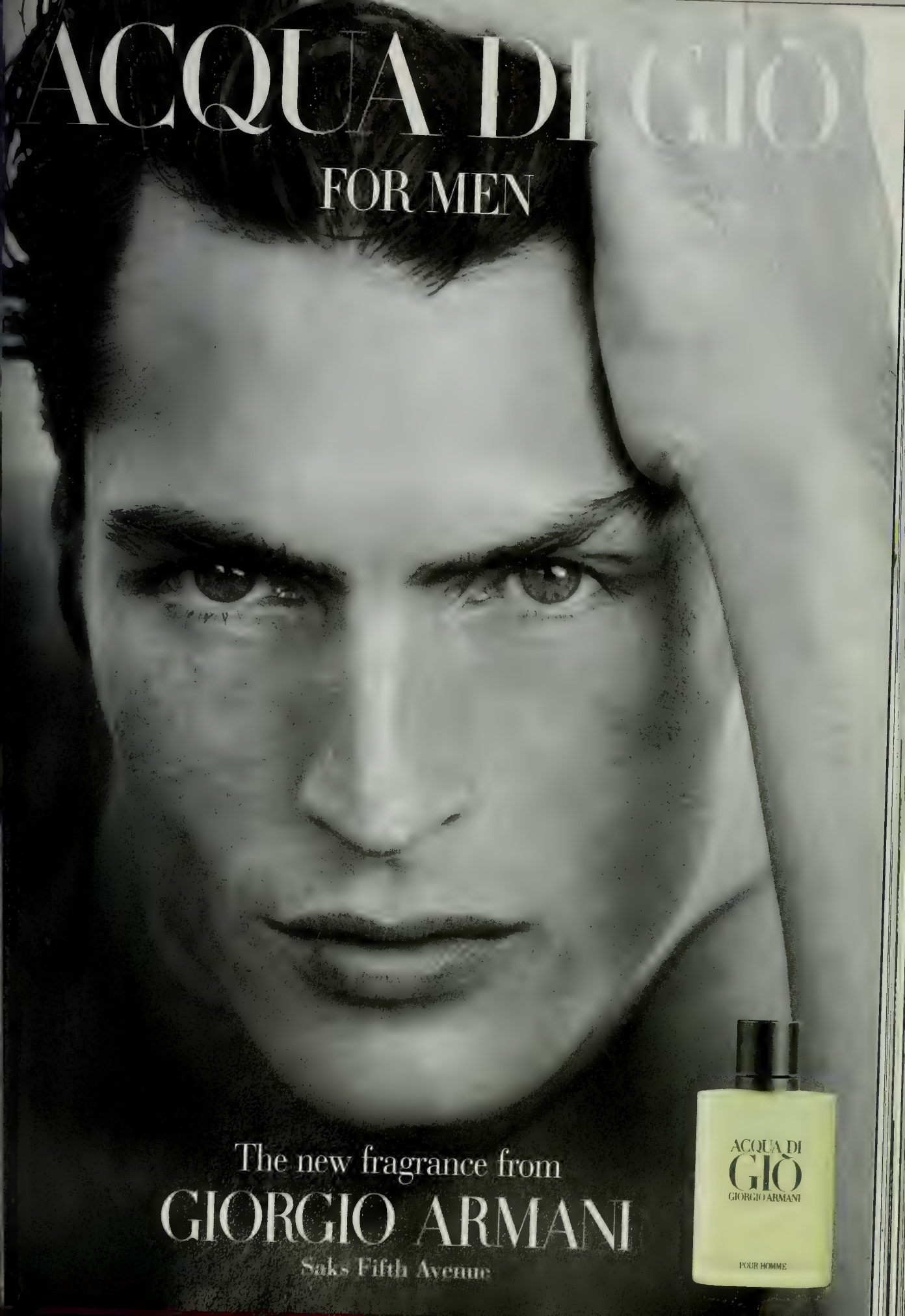
*Saturday, August 30.* By tradition, the waning of summer. Returning latish from a beach picnic to find the telephone trilling away, I pick it up and discover CNN on the line. Will I comment on "a breaking news story"? "We have a report from Paris. Dodi Fayed has been killed in a car accident and there's no word on Princess Diana. She's in the hospital."

Well, no, *of course* I won't comment. I wasn't born yesterday. I don't even know what's happened. And the only reason I am on the CNN Rolodex, for a call like this, is that I sometimes fill in the anti-monarchist chair in round-tables on the subject. From "Mr. Republican" to "royal-watcher" is a ludicrous move, and in this case a potentially sickening one. *Well, yes, Bernie, the news of Princess Diana's double amputation—unconfirmed at this time—reminds us all once again of the need for Britain to have a written constitution.* No thank you. They entreat from Atlanta. I am firm.

*Sunday, August 31.* Wake up and hear the news. When I pick up the telephone, it seems somehow *heavier.* And the telltale tone warns of messages left since I bleeped the previous night. It takes almost an hour to spoo through the calls from television sta tions. There are more than 30 c them. I call back the *Today* show.

Why am I doing this, or do I do this Well, I can never forget Gore Vidal advice—not originally addressed to m personally, I need hardly add—that on should never pass up a chance either t have sex or to appear on the sma screen. As a bloated husband and fathe I am now free to reflect that this r mark was obviously made well befor the advent of . . . cable TV.

There's another reason. If you dron on as I do about the use of televisio to create a bogus "consensus" that miles wide and a millimeter deep, the you ought not to be "out" when the ring and say, O.K., fair's fair—it's you turn. They'll only say, Well, we trie to be "inclusive," but he squirmed fr


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# "The *New York Post* refers to me as Christopher "Hellbound" Hitchens."

of our outreach program. (You don't think they really talk like that? They really do.)

*Monday, September 1.* Washington is deserted for Labor Day, if you except the knot of mourners already gathering outside Her Majesty's Embassy. A 20-year-old boy, interviewed as he leaves flowers there, is asked what She meant to him. "Role model," he replies at once. "A very strong role model." Say *what?* But the interviewer acts as if this makes sense to him. At the studio, I find that Katie Couric is already in London and sitting outside the palace, where a crowd is seriously worked up against the press. I can only hear America's sweetheart through a crackling earpiece. Those interviewed before me, including Katharine Graham, are all agreed. The Princess has been slain by the paparazzi. Michael Cole, smarmy spokesman for the Fayed family, is interviewed by Miss Couric and is allowed too much of his own way for my taste.

From the perfectly fluted lips of Miss Couric I hear the detested words "Christopher Hitchens . . . royal-watcher." It's my turn, along with Andrew Roberts of *The Sunday Times.* He blames the paparazzi also. I say, Look here, steady on, chaps. This driver was going so fast that he got the radiator of a big Mercedes shoved into its front seat. (*Imagine* the damage.) A danger to everyone on the road as well as to his passengers. Perhaps not all the Fayed "security" team are such fragrant characters. A sneering, drawling voice comes from London. "It's a disgrace for Mr. Hitchens to effectively blame Princess Diana for her own death. . . . You are a left-wing republican journalist." This—at least the first bit—is a low blow, as well as a split infinitive, and I squeak in protest, unsettling Miss Couric. We are soon out of time. I seethe uselessly at Roberts, who generally takes a pro-Charles and anti-Diana line and looks down on mob emotions, but is today playing the




**THE MOURNING AFTER: With the exception of Hitchens, shown here with Katie Couric, guests on the September 1 *Today* show blamed Diana's death largely on the paparazzi.**

crowd-pleaser. I must arrange to cross swords with him properly one day.

Still, at least this was traction: something said against the mounting tide of drool and its sinister accompaniment—the hoarse cry for blame and punishment. Get home to find the answering machine filled up again. Begin to learn the first rule of "media rush," which is that if you say something on one network, all the others want to book you at once so you can come on and say precisely the same thing. No wonder politicians look like zombies when they are campaigning. The *Los Angeles Times,* which asked me for a quick oped comment on the death, has run it under the headline WHICH WAS THE REAL DIANA? MOTHER TERESA OR MRS. SIMPSON. How irritating. When I am not arguing that Britain should be a constitutional republic, I am trying to point out that Mother Teresa is no synonym for innocence and humanity. Yet that's exactly how headline and caption writers always use her. I must complain when I get a spare minute. Meanwhile, it's about 10 radio interviews from the kitchen and then off to MSNBC. I repeat the point about the Ray-Ban-wearing, probably drug-sodden cowboy in the Fayed entourage. But a lot of people don't want to hear this. It's a combination of masochism in the press—crying before they can be hurt—and "denial" in the crowd, who can't bear anything that might taint the canonization in progress. This is yet another time when everything depends on how people "feel" and not at all on what, if anything, anyone thinks.

A bizarre discussion has begun. It's all about the British national labia. Are the *upper* ones of this unit, people desire to know, sufficiently rigid? Or as rigid as they once were? Has flaccidity set in? Why are they asking *me*? Suddenly this ghastly question is—you must forgive the expression—on every lip. I can't wait till it isn't.

*Tuesday and Wednesday, September 2 and 3.* Another beatification is taking place before our eyes. It's that of Prince William. Grief-stricken people want to make him King at once, elbowing aside his grandma and his dad. See me, feel me, touch me, heal me. Don't people have any pity for this boy they so adore? Can they hear themselves, when they urge him toward a throne that ruined the lives of both of his parents? Is he to be some kind of blood bank? I refer to "the House of Dracula" on MSNBC and get into "quote of the week" in the next day's *New York Post.* Oh dear.

Kathie Lee Gifford—I'm learning a lot about the TV wasteland this week—goes before her studio audience to say that the U.S. Constitution guarantees the pursuit of happiness, also the free press. What to do when the first is challenged by the second? Why, change the Constitution! There are cretinous studio cheers, undoubtedly expressing a certain "mood." Where to begin? I could write a letter, pointing out that the "pursuit" stuff isn't in the Constitution but in quite another document, which declares American independence from the British monarchy. But . . . nah. This wouldn't be the week to bring *that* up.

*Thursday and Friday, September 4 and 5.* Things are beginning to blur, also to clarify. One or two voices are being raised, of the "enough already" sort. Maureen Dowd writes scathingly of ce

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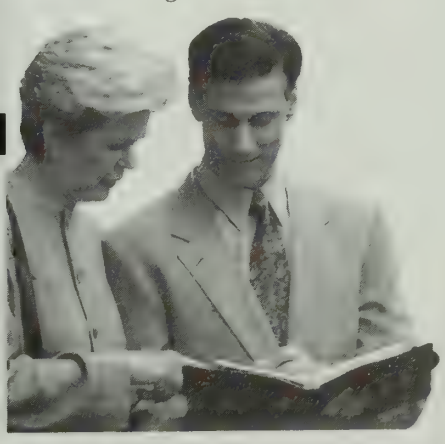
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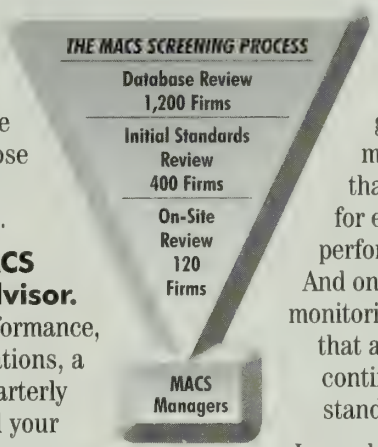
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# "I am starting to look permanently made-up, which is one of the signs of the micro-celeb."

lebrity martyrdom. The great Brian Lamb asks me onto his Friday-morning C-SPAN journo hour, paired with Wes Pruden of *The Washington Times*. It's clear we've both been asked because we are not votaries of the cult-in-formation. The calls and faxes run in our favor, from audience members who are in despair at the wall-to-wall effect. But we still only discuss one other topic. It's the absurd photograph of the fund-raising Buddhist nuns, testifying on the Hill against the luckless Al Gore (or is it the lucky Al Gore, since his week of shame has been buried in the flowers of a far-off field?). Brian Lamb prods me and I say, half asleep, that if those could only be Mother Teresa nuns caught on the take it would make my week. By the time this show has been repeated later in the day, that remark looks like poor taste. And my telephone has approached melting point, as people ring to tell me that M.T., that ghoulish 14th-century vixen, has finally dropped from her Calcutta perch.

Once again, I am offered slivers of "equal time" to be disobliging about the idea of someone who has just died. And, once again, all the coverage is predicated and organized on the assumption that everybody thinks and feels the same way—indeed, that there is only one conceivable or available response. It's like living in a banana republic when the Dear Leader has a relapse. I also notice something about blanket coverage. More Means Worse! One excuse for doing only one subject from early morn to dewy eve might be that you can visit and revisit each aspect of the situation, inform people very fully, and bring in every point of view. But the networks and the newspapers are doing none of these things. They are creating an echo-chamber atmosphere, based on complete uniformity and regular repetition. I would find this rather chilling even if I agreed with what was being said, or rather sobbed.

Tom Brokaw's people call. They assure me that there are those at NBC who feel things have gotten out of hand and out of proportion. Will I come on







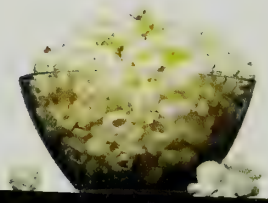
**VOICE OF REASON** ***Above,*** **Christopher Hitchens inveighing against the crown on MSNBC's *News with Brian Williams,* September 15, and, *right,* offering a minority opinion on the NBC *Nightly News,* September 5.**

a *Nightly News* segment that says so? This involves almost a whole afternoon of waiting about, in the pleasant company of Ben Bradlee, among others, to say so. The promised "segment" is a nanosecond blip in a torrent of inexpensive, unanimous sentimentality.

*Saturday, September 6.* The Spencer girl's funeral live on all channels. Having been suddenly moved, to my own slight surprise, by the last, wraithlike pictures of her on the Fayed "surveillance tape," I am unmanned again to find that I have the same taste in hymns ("I Vow to Thee My Country" in the Cecil Spring-Rice version, "Cwm Rhondda"—"Bread of Heaven," from the Welsh—and the "Londonderry Air," known to some as "Danny Boy" and to us republicans, I suppose, as the "Derry Air"). I have long regarded her brother, Earl Spencer, as a posturing lordling with shady friends and a grudge against a press which printed unpleasant truths about him several years ago, so I tune out his speech. A mistake. Anthony Holden, the best of the week's many real "royal-watchers," points out that the address contained a brilliant Wars of the Roses ingredient that more than matched Elton John's rose. So I have to watch the whole thing again. Worth it. The weekend edition of the *Financial Times* contains an obit for M.T., written by her c cial hagiographer, Navin Chav With the compassion and humi of his sort, Mr. Chawla uses shelter of the obit for an unc hand attack on your humble vant. Mentioning my pampl *The Missionary Position: Mot Teresa in Theory and Practice,* says that "In the west, the b was largely dismissed as rantings of a conspiracy th rist." Oh no it wasn't was dismissed—wid ignored might be a b ter phrase—as the dr ings of a poor wre who had no invisi means of support.

My *Vanity Fair* pi on the monarchy ("T nished Crown," Sept ber) is still on the newsstands, an have to resist the temptation to chec for prescience in view of the awful a unexpected news. But let's have a pe Hmmm. Out-of-touch monarchy be upstaged by clever young Tony Bl Diana the only popular and charisma one. The other royals dowdy and hausted, except for the handsome b prince who ought to be spared the gr some succession. Charles termina stiff and awkward. Kitty Kelley's bo about to burst on the scene. . . . H this isn't bad. But could I honestly I guessed that people could feel t way about *Diana?* Forget it, Hitche There are depths of the soul that hidden from your sort. On impuls call Kitty Kelley. I hope she's not we ening. Her answering machine no lo er plays the national anthem and longer invites you to "leave your re message." (Before that, it was Ol' B Eyes crooning "My Way.") Perhaps *is* weakening.

*Sunday, September 7.* I'm asked to pear on *Meet the Press.* (By now, people in my building are used to ing camera crews in the lobby and lir at the door.) Sally Quinn and I face usual suspects in London, including drew Roberts again. I can see him time: a rather faded blond with a sic



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# "I'm the official pisser-on of people's funerals."




**ALL IN THE TIMING: The ABC cameras focused on Mother Teresa's corpse at the precise moment when Peter Jennings solicited Hitchens's comments on his least favorite nun.**

grin. He doesn't have the grace to climb down about the drunken driver, but he no longer poses as a defender of the Princess, and suggests that Prince Charles was the real injured party in that frightful marriage. Tim Russert gives me plenty of time to make a bad boy of myself, while smilingly assuring me in the break that I can forget about the next segment, which deals with matters Calcuttan. I have already met a priest in the greenroom, who demands to know if I have ever experienced an act of God's grace. (Isn't he supposed to be in church at this time of the morning?) My answer, which is in the negative, appears to offend him personally. When can we expect a separation of Church and Network? Not this week.

*Monday, September 8.* An interesting finding, but one that is difficult to record without sounding like a Nixonian politician or a spin doctor. My personal voice mail is running 10 to 1 in my own favor. As a general thing, complainers write and ring much more than those who approve. But those who call me up (I'm in the book) or write to me are overwhelmingly positive. Some people prefer to telephone the magazine in the hope of getting me fired, but in the course of the week—so I am assured—that tone changed in my favor also. I get so many Mother Teresa calls that I put a message on my answering machine, telling of her many services to the richest of the rich and the tawdriest of the tawdry, and of her many lectures on sexual continence to "the poorest of the poor" (as it seems compulsory, for some reason, to refer to them). The *Washington Post* "Style" section reprints the gist of this, as does the *New York Post,* referring to me as Christopher "Hellbound" Hitchens. The number of "hits" on my answering-machine site multiplies. All are enthusiastic except for a Father Daly in Maryland, who nearly suffers a clerical thrombosis while leaving his foam-flecked message, in which I am contrasted to my disadvantage with the noble and pure example of the Young Earl Spencer: a rare instance of reverse Anglophilia from a Hibernian windbag. He is good enough to include his number, which rude communicants almost never do, so I send him a fax advising him that someone is using his name to leave insulting and inarticulate noises on the voice mail of strangers. I promise all my cooperation in the unmasking of the culprit.

*Tuesday, September 9.* As Diana Week becomes Teresa Week, a difference of emphasis emerges. Whereas the Princess was promoted from human to martyr all in one go, and proposed for metaphorical or media canonization at warp speed, Mother Teresa has been drowning in 100 percent adoring and favorable publicity for 25 years. And now that she is a candidate for literal canonization, the media can't find anything to say that it hasn't said many times already. (This ought to, but doesn't, put people on their guard.) When I am accused of attacking the old girl just after she died, my strategy is to say that I always attacked her when she was alive.

*Wednesday, September 10.* Peter Jennings calls. Will I come on a *Nightline* special that covers M.T.'s funeral in Calcutta? Yes. After he hangs up, I think: Good man. He also tried to inject a skeptical note into the Diana discussion. Then I think: Another chance for a bit of grave-dancing. Who am I to be calling people ghouls? I'm the authorized, official pisser-on of people's funerals. This goes to show that we live in a pluralist culture and society where all shades of opinion are canvassed and indeed broadcast. I take another gulp from the poisoned chalice of publicity.

A breakthrough. The Calcutta *Telegraph,* one of the best newspapers in Bengal, has published an essay about M.T. which says, "It was the misery of Calcutta that built up and continued to sustain her reputation, that induced the rich and powerful to give her money and patronage. But Calcutta has little reason to be grateful. It was she who owed a tremendous debt to Calcutta. No other city in the world would offer up its poor and dying to be stepping stones in a relentless ascent to sainthood." The piece is by Sunanda Datta-Ray, one of India's most reputable writers. And the London *Time* has reported it prominently. This gives "permission" for other media outlets to report that there is dislike of M.T. in her home base. Still, it's amazing to see how hesitantly most TV and radio and print people approach the very idea that there could be another side to a question. Nonetheless, however tentatively, more of them are calling me for comment. I get 10 minutes to myself on a Murdoch-owned TV channel in Australia. Junkies need their daily fix.

I am starting to look permanently made-up, which is one of the signs of the micro-celeb. Also, I half knot a tie in the mornings, on the assumption that I'll need it in the course of the day. When this is over, will there be withdrawal symptoms?

*Friday, September 12.* Up to the big city for *Nightline.* The whole ABC set is arranged as if we lived in a one-party monotheist state. "Mother Teresa: A Mission of Mercy." "A Tribute." Etc. I was always taught that the news should not editorialize. (Call me old-fashioned if you will.) Still, I know from conversations with researchers that every network is under the same pressure. You did live coverage for the Princess and not for the Saint? For shame! So here we all are staying up to an impossible hour in order to give live coverage to something that most nobody wants to watch. Want


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Cover:
Bracelet, $175
Earrings, $125
Necklace, $350
In 14K gold
and sterling silver.

Opposite:
Earrings, $195
Bracelet, $650
Ring, $150
In two-tone
14K gold.

This page:
Drop earrings, $95
Bracelet, $295
Necklace, $995
Bangle, $275
Bangle with
onyx, $350
Earrings, $195
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sterling silver.

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This page:
Necklace, $795
Slide, $250
Bangle, $495
Twist earrings, $295
Hoop earrings, $325

Opposite:
Sapphire earrings, $395
Sapphire ring, $495
Sapphire bracelet, $1,995
Emerald pendant, $995
Sapphire pendant, $795
Ruby pendant, $895
Ruby earrings, $895
Ruby ring, $1,295
Emerald earrings, $995
18K gold emerald ring, $1,495

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lant, $995
t pendant, $295
elet, $1,995
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gold ring, $2,495

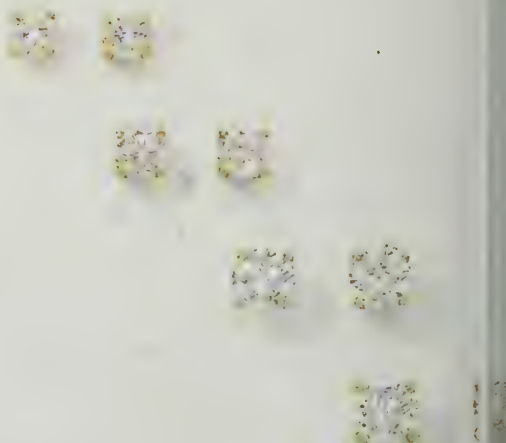
page:
ngs, $495
, $395
arat bezel-set
ire necklace, $2,495
rat t.w. solitaire earrings, $1,295
rat solitaire necklace, $495
rat solitaire necklace, $1,495
s bracelet, $3,495
on-link bracelet, $1,795

14K gold except where noted.
mond weights are approximate.
k cover.



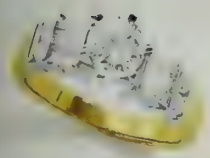


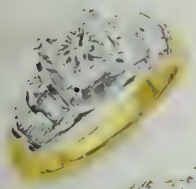


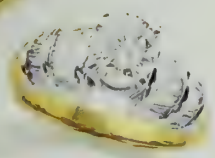


1 carat t.w. princess-cut earrings, $1,995
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1/4 carat solitaire necklace, $495
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Matching earrings, $395
5/8 carat t.w. bezel-set earrings, $995
1 carat t.w. bezel-set earrings, $1,995
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1 carat t.w. diamond earrings, $1,995
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All in 14K gold
All diamond weights are approximate.
See back cover





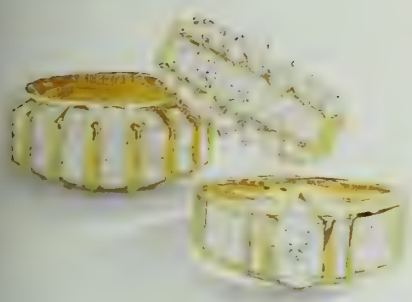




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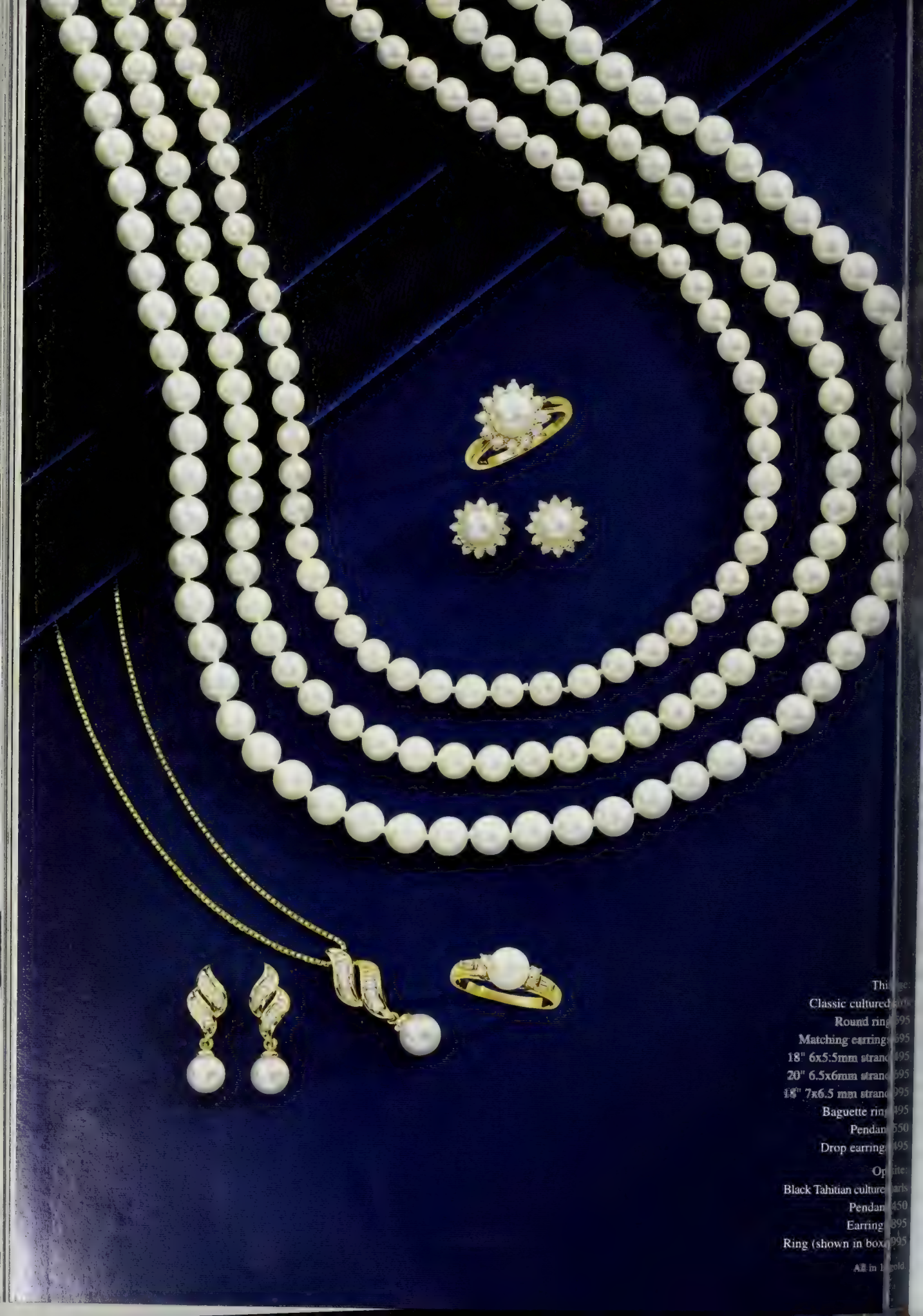
/edding bands
rincess-cut, $4,995
rincess-cut and round, $3,995
rincess-cut with trillions, $6,995

nniversary bands
2 carat t.w., $695
4 carat t.w., $995
carat t.w., $1,495

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carat, $4,995
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carat, $14,500

in 18K gold.
diamond weights are approximate.
back cover
ter stones are not
luded in semimount prices.





Thi ge:
Classic cultured ar
Round ring 95
Matching earrings 95
18" 6x5.5mm strand 95
20" 6.5x6mm strand 95
18" 7x6.5 mm strand 95
Baguette ring 95
Pendan 50
Drop earrings 95

Op ite:
Black Tahitian culture arls
Pendan 50
Earring 95
Ring (shown in box) 95

All in l old.

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# "When can we expect a separation of Church and Network? Not this week."

now the ratings for the M.T. funeral? our point one was the highest, and that I do say so myself) was for ABC. BS and Fox posted 1.5 and 1.4, respec-vely. But the earlier wall-to-wall meant e were stuck, no doubt for reasons of alance," with another wall-to-wall.

And there was nothing to watch. hether held back or not by the Indian ops, the poor of Calcutta stayed away droves. Vast tracts of open pavement re on view behind Jennings's head, d there were huge vacant spaces inside e stadium. Nonetheless, a script is a ipt, and must be adhered to. "Aston-ing outpouring" was a standby left er from the previous week. Best mo-nt—the attempt to go to a reporter o was in the thick of it. "I'm standing the street, Peter," he yelled, hand ssed to his earpiece. "A totally empty eet, as it happens." That did not make air. But since there was no American audience to watch the absence of a lcutta audience, there must be some ubt as to whether this non-event ever lly transpired at all. The newspapers orted the "surprisingly" low turnout, some claimed to find a paradox in sponsorship of the obsequies by the ght and pomp of the Indian state. tually, it was back in 1972 that Indi-Gandhi adopted Mother Teresa and e her India's highest decoration. s, the same Indira Gandhi who went to suspend India's constitution, lock the press and the opposition, and ose a policy of compulsory steriliza-.) Mother Teresa was no stranger to ht and pomp—it was the press that a stranger to the evidence of it.

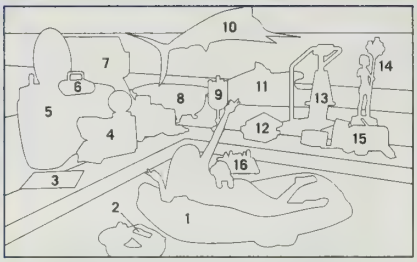
t my chance to say some of this, but the precise moment when I am invit-l to do so, unseen by me, the camera ers on the open coffin, the upturned face, and the sprinkled incense. My , watching at home, has lately, what one thing and another, become e hardened. But she told me it gave quite a turn even so. Watching a , I whistle at the amazing timing. Fif-years I've waited for *Nightline* to ask opinion of M.T. And now this. But can now claim to have canvassed, transmitted, all shades of opinion.

The Greek tycoon scribbler "Taki," in *The Spectator,* writes a courageous and outspoken column, going against the stream once more by praising M.T. for her charity work. He adds that I personally "must be enjoying her death. After all, his mendacious book might sell a copy or two among those who don't know what a snake he is." And, presumably, even among those who *do* know. A vaguely consoling reflection.

*Sunday and Monday, September 14 and 15.* I am denounced, in the same news cycle, by a columnist in the *New York Post,* by Cardinal O'Connor, and by Rosie O'Donnell. Every time I put down the phone, it rings again. Brent Bozell in the *Post* has heard the fragment of an M.T. obit that I recorded for National Public Radio about a year ago, when it looked as though she might check out. *All Things Considered* is denounced for including me. "There you have it," fumes Bozell, "the life of an angel, reduced to dirt by a reprehensible Marxist guttersnipe." I had no idea it was that easy. Mr. Bozell is proud of his loyalty to his namesake and father, who was speechwriter and biographer to Senator Joe McCarthy. They share a tendency to flattering exaggeration.

Ms. O'Donnell kicks off her diatribe with the usual description of M.T. as "pretty much a living saint," and denounces ABC for featuring a puke-making Brit (whose foul accent she lampoons). "What kind of a cynical person? . . . I wanna get this guy on!" I telephone her booker and publicist. First, I loved the "pretty much." Second, I'll come on any time. Third, I was the guy who wrote a *Vanity Fair* Spotlight on her in September '93. The accompanying pic had her grinding her high heel into some man's underwear. I always






1. *Inflatable flower bed*
2. *Motorola cell phone (usually attached to ear)*
3. *Classic edition backgammon set*
4. *TVs galore*
5. *Vanity (circa 1930)*
6. *Sony boom box*
7. *Clothes & shoes (Versace, Gucci, Keds)*
8. *Claw-foot bathtub*
9. *Silver candelabra*
10. *Pointy wall ornament*
11. *Yamaha Wave Blaster*
12. *Master's Pizza ("the works, please")*
13. *Exercise gear (mandatory for pizza lovers)*
14. *Funky old lamp*
15. *"Noodles'" dog stuff (pooper-scooper, et al.)*
16. *Sunscreen SPF #8-80 (always practice safe sun)*

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thought Betty Rubble was a bad career move for her. So it's come to this. I have become the sort of person who rings up daytime TV shows.

The *New York Post* reports Cardinal O'Connor, "leader of New York's three million Catholics," deploring "the almost unbelievably tasteless manner in which some of the television and radio stations reported on the life and death of Mother Teresa." His spokesman, Joseph Zwilling, is reported by Karen Lee Phillips as having identified me as the target of this homily. I call Zwilling. What is it in my book or my critique to which he objects? Zwilling denies saying any of this to the reporter, and says he's never read my book. I call the reporter and tell her that Zwilling is calling her a liar. Let God sort it out. In the last interview I read with the cardinal, he regretted having denounced *The Satanic Verses* without going to the bother of reading it. A useful late-blooming insight, probably too quickly forgotten.

Words to avoid this week, or perhaps any week from now on: "idol" and "icon." These once meant only the show-biz versions of graven-image worship, or of the cult of mortal beings. Now they mean the real thing. And spiritual and secular leaderships compete to prostrate themselves. By the way, what have we "chosen" for our idols and icons? A simpering Bambi narcissist and a thieving, fanatical Albanian dwarf. Nice going.

*Tuesday and Wednesday, September 16 and 17.* Kitty Kelley launches. I send a samizdat copy to a friend in London. There's a skirmish on both flanks of the Atlantic. Was her timing in bad taste? Is there anything new in her book? Does she make anything up? By now I'm back on the everyday turf of Pacifica Radio, BBC World Service, and CNBC's *Equal Time.* I go through the motions (no, it wasn't; yes, there is; no, she doesn't). I learn something from going on a chat show on Irish radio with antique British satirist Richard Ingrams, former editor of *Private Eye.* Apparently, Evelyn Waugh always maintained that the Queen Mother could get pregnant only if suspended by her legs from a chandelier. So perhaps the artificial-insemination story is well founded. But it's not the same somehow. I don't get the chance to say that M.T., having campaigned in Ireland in 1995 to keep the Irish constitutional ban on divorce, then instantly gave an interview to *Ladies' Home Journal,* approving the divorce of her friend Princess Di on the grounds that her marriage had been so unhappy!

*The New York Times* runs an article comparing the fate of Kitty's book to mine. The wistful, therapy-sodden headline: BEING CRITICAL WHEN BELOVED FIGURES DIE. Kitty is quoted as being suitably sad and restrained, and turning down requests for interviews "immediately following Diana's death." The reporter goes on: "That kind of reticence was not shared by Christopher Hitchens, who quickly agreed to interviews in the aftermath of Mother Teresa's death." Including, indeed, the one that led to this stab-in-the-front article. And it's O.K. to rush before the cameras if you are going to say the same thing as everybody else. Still, being underbid by K.K. in the brazen stakes is a trophy of a kind.

What I learned from my brief excursion into the rarefied media layer is this: Michael Frayn was right, in his novel *The Tin Men.* There really is a department somewhere which asks consumers of news whether, on learning of a train crash, they want "children's toys still lying pathetically among the wreckage" or, on learning of a plane crash, they want it "backed up with a story about a middle-aged housewife who had been booked to fly aboard the plane but who had changed her mind at the last moment." If ever you criticize the prevailing news values, whether to a booker or a researcher or a pre-interviewer or a presenter, you will always be told that the public wants it this way, and is only being given what it wants, and indeed likes what it gets. So that's all right, then. Of course, the public can have it any way it likes with entertainment, or sports, or chat shows, or movies (though I think that people in focus groups who demand moist and happy endings should be compelled to view the "product" produced in their name). But news can't be made to fit a profile, because news by definition involves telling people what they don't know, and may not even "like." That in turn is why so much trouble is taken, in designing news coverage, to put the emphasis on what people know, or think they know, already. That's why a fringe republican, this past September, achieved brief notoriety as a "royal-watcher," and that's how miners in West Virginia happened to be shaken awake and polled about whether a certain Charles could now decently wed Camilla Parker Bowles. If the miners had not desired this treatment, surely they would not have been given it. □

James Wolcott



**TRUMAN ADMINISTRATI** Truman Capote, photographed by Cecil Beaton in Tangier, Morocco, 1949—one year after his acclaime literary debut, *Other Voices, Other Rooms.*

# THE TRUMAN SHOW

## George Plimpton's new oral biography of Truman Capote provides a sound-bite séance for a life in three acts: the *Breakfast at Tiffany's* beginnings, the *In Cold Blood* crescendo of acclaim, and the bitter finale of *Answered Prayers*

Truman Capote was the most extraordinary literary exhibit of the talk-show era. Bizarre as he looked and sounded (his high-pitched voice could scrape paint), he was perfect for TV. In a medium which prizes close-ups, Capote was all head, and what a head, a magic lantern lit with mischief. Its bulging size and lolling movement, offset by his baby-blond hair and the lizard flick of his tongue, fixated the camera and filled the screen. He was more than telegenic. A debauched angel with a bourbon drawl, the likes of which had seldom been spotted outside of Tennessee Williams's swamp mists, Capot had a knack for the swift kill of th sound bite. On David Susskind's *Ope End* show, he dismissed Jack Kerouac' work with the still-quoted remark "[I isn't writing at all—it's typing." Years late he rollicked Johnny Carson's audience b claiming that the author of *Valley of th*

# HARRY WINSTON

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*Dolls,* Jacqueline Susann (with whom he was feuding), resembled "a truckdriver in drag"—a wisecrack that sent Susann and her husband reeling to their lawyer, Louis Nizer. As Capote grew older, his mind aslosh with alcohol and drugs, he lost pinpoint control of his poison darts. In one of his late-70s TV appearances on New York's *Stanley Siegel Show,* he affected a fey Rip Torn persona ("I'll tell you something about fags, especially southern fags. We is mean. A southern fag is meaner than the meanest rattler you ever met . . . ") and laced into his former friend Lee Radziwill, his face puffy, his diction gummy, his words seeming to wander off on their own. The TV screen, which had been his vanity mirror, turned into a CAT scan of a mind in public ruin.

These three TV appearances correspond to the three stages of Capote's career, as he himself conceived it. Act I was the golden-boy period of *Other Voices, Other Rooms,* published in 1948 (the year of such heavy clompers as Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions*), culminating in the critical and popular success of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* a decade later; Act II was the arduous climb and *excelsior* cry of *In Cold Blood,* which brought him wealth, magnified fame, and critical acclaim; Act III, the mandarin phase, was pledged to *Answered Prayers,* his magnum opus about the emaciated courtesans of the ruling class that would be his Proustian feast for posterity. As his performance with Stanley Siegel suggests, Act III proved to be a bitter anticlimax; instead of a grand finale, the curtain came crashing down on Capote's head. Not only didn't he complete *Answered Prayers* (boogying the night away at Studio 54 may have unfastened the girdle of his Flaubertian resolve), but the parts that were published cost him the friendship of the Fine Bone Structure socialites Capote called his "swans"—most prominently, Nancy "Slim" Keith and Barbara "Babe" Paley. He was ostracized and traumatized. His last years were a sad muddle of blackouts and ambulance rides.

This doesn't dampen interest in Capote. If anything, the opposite. For many, the fizzle of *Answered Prayers* and his personal tailspin offer a spectacle more engrossing than the perfect arc of a distinguished life. A dignified exit may be desirable in principle, but if you can have your subject bumming around in his bathrobe in public, then you've got yourself a Cautionary Tale. There but for the grace of God and an empty liquor cabinet go I. Capote's star-crossed life, chronicled in a superb biography by Gerald Clarke published in 1988 (and currently being reissued by Ballantine), is being examined under the celebrity spotlight again this month in George Plimpton's *Truman Capote* (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday).

> *I know what is being said about me and you can take my side or theirs, that's your own business.*
>
> —The opening sentence of Capote's first published story, "My Side of the Matter," *Story* magazine, 1945.

Like *Edie,* the biography of Edie Sedgwick that Plimpton edited with Jean Stein, *Truman Capote* is an oral documentary which consists of quotes from interviews edited into snack-size sound bites: Memory McNuggets. What's eerie is how many of these remembrances issue from the ether. Diana Vreeland, Slim Keith, Leo Lerman, Herb Caen, Diana Trilling, Kathleen Tynan, Irving "Swifty" Lazar, the team of Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale—all have died since the interviews were conducted. With its ghostly chorus, the book is both a séance and a memorial

**"Capote had a knack for the swift kill of the sound bite."**



**BY GEORGE** George Plimpton, seen here in the *Paris Review* offices at his Upper East Side town house, interviewed more than 120 people for *Truman Capote,* his forthcoming oral biography.

service—a memorial service for Capote himself and a requiem for the prehippie postwar era, before hedonism hardened into decadence, when society still had a capital *S* but had begun to loosen its pearls and swing. Like *Breakfast at Tiffany's* Holly Golightly, Capote's most enduring creation, Capote was a starry-eyed opportunist, but unlike her he didn't drift up, down, and sideways like a stray bit of feather. His social ascent, which carried him from the swimming holes of his native Alabama to luxury yachts anchored in the Mediterranean Sea, was one of the great solo guerrilla operations of the century.

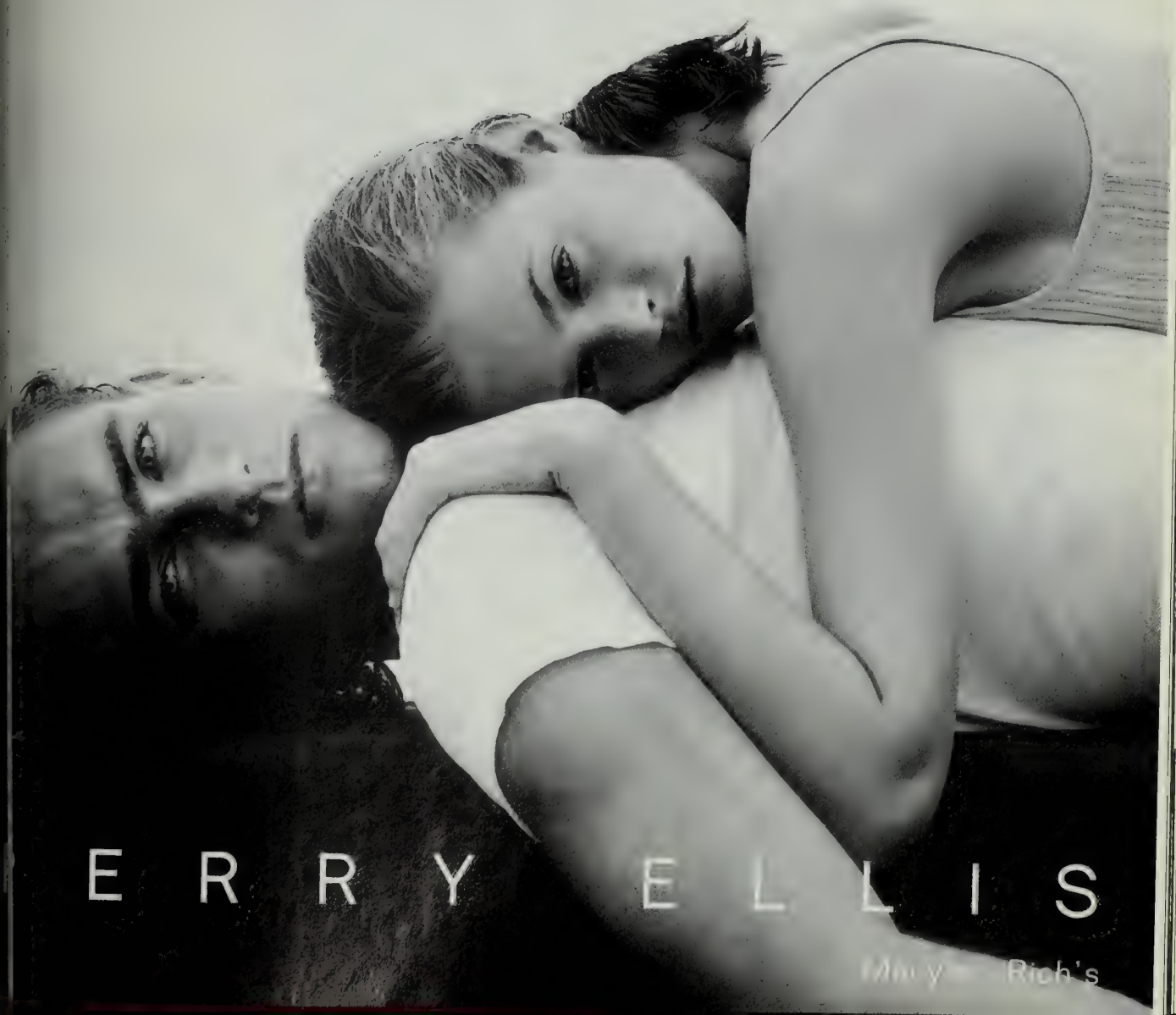
## Act I

Born in 1924, Capote grew up in a small town in Alabama, next door to Harper Lee, who would later write *To Kill a Mockingbird,* basing one of the characters on him. Divided natures are nothing new to artists (who, more than most people, are both subject and object, civilian and spy), but Capote was figuratively and physically split in the middle. As the writer John Malcolm Brinnin recounts in Plimpton's book, hereafter known as *T.C.,* "Willowy and delicate above the waist, he was, below, as stout and chunky as a Shetland pony." A centaur with a Napoleon complex, Capote combined the dreamy hypersensitivity of a poet with the push and stamina of a Balzacian upstart from the provinces. Forced to fend for himself after his mother, Nina, left him behind to glam-

360°

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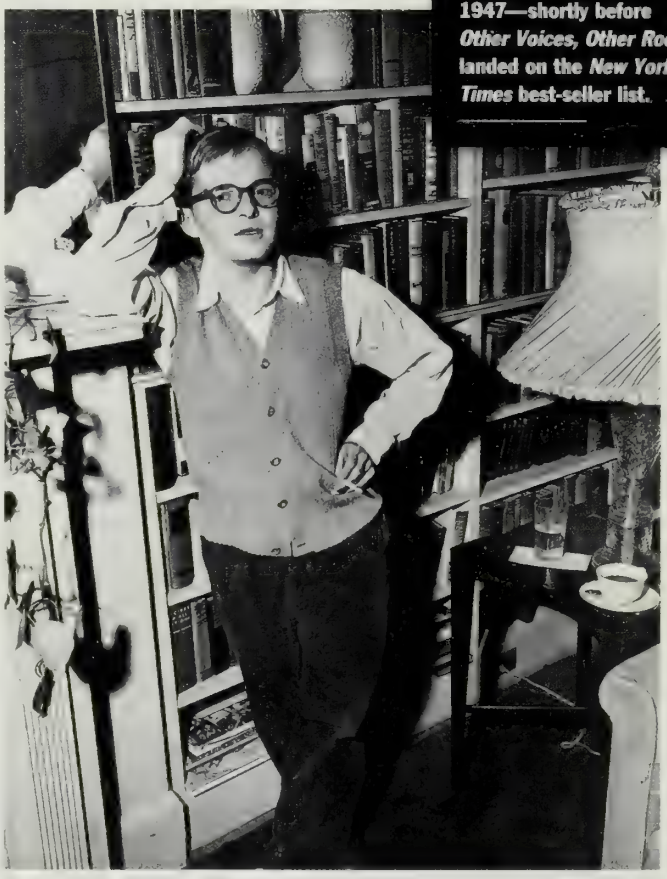
ERRY ELLIS

Macy's Rich's

up in New York (his biological father wasn't really in the picture), Capote "never had a center in his life," according to one of his aunts, and the archivist Andreas Brown says that "Truman's whole life was haunted by abandonment." This sense of isolation made him adaptable, fanciful (he was always thinking up stories), and as acutely observant as only those who take nothing for granted can be, but it also robbed him of any inner anchor. He would complain later of lifelong "free-floating anxiety"—what Holly Golightly called "the mean reds."

Being the center of attention at least gave him a fixed position. When Capote was in the second grade, he learned that he would be leaving Alabama to live up North with his mother. "He said he wanted to throw a party so grand that everybody would remember him," Jennings Faulk Carter, a cousin, recalls. He decided to host a Halloween costume party, and created elaborate games for the other children to play. The party was nearly stampeded by a visit from the Ku Klux Klan, who had heard tell that there might be Negroes present and set upon one scared (white) boy dressed as a robot, whose cardboard legs prevented him from fleeing. After Harper Lee's father and other powerful townsfolk gave the sheeted rednecks the big stare, the Klansmen slunk off to their cars. With its giddy buildup and unexpected drama, this going-away party was the forerunner to the masked Black and White Ball Capote would host for Kay Graham in 1966, a night of operatic intrigue which was the Woodstock of the tuxedo brigade. (Don DeLillo devotes a chapter to its mythos in *Underworld.*)

While still in his teens, Capote was hired as a copyboy at *The New Yorker.* The editor, Harold Ross, looked askance at his flouncing down the corridors "like a little ballerina," in the words of one spectator. The cape Capote wore in the office also probably added an inch or two to Ross's porcupine hair. Copyboys and girls come and go at *The New Yorker,* they flicker like fireflies, so it was a shock to some of the old gray mares at the magazine when Capote's debut novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms,* was published and they realized that this poppet had such confident prose in him. A precocious marvel when it appeared, *Other Voices, Other Rooms* has been severely marked down in recent decades (Cynthia Ozick took a mallet to the novel in her collection *Art and Ardor,* pounding it as paste jewelry), part of a general devaluation of the whole school of Southern Gothic, whose carnival-sideshow grotesqueries seem rather faded and clown-forlorn now. The stories in *A Tree of Night* (1949) and the novel *The Grass Harp* (1951) were likewise gaudy and impressionistic. If Capote had continued manufacturing pathos and plastic honeysuckle, he might have occupied the same small but durable niche today that Carson McCullers (*The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*) does. His book of travel essays, *Local Color* (1950), an attempt to widen his compass, was a series of exquisite watercolors in prose—the descriptions so preciously sweet, he seemed to be writing with a peppermint stick.



**BOOKWORM** Twenty-three-year-old Truman Capote, photographed in New York, 1947—shortly before *Other Voices, Other Rooms* landed on the *New York Times* best-seller list.

*Breakfast at Tiffany's* was Capote's Houdini escape into open air. Originally set to be published in *Harper's Bazaar* until an officious dolt in the Hearst hierarchy interfered (it could be said of him what was said of the editor who rejected Poe's "The Raven": Congratulations; you goofed), the novella, although set in the 40s, conveys the champagne fizz and sparkle of fashion magazines in the 50s, the infusion of frisky new energy into old money. It's all surface, but the surface dances. A call girl and gold digger, Holly Golightly tears through the lives of those around her like a small duster, her flighty narcissism making her as hard to lasso as the most enigmatic European beauty emoting for eternity. *Breakfast at Tiffany's* captures that period in everyone's life in the city when new acquaintances offer fresh avenues to experience, and even bad experiences feel like initiation rites. Critics drew parallels between Holly Golightly and Christopher Isherwood's Sally Bowles, but the desperate yearning enveloped in Holly's wheedling charm expressed Capote's own desire to be admitted into the V.I.P. room. The writing is eager and limber, drained of southern (mil)dew, offering the prospect that Capote might become the *petit maître* of cosmopolitan tales, a Maupassant of the cocktail hour. It was not to be. He had a masterpiece to hammer.

"Capote claimed that everybody found him irresistible."

### Act II

On November 15, 1959, a couple of lowlifes named Dick Hickock and Perry Smith descended on the Kansas farmhouse of Herbert Clutter and his family. The two jailbirds had been tipped in prison that there was a large stash to be taken from the farm, but robbery




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turned out to be incidental. They slaughtered the Clutter family, leaving blood and hair on the walls, escaping with a measly 40 or 50 dollars. On assignment for *The New Yorker,* Capote went to Kansas to investigate the case (which at that point was still unsolved), accompanied by Harper Lee. *In Cold Blood* would take six years to research and write, its publication delayed not only by the reporting involved but by the need for dramatic resolution. Capote befriended Hickock and Smith (some say fell in homoerotic love with Smith), their murders a blow to the heartland and a desecration of the American Dream. Such elaborate foreplay went into the promotion of *In Cold Blood* (Capote was a crowd teaser as well as a crowd pleaser) that the book was heralded years before it was even finished. When *In Cold Blood* was serialized in *The New Yorker,* it was the closest thing the publishing world had seen to Beatlemania. The four issues broke the magazine's newsstand-sales record. The reviewers went hoarse with hyperbole. "He now broods with the austerity of a lock on everything.'" But Kauffmann's and Mailer's astute gripes place them in the minority camp. Most readers, then and now, maintain an almost religious attachment to Capote's text.

The tumultuous success of *In Cold Blood* was the making and breaking of Capote. Some say that the shock of witnessing the executions left an existential hollow in his soul, others that all the fame and glory expanded an already swelled head. There's little doubt that certain tendencies in his character be

## "Capote put his faith in the fool's gold of gossip."

but friendship be damned—for the good of the book, for the sake of justice and symmetry, they'd have to die. The composer Ned Rorem recounts that in 1963 Capote confided that his book "can't be published until they're executed, so I can hardly wait." Two years later, he was still pacing. Kathleen Tynan, the wife and biographer of the critic Kenneth Tynan, says, "In the spring of '65 Ken met Truman, I think, at a Jean Stein party. The decision had just been made that the guys would be hanged and Truman, according to Ken, hopped up and down with glee, clapping his hands, saying, 'I'm beside myself! Beside myself! Beside myself with joy!'" When he witnessed the actual executions, Capote went wobbly and wept, and his description of the executions in the book has a penitential dolor. But his original jig can't be ignored. Critics and pundits interpreted the book, and the movie made from it by Richard Brooks, as a statement against capital punishment—sheer piety.



**SOUTHERN COMFORT** Truman Capote charms Gina Lollobrigida on the Ravello, Italy, set of John Huston's *Beat the Devil,* for which Capote co-wrote the screenplay, March 24, 1953.

*In Cold Blood* is self-consciously classical in its structure and presentation. It has a churchly sense of its own high aspirations. Capote wanted to prove that he could be the interpreter of the invisible eye of God, that he could divest himself of literary plumage and delve into evil and death. The Clutters—mom, pop, son, daughter—are ready-made symbols: the model American family, America in microcosm, Greek or an Elizabethan," proclaimed Conrad Knickerbocker in *The New York Times Book Review,* though he didn't specify which Greek or Elizabethan. A notable dissent was Stanley Kauffmann's review in *The New Republic,* which deplored the compressed goo of Capote's Reddi-wip prose and contended that for all the book's heavyweight flexing it was psychologically slight and "residually shallow." It's a complaint echoed in *T.C.* by Norman Mailer. "I was unsatisfied when I read it. I thought, 'Oh, there we are again, that goddamn *New Yorker,* always ready to put a head-

came more pronounced. Hi lying, for example. Lik many writers, Capote had al ways been an embellisher trying out things for effect now his lies took on a brazen grandiosity. He claimed tha everybody, male and femal alike, found him irresistible Albert Camus, Errol Flynn Greta Garbo—all succumbed to his honeyed tongue. Hi friend Leonora Hornblow (now, there's a name) re calls, "He said he'd seduce Norman Mailer. My husban got up and went out of th room. . . . Norman Mailer? wouldn't believe that if I sa it on this carpet!" Me neithe but it makes for a vivid pi ture. Capote devotee Joann Carson (one of Johnny Ca son's ex-wives) claims tha Truman's lies were harmles fantasies—"In Truman mind, he doesn't li he makes things th way they *should* hav been"—but Gore Vid takes a sterner, Mo taignesque line, belie ing that Capote's lyin was hostile and inten ed to harm others.

Accompanying th lying was an inflammation of snobber Capote, schooled in prissiness under Ce il Beaton, had come too far to conso with nonentities. The Black and Whi Ball was a lavish exercise in pomp ar exclusivity, the delight being in decidi who made the cut. Leo Lerman: "One the things he adored saying was 'We maybe you'll be invited and maybe y won't.'" One of the *Rashomon* momer

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in *T.C.* comes from the conflicting testimonies of the glittering guests, some of whom thought the party never got off the ground and others who seemed to have spent the night blissfully levitating. Some outsiders (like firebrand Pete Hamill) thought it was in poor taste to conduct such opulent revels during the Vietnam War—it smacked of Marie Antoinette. The furor only heightened Capote's status as the little potentate of the ladies who lunch, making him "the most lionized writer since Voltaire, socially" (so sayeth the jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane). But at what cost to the quality of his brain? In his 60s diary, Edmund Wilson reports on a party starring Jacqueline Kennedy and Tennessee Williams at which "Truman Capote kissed all the ladies mushily with an 'Mm-mm-mm, Sarah,' etc." Multiply that a few thousand times and you're talking major sappiness. Babe Paley and Slim Keith may have been charm personified, but many of the rich twits he sought to amuse must have been studies in taxidermy. One of the comedies in both the Clarke and Plimpton books is the spectacle of Capote staying as a guest on his friends' yachts and being browbeaten to see historic ruins ("some big old bunch of fucking rocks," he complained). Culture bored him blind. He wasn't interested in the great works of the past but in the daisy chain of infidelities that made up the secret annals of society.

**BLOODY GENIUS** Flaunting copies of his latest best-seller, *In Cold Blood*, Truman Capote poses at Random House, New York City, 1965.




## ACT III

*Answered Prayers* was intended to be the ark that would survive Capote's lifetime and be his canonical legacy. For all his worldly success, he lacked full literary-establishment embrace. Incredible as it seems, *In Cold Blood* won neither the National Book Award nor the Pulitzer Prize. Both honors would go to Norman Mailer years later for *The Armies of the Night*, which infuriated Capote ("Norman Mailer, who told me that what I was doing with *In Cold Blood* was stupid and who then sits down and does a complete ripoff"), who grumbled about a "Jewish mafia" that had it in for him. *Answered Prayers*, its title taken from a possibly misattributed quotation from Saint Teresa of Avila ("More tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered ones"), would be his masterpiece and silencer. It would have the sanctity of art, the dazzle of showmanship, the savage bite of an inside scoop. Only problem was, Capote was frozen at the console. Having compiled notes and spoken of the book since 1958, he conjured such a dense, shimmering mirage in his mind that the actual writing of the book seemed inadequate, like straining the Sahara through an hourglass. Deadlines to deliver the book came and went. Finally, in the mid-70s, he began to peddle portions of the unfinished novel to *Esquire*—a strategic gamble, since an adverse reaction can cripple a writer's morale.

The first glimpse, "Mojave," went over well. Then Capote gave *Esquire* "La Côte Basque, 1965," which would prove the blunder of his life. The chapter is a suite for voices, a cutthroat string quartet, narrated by Capote's protagonist P. B. Jones, a writer–masseur–male prostitute (busy, busy, busy), but dominated by his lunch date, Lady Ina Coolbirth, a coarse version of Slim Keith with Carol Matthau and Gloria Vanderbilt eavesdropping at a nearby table and providing bitchy counterpoint. The dialogue about face-lifts and fat legs is serrated and overrehearsed, Capote's society swans sounding more like vultures picking over a carcass—"Shi served up on a gold dish," in the words of the art historian John Richardson. The set pieces within this set piece are two long anecdotes by Ina, the first involving the shotgun killing of her husband by Ann Hopkins (a thinly disguised Ann Woodward), an alleged murder that was ruled accidental; the second recounting an adulterous episode in which a powerful businessman beds a governor's wife, a "porco" with the mouth of "a dead and rotting whale," who "punishe[s] him for his Jewish presumption" by leaving his sheets sopping in menstrual blood. Unable to summon assistance, he spends frantic sweat-drenched hours trying to scrub the blood from the sheets before his wife arrives home. Forget the misogyny that informs all of the unfinished *Answered Prayers*—that women are vulgar messes. The shock of recognition that rocked the Capote circle was that the cheating scrubber was clearly based on CBS boss William Paley and the unsuspecting wife of Capote's longtime friend Bab

**"*In Cold Blood* brought Capote wealth and fame."**

Paley. He put filth into the mouth of one friend to slime the husband of another. As an act of betrayal, this counts as a twofer.

Speculation was that "La Côte Basque was Capote's revenge for being treated as a court jester by his jet-set friends. However, court jester was a role Capote sought, not one he had clamped upon him; he prided himself on being able to "sing for his supper." And Capote didn't seem to realize he was playing with dynamite until he blew off both hands. When it was first broached with him that his friends might take offense, he said, "Nah, they're too dumb." But before the issue hit the newsstand, A

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Woodward committed suicide, indicating that the import of the story wasn't lost on her. After Liz Smith did a cover article for *New York* magazine on the brouhaha, providing a scorecard to all the players, a caught-off-guard Capote tried desperate double-track diplomacy. Publicly, he not only defended the sacred right—nay, duty—of a writer to rat out those near and dear to him, but promised even juicier carvings to come. (A subsequent excerpt in *Esquire* featured Capote on the cover, fingering what looked like a stiletto.) Privately, he funked. *All my rich, idle friends have deserted me!* Too old and obvious to make new rich, idle friends, he tried to patch things up with the former ones. He had his boyfriend, John O'Shea, phone Slim Keith as he listened on the extension. He wrote letters to Babe Paley. He professed his innocence to those who could serve as intermediaries. Running into Leonora Hornblow, he asked, "Did you really think it was Babe? Did you really think it was Slim?" She replied, "Truman, come on," and quoted the line from *Born Yesterday,* "Never crap a crapper." He had grace enough to laugh.

## "His ball was the Woodstock of the tuxedo brigade."



**SWANS AT PLAY**
**Capote's coterie of women included, *clockwise from top left,* Babe Paley, Slim Keith, Lauren Bacall (with him at his legendary Black and White Ball), Joanne Carson, and Lee Radziwill (here with Capote and Norman Mailer in 1972).**

During this crisis period, Capote said to Diana Vreeland, "Oh, honey! It's Proust! It's beautiful!" It was a line of defense seized by others at the time, that all literature is gossip, and didn't Proust leech off and tattle on his aristocratic coterie? Yet no sane person reads *Remembrance of Things Past* for tawdry tidbits on long-dead duchesses; its trance power derives from the opium jag of its reveries and perceptions. Gossip can be the germ for fiction, the initial trigger, but gossip shorn of any other purpose is belittling and petty. It reduces the complexities of character and motive into gotcha moments of shame and hypocrisy. In an essay on gossip that appeared in *Clinical Studies: International Journal of Psychoanalysis,* Sergio C. Staude observes that gossip serves a dual function—to spread a secret and to safeguard it by enlisting the listener as an accomplice. "[Gossip] will reveal something, but, following the rule of furtive dissemination, will prevent it from reaching the public. When it does, we are in another domain: that of news, of information, of the exhibitionist boast, that of treason or outrage." Cries of treason and outrage buffeted Capote, and as subsequent installments of *Answered Prayers* emerged, it became evident that he had no ulterior design to justify the gossip as social criticism or artistic license. He reported gossip without reimagining the participants. "Kate McCloud" featured cameo appearances by Tallulah Bankhead and Dorothy Parker as drunken bags; "Unspoiled Monsters" is littered with sneering references to lesbians ("pockmarked muff-diver" and "slit-slavering bitch") and score-settling shots at Ned Rorem ("a queer Quaker") and Arthur Koestler ("an aggressive runt"). *Answered Prayers* was probably bitched from the start, to use a phrase of Hemingway's, not only because Capote put his faith in the fool's gold of gossip and chose a narrative persona whose pissy attitude robbed the book of expressive range (it's hard to convey disillusionment through a hero-whore who sounds jaded from the get-go) but because his lyric gift couldn't withstand such elongation. As the writer Marguerite Young puts it in *T.C.,* "Like many American writers, he existed in tidy vignettes of limited dimensions. . . . But just stringing them together doesn't make an epic. An epic has to have a vast undertow of music and momentum and theology."

It's possible that the publication of "La Côte Basque" was semi-deliberate self-sabotage—an unconscious act of suicide. Capote's mother, Nina, who longed to be accepted into café society, committed suicide by swallowing pills at the age of 48. Capote, who was accepted by society, may have harbored a resentment and self-loathing that compelled him to push the self-destruct button in a similar desire for oblivion (or a gesture of solidarity with his dead mother). For in detonating himself he precipitated a renewal of the very abandonment he had felt in his childhood and feared all his life would happen again. Even Lee Radziwill, treated kindly in "La Côte Basque," dumped him, refusing to intercede in a legal battle between him and Gore Vidal, telling Liz Smith, "Liz, what difference does it make? They're just a couple of fags." No one as canny as Capote could do something this convulsive without deeper forces at play. His weeping disbelief at the misery and havoc the story caused him and others suggests a profound psychological disconnect. The phrase "social death" has never been more apt. Capote



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killed himself off in the eyes of others and rolled downhill in a slow twilight of pills and drugs.

His last days were comic horror. Bereft, running on inertia, a social lion turned social leper, he found refuge in the Los Angeles household of Joanne Carson, who kept a bedroom for him which later became a kitschy shrine. She mommied him in his hour of need; she created a protective bubble and kept the bad people away. "When Truman was here, I put my answer phone on and I was not available to anybody, because my time was so precious." They drove to Malibu and flew kites—kites are a recurring motif in Capote's fiction—or took imaginary trips together. Joanne Carson:

> He'd call me from New York and say, "Tomorrow we're going to Paris." I would pick him up at the airport; we would come home, I would put my answer phone on, and cancel anything I had for the next day, and when I would wake up in the morning he would bring in a tray with croissants and sugar cubes from the Ritz Hotel and little jars of marmalade from the Hotel Crillon, which of course he'd lifted. Then we'd take out books from the Rodin Museum, books from the Louvre, and we'd take a trip there. "Now we're going to have lunch," he'd say; he'd pick a restaurant and we'd have a French-style cuisine here to match, and so we would spend a whole day in Paris without moving. We did the same thing with China. We went to Spain; we went to Mexico.

All without ever leaving the house. Doesn't it sound charming? Doesn't it sound insane?

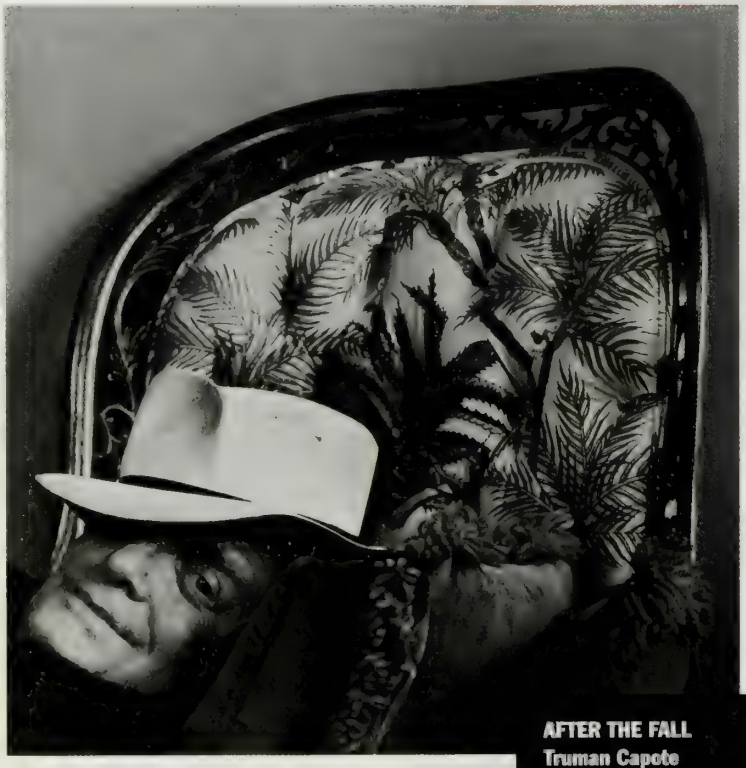
On Saturday, August 25, 1984, Capote expired at Carson's house, though one comedienne wickedly speculated that he had died on the lawn and she dragged him indoors. His funeral would have made a fitting sequel to Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One.* The service was held at noon at the Westwood Mortuary on a day so hellish you can practically hear a giant fly buzzing on the soundtrack. Robert Blake, who costarred in *In Cold Blood* but was more famous as the streetwise cop in *Baretta,* babbled in actorspeak about himself. The bandleader Artie Shaw went off on an endless tangent about Duke Ellington's funeral. Joan Didion: "We were watching and suddenly a glaze came over Artie's face and he realized he was far afield. So he got a grip on himself, and he said, 'And many of the same lessons apply. These were some of the same thoughts that were in my mind today!' " Didion's husband, John Gregory Dunne: "This thing was a fucking nightmare. Absolute nightmare. Then Joanne Carson got up with great rivulets of mascara coming down, like a couple of rivers, and she read from one of the stories, gulping away like people who can't control their tears." The last speaker was Christopher Isherwood, who said that the wonderful thing about Truman was that he had always made him laugh, a remark that some found winning and others (the *Rashomon* effect again) found coy. In the latter camp was Carol Matthau, who told Plimpton, "He said, 'Everytime I think of Truman, I laugh.' And he laughed and laughed. I think he was tinkling in his pants. It was a debacle."

Capote's divided nature followed him into beyond death. According to Joanne Carson, his wish was to be cremated and have "half of his ashes kept in Los Angeles and half in New York, so he could continue to be bicoastal." Truman Capote—terminally chic.

### Epilogue

But let's not end on a snotty note. Although he's been dead more than a decade, Truman Capote doesn't seem a dated figure, unlike so many writers of his generation (James Jones and Irwin Shaw, to name two). His iridescence has kept his reputation alive. Capote had a tabloid mentality with a slick-magazine gloss, which made him one of the most representative writers of his (and our) time, a roving ambassador between the last remnants of the Beautiful People and the celebrity photon chamber of *People* magazine, where new famous nobodies are covered weekly. Like Andy Warhol, whom he worked with at *Interview,* he understood that in the media universe real fame and bogus fame occupy the same lustrous plane, or at least adjoining booths on *The Hollywood Squares.* Capote's tragedy was that he came to value the spoken word over the written word, believing that he could sweet-talk his way out of anything because he had sweet-talked his way in. He was both the snake charmer and the snake, toying with toxic insinuation until the spell snapped and he was bitten by his own sound bites. In a chapter of *T.C.* called "In Which the Reader Is Let In on TC's Secret," we learn that Capote kept a small studio apartment where he maintained a collection of snakebite kits, which he decorated with collages and cryptic phrases, like Joseph Cornell boxes. It was his private stash of voodoo, an attempt (like his fiction) to make something lasting and celestial out of loneliness, mendacity, and fear. I bet they're beautiful. □

> "Capote was both the snake charmer and the snake.



**AFTER THE FALL** Truman Capote photographed by Arnold Newman at his United Nations Plaza apartment, New York City, June 28, 1977.




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**PARTING GLANCE** In perhaps the last photograph taken before the accident that claimed their lives, Dodi Fayed and Princess Diana, in the backseat of their chauffeur-driven Mercedes, prepare to leave the Hôtel Ritz in Paris on August 31.

# DODI'S LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

## Drifting from Europe to Hollywood, Dodi Fayed moved in the massive shadow of his tycoon father, Mohamed, spending recklessly in pursuit of love and status. His romance with Princess Diana seems as inevitable as it was tragic

**BY SALLY BEDELL SMITH**

The giant photographs, sized two by one and a half feet, were larger than life in their gilded frames: Diana, the Princess of Wales, was radiant, and Emad "Dodi" Fayed, in open-necked sport shirt, looked equally relaxed among arrangements of lilies and trailing ivy in one of the main windows of Harrods on London's Brompton Road. In the background, a bejeweled mannequin in Egyptian robes and headdress stroked a golden harp as if beckoning the portraits heavenward. Behind her was the store's famous Egyptian Hall. Here, years earlier, the sphinx heads along the molding had been cast in what appear to be the likeness of one man: Mohamed Al Fayed, the store's billionaire owner, and the father of Dodi.

Diana and Dodi had died in a high-speed car crash 10 days earlier. But the Harrods window still drew throngs of mourners bearing notes and fresh bo quets. The messages offered impassion variations on a single theme: Dodi a Diana, star-crossed lovers, united in et nity. Peaceful at last. Together. *Forever*

Diana is now sealed into the collecti memory, and not with Prince Charl the father of her sons and source much of her unhappiness, but with man who had been at her side for of three weeks, a man scarcely kno

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outside certain rarefied precincts of London, Manhattan, and Hollywood until his name burst into the tabloid press in August when he publicly became Diana's consort.

In the dramatic quest for public sympathy that unfolded after the royal divorce, Diana showed a genius for manipulating the press. She was the "people's princess," rebelling against the haughty royals. What better way to annoy the British establishment than by taking up with a man whose father's garish wealth and business manner made him an outsider among the upper classes?

After being denied British citizenship, Dodi's father had bitterly cited racism. Later, Mohamed Al Fayed drew further enmity after revealing that he had paid prominent Conservative members of Parliament to raise questions relating to his business interests in the House of Commons. Fayed's revelations of Tory Party "sleaze" contributed to Labour's landslide last spring. (*Vanity Fair* is involved in libel litigation with Mohamed Al Fayed, arising out of a September 1995 article. In July, due to the recent delivery of further defense material, the case was adjourned from its scheduled hearing and is now fixed for September 1998.)

What Diana may have been slow to fully appreciate was that her relationship with Fayed's son would almost certainly have dimmed her place in the British imagination. Her mystique rested not only on her glamour and vulnerability but also on her monarchical and aristocratic associations. Had the Princess actually married Dodi and settled, as some speculated she might, in Paris, she would probably have lost favor, even with the masses.

Dodi Fayed was a 42-year-old man/child with a lavish monthly allowance by most accounts $100,000. He was charming and generous, but his good intentions couldn't dislodge his reputation for reneging on commitments and creditors. He was seen as someone who lacked the drive—or, more flatteringly, the ruthlessness—to make it on his own. When his romance with Diana hit the headlines on August 7, Dodi suddenly faced the kind of scrutiny that even members of royal families are ill-prepared to withstand. If Diana was reading the tabloids closely, as she was known to do, she likely learned a lot. Dodi was accused of failing to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars in rent, wrecking rental properties, selling film rights he didn't own, and neglecting to pay attorneys, doctors, repairmen, and even his projectionist. One account, from model/actress Traci Lind, alleged that during their affair they used nicknames (Bruisey and Gippo) and fought "like children," trading pushes and slaps. She also claimed that he once threatened her with a nine-mm. Beretta.

**MATERNAL INSTINCTS**
**In this photograph from the Fayed family album, taken around 1970, Dodi is seen in Alexandria, Egypt, with (from left) his mother, Samira, his maternal grandmother, Samiha Khashoggi, and his half-sister, Gigi. His uncle on his mother's side (not pictured) is Adnan Khashoggi, the multimillionaire arms dealer.**



The biggest splash came in mid-August when a sobbing 31-year-old model named Kelly Fisher sued Dodi after he jilted her to take up with Diana. Having suffered the demise of an engagement sealed with a sapphire-and-diamond ring, Fisher accused Dodi of failing to pay her $440,000 in "premarital support" which, she claimed, he had pledged in return for her giving up modeling. (Exhibit A: a check for $200,000 that he had written to her on a closed account.)

Fisher sold her story to Rupert Murdoch's *News of the World* and the *Sun* for an estimated $300,000 to $450,000. Sh claimed that while Diana was on on Fayed yacht she and Dodi were on ar other, making love. She said that Doc kept an "astonishing array of weapons, and that he was "flabby and out c shape" and so germ-obsessed that h traveled with Handi-Wipes and oxyge tanks. (After Dodi's death, Fishe dropped her suit.)

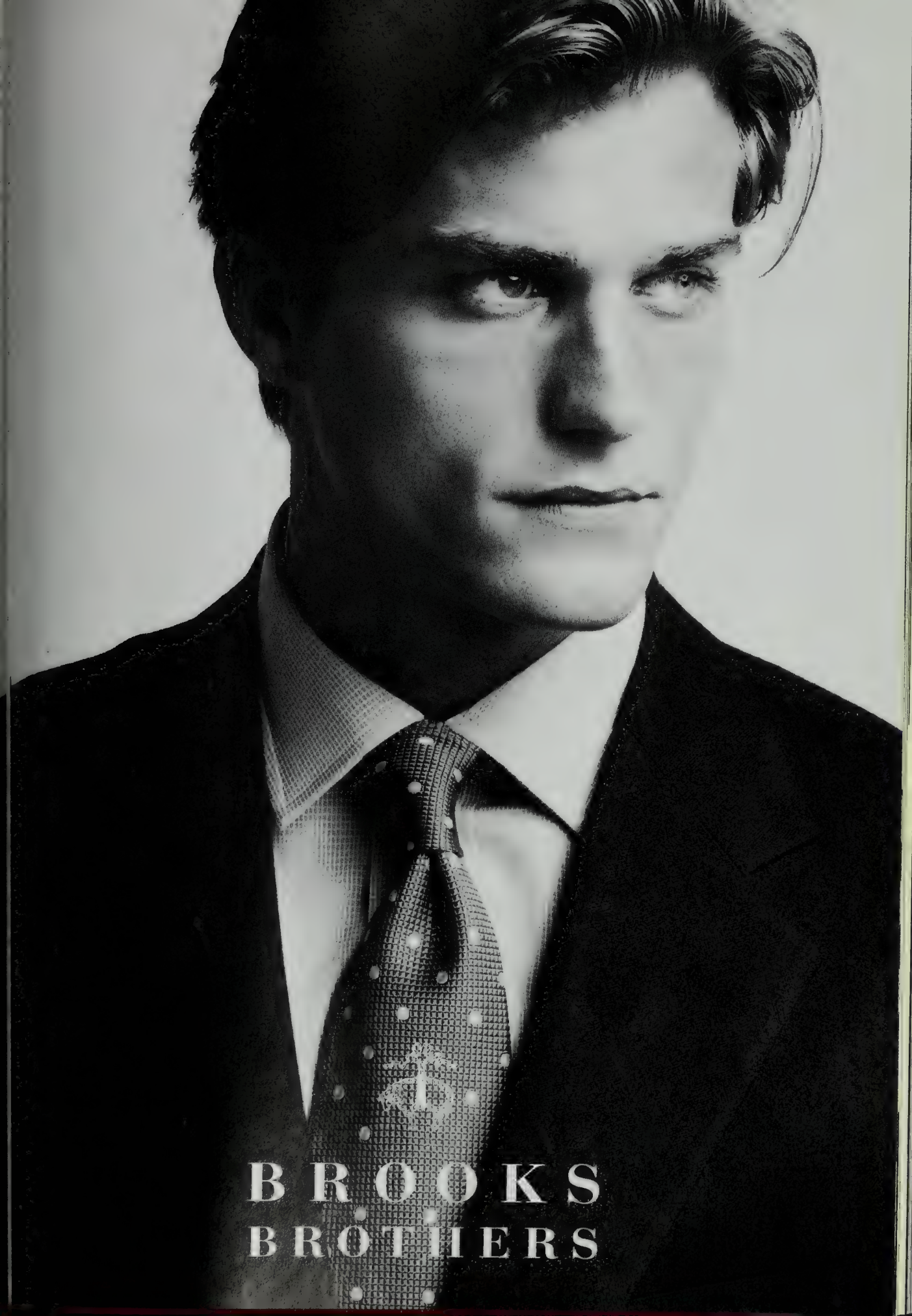
Understanding Dodi is complicatec he was a chameleon with a tendency t tell tall tales about himself. "Dodi wa many things to many people," says Tin Sinatra, his longtime friend with whor he had a brief romance in the 1980. "His relationships were very va ied and quite inconsistent."

In Arabic, Dodi's given name Emad—means "someone you ca depend on," but friends an foes remember him as desperate needy, by turns generous and i sensitive, impulsive and carefu He had been a rich, lonely chil and his financial dependence c his father stunted him as an adu Even in his 40s, friends called hi a "kid" or a "boy."

Lacking any real profession distinction, he defined himself t women—the more famous ar beautiful the better—actresses Va erie Perrine, Brooke Shields, Joa ne Whalley, Winona Ryder, Tan Roberts, and Mimi Rogers; mo els Marie Helvin, Koo Stark, Tra Lind, and Julia Tholstrup; celeb ties Tina Sinatra and Charlot Hambro (a granddaughter of S Winston Churchill's). He pursu them with unabashed roman cism, idealized them, and som times spurned them. "He had the at tude that the woman he was with refle ed on him," says his longtime friend M chael White, a producer. Princess Dia represented Dodi's lifetime achievemer

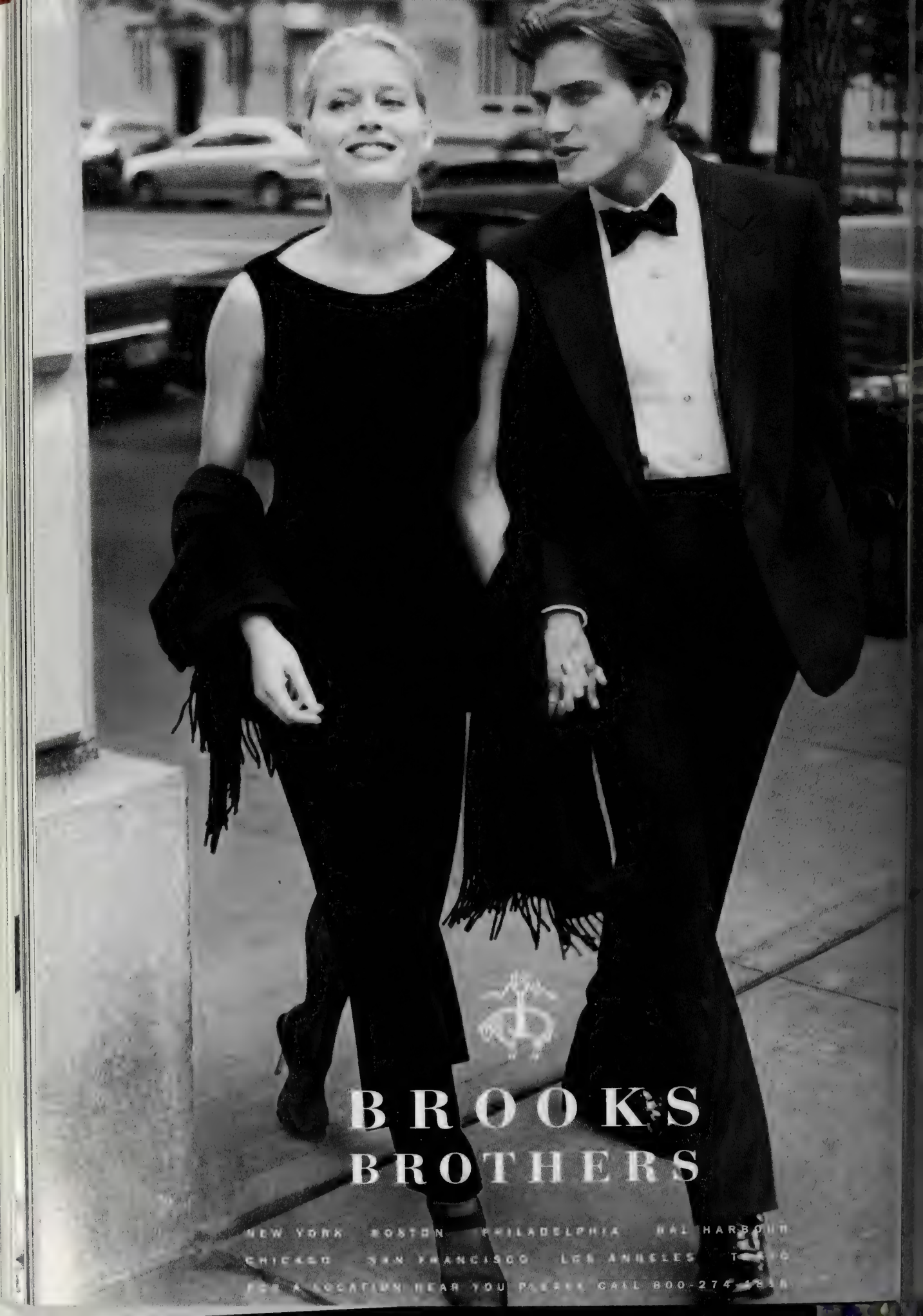
Winging his way on G II's and cru ing on 200-foot yachts, sending gifts caviar, cashmere, and smoked salmon his friends, Dodi had no "real life." H never had a home to speak of. His fath owned the apartments on Park Lane London and just off the Champs-Élysé in Paris where Dodi often stayed. Dc rented mansions and beach houses Los Angeles, and used his family's va tion homes in Saint-Tropez, Gstaad, a Scotland. "I have no idea where Dc thought was home," says White.

"Around the office we used to alwa say, 'Dodi is a CONTINUED ON PAGE


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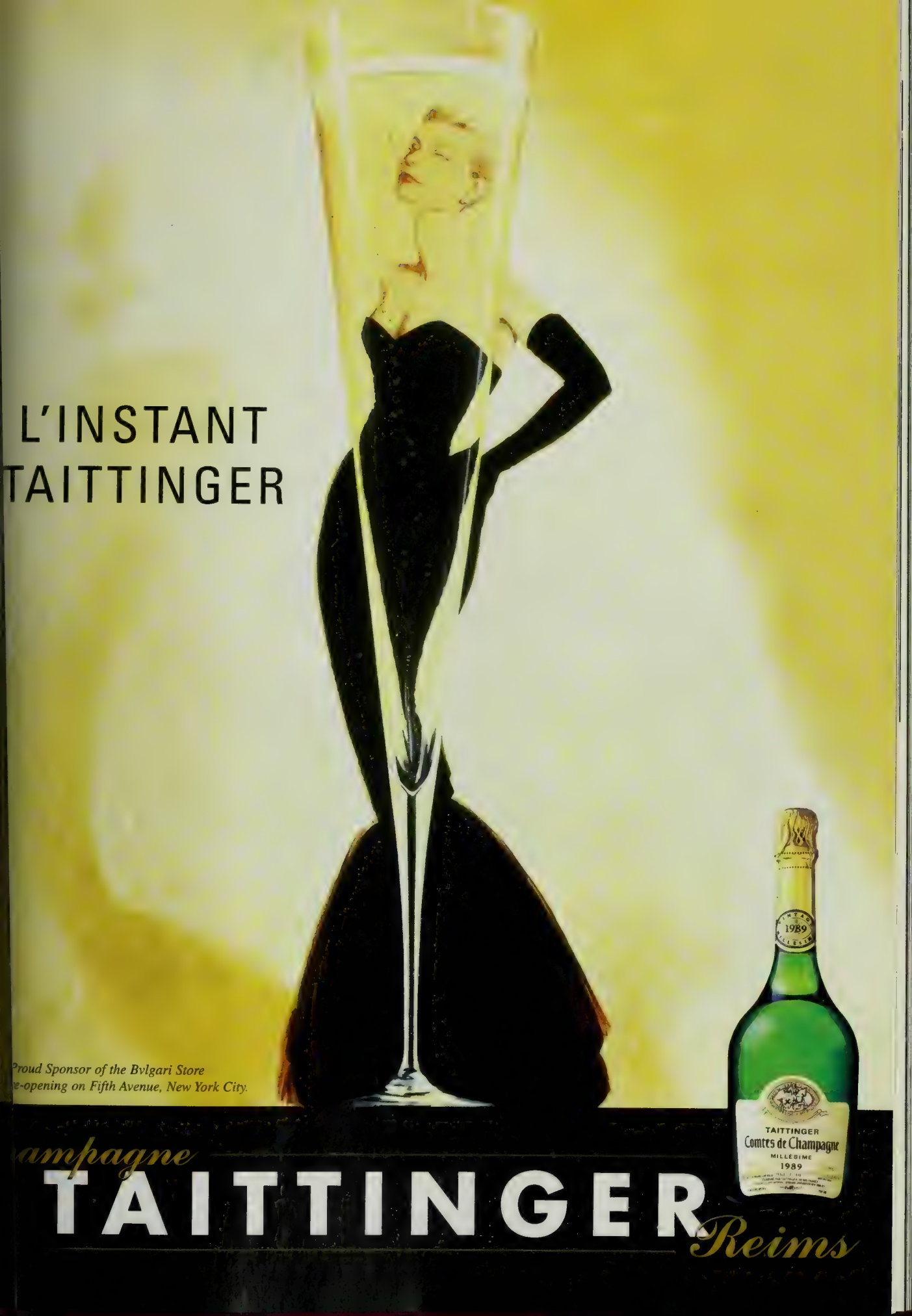
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NTINUED FROM PAGE 140 character in novie,'" recalls Jack Wiener, a producer who was Dodi's partner for seven rs. A sense of unreality touched rything Dodi did; in many ways, he s the victim of his own misguided, pelessly romantic dreams.

t the time of Dodi Fayed's birth, on April 15, 1955, in Alexandria, Egypt, his father was working for $280 a nth as a "commercial manager" for urniture-importing company owned Adnan Khashoggi, a Saudi Arabian would later become a multimillion- arms dealer. Mohamed had met Ad-'s sister Samira on Stanley Beach in xandria in 1953, and they married on 16, 1954.

he Khashoggis had a good pedi-e: Adnan and Samira's father had n private physician to the king of di Arabia. Although Dodi's father ld later claim to have been born an old Egyptian family enriched shipping, land, and industry, he actually the son of an Alexandria olteacher. Business documents list amed's birthplace variously as Al edia, Dubai, Alexandria, and Cairo. Mohamed's relationship with Khagi ended in 1957 amid recrimina-s. By 1959, Mohamed and Samira divorced. The father received cus- of his son—according to Muslim m, as Dodi would explain—and the grew up in Alexandria. Mohamed a Finnish wife, Heini, who bore four more children. Dodi's mother ied her cousin and spent time in , Paris, and Madrid. Her second and died in a car crash at age 45, er mother, Samiha, died at 51 after ched face-lift. For all her heartache, ra kept her affectionate nature. li obviously inherited from his er all those gentle, wonderful, n, and kind characteristics," says Marie Helvin, his close friend.

odi disclosed little about his upbring-ut he indicated that he had been for largely by servants while his fa-raveled the world. "One measure of D 's] isolation," recounted *The Sunday Ti*, "is that close family members seem e with whom he lived, recalling ly that his time was divided between and palaces on the Côte d'Azur."

st accounts said that Dodi was ised a Muslim, though, oddly ough, he told Suzanne Gregard—is ife for eight months during the 19 —that he considered himself a Catholic. "Maybe the help in the house was Catholic," says Gregard. He also suggested that for most of his childhood he didn't really know his mother. Gregard believes that he didn't actually meet her until he was in his teens—though photographs show him with her at five or six.

Dodi was the stereotypical poor little rich boy, showered with toys, treated to luxurious holidays, but essentially lonely. Jack Martin, a Hollywood columnist and Dodi's friend of 22 years, remembers a conversation during Dodi's 30th-birthday party thrown by friends at the White Elephant on London's Curzon Street. "Dodi turned to me—and this is the only time I saw him teary," recounts Martin, "He said, 'This is the first time anybody has ever given me a birthday party.'"

In 1968 his father sent the 13-year-old Dodi—a mediocre student—to Le Rosey, a small Swiss boarding school famous for its unique three-month skiing term in Gstaad.

Dodi left after one year, according to Philippe Gudin, director general of Le Rosey. Peter Riva, grandson of Marlene Dietrich and a Le Rosey grad, remembers that Dodi found it "really tough." During a lunch with Dodi's father in the early 80s, Riva asked, "Why did you send him there?" Mohamed replied, "I knew people who sent their children there."

**"Around the office we used to always say, 'Dodi is a character in a movie,'" recalls a producer who was Fayed's partner for seven years.**

The next five years of Dodi's life are an enigma. "I don't know anything about that, I'm afraid," says Michael Cole, a spokesman for the Fayed family. "Mohamed was living here [in London]. Dodi would probably have lived here, but I don't know what he was doing." Several reports indicate that Dodi's father provided him—at the age of 15—with his




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**Traci Lind alleged that she and Dodi used nicknames (Bruisey and Gippo) and tha he threatened her with a nine-mm. Beretta.**





**GOLDFINGER'S GIRLS** *Above, left,* Dodi with his imported American Mustang in London, 1972, and, *right,* that same year with Tina (second from left) and Barbara Broccoli (right), daughters of producer Albert "Cubby" Broccoli, who helped inspire Dodi to enter the movie business.

own London apartment, at 60 Park Lane (a building Mohamed still owns), along with a chauffeured Rolls and a bodyguard.

We do know that at age 19 Dodi enrolled at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, where he took the six-month course from January through June 1974. (The half-year stint was a less stringent version of Sandhurst's traditional program.)

Dodi submitted to Sandhurst's regimen of fitness training, marching, team games, exercises in signals and communications, and training in weaponry and other military equipment. "He had a reasonable build. He wasn't fat and pampered and soft and flabby," says Major Tim Coles, who lived in the room next door. "He walked gracefully and converted it into an upright military posture.

"I don't remember him making a particular fuss," continues Major Coles. "He was quiet, intelligent, pleasant, had a good sense of humor, was friendly, and appreciated help when anyone gave it."

Dodi ended his military career after receiving his commission at graduation—the equivalent of a second lieutenant. He told Major Coles that he planned to join the Dubai air force; instead, he served briefly as an attaché at the United Arab Emirates embassy in London. The job didn't limit his active nightlife. He began to frequent Tramp, a members-only London nightclub owned by Johnny Gold, a friend of Mohamed's. "He would come here with eyes popping," recalls Gold. With its booming disco and hamburgers garnished with suggestive messages ("To a sexy dish"), Tramp was a magnet for 70s men on the prowl. Gold held court and Dodi joined him most nights, sipping Stolichnayas and smoking Cohibas. "He spent many nights here," says Gold, "often by himself. He was a good bachelor. Women liked him." Dodi's manner was that of a friendly puppy, always eager to please. "What endeared him was that he was without guile, although not without bullshit," says Peter Riva.

Dodi stood about five feet ten, had a soft voice with a slight Middle Eastern accent, curly black hair, expressive light-brown eyes, and a smile offset by a slightly sinister mustache. "I didn't think he was good-looking," recalls Nona Summers, a London socialite. "But he was nicely dressed, wore lovely cashmere, nice shoes, very soigné. And he smelt nice. He loved to laugh."

At 21, Dodi had what Jack Martin calls "his first movie-star romance," with Valerie Perrine, a Texas-born actress—11 years his senior—who was in London filming *Superman*. Martin found Dodi "painfully quiet and shy." Recalls Martin: "He had no discernible ego."

Dodi had been hooked on movies since his mid-teens, when he met Barbara Broccoli, the daughter of the late Albert R. "Cubby" Broccoli, who produced the James Bond films. Through her, Mohamed became friendly with Cubby, and eventually agreed to set up a film business with Dodi in 1979. Mohamed hired filmmaker Timothy Burrill to run the company.

Incorporated in June 1979, Allied Stars Ltd. listed two parent companies: Allied Stars S.A., a Liberian corporation, and the Compagnie de Gestion et de Banque Gonet, a small Swiss bank where Mohamed Al Fayed did business. Allied's first project was *Breaking Glass*, a film about a rock musician. British producers Davina Belling and Clive Parsons had taken the script to Burrill, who submitted it to Mohamed, who provided backing of £1.2 million—equal to $2.5 million then and $5.25 million in today's dollars.

"Dodi's role was not very involved," says Parsons. The crucial financial decisions were Mohamed's, "whether because it was the first film or other reasons." Through a $1.5 million sale to Paramount and other foreign-right deals, the film almost immediately recouped the Fayed investment.

By 1980, Burrill had already launched a second project, based on a script brought in by producer David Puttnam about a Jewish boy and a Scottish divinity student who were on the British Olympic team in 1924. "We submitted it to Mohamed Fayed and he agreed to co-finance the film with Fox," says Burrill. The Fayed investment was $3 mi



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lion, and Fox put up an equal amount. Dodi would later boast to friends that he had discovered the script and pushed the project. "Mohamed," says Puttnam, "made all the decisions. Dodi came on the set for a couple of days, and he came for some postproduction. He was nice and courteous."

Released in 1981, *Chariots of Fire* won an Academy Award for best picture, pulling in some $40 million at the U.S. box office. "The profits were many millions of dollars because the cost of the film was so small and the worldwide gross was so great," says Sandy Lieberson, Fox's president of production at the time. David Puttnam estimates that Mohamed "can't have made less than $10 million."

*Chariots of Fire* put Dodi Fayed in a position to be a major player in Hollywood. But nothing happened for three years. One night in 1983, Jack Wiener, a former Columbia executive turned producer, ran into Dodi at Tramp. "Come and see my dad," Dodi said. "We have this film company now, and it would be really nice to work together." Wiener went to see Mohamed, who made an attractive offer: Wiener would associate himself with Dodi, and Mohamed would supply development money for options and scripts. The only condition, says Wiener, was "we had to come to Mohamed with whatever it was we were interested in."

Wiener and Dodi found nothing promising until a friend of Dodi's came up with the script for *F/X*, a thriller about a special-effects man. Wiener jumped at the project, and Mohamed put up the option money.

Dodi contacted his friend Mike Medavoy, who headed Orion Pictures. Orion financed the film and refunded the development costs to Mohamed. Dodi and Wiener each received producer's fees of $500,000 for *F/X* and its 1991 sequel.

Wiener could have taught Dodi the nuts and bolts of film production. But, as quickly became clear, Dodi lacked the desire necessary to see a film through all the difficult stages of budgeting and production. *F/X* took 13 weeks to shoot, and Dodi was there for 4 of them. Instead of arriving for rehearsals at seven A.M., he showed up at lunchtime. "He had the passion to make movies, but he didn't see his role as being there every day," says Weiner. "It was a shame. It would have been a way for him to learn." Bill Condon, scriptwriter on the *F/X* sequel, had only one meeting with Dodi, whom he thought "incredibly sweet." But Dodi's "one word of advice," recalls Condon, was "to make sure it was funny as well as full of action. That was kind of it, I hate to say. He was marginal."

Enthusiasm helped camouflage Dodi's inactivity. "In meetings he seemed cordial and professional," recalls director Charlie Matthau. "He asked intelligent questions about the script." Those close to Dodi knew, however, that he was simply playacting. "You could sit in meetings and everything seemed perfect," says a producer who worked with him. "But there comes a time when you believe you are another person, and Dodi did that. . . . There was no evil there, just keeping up a particular image that you would love to be."

Dodi—in his 30s by now—had never outgrown his dependence on his strong-willed father, and this he found to be emotionally and professionally crippling. Any son of such a formidable figure must work doubly hard to prove himself, but Dodi never did. Those who knew father and son believe that Mohamed Al Fayed loved Dodi and wanted the best for him. "In a strange way Mohamed idealized him," says a producer, another of Dodi's acquaintances in the film business. But, for whatever reason—perhaps because h grasped his son's limita tions and wanted to pro tect him—Mohamed pu Dodi in an impossibl trap. "It's like whe you are training a do and you use a chok chain," says the produc er. "You give a litt freedom, then you nee to give a pull. Dodi wa encouraged to fly an then not allowed to."

Unable to make an independent decision Dodi never fully exper enced the personal or professional cha lenges of adulthood. He was remarkab sheltered. "He was sort of like a deer the headlights," says producer Mar Canton, the former Sony chieftain wh recently returned to Warner's, whe in the early 80s he first encountere



**GALERIE DODI**
**He liked G II jets, yachts, caviar, and cashmere, but not solitude. Fayed's friends and lovers include: *Top, from left*, Marie Helvin in the 80s; Cathy Lee Crosby, his date for the premiere of *Chariots of Fire*; Prince Andrew's former lover Koo Stark (far right); Brooke Shields; model Traci Lind. *Bottom*, Tina Sinatra; Lynsey de Paul; Suzanne Gregard; Julia Roberts (with whom he attended the London opening of *Steel Magnolias*); and Kelly Fisher.**


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**SON WORSHIP** From left, Mohamed Al Fayed, Princess Diana, and Dodi aboard the *Jonikal*, near Saint-Tropez, July 1997. "Mohamed really did love his son," says Dodi's former partner, "but he could be very strict and, the next moment, extremely generous."

Dodi. As Wiener recalls, "Mohamed would say to me, 'Jack, please keep an eye on him and take good care of him.'" Yet shielding him from failure—and allowing him to maintain the illusion of success—meant Dodi would be caught out time and again.

On the surface, Dodi was a dutiful son. "If we were away he would call his father every day or every other day and report in," says Wiener. Dodi was rarely known to criticize his father. "He had great pride in Mohamed, great respect," says Johnny Gold. "From what Dodi said, they had a wonderful relationship." One close friend did sense that Dodi was "frustrated" by his lack of independence. "He always wanted to please his father," says the friend, "and he would have loved to have been successful like his father."

In Mohamed's presence, Dodi was deferential and quiet. "When Dodi had to see his father, everything stood still," says Nona Summers. His occasional sullenness may have stemmed from what some saw as inconsistency on the part of Mohamed. "Mohamed really did love his son," says Jack Wiener, "but he could be very strict with Dodi and, the next moment, could be extremely warm and generous. That kept Dodi off-balance. Mohamed was the patriarch of the family, and it was difficult because Dodi never knew how his father would react."

With an allowance of $100,000 a month, Dodi, it seems, would have been hard-pressed to overspend, but he leased homes in Beverly Hills and Malibu for $25,000 a month, insisted on chauffeur-driven cars and security guards, and spent wildly to impress friends.

The cycle was inevitable: a spending binge by Dodi was followed by Mohamed's declining to pick up certain bills. "Dodi's father could be quite strict about charges for hotel suites," recalls Wiener, "so we tried to be careful that those mishaps didn't occur." But Wiener couldn't supervise everything. Jack Martin remembers being with Dodi at the Westwood Marquis when Mohamed pulled the plug. "Dodi had done something his father didn't like," says Martin. "He had a penthouse and Mohamed called the management and said, 'I am not paying my son's bills.'"

"Dodi would commit himself and then the funds were not there, and he would try to talk his way out of it," says a producer in Hollywood. When confronted, Dodi would usually apologize and promise payment. If he wrote a check, however, it might well bounce. Peter Riva once cornered Dodi in the lobby of the Pierre Hotel in Manhattan, demanding that he repay him $15,000 for the cost of staying at the Hôtel Ritz in Paris (which has been owned by Mohamed since 1979). Dodi had invited Riva as his guest, and then Riva had been presented with the bill. Only whe Riva got fierce with him did Dodi han over the money—in cash.

Some of Dodi's creditors sued him. I January of 1994, American Express file a lawsuit against Dodi for failing pay a $116,890 debt. According to do uments from the suit, Dodi's extrav gances during one three-month perio included $12,835 on furs, $10,684 on A mani clothes, $14,869 on jewelry, a even $9,385 at Harrods, his fathe store. Dodi's troubles began when wrote two bad checks totaling $31,8 and, in the same month, piled up anot er $60,974 in charges. These includ $5,657 to American Airlines and $5,0 to the Hotel Bel Air. Other creditc walked bitterly away. One promine Hollywood actress had to reupholst every piece of furniture in her Mali beach house because of the dama done by Dodi's dogs during his eig month rental. Although Dodi suppli new fabric and gave up his security posit to partly cover the costs, the tress says, "I just don't think he had spect for other people's property. didn't pursue him, because we want him out of our lives."

During the 1980s, Dodi became part the jet-set drug scene. "He was i cocaine," says Nona Summers, wh own problems with the drug sent into a rehab program. "I never did with him. He didn't tell the truth ab many things, but he told me he done it, that he got himself in trou and stopped." Another friend recall




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scene in the suite Dodi was renting in the Waldorf Towers in New York. "The only time I ever saw a kilo of cocaine was in Dodi's apartment," says the friend. "It was his weekly buy. . . . I was there when the kilo was around, when the cokeheads went into the bedroom." Jack Martin, who says he never saw Dodi high, believes that "Dodi bought a lot more for others than himself. That was part of his low self-esteem. He loved to buy, to give, to provide."

Dodi's impulsive generosity became one of his hallmarks. "He wouldn't give so you would do him a favor," says Peter Riva. "He was after acceptance, people enjoying his company, or prestige." During the filming of *F/X,* Dodi brought Jack Martin to New York and put him up for several months at the Pierre Hotel, where the Fayeds had an apartment. "It was the best way to be a houseguest," says Martin. Once, Dodi was at Tramp when he suddenly remembered that it was the birthday of Johnny Gold's wife. Recalls Gold, "He was wearing a magnificent Cartier gold chain, and he said, 'I'm really bad at this sort of thing,' and he gave it to her."

Nona Summers attended a dinner at Dodi's Park Lane apartment in the 80s with a group that included Jack Nicholson. As his guests sat down, Dodi put a huge white truffle in the middle of the table. While various guests tried to shave it, the truffle rolled around the table, sending everyone into paroxysms of laughter. For dessert, Dodi's waiter brought a tray heaped with ice-cream cones wrapped in paper.

Dodi's generosity extended to himself. When Dodi arrived on the set of the *F/X* sequel in Toronto, Jack Wiener told him he would have to share a Winnebago to keep costs down. "Don't worry about me," said Dodi brightly. He said he had bought a 45-foot luxury coach from a rock band and was having it driven to Canada from Oklahoma. (Actually it was rented.) "Don't you understand?" exclaimed Wiener. "That's going to cost you a fortune." Replied Dodi, "Can't we put it on the movie?" Wiener told him he could not. "We had a very small lot, and the thing could hardly fit in. Eventually they came and took it away," recalls Wiener.

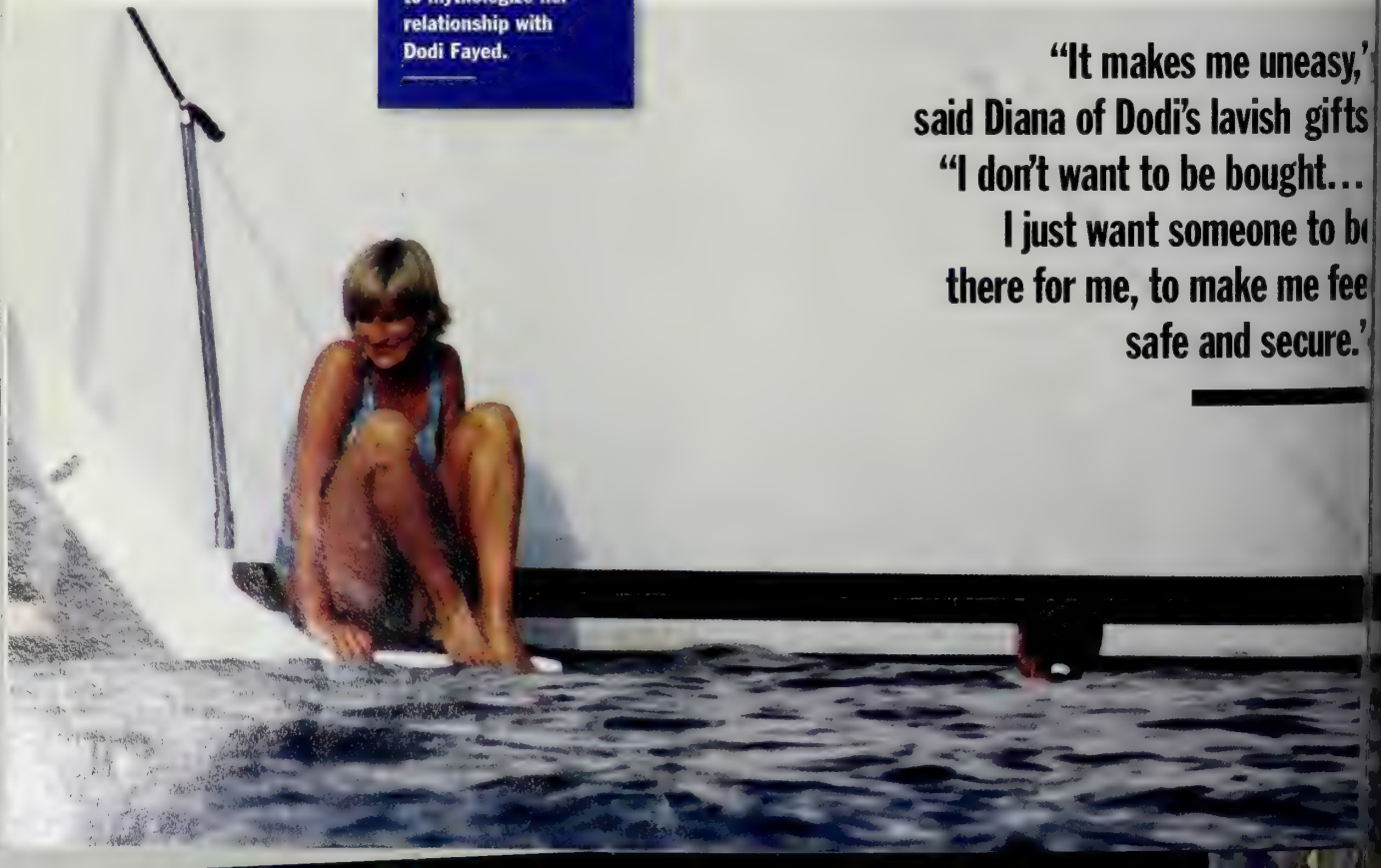
Beginning in the 70s, Dodi began collecting expensive cars, which reportedly included a 1928 Rolls-Royce and five Ferraris. His passion for Italian autos was so intense that in 1989 Mohamed bought Modena Engineering, a Ferrari dealership outside London, and made Dodi a director. Dodi's favorite car at the time was a Ferrari Testarossa that cost $182,000.

Many of Dodi's preoccupations were boyish. His Park Lane apartment featured a collection of baseball caps, and he was obsessed with military memorabilia. He used a family yacht, the *Cujo,* which was a converted U.S. Coast Guard cutter that sometimes flew a skull-and-crossbones flag. When he was in Los Angeles, he drove a $90,000 Hummer.

He rarely read a book and expressed few opinions or interesting ideas. "He wasn't someone who was the life and soul of a party," Michael White says. "He would sit and observe." Dodi scoured the newspapers for gossip but showed no curiosity about politics or world affairs. "He didn't care about what was going on in the world as long as it didn't affect him," says Jack Martin.

Dodi was fanatically concerned with personal security. During one seven-week period in 1987 he ordered "over 700 hours of highly specialized security and surveillance" for $34,023, according to the California firm that he hired. (Dodi's failure to pay the bill resulted in a lawsuit.) Self-importance was clearly a factor, but Dodi seemed to have genuine fear. When he was at Tramp "he would have a drink and go off and dance and then come back and order a fresh drink to make sure nothing was put into his drink," says Johnny Gold. Wherever he went, Dodi would insist on having one or more bodyguards and a backup security car in

**IMAGE-CONSCIOUS** Though Diana often loathed the paparazzi, she didn't always mind being photographed. Here, she poses playfully on the *Jonikal* in July, quite aware of the cameras waiting to mythologize her relationship with Dodi Fayed.



**"It makes me uneasy,' said Diana of Dodi's lavish gifts "I don't want to be bought... I just want someone to b there for me, to make me fee safe and secure.'**

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tow. "I would ask, 'Dodi, who wants to kidnap you?'" recalls Jack Martin, "and he would say, 'I am very valuable.' He played at it."

One of the most disconcerting aspects of Dodi was his tendency to exaggerate the extent of his wealth and privilege. When he rented a house, he would say he owned it. "I don't think a word of truth came out when he talked about possessions," says Nona Summers. "He was gentle and kind but a complete liar. . . . He wanted to impress people."

His friends learned to live on "Dodi Time." "You couldn't get cross with Dodi," says Michael White. "He was like a sweet child in many ways. You felt that if you told him off he would burst into tears. . . . He didn't have the ability to say 'No, I can't do that' or 'I don't have that.' His way of getting out of things was not to be around or not to answer the phone." The tolerance of his friends reinforced Dodi's belief that he could talk his way out of anything.

With the exception of some jilted lovers, the women in Dodi Fayed's life took the most forgiving view of his fantasies and fibs. "His friendships with women were easier," says former wife Suzanne Gregard. "He had an innocence that was very appealing, attractive, and gentle," says Marie Helvin, who was impressed that Dodi did not use profanities and disliked dirty jokes. Helvin and his other women friends served as sister/mother figures who were flattered when Dodi poured out his troubles. But for all the jewelry, furs, and flowers he showered on women, he didn't know how to make any emotional commitments. "He sabotaged his relationships because he was always looking for a bigger and better deal," says a close female pal.

In his adult years, Dodi tried to get to know the mother he had seen so seldom, calling her frequently. He spoke of his mother with reverence and pride. When Jack Martin met Samira in Cairo, he found a flamboyant "Auntie Mame" with lots of jewelry and a great beehive of blond hair. "She was warm but very strong," recalls interior designer Corinna Gordon, a friend for many years. "I think Dodi was a little intimidated."

In the mid-80s, Samira became ill with cancer. When she died in the fall of 1986, Dodi brooded for a long while. His former girlfriend said he went into an emotional free fall." Perhaps coincidentally, Dodi's legal and financial problems started then.

Dodi made his first effort to settle down in 1983, when gossip columns reported his secret engagement to Linda Atterzaedh, a wealthy Iranian, but that fizzled quickly. Afterward, he dated Brooke Shields when she was a sophomore at Princeton. He met Suzanne Gregard when she was a 26-year-old model, and he courted her with his usual avidity, flying her by Concorde to London for weekends, even buying the adjacent seat so she wouldn't have to speak to anyone. When she balked at his invitation to visit England for two weeks, he booked her as a model at Harrods so she would be forced to come. "Dodi worshiped Suzanne," said her brother, Ken. "She actually told me once, 'You know, he gets down on the ground and kisses my feet.'"

Only days before the end of 1986, Dodi proposed that Gregard marry him on New Year's Eve in Vail. "Dodi was a pretty impulsive person," Gregard tells me. "The day we were married the telephone was ringing off the hook with lawyers about prenuptial agreements. We never signed one. Dodi felt it would have been unromantic, and he trusted me."

After a honeymoon in Malibu, the couple settled in a rented ($25,000 per month) town house at 118 East 62nd Street in Manhattan—at Gregard's insistence, so she could continue modeling.

**"Dodi was into cocaine," says Nona Summers. "He told me he had done it . . . he got himself in trouble and stopped."**

But Dodi began to travel while Gregard was away on photo shoots. "I wasn't able to follow him around," she says. "When there is that kind of distance, it is hard." Although neither would clarify the reasons, they decided—after eight months—to divorce. A decade later Gregard acknowledges that she initiated the divorce, and that Dodi had tried for a reconciliation. She also admits that she had been bothered by the heavy security. "We were never alone," she says.

After the divorce, Dodi stuck to his favorite London haunts: Harry's Bar, a Japanese restaurant called Miyama, Tramp, the Italian restaurant San Lorenzo. In Los Angeles he felt at home at the Bistro Garden and Caffe Roma. More often than not he would spend his evenings screening movies for his friends. He had several circles of male chums in Los Angeles and London, but the men closest to him were directors Stan Dragoti and Richard Donner, as well as Tony Curtis, Jack Martin, and Terry O'Neill, the fashion photographer. In the higher-powered Hollywood crowd, Dodi counted studio heads Terry Semel and Mike Medavoy among his friends, along with Mark Canton.

Financially, however, Dodi was more tangled than ever. By 1997 the dockets of Los Angeles Superior and Municipal Courts were filling up with cases in which Dodi was named as defendant. Among the claims against Dodi were $93,053 in back taxes to the I.R.S., $135,575 to director Glen Larson for rent and damages (which Dodi's lawyers paid shortly before his death), and more than $150,000 to another former landlord, entrepreneur Larry Gordon.

In terms of sheer fecklessness and adolescent behavior, a lawsuit Dodi filed in 1993 against a former girlfriend named Amy Diane Brown may have been the most revealing. Dodi and the 30-year-old blonde model had been dating for seven months in 1992 when Dodi installed Brown in a Los Angeles penthouse condominium that he had bought for $175,000 in cash and a $300,000 promissory note. According to Dodi's lawsuit, after Brown badgered him for two months, he pledged to give her the deed once she "promised . . . she would continue to be his romantic companion."

After Dodi had the property transferred, he claimed, Brown summarily dropped him. But, according to a source close to the case, Dodi then held on to some mink and sable coats that he had previously given to Brown and she had been storing at his Beverly Hills home. Finally he filed suit, alleging Brown had "deliberately schemed and planned to deceive him with promises," and asking that the court evict her. She settled out of court, handing over the deed in return for her furs and some cash. Four years later, Brown says, "It is still so terribly painful. I feel he ripped me off."

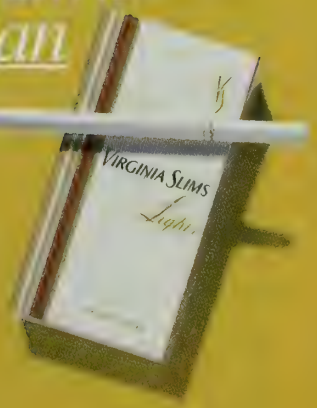
In the last couple of years, Dodi insisted to friends that he was starting to put his professional life together. "He had no stand-alone reputation and he was trying to build that," says Mark Canton, to whom Dodi talked about doing business



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"Dodi hated fast cars.... He was terrified of speed and so cautious that in the past five years he didn't even like to drive himself."

**EVERY STEP SHE TAKES** Diana leaves the Fayeds' Paris apartment—located just off the Champs-Élysées near the Arc de Triomphe—as Dodi waits in the vestibule. They were on their way to the Hôtel Ritz for their final dinner, of scrambled eggs and sole, August 30, 1997.

"My impression was he was more serious this time around."

Mohamed tried for a while to get Dodi involved in Harrods, and in 1989 he put his son on the board and constructed an office for him in the executive suite. Dodi enjoyed suggesting ideas for clothing designs and fabrics at both Harrods and Turnbull & Asser, the shirtmaker also owned by the Fayeds, for window displays, and for restaurants at Harrods, where he took a special interest in the sushi bar. But Dodi resigned from the Harrods board after 18 months, and the Turnbull & Asser board after three years. "He never went too deeply," admits Johnny Gold.

Jack Wiener had left Allied Stars in 1990, and Dodi was given office space at Tri-Star. Dodi subsequently notched production credits on two films: *Hook,* released in 1991, and *The Scarlet Letter,* released in 1995.

With the assistance of his father, a benefactor of the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital in London, Dodi [illegible] acquired the film rights to *Peter* [illegible] author, Sir James M. Barrie, [illegible] bequeathed his copyright to the hospital. Dodi had been trying to develop a Peter Pan movie since 1985 (rather appropriate, given his own character). Finally, toward the late 80s, veteran producer Jerry Weintraub bought the rights from Dodi and sold them for $1.35 million to Sony, which had its own Peter Pan project with Steven Spielberg. Weintraub declined to attach himself to the movie, because it was a Spielberg production. Dodi, however, received an executive producer's credit, though he had virtually no role in making the film.

More recently, Dodi ran into problems with *The Scarlet Letter* (starring Demi Moore). Although the film's principal backer was actually entitled to sell international distribution rights, Dodi sold the rights in several European countries without telling anyone. When the film's director, Roland Joffé, confronted Dodi, he first said Joffé was mistaken. Joffé then produced contracts bearing Dodi's signature, prompting Dodi to claim they were forgeries. Amazingly, Dodi was later accused of trying the same thing with two other films to which he didn't own the distribution rights, *The Grass Harp,* which was released in 1996, and Jerry Lewis's *The Day the Clown Cried,* which was made but never released.

By last spring, Dodi was talking more earnestly about settling down. He told Marie Helvin, "I'm such a different person; I have changed so much." He spoke to Johnny Gold about buying a house in London and, by Kelly Fisher's account, proposed to her no fewer than four times. On June 20, Dodi bought Julie Andrews' five-acre compound at 27944 Pacific Coast Highway on Paradise Cove in Malibu for $7.5 million, including furnishings valued at $250,000. (The actual owner is Highcrest Investments Ltd.) Laughing with Mark Canton, Dodi said he had finally bought a house and paid for it. Fisher later said that the couple planned to live there as husband and wife.

Only weeks afterward, Mohamed invited the Princess of Wales to bring her sons, William, 15, and Harry, 12, to his villa in Saint-Tropez for a vacation. Mohamed had been a friend of her father, the late Earl Spencer, and her stepmother, Raine, the Countess of Chambrun, sits on the Harrods International Board. Asked why she accepted the invitation, Diana explained to one chum that Mohamed's wife, Heini, was "one of her oldest friends."

At first, Diana and her boys were with only Mohamed and Heini and their four children on one of Fayed's yachts, the *Jonikal.* By Fisher's account, Dodi was

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with her on another yacht nearby. Dodi joined his family three days into their vacation. The entire group was photographed extensively by the paparazzi as they swam, Jet Skied, and relaxed on the yacht. On two evenings, Dodi made the strange, flamboyant gesture of renting a disco for William and Harry to enjoy privately. According to Fisher, Dodi was also visiting her on the other boat, and she had no idea he was romancing Diana as well.

Just two weeks later, Diana and Dodi were off on their first vacation together. Dodi said little directly to friends about Diana. Jim Hart, screenwriter for *Hook,* recalls how dazzled Dodi had been by Diana at the film's London premiere in 1992. "He had admired and revered her from afar," Hart says. "He talked about her, what a great lady she was." Those who spoke with Dodi during the three-week romance said he seemed happy. He called Johnny Gold frequently and "used to giggle down the phone a lot," says Gold. "He was enjoying it because he was enjoying her." Instead of being bothered by the tabloid coverage, Dodi seemed to like it. "As an adult he had to prove himself and make himself seem bigger than he was," says Jack Martin. "Dodi wanted to be famous, God knows."

Two weeks before the crash, Dodi returned to Los Angeles to do some business. He phoned friends and visited his longtime pal restaurateur Nicky Blair, at Cedars Sinai Hospital, where he was being treated for cancer. "He gave me a big hug," recalls Blair. "I was really in shock that he came to see me. Everyone was looking for him and he was only in town for 36 hours." Flying back to New York on a private plane, Dodi spoke elliptically about Diana to Mark Canton. "He was happy the romance was blossoming," says Canton. "He seemed superstitious, though. He didn't want to go to where it might lead."

Diana seemed more open. When she and her friend Rosa Monckton went on a holiday to Greece, Dodi insisted they use a Fayed jet, and the two women laughed about the tackiness of what Monckton described to *The Sunday Telegraph* as "green pile carpet covered in pharaohs' heads." Diana also told Monckton she was dismayed by Dodi's lavish gifts. "That's not what I want, Rosa," Diana told her friend. "It makes me uneasy. I don't want to be bought. . . . I just want someone to be there for me, to make me feel safe and secure."

Diana told Monckton that she had made no decisions about her future. Through various journalists—Richard Kay of the *Daily Mail,* Taki Theodoracopulos of *The Spectator*—Diana sent signals that marriage was not on her mind. "It took her a long time to get out of a loveless marriage, and she's not about to get into another," wrote Taki.

According to Michael Cole, Dodi and Diana exchanged gifts on their last day together, August 30. Cole says she gave Dodi a pair of cuff links that had belonged to her father and a gold cigar cutter inscribed "With love from Diana." Dodi is said to have given her a garish diamond-encrusted ring worth $205,000 that he had picked up at the Repossi Jewelers on the Place Vendôme that afternoon. Diana was said to have helped choose the ring, although her friends protested that it wasn't her taste. "It's pretty vulgar, isn't it?" says Kay.

Dodi was also said to have given Diana a small silver plaque, commissioned "from a distinguished silversmith" and inscribed with a poem that he had written. Reports of that detail "stopped me dead in my tracks," Tina Sinatra recalls. When she and Dodi dated in the 80s, he had admired a silver plaque in her house—a gift from her former husband, Richard Cohen, on their wedding day—engraved with these words:

"As if . . . I have tried many things, music and cities, the stars in their constellations and the sea—When I am not with you I am alone, for there is no one else, and there is nothing that comforts me but you."

Dodi asked to borrow the plaque. "He loved it," Sinatra tells me. "He promised me that he would copy and return it, and it became a running joke. After four, five, or six years, I knew I was not going to get it back." Sinatra was actually touched to hear of Dodi's gift to Diana. "It might not be the same plaque," she says. "But if he loved it enough to pass to her, that's very dear. It's something I'll always wonder about."

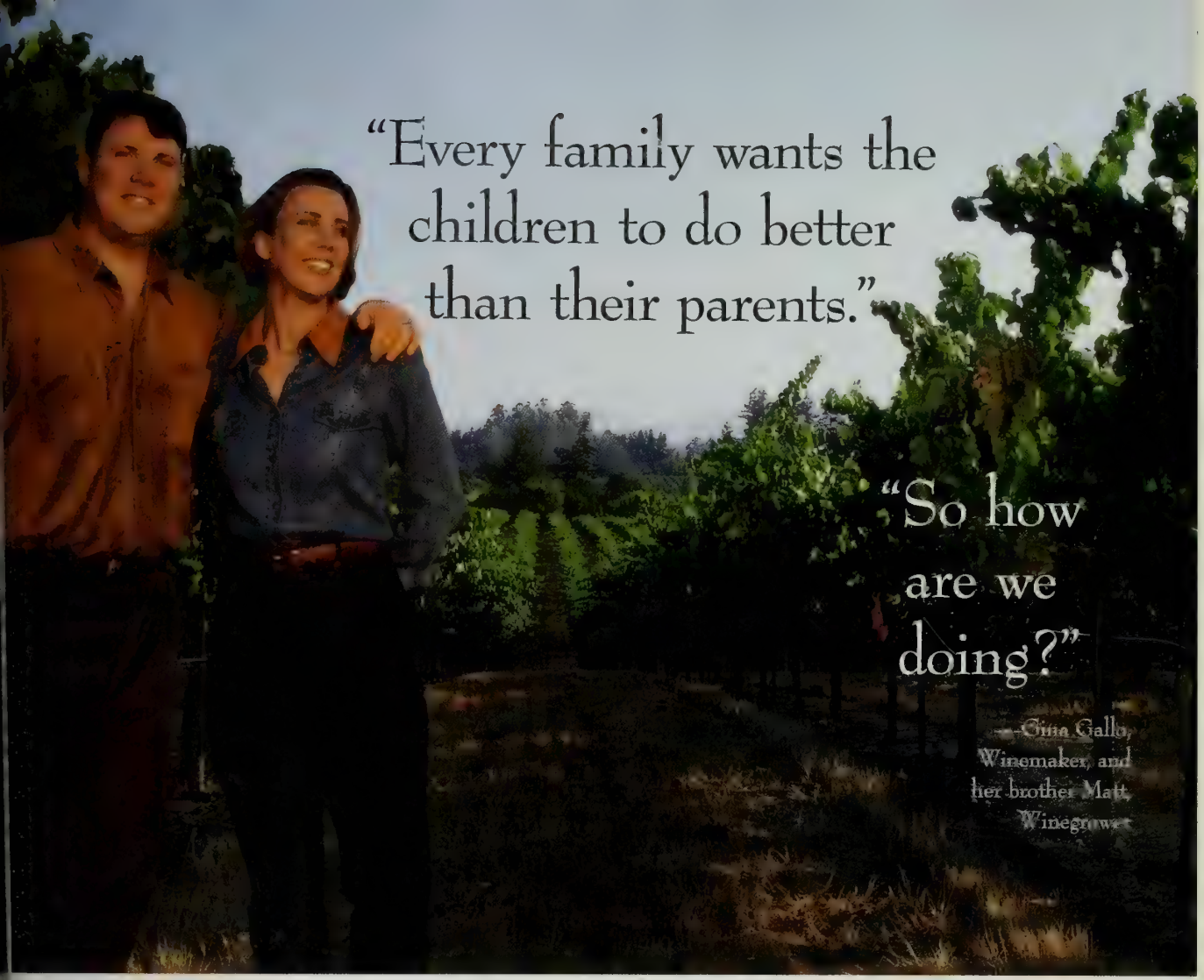
**"Dodi's relationships were very varied and quite inconsistent," says longtime friend Tina Sinatra.**

The investigation by French magistrates of the accident in which Dodi and Diana were killed will grind on. In the meantime, debates continue. Jack Martin vividly recalls careening up Madison Avenue in New York in the 80s as Dodi exhorted his driver to "lose the paparazzi." Dodi's longtime friend Barbara Broccoli wrote in the London *Times* that "Dodi was obsessive about safety—he hated fast cars. . . . He was terrified of speed and so cautious that in the past five years he didn't even like to drive himself."

One of Dodi's former girlfriends recalls members thinking he was a wimp for driving his Aston Martin Lagonda at 40 miles per hour on English country roads. One of Mohamed's former senior security aides has an image of Dodi tooling his Honda Gold Wing motorcyle around Saint-Tropez, "but he never got it out of first gear."

Thirty-six miles outside London, Dodi Fayed was laid to rest in a huge fenced-in grave site, about a quarter acre in size, at the Brookwood Cemetery in Surrey. The day of Dodi's burial the grave site was a muddy clearing. Forty-eight hours later, it had been transformed by a Harrods designer into a garden bower, with a pristine lawn, a curving herbaceous border of mixture flowers, bushes, trees, a bench, and a wide flagstone path leading to the grave. A horizontal marble headstone five feet long and 18 inches high, inscribed DODI, was set behind the marble rectangle outlining the grave, which was covered in green marble chips. Prayers from the Koran were repeated five times a day—an audiotape running from 9 in the morning to 11 at night. In mid-October, the Fayed family moved Dodi's body, headstone, and the surrounding marble to a private plot on their estate in Surrey.

Before that took place, a stream of mourners continued to visit the Brookwood grave. Among them, on a late summer day, was a group of schoolboys in blue blazers, listening intently as their teacher told them the love story of Diana and Dodi. "It's a shame they couldn't have been put together," remarked Carol Brown, an aide to the elderly. "They would have been lovely living together." Dodi Fayed had become a mythic figure utterly divorced from the sad realities of his life. □




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# L.A. CONFIDENTIAL

What happens when a computer wonk gets a cult following among the media and Washington elite? For Matt Drudge of the *Drudge Report*, fame and trouble. A White House aide is suing the "Walter Winchell of the Web" in a libel case that could change the future of on-line journalism

BY JENNET CONANT



It's hard to say exactly when Matt Drudge arrived at the dangerously combustible center of the media universe. How he got there, however, is no mystery.

There was the day Drudge surprised *New York Times* reporter Todd Purdum by casually greeting him on Wilshire Boulevard just weeks after Purdum had moved west to become the *Times*'s Los Angeles bureau chief. "So," Drudge said, "how do you like being in town? Found a house yet?" "I thought he was the C.I.A.," says Purdum, who says he is rarely recognized on the street.

There was the day *Times* columnist Maureen Dowd was trying to keep a low profile at an ABC press briefing, when Drudge materialized out of nowhere and began quizzing her about what she was up to. Not only did he r
writer, he told her that he a
Anita Hill–bashing writer
had once paid a surprise
Washington town house, ho
her frying an omelette. Bu
home. "You know where I
reportedly asked in horror.

Then, last April, there w
the White House CONTINUE



PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160 Correspondents' Association Dinner, where he nearly eclipsed the newly uncloseted Ellen DeGeneres and Anne Heche. "People thought it was pretty cool," says James P. Pinkerton, a *Newsday* columnist who took Drudge to the event. "He's very nice and fun and full of gossip."

By late June, Drudge was the guest of honor at a party thrown by Brock and Laura Ingraham, the Jenny McCarthy of conservative television punditry. A large, bipartisan crowd welcomed him at Brock's N Street town house—everyone from Michael Huffington to Mandy Grunwald. *Newsweek*'s Howard Fineman told Drudge he was "the biggest thing to come along in journalism since Hunter S. Thompson." (Drudge had never heard of Thompson.)

Drudge, a self-invented gossip who idolizes Walter Winchell and Louella Parsons and bills himself as an "old-fashioned troublemaker," had become the Internet's newest celebrity—all because of the *Drudge Report,* his quirky, starstruck on-line gossip column about the media. Unlike anyone before him, Drudge covers the subcelebrity world of news, journalism, and politics with the sort of breathless enthusiasm usually reserved for movie stars and models.

Any day of the week, at any hour—he has no editor and no deadlines—Drudge E-mails new material to those on his mailing list, which he says has swelled from nothing in 1995 to an estimated 85,000 today. The material is also posted at his Web site, which America Online made readily available to its eight million subscribers last June—and that doesn't include the countless others who copy his "Code-Red Bulletins" and send them to friends. Along with his timely dispatches, Drudge provides a handy compendium of newspapers, wire services, and syndicated columns.

Discovering an easy point-and-click route to their favorite papers, and delighting in an opportunity to dish their peers ("confidentiality assured"), reporters began making Drudge a daily habit—even more so after he ferreted out Whitewater gossip, such as when independent counsel Kenneth Starr decided against leaving his post to accept two deanships at Pepperdine University

Journalists and politicians were drawn to Drudge because of their shared vanity: here was someone who was paying attention, and who even considered them glamorous.

That Drudge was a rank amateur with bad grammar and no institutional backing didn't seem to bother anyone. The prevailing attitude toward Drudge was that he was an outsider unburdened by the rules of mainstream journalism. Drudge, who has no formal training, puts a small disclaimer at the bottom of some reports: FOR RECREATIONAL USE ONLY.

"No one ever made a bet, based on anything they read in *Drudge,* that Bill Clinton has an American eagle tattooed on his you-know-what," James Pinkerton says of one of Drudge's more improbable items. (Actually, *Drudge* had reported it was on the president's leg.)

While Drudge kept churning out his so-called "gotcha" stories, he was too inexperienced to realize he was playing with fire. He learned his lesson on Sunday, August 10, when he posted the headline CHARGE: NEW WHITE HOUSE RECRUIT SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL HAS SPOUSAL ABUSE PAST. The next morning, Drudge's subscribers received this item by E-mail: "The DRUDGE REPORT has learned that top GOP operatives who feel there is a double-standard of only reporting republican shame believe they are holding an ace card: New White House recruit Sidney Blumenthal has a spousal abuse past that has been effectively covered up. The accusations are explosive."

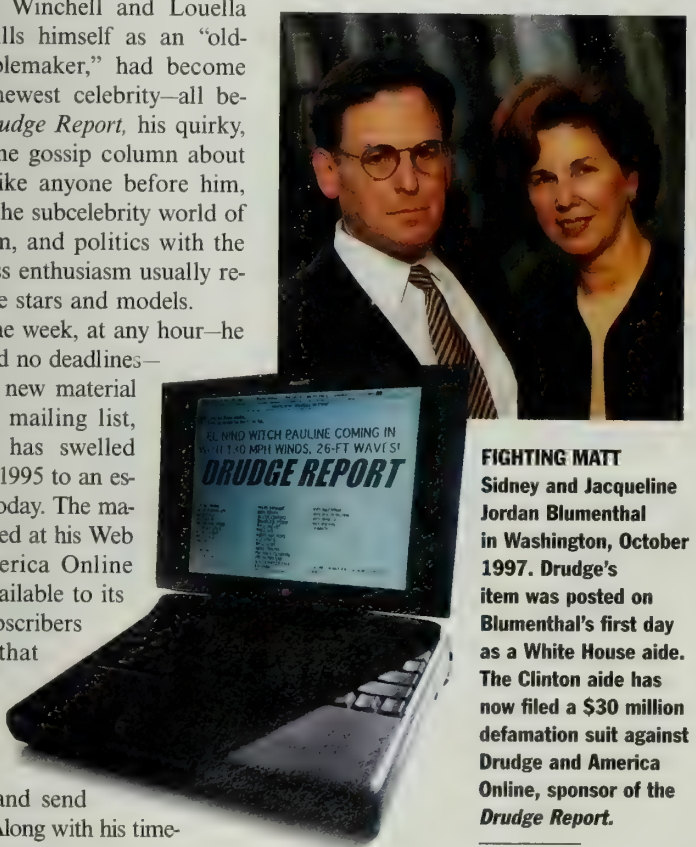
The story had a typical Drudge media angle, comparing the "cover-up" with the case of Republican political consultant Don Sipple, who had been the subject of wife-beating allegations in *Mother Jones,* a liberal magazine. (Sipple denies the charges.) In his column, Drudge quoted "one influential republican" as saying that "there are court records of Blumenthal's violence against his wife"—Jacqueline Jordan Blumenthal, who runs the White House Fellowships Commission. Drudge also quoted a White House source who dismissed the charge as pure fiction that "has been in circulation for years."

Blumenthal had seen the headline when he read the *Drudge Report* on Sunday evening. The timing was exquisite. Monday was to be his first official day in his new White House job as an assistant to the president. When Jacqueline Jordan Blumenthal arrived at her office at 7:30 Monday morning, she found the story on her fax machine. It had been sent by Nicholas Thimmesch II, a former press secretary for Oklahoma representative Steve Largent, a Republican. Thimmesch claims he faxed the Blumenthals "for my own purposes."

Within 24 hours, Drudge had received a strongly worded letter from Blumenthal's lawyer, William McDaniel. Drudge promptly posted an on-line retraction and apologized.

But the Blumenthals, who have been married for 21 years and have two children, were not satisfied. Drudge had failed to comply with the terms of their letter, which concluded: "Before proceeding against you, Mr. and Mrs. Blumenthal want to give you an opportunity to disclose to them the following: the names of the 'top GOP operatives who feel there is a double-standard' and who believe 'they are holding

**"If Sidney wants to track down people who are smearing him," says Mary Matalin, "he'd better get another job."**




**FIGHTING MATT**
**Sidney and Jacqueline Jordan Blumenthal in Washington, October 1997. Drudge's item was posted on Blumenthal's first day as a White House aide. The Clinton aide has now filed a $30 million defamation suit against Drudge and America Online, sponsor of the *Drudge Report.***

an ace card': the name of the 'influential republican' who demanded anonymity; the court records you claim document Mr. Blumenthal's acts of domestic violence; and the name of the 'White House source' whom you purported to quote." The letter also said that if the information was not provided by five P.M. the next day, the Blumenthals would take action.

Drudge did not reveal his sources, and the Blumenthals filed a $30 million defamation suit against him and America Online. "If Drudge had done anything at all to verify the story, he would have discovered it was false," McDaniel said in a press release he circulated with the 137-page complaint. Just as significant, Blumenthal had the backing of the two most powerful men in the country. "The president and the vice president separately expressed support for me—personally," says Blumenthal. "They did it in terms of defending my family and their shared disgust that people can be smeared like this."

Later, he adds, "Though the charge might sound absurd—it's like a very old joke: 'So have you stopped beating your wife?'—it's astonishing how insidious it is. Your life can be cast under a shadow instantly and many people put you under suspicion, even people who have known you for years."

"It's a fairy tale gone nightmare, the media ricochet," says Drudge, who reluctantly agreed to be interviewed by *Vanity Fair*. We met at the Ivy, the bustling Los Angeles restaurant. When I arrived, he was hovering nervously near the entrance. He is a slight 30-year-old with a receding hairline, and he was wearing khakis, a button-down shirt, old-fashioned brown wing tips, and an air of stylized eccentricity reminiscent of a young Woody Allen.

Drudge won't talk directly about the case—or his reporting of the Blumenthal story—but concedes that fighting a lawsuit sanctioned by the president is scary. As for his colleagues in the media, he adds, "They are already writing about me in the past tense."

It has become a favorite Washington parlor game to guess who Drudge's sources were and what their motives may have been. Blumenthal's complaint contributes to the game by speculating that the sources wanted to see him lose his job. McDaniel told *The Washington Post* that Drudge's story was "a despicable and cowardly attempt at political assassination."

As much as anything, it seems, Blumenthal wants to unmask Drudge's sources. "They have committed defamation, too, and we will sue them just as soon as we find out who they are," says McDaniel. But he insists the case should not be viewed in political terms, and says he is not being paid by the White House or any liberal defense fund. "I'm not a politician—I'm a lawyer," he continues. "If it were a liberal saying this about a Republican, it would be just as bad. And I think a lot of Republicans think so."

While agreeing that it was a terrible thing to print about anyone, some Republicans feel Drudge may have been used by far more cynical minds. As Drudge acknowledged in *The Washington Post* shortly after he had retracted the story, "Someone was trying to get me to go after [the story] and I probably fell for it a little too hard. I can't prove it. This is a case of using me to broadcast dirty laundry. I think I've been had." Drudge has claimed that he tried to reach Blumenthal before he went with the story; Blumenthal says there is no record of any message. Drudge also says his reputation depends on the accuracy of his report, adding, "I put my name on it."

"It's pretty unfortunate," says David Brock, who blames Drudge's error on the immediacy of the Internet. "He could literally have been on the phone and writing it down." Brock has heard the rumors that he is one of Drudge's sources and denies it, saying, "Hell, no." But he has an idea who some of Drudge's sources are, and he is not impressed. "He took stuff from the far-right-wing fringe," says Brock. "He wrote a lot about Hillary, relying on the tomorrow-indictments-are-coming-down crowd," a reference to a previous Drudge item: a report last year that Hillary Clinton would be indicted.

"The [Blumenthal] rumor had been going around for 10 years—not just in right-wing circles," says Andrew Ferguson, a senior editor at the conservative *Weekly Standard*. "People always claimed someone had seen the copy of divorce papers saying he beat his wife." Ferguson has met Drudge and thinks of him as the kid who sits by the Xerox machine all day and repeats everything he hears. "It's precisely the kind of thing, in his naïveté and credulity, he would buy. You get the feeling he hasn't been around long enough to know what he should go with."

In right-wing circles, the Blumenthal story is stale gossip that has been peddled for years by, among others, *The Wall Street Journal*'s controversial editorial-page writer, John Fund, who is known for using his column to bludgeon his political enemies. Two conservative reporters vividly recall being present at a party with Fund in 1994 at which he told guests that he had "seen the police reports" indicating that Blumenthal was "a wife beater." A third conservative says he heard it from Fund. After the item about Blumenthal ran, David Brock, in an effort to track down the story, called friends around






**DRUDGING UP**
**Drudge spent hours poring over gossip columns by his predecessors Walter Winchell, *left,* and Louella Parsons, *below.* Using these models, he became the juiciest read on the Internet, a favorite of media and political circles.**

**"It's a fairy tale gone nightmare," Drudge says. "They are already writing about me in the past tense."**


Undeniably glamorous.
NORELL

town and says he soon learned that "Fund had been telling people at parties in Washington this summer that he had seen the police blotters."

This does not mean that Fund was Drudge's direct source—just that he has apparently circulated the story. Fund acknowledges that he subscribes to Drudge's service, but says he has never "spoken with, E-mailed, or had any contact with Matt Drudge." But he acknowledges having heard the Blumenthal story. "The rumor was in circulation around town and a lot of people repeated it and commented on it. When four or five people have a conversation, there's lots of cross talk. I cannot remember ever having referred to 'police blotters' in any shape or form." He adds, "I think that party conversation in Washington, as a result of all this, will be much more constrained—that's apparently what some people want."

Clearly, conservatives had found a useful weapon in Drudge. "The right, in general, have always been much more Internet-savvy, and most likely realized the value of Drudge from the beginning," says syndicated columnist Jim Glassman, a former colleague of Blumenthal's at *The New Republic*.

Here's the main reason that Blumenthal has been a favorite target: at *The New Republic* and later, as a political writer for *The New Yorker*, he was widely regarded—and derided—as the Clintons' chief journalistic advocate. He routinely jumped to their defense and often feuded with journalists who criticized his close personal friends the president and the First Lady. He has long clashed with much of the Washington press corps, which dismissed his writings as obnoxious, unprofessional toadyism. Many felt he crossed the line during the 1996 Republican National Convention, when he was overheard saying, "Maybe Bob Dole will drop dead."

Last June, when it was announced that Blumenthal would finally be joining the White House payroll, even *The New Republic* suggested that he be given back pay. And *Washington Post* media columnist Howard Kurtz wrote that Blumenthal had "been branded as the capital's chief suck-up." Blumenthal believed that his loudest critics in the media are anti-Clinton crusaders who are out to get him. "They play by different rules," says Democratic media consultant Mandy Grunwald. "They just make shit up."

**"This is a case of trying to use me to broadcast dirty laundry," Drudge says. "I think I've been had."**

Meantime, conservatives are attacking Blumenthal's motives. "Sidney's going after the sources because he thinks one of the sources is attached to big money," says Mary Matalin, President Bush's former deputy campaign manager. She has used her daily radio show to champion Drudge as a victim of the "Clinton attack machine." "Sidney isn't a wuss. He knows what politics is. It's not jacks. There is a lot of hypocrisy going on here. Sidney Blumenthal is not exactly known for his meticulous reporting. If he wants to spend his time in politics trying to track down the people who are smearing him, he'd better get another job."

Even some of Blumenthal's liberal colleagues think he may have filed the suit to please his boss. "My impression of the Clintons is that you can't beat up on the press too much for their taste," says Eric Alterman, a liberal journalist who teaches media studies at Hofstra University. "And they form Sidney Blumenthal's core constituency."

Alterman thinks lawsuits of this kind set a dangerous precedent, and he should know. After Alterman wrote a scathing article in *The Nation* critiquing *The New Republic* under then editor Michael Kelly, Kelly called Alterman a "pathological liar" in *George* magazine. Alterman reportedly told a colleague that Blumenthal, through a mutual friend, had urged Alterman to sue Kelly for damaging his reputation. (Alterman declined to comment on a private conversation and Blumenthal denies it.)



**DRUDGE MATCH**
***From left:* Steve Case, C.E.O. of America Online; tart conservative Mary Matalin; journalist and Clinton-basher David Brock with Laura Ingraham of CBS News; Maureen Dowd of *The New York Times;* and *Slate* editor Michael Kinsley.**

By his own admission, Drudge is "no that ambitious." His dream is to on day work for *Daily Variety*. As a kid he delivered *The Washington Star* an preferred reading Mary McGrory' columns to doing homework. He gradu ated 325th out of 350 in his class a Maryland's Northwood High Schoo and never attended college. He the spent several aimless years in New Yor before heading to Los Angeles in th mid-80s, when he landed a job in the gi shop at CBS Studio Center. In Januar 1996, at age 28, Drudge quit his $30,00 a-year store manager's job to devot himself to his Internet column.

Working in a cramped $600-a-mont Hollywood apartment—a friend calls "Geek Central"—and using an old Pacl ard Bell computer that his father had gi en him, Drudge began E-mailing his di patches to various news groups, such a alt.politics and alt.showbiz.gossip. He du through the CBS trash bins for ratin and other scraps of network news. H first big scoop came when he obtained memo reporting that Jerry Seinfeld w demanding $1 million an episode.

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E-mail and chat-room sources—including what he claims are a number of White House staffers—Drudge began landing bigger scoops: CBS fires Connie Chung, Bob Dole picks Jack Kemp as his running mate. "I am a menace," Drudge says. "What I do is new and it's changing news cycles." He adds, "I ask questions—that is my right as a citizen."

A news junkie, Drudge rises at nine and immediately scans the wire services, then spends the rest of the day talking to his sources. (He has a side interest in weather and regularly reports on unusual climatic phenomena.) Drudge reads 30 on-line papers a day, watches three television sets (C-SPAN is a favorite), listens to talk radio, and monitors a police scanner. "You live with it," he says of the constant stream of information. In the late afternoon, he reads the next day's London *Times* and *The Daily Telegraph* to get a jump on the American press.

"What I love about him is that he is weirdly innocent," says Michael Kinsley. Kinsley was so impressed with Drudge that he tried to hire him last spring. "He's using the Web in a very effective way. And he's a nut, and I like nuts."

"What I do is only outrageous because of the period we're in," says Drudge, who perhaps fails to appreciate the human toll his reporting can take. "If you compare it to what was written in columns in generations past, it's tame now. Back then, there was real intensity—'So-and-so is a Communist.' What I do is nothing like what Winchell did. It's just echoing in a really cavernous media world where there is nothing to buffer provocative writing."

On July 3, Drudge began his transformation from office gossip to national newsmaker when he reported that *Newsweek* Washington correspondent Michael Isikoff was working on a damning story about Kathleen Willey, a former White House employee subpoenaed by Paula Jones's lawyers because she could allegedly testify that Clinton had "sexually propositioned" her on federal property. The item enraged the Establishment press, but Drudge became the toast of talk radio. Isikoff called him "a menace to honest journalism" and ultimately published an article that simply reported both sides of the story.

But according to *Newsweek*'s Howard Fineman, Drudge merely used old-fashioned reporting techniques to get the Willey story. "He waltzed into the bureau and started nosing around," Fineman says. "Drudge approached us the way we once approached political institutions. This little mouse of a guy has everyone up on their chairs."

Drudge boasted that White House staffers visited his Web site 2,600 times in the days after his Isikoff report. Because of his scoops, there was concern that he might somehow be hacking into office computer systems and reading files. "I have Windows 95—it's plug-and-play," says Drudge, whose computer skills are self-taught. "How did Woodward get Deep Throat? That's the same way I get sources. People come forward."

Now Blumenthal wants Drudge to pay—and he has the legal and financial means to see that he does. Drudge is not so fortunate: he supplies his on-line report for free and lives off his modest, four-figure monthly royalty from America Online. "It's just me and my two cats," he says. "I clip coupons." As we leave the restaurant, I can't help noticing that he bypassed the valet parking and wedged his red Geo into a metered spot a short walk away.

**"I am a menace," Drudge says. "I ask questions—that is my right as a citizen."**

As soon as news of the litigation spread, Blumenthal's enemies came out of the woodwork to embrace Drudge. The first was David Horowitz, the best-selling political biographer (with Peter Collier) and a former leader of the New Left who underwent a conservative political conversion late in life. "He offered to set up my legal-defense fund," says Drudge, sounding cheered at the prospect. "He's the trustee." Horowitz has seen to it that Drudge has expert pro bono legal counsel in Manuel Klausner, who is on the board of the Reason Foundation, a libertarian think tank.

Drudge is a registered Republican, but when I ask him about his politics, he seems fairly unformed. "I am anti-big-government," he says mildly. Drudge insists that his reporting is nonpartisan. "It's just about going out there and checking what's going on in the offices in Washington. Whoever's in the White House next will get my undivided attention."

"He is a new-paradigm populist," says Mary Matalin. "He is an entrepreneu He has *joie de vivre* and the people li him." It just so happens that most those who do are conservative. In 19 Drudge won the endorsement of Ru Limbaugh, who called him "the Ru Limbaugh of the Internet." (Drud countered by calling Limbaugh "t Drudge of radio.")

If Drudge was only opportunistica conservative in the past—simply ta ing dirt from the best shovelers—t Blumenthal suit has put him solidly the conservative camp. "If somebo cast an unjust aspersion on Blume thal," says David Horowitz, "it could have happened to a more deservi guy. He made his reputation throwi sleaze at people."

The feud between Horowitz and B menthal dates back to the 1987 Seco Thoughts Conference, which Horow helped organize. Blumenthal appare ly did not approve of the conferen which called for the rejection of certa 60s ideals, and wrote a savage article f *The Washington Post* about the founde of the New Right. Horowitz, he wro "left his wife and three children" af abandoning radicalism.

"He portrayed me in a defamato fashion," says Horowitz, who claims t story was filled with errors. "I have fo children, by the way. I never abandon them. And it took seven or eight yea for my politics to change." Horow says he considered suing, but inste complained to the *Post*'s ombudsma "Who hasn't made a mistake, particul ly when politics is involved? . . . The isn't anyone in this game who has circulated something they should have. . . . But to try and bring down writer—and for the White House to behind it!"

"Everything I've seen shows me tl is a compelling case for Matt Drud and shows this case should never ha been filed," says his lawyer, Manu Klausner. "Leaving aside the issue whether or not the statement was fal Matt provided an immediate retracti and apology. And at the time he print it, he believed the information to accurate, which is very significant fro a legal standpoint." If Blumenthal considered a public figure, he mu prove that Drudge acted with actu malice or reckless disregard of t truth, and that he published inform tion that he knew was not true or h serious doubts about.

Klausner says that Blumenthal is be


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**DISH CENTRAL** Drudge in his cramped Hollywood apartment, April 1997. He spends most of the day there, watching three televisions, listening to talk radio, and exchanging E-mail with his Internet sources.

**"The problem for the White House is not that Drudge is inaccurate," says Manuel Klausner. "The problem is tha Drudge has been *too* accurate."**

on destroying Drudge. "The problem for the White House is not that Drudge is inaccurate," he says. "The problem is that Drudge is *too* accurate."

With so much legal machinery set in motion, the Blumenthal suit could break new ground in the relatively new field of Internet case law. Blumenthal and his lawyer believe the lawsuit is a healthy development, but others aren't so sure. "The good news about the Web is there are no barriers to entry and you do not have to pay for a printing press," says Steven Brill, the publisher and editor of a new magazine, *Brill's Content,* which will cover media issues. "The bad news about the Web is that there are no barriers to entry and you do not have to pay for a printing press. Because this was America Online, he took on an importance and patina of credibility."

The suit raises the question of whether cyberspace should be governed by the same rules that apply to the general media. Is AOL just another communications carrier, like the phone company—one that isn't responsible for anything it broadcasts? Or is it like a network that's legally required to exercise editorial control? The answer is unclear, and Internet providers are paying close attention. "There is a false notion, which has great currency in cyberspace, that they live in a law-free zone," says First Amendment expert Floyd Abrams. "But as regards Drudge, he's subject to the same libel laws as everyone else, and should be."

America Online believes it is covered by Section 230 of the Telecommunications Act of 1996, which states: "No provider or user of an interactive computer service shall be treated as the publisher or speaker of any information provided by another information content provider." AOL spokeswoman Wendy Goldberg says, "We have seen the complaint and believe it has no merit."

But Blumenthal's complaint alleges that America Online knew exactly what it was getting into when it hired Drudge. The company even trumpeted the arrangement in a press release, which read: "Giving the *Drudge Report* a home on America Online (Keyword: Drudge) opens up the floodgates to an audience ripe for Drudge's aggressive brand of reporting."

"The lawsuit might be healthy, as much as I hate to say it," concludes Brill. "It could be the best thing that ever happened to the Web. It could be a wake-up call. Did anybody ever say, Wait a minute? What was AOL thinking when they signed him up?"

Yet while most journalists and editors agree that Drudge made an appalling error, they don't think Blumenthal should make a federal case out of it. "It's a flat-out lie," Jim Glassman says, "I don't mind if Sidney sues as an individual. But I don't think that the White House should stand for this as a matter of policy. It could have a real chilling effect."

The first signs are already evident. Michael Kinsley had been planning a regular feature for *Slate* tracking the tabloids until the Blumenthal suit came along. "We had to put it on ice because of the increased concern over lawsuits," Kinsley says. "The whole Drudge business—and suing America Online—has raised the ante on this sort of thing."

Kinsley falls back on the adage that every dog gets one bite. "Drudge went too far and he should be taken out and spanked," he says. "I can't defend what he is doing, but I think it would be very sad if he had some sort of scarlet *D* stamped on his chest because of this. When you think of the nefarious scum bags—the Oliver Norths, the Dick Morris, the list goes on and on—who got on to have big careers, certainly it would be ridiculous if Matt Drudge was effectively silenced." □

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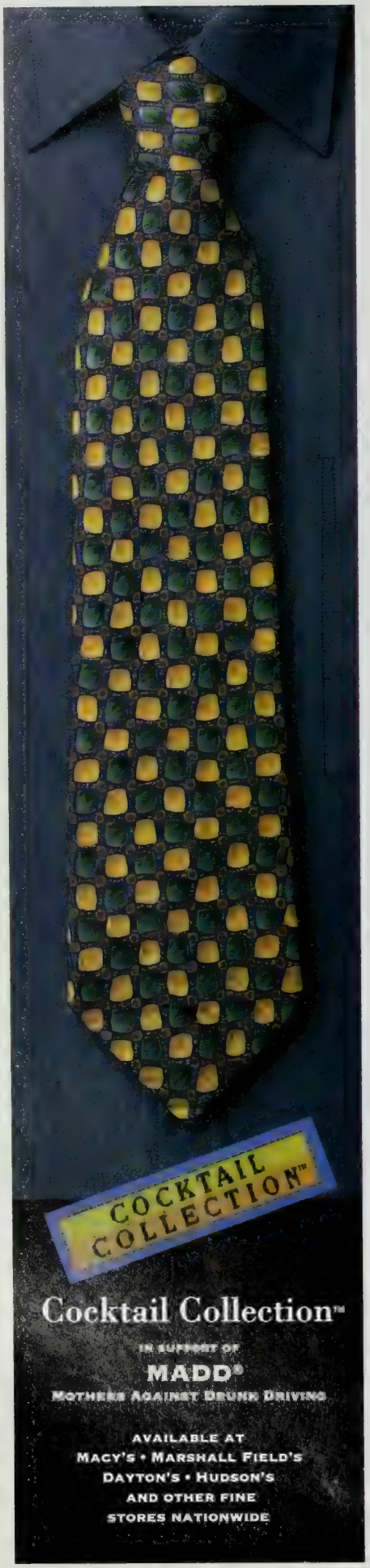



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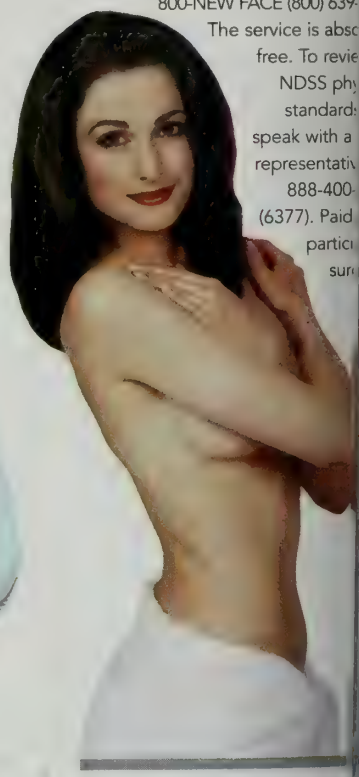
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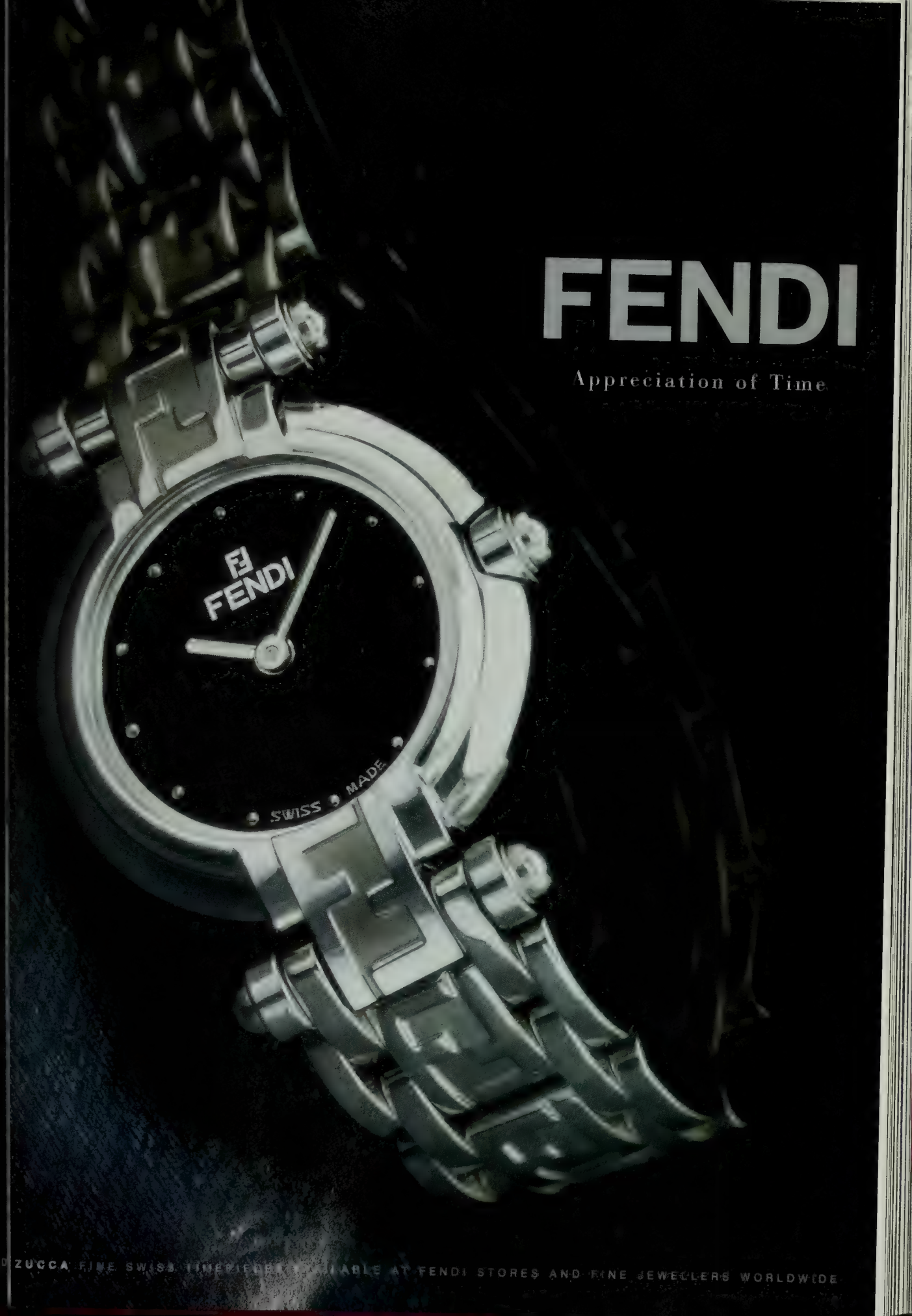
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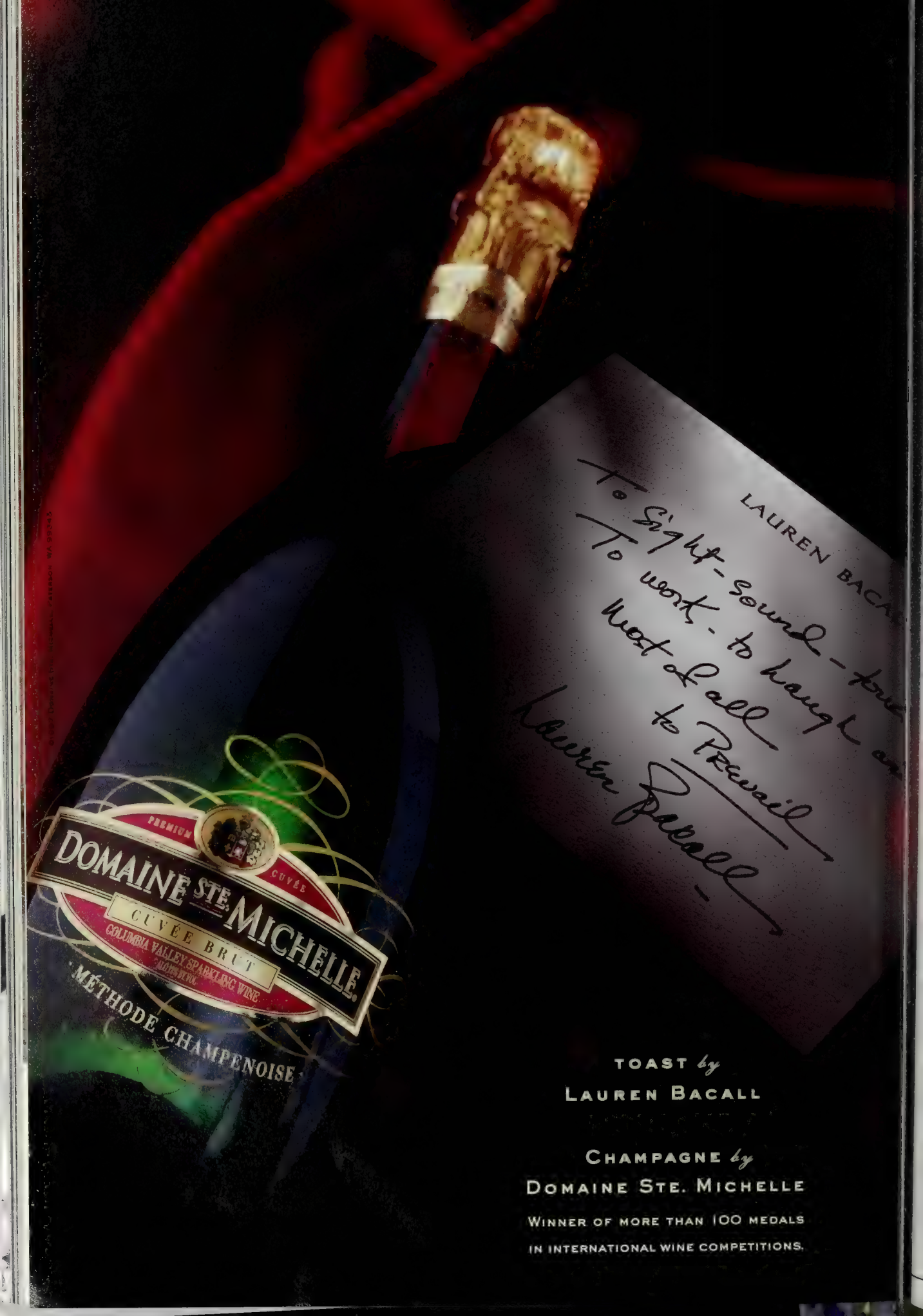


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# THE CHAMPAGNE CITY

A frantic year on Wall Street and a robust economy have powered unfathomable riches into New York's bloodstream, making the brash consumption of the 1980s look like the Depression. In SoHo restaurants, Madison Avenue boutiques, and East Side real-estate offices, no price is too high for the lords of luxury

BY MICHAEL SHNAYERSON

From across Spring Street in downtown Manhattan, the restaurant Balthazar glows like a Manet painting of the Folies-Bergère. The banquettes in the big, high-ceilinged room are spilling over, the bar all but hidden by a milling throng aglint with champagne glasses. Open the door and a raucous, almost deafening roar hits you like a gust. It's the sound of Manhattan in full, giddy swing, of a city embarked on a new golden era: confident, powerful, exuberant, and flush with cash.

At Balthazar, notables such as Calvin Klein, Spike Lee, Robert De Niro, Jerry Seinfeld, Steve Martin, and Isaac Mizrahi mingle with a stylish supporting cast. On this night, despite the fact that the stock market dropped an astonishing 554 points during the day, it is business as usual. If the party's over, no one is admitting it yet. Young Wall Streeters, in suits and Hermès ties, sit in happy packs beside artists dressed in black, while older foursomes feast on the $98 three-tier seafood sampler, as high as a wedding cake. The eclecticism is part of what makes the place fun, as it did, in another era, at El Morocco, the Stork Club, or Toots Shor's. It's what makes Balthazar, in the fall of 1997, a set piece for Manhattan itself.

The last time the champagne flowed so freely in New York was the mid-1980s, and now, as then, Wall Street is paying the tab. But this era feels different. The 80s were about outsiders storming the Street, making overnight fortunes and flaunting them by giving huge, absurd parties and inviting the press. The biggest players this time are more restrained, more mature, more *patrician*. They've been seasoned by the Crash of '87, though at the same



**YACHTS, BOÎTES** At Manhattan's North Cove Yacht Harbor (*right*), docking costs $400 per day per 100 feet of boat; the gold Cartier Tank Française watch (*below, right*), in demand on Wall Street, lists for up to $20,500.

**HOT SPOTS AND HOTSHOTS** *Above:* Aureole restaurant, on 61st Street near Madison, is one of the names that provide continuity between 80s glitter and 90s elegance. *Right:* portfolio manager Todd Eberhard with his $76,000 Hummer at the New York Stock Exchange.

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**TABLE-HOPPING** Keith McNally's restaurant in SoHo attracts dueling *fashionistas,* Madonna and her circle, rappers, actors, artists, and publishing types who haven't given up their Gauloises.

time emboldened by it ("just a blip, after all"). They know how foolish the excesses of the 80s looked, and how all that boisterousness in certain corners of the room finally brought on the police. So the moneyed of the new golden age do what the rich in America always did *until* the 80s: spend quietly, preferably with style, and avoid the press like the plague. As a result, one tends not to notice the two most profound ways in which the 90s differ from the so-called Decade of Greed.

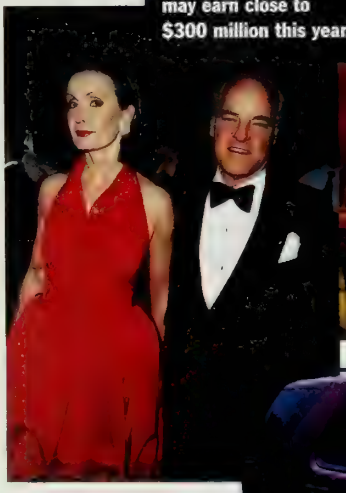
One is that a *lot* more people are at the party.

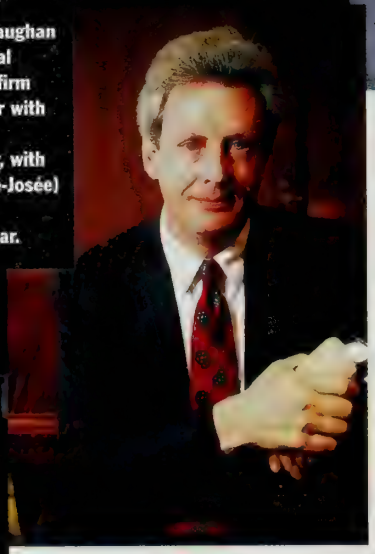
The other is that they have a *great deal more money.*

This is bonus season at the investment banks that form Wall Street's power elite. Even with the October stock-market correction, the bonuses this year are likely to be staggering. Not only the biggest ever, but the biggest after a year that was itself the biggest year ever. Overall, the securities industry will have earned in 1997 nearly $12 billion—more than twice the profit of its strongest year in the 1980s.

At Goldman, Sachs, the Street's largest private partnership, third-quarter profits before taxes rose 58 percent over those for the same period a year ago. With its fourth-quarter docket already fat with deals, Goldman stands to earn $3 billion in fiscal 1997. The majority of that will be split among the firm's 190 most senior directors (who then pay taxes individually). In "current compensation"—take-home pay—the best-paid may earn merely $3 million or $4 million. This year they each could make as much as $15 million more in "paper," shares representing the rest of that profit, which gets put back into the business.

**DEALING** Salomon Brothers executives such as chairman Deryck Maughan (*right*) got a financial windfall when their firm announced a merger with Travelers; financier Henry Kravis (*below,* with his third wife, Marie-Josée) may earn close to $300 million this year.



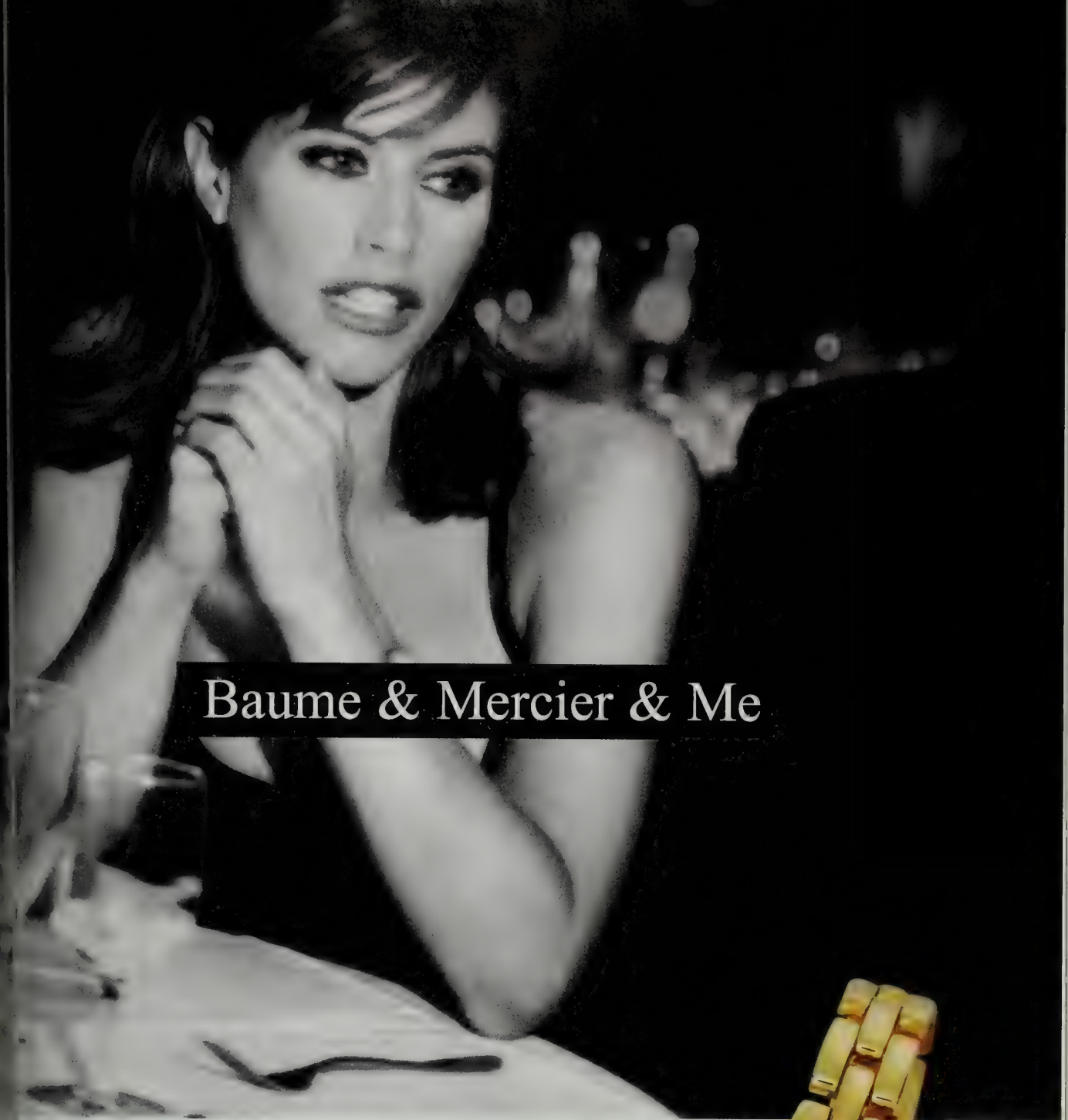


Augmenting their rich diet of merger-and-acquisition deals and initial public offerings, certain banks have done particularly well this year by merging with each other. When Morgan Stanley merged with sprawling Dean Witter, the senior executives of both saw the value of their "paper" rise dramatically. A mid-level Morgan banker who'd been with the firm since it went public in 1986 probably had $25 million to $30 million in stock at the start of this year. With the merger and the market's own rise that stock is now worth 65 percent more. Travelers Group's September agreement to purchase Salomon Inc for $9 billion brought a bonanza to senior Salomon executives who own stock, such as Deryck Maughan, chairman and C.E.O. of Salomon Brothers. As one Salomon banker observes, "The share price at the end of 1995 was 33; after the [announcement of the] merger, it's 76 and five eighths. That's 150 percent in two years. And now chances are it'll go up because Travelers is hugely profitable."

**SELLING OUT BIG-TIME** The 1998 Mercedes-Benz ML 320 ($33,950) is heavily back-ordered. Dealers call the demand unprecedented; Le Cirque 2000, in midtown, claims to get 5,000 reservation requests daily.



If investment bankers are swimming in cash this year, so are their colleagues the traders, who get a percentage of the profits of all their trades. In a year like 1997, that can mean $20 million or $30 million. Still that's chump change compared with the



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take of the real kings of Wall Street, the leveraged-buyout financiers and the hedge-fund operators.

Long recovered from the RJR Nabisco debacle of 1988, Henry Kravis, 53, like other LBO-ers, buys undervalued companies and hopes to sell them at a profit. His company, Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Co., now has a war chest of $5.8 billion. To start with, K.K.R. gets at least a 1 percent advisory fee on money under management—more than $50 million, of which Kravis probably gets $15 million to $20 million. That's just for showing up at the office. In addition, when K.K.R. sells a company, it makes 20 percent of the profit. In 1996, Kravis himself earned at least $265 million, as did his partner George Roberts, 54. Tom Lee, 53, who heads his own LBO firm, Thomas H. Lee Company, made $130 million in 1996; Ted Forstmann, 57, of Forstmann Little & Co., made $100 million. Almost certainly all will do better this year.

At the pinnacle are the hedge-fund operators. Up in that rarefied air reside George Soros, 67, and his right-hand man, Stanley Druckenmiller, 44, Julian Robertson Jr., 64, of Tiger Management Corp., John Meriwether, 50, Paul Tudor Jones II, 43, Martin Zweig, 53, Joseph DiMenna, 37, Mark Kingdon, 48, and a few others who manage billions in capital to bet on stocks, bonds, and such high-risk trades as international currencies. Like the LBO-ers, hedgers typically get a 1 percent advisory fee and 20 percent of the profits they produce. Robertson has generated more than 40 percent profits this year on the $13.5 billion he manages. His take could approach $500 million. Soros farms out some of his $20 billion pot to other managers, but ought to earn at least as much as Robertson.

**Overheard at a recent New York cocktail party: "Oh, he's worth only 30 or 40." *As in million.***

In the Eisenhower era, when earnings over $400,000 were subject to 91 percent taxes and the world was a smaller place, you could count the truly wealthy on one hand: Getty, Dupont, Mellon, Rockefeller, though even those fortunes were being dispersed to children as the old robber barons died off. In 1982 the Forbes Four Hundred included 13 billionaires. On this year's list are 170, many of whom either reside or maintain apartments in Manhattan.

Overheard at a recent New York cocktail party: "Oh, he's worth only 30 or 40." *As in million.*

At 7:15 on a crisp autumn morning, the chauffeured car that idles outside financier Ronald Perelman's mansion in the East 60s is not a Rolls-Royce or a Bentley, not a stretch limousine, but a small, black Mercedes-Benz station wagon. In the new golden era of Manhattan, the cars are unostentatious, the clothes subdued. The new money of the 80s is old money now—so fast does it turn in New York—and has learned to discern, to appreciate understatement, to be discreet. But if the consumption is less conspicuous, it's no less avid. And more often than not, one lifts the curtain to find what might best be called the practice of faux restraint.

So it is at Patroon, the midtown saloon that evokes New York between the wars, where one recent night three young Wall Streeters study the wine list and, fresh from a financial coup, order a magnum of 1953 Haut Brion for $2,325. A diner at the next table has no clue that such extravagance is being exercised beside him. He doesn't raise an eyebrow when the magnum is followed by a bottle of 1953 Château Margaux, at $1,725. And while the imbibers may have begun to talk more animatedly, their neighbor hardly notices when a bottle of 1961 Château Pétrus arrives—a single bottle, not a magnum—for $5,800.

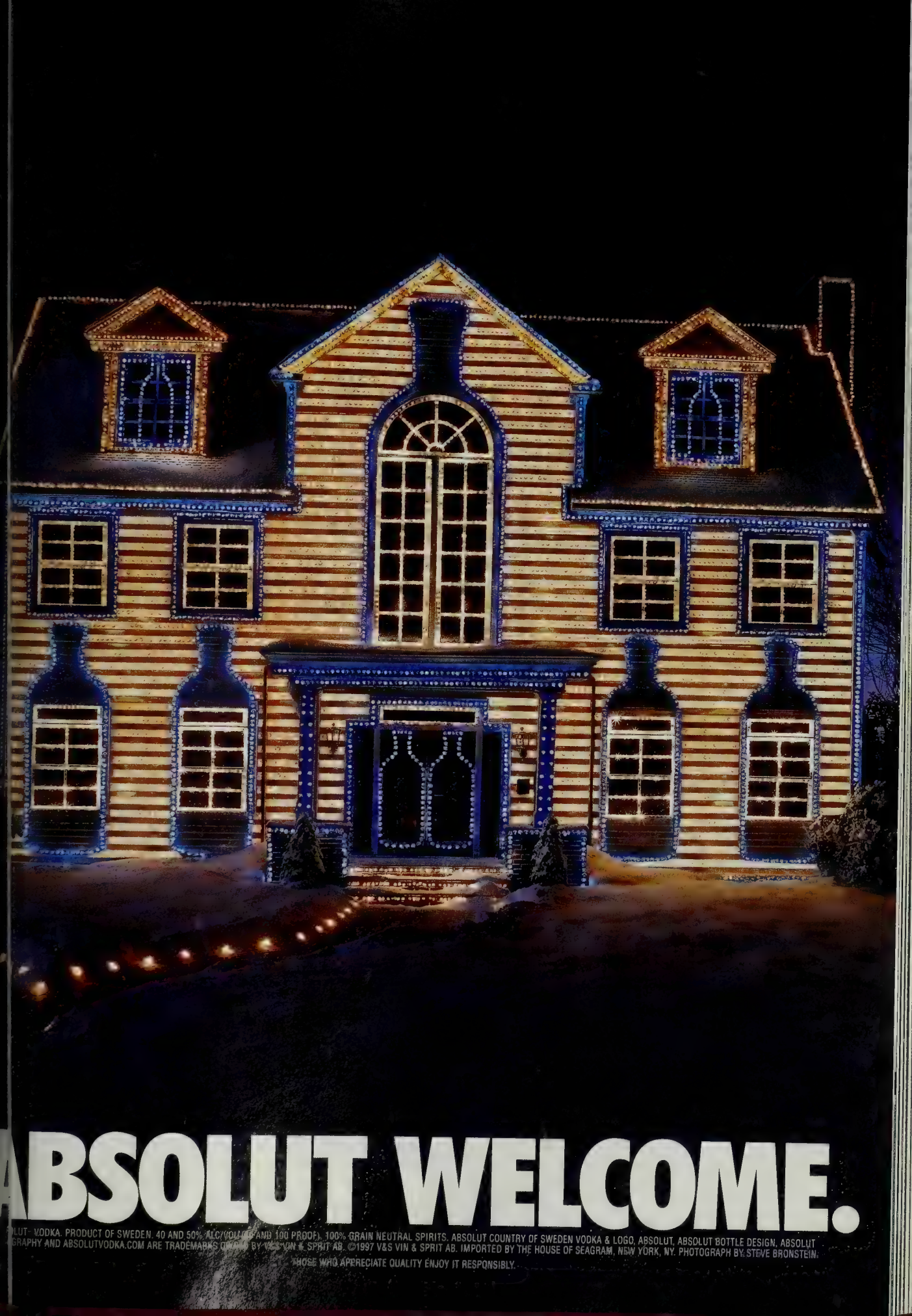
Most of the wine Patroon sells is far cheaper than that. But not *cheap*. Patroon's owner, Ken Aretsky, says the average bottle is about $70 to $90—the cost of a dinner for two in New York not long ago—with frequent "three-figure" sales and not infrequent "four-figure" sales. A short walk away at the '21' Club, wine director Christopher Shipley has seen the trend, too. Until this fall, the most expensive bottle at New York's most famous restaurant for the wealthy went for $1,295, but Shipley has just introduced a handful of new ones that push the $2,000 mark. "Actually, I priced the most expensive one"—a 1982 Château Cheval Blanc—"at $1,975 to keep it under $2,000," Shipley says.

At Manhattan restaurants this year, extremes tell one story, but the median is the message. Near Balthazar in SoHo and Tribeca are a half-dozen other new places that fill every night with diners eager to pay upwards of $250 for two with wine and tip. Among them: Pravda, the Independent, and the Bouley Bakery, where a bistro standard of roasted chicken and potatoes goes for $28, and a round loaf of sourdough bread costs $8. Uptown, elegant landmarks such as Aureole are full; so are new high-end arrivals such as Jean Georges, Restaurant Daniel, and Sirio Maccioni's Le Cirque 2000. Even before its recent four-star *New York Times* review, Le Cirque 2000 reported logging 5,000 reservation requests a *day*. At Daniel, reservations are taken up to a month in advance. By noon of each month's first day, the prime-time blocks are booked.

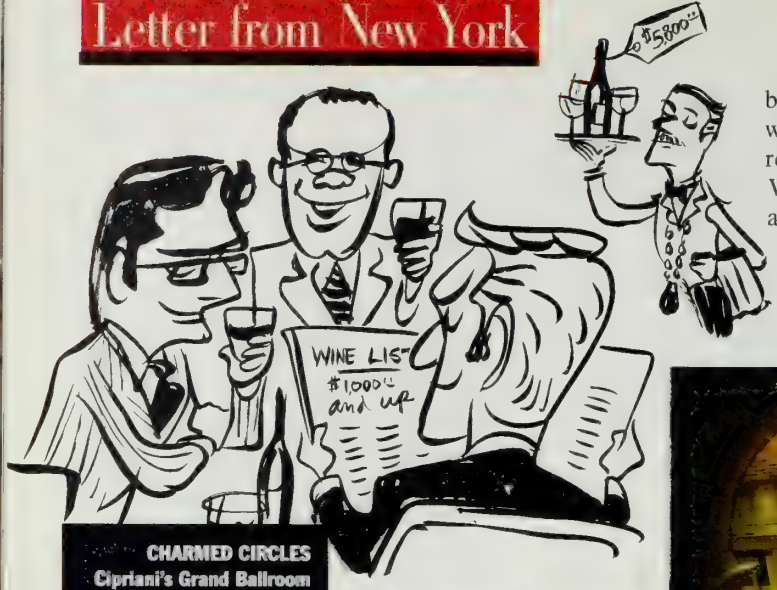
These days many New York restaurants sell cigars, offering their customers a way to spend more money after they've finished eating. At the Oak Room and Bar in the Plaza Hotel, it's the $30 Montecristo; at Patroon, it's the $28 Dominico Avo, of which Aretsky sells enough, along with other brands, to take in as much as $5,000 a day *just in cigars*. Cost, for most new smokers, is the point—that and exclusivity. For years one venerable London cigar store made a tidy profit importing Cohiba cigars from Cuba and sending them, with the labels cut off, in other boxes to grateful American customers. As the current stogie craze took off, a new kind of customer began demanding that the shop send the labels separately so the smokers could put them back on. The new arrangement worked until U.S. Customs happened on a Manhattan-bound box of 150 labels. Agents duly appeared at the recipient's office and confiscated his cigars. The smoker called the shop in a huff and demanded his money back.

To be sure, sitting around smoking a cigar is still cheaper than following dinner with a Broadway show. A new top ticket price for a musical is about to be established by the historical extravaganza *Ragtime*, which opens this month. The $125 V.I.P. ticket includes access to a private lounge before the performance and at intermission.

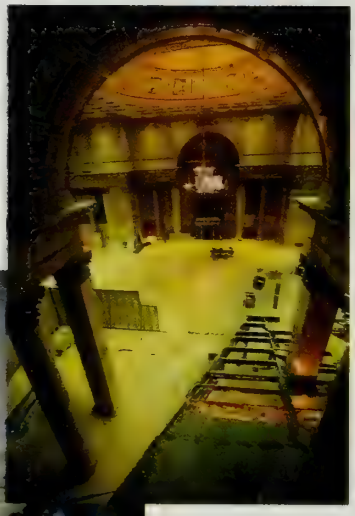
In Manhattan today, the hotels are as full as the restaurants. At the Royalton, an inquiry on a Monday in Septem-



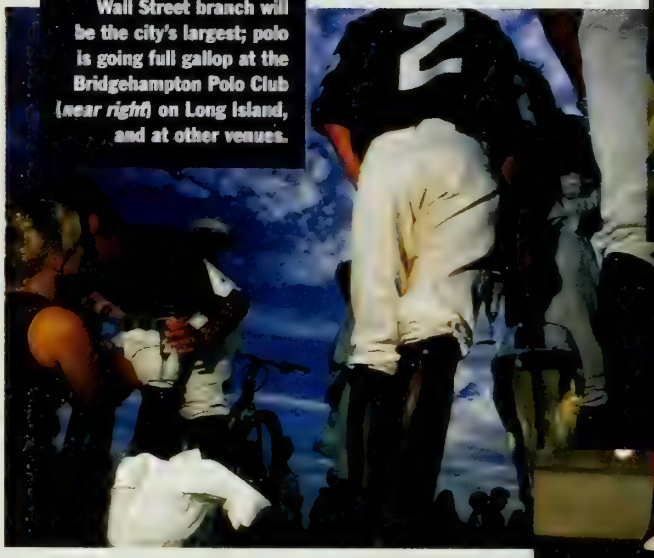

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ber draws a terse response: the hotel is booked through the week. "It's like the country is on a tilt and everyone is rolling into New York," muses hotelier Ian Schrager. When he bought and remodeled the Royalton 10 years ago, he knew only that as a rule Manhattan hotels were drab, and that it might be fun to open a chic one. Now the city abounds with them, brand-new or spankingly refurbished, filled with out-of-towners for whom a dramatically cleaner and safer Manhattan is once again the jewel in the crown.



At the New York Palace, owned by the brother of the Sultan of Brunei, rooms that now average $330 a night went for $134 just three years ago. That's still a bargain compared with basic rates at the Four Seasons Hotel ($475) and the St. Regis ($515), the first choices for visiting Hollywood stars and executives. Suites are popular, too. When the St. Regis reopened in 1991, it had 35; now, because so many guests prefer them, it has 91, ranging from $750 to $6,000 a night. "The trend is for people to trade up if that's all that's available," explains a St. Regis executive. "We'll say, 'There's nothing available, but we do have a suite,' and they say without hesitation, 'O.K., I'll take it.'" At the Four Seasons, guests not only rent suites, they buy the beds. A king-size bed fully appointed with Frette linens, duvet, and down pillows goes for $3,725. The hotel sells about eight a month.



**CHARMED CIRCLES** Cipriani's Grand Ballroom (*far right*) at its new Wall Street branch will be the city's largest; polo is going full gallop at the Bridgehampton Polo Club (*near right*) on Long Island, and at other venues.

Hotels are finding success even in neighborhoods not traditionally associated with tourist accommodations. The 367 rooms at the SoHo Grand Hotel (basic rate $249 to $349), below Greenwich Village on West Broadway, are generally completely booked. "The depth of the wealth, and the confidence, is far, far deeper now than it was," says André Balazs, the young owner of Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, whose long-delayed New York hotel, the Mercer, is finally opening in SoHo this winter. "There's less of a manic frenzy than there was in the 80s. It's less fearful, less driven by 'Oh my God, it might be gone tomorrow.'" Not to be outdone, Brian McNally, who made his Restaurant 44 at the Royalton *the* lunch spot for publishing- and music-industry mandarins, has plans for two new luxury hotels, one overlooking Bryant Park.




**AND SMOKE RINGS** *Above:* a bottle of 1953 Château Margaux, which sold for $2,415 from the estate of the late Pamela Harriman, U.S. ambassador to France. Harriman no doubt would have loved chatting up the power hitters in the cigar lounge of Ken Aretsky's clubby Patroon (*left*).

Luxury of the most restrained kind is almost poetically expressed on Madison Avenue from 60th to 72nd Street. So coldly austere are the new designer stores—Giorgio Armani, Polo Sport, Calvin Klein, Prada, Dolce & Gabbana, Valentino—that they seem to eschew the very notion of luxury. If the 80s were about Christian Lacroix ball gowns, the 90s give us wealthy women who either go to work or pretend to, and want office suits or slip dresses they can wear to dinner parties—ergo

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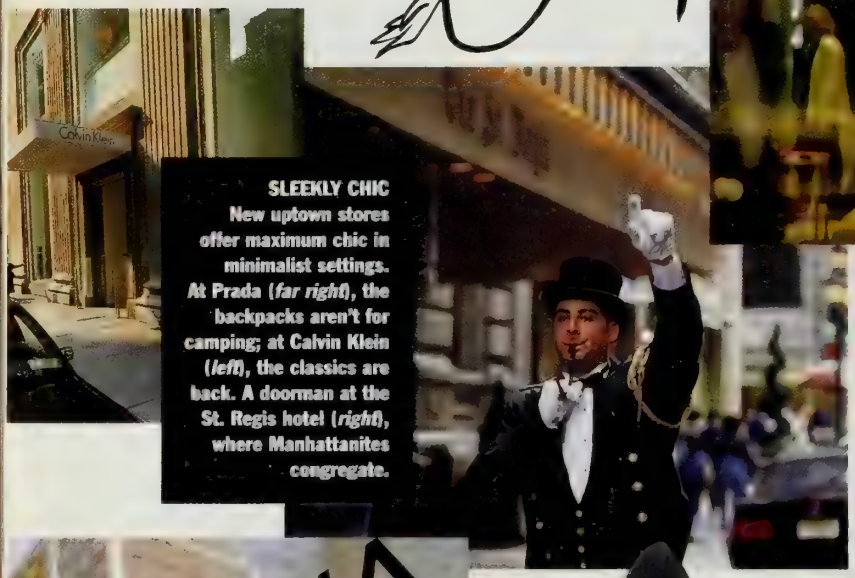
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the minimalism of Prada, Jil Sander, and others. But this is minimalism that comes at maximal prices. "I went into Dolce & Gabbana," one proper New York woman confides. "They had cashmere cardigans for $3,200! And they were nearly sold out! In fact, they had only one left." Did she buy it? The woman hesitates. "Well, yes."

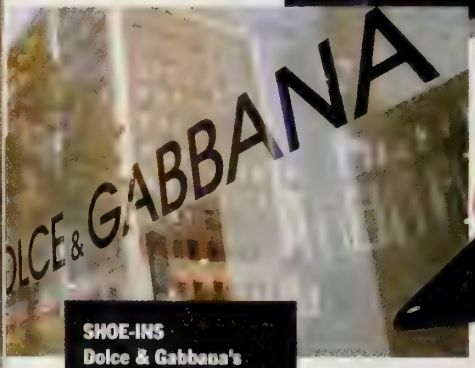
"It's about pleasing yourself," says Noel Estrada, a personal shopper at Barneys New York. "Buying the finest cashmere and feeling it against yourself, feeling the difference." Estrada will show his customers a private-label suit for $800, then one that's handmade by Jil Sander for three times the price. They take the Sander. The difference between them and shoppers of a decade ago, Estrada adds, is that they don't buy the more expensive suit just because it's more expensive. "Now they want to know why it's so much money. Then they'll indulge. They don't mind that the inside seam of the jacket is what's made so well and making the suit so expensive. The inside of a jacket is for nobody but themselves, but that's luxury—to buy finery that nobody knows is fine but yourself." Again and again, one hears that about the shoppers: how worldly they are, how informed, how discerning.




**SLEEKLY CHIC**
**New uptown stores offer maximum chic in minimalist settings. At Prada (*far right*), the backpacks aren't for camping; at Calvin Klein (*left*), the classics are back. A doorman at the St. Regis hotel (*right*), where Manhattanites congregate.**

And yet, the impulse to be conspicuous has a way of breaking through. Hermès can't stock enough of its Kelly handbags, the ones that cost from $2,650 to $14,000 (the latter in crocodile-skin, making Gucci's own hot-selling crocodile bag seem modest at $6,050, and Prada's a bargain at $5,330). Even Launer handbags for the Queen of England never cost *that* much. "It's not that two years ago they didn't want it," says Estrada. "Two years ago they couldn't justify a purchase like that—now they can." And so with the shoes: the pointy-toed, heavy-heeled Pradas for $320, the stiletto heels from Gucci for $395, and the Manolo Blahniks, for $445 a pair.



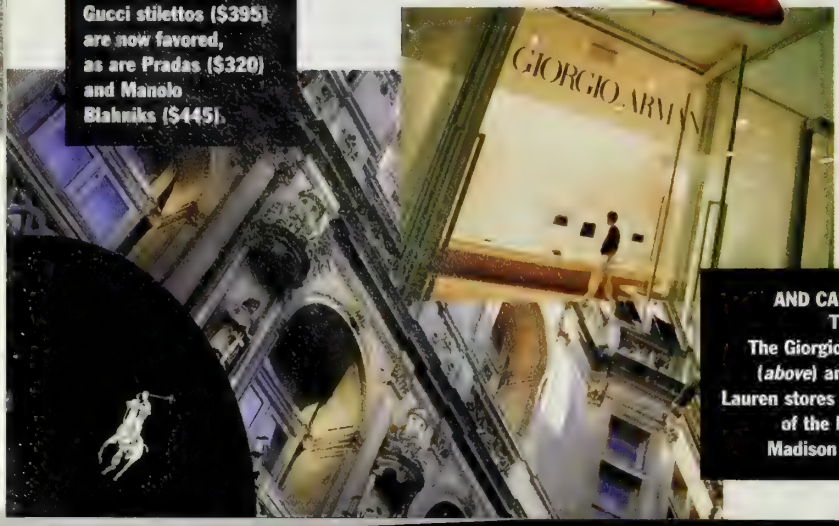




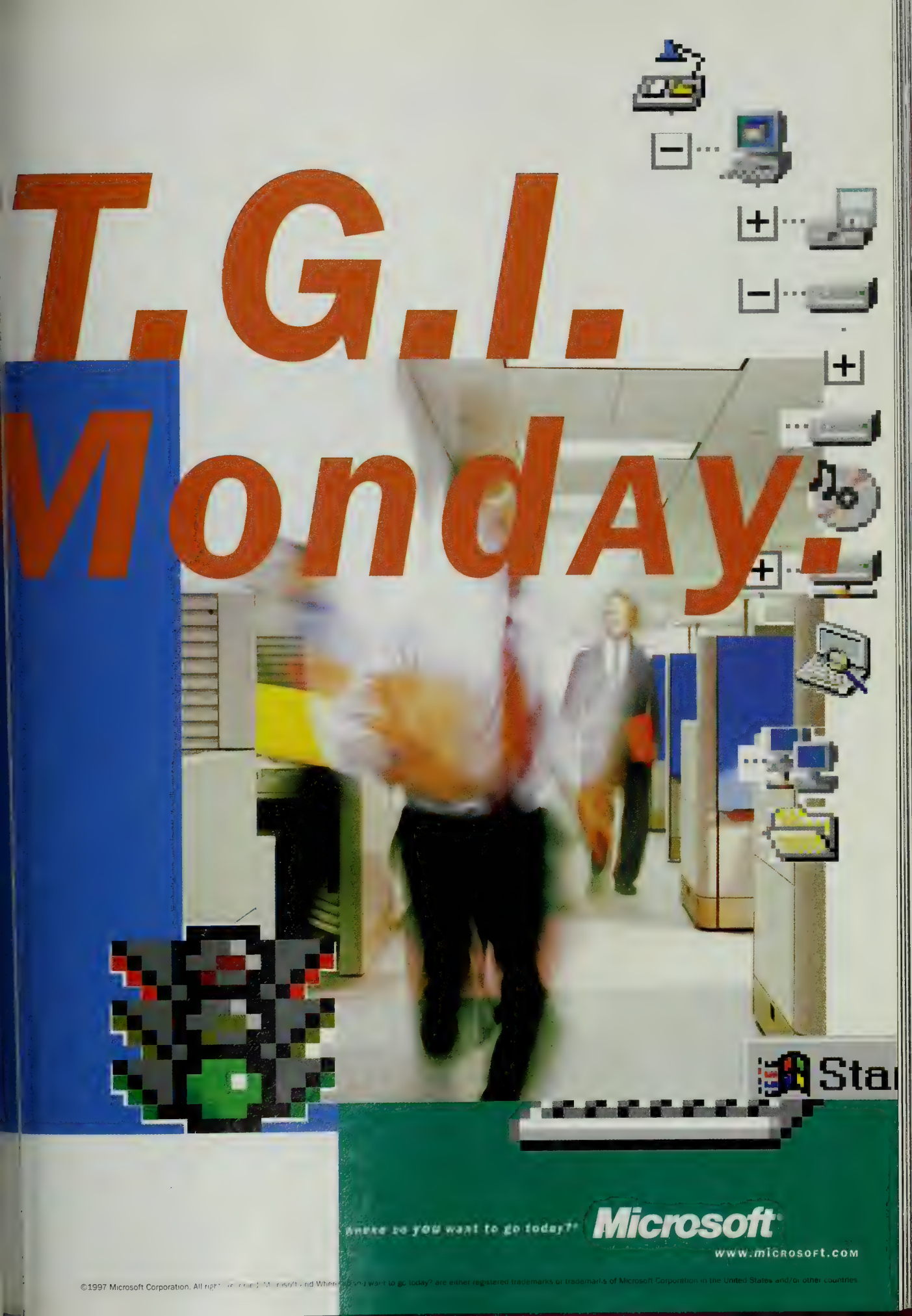
**SHOE-INS**
**Dolce & Gabbana's cashmere cardigans (priced at $3,200) recently sold out; Gucci stilettos ($395) are now favored, as are Pradas ($320) and Manolo Blahniks ($445).**

For men earning big Wall Street money—and the earners *are* all men; *Financial World*'s annual list of the top 100 earners includes no women—the patrician look never went out of style; it's just gotten more subtle and more expensive. A young Goldman, Sachs vice president might choose a dark pin-striped suit from Giorgio Armani's "Black Label." Or Purple Label by Ralph Lauren. Or Ermenegildo Zegna, or Calvin Klein. At about $2,000 the suit. London's Savile Row bespoke tailors have found that their New York customers are on a buying binge. This fall one tailor received an order for 32 suits from a Wall Street client.

Men, unfortunately, can't indulge in handbags, but they are paying as much for watches as New Yorkers once paid for co-ops. "Ten years ago the achievement would have been to own a gold Rolex, which in those days sold for perhaps $7,000 or $8,000," says Leon Adams, owner of Cellini Fine Jewelry in the Waldorf




**AND CARRIAGE-TRADERS**
**The Giorgio Armani (*above*) and Ralph Lauren stores are part of the boom on Madison Avenue.**


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Astoria. "Today they're spending upwards of $10,000 on leather-strap watches." They sling around phrases such as "complicated movement," and invoke Franck Muller, the young Mozart of Swiss watchmaking whose white-gold masterpieces are one of Adams's hottest sellers at $16,000 to $25,000. Wempe Jewelers on Fifth Avenue has more than a dozen back orders for its Cartier Tank Française, a solid-gold or stainless-steel watch with a rectangular face for $2,700 to $20,500, and five back orders for its Patek Philippe annual calender model, ranging in price from $17,500 to $25,000. Some investment bankers prefer less flashy models for less money—like the Girard Perregaux limited editions, at a mere $10,000, or Blancpains, which start at $6,500. But there's restraint—and there's cheapness. "There are people who spend $200 on a tie and wear a plastic watch," observes Wempe's Ruediger Albers. "That just doesn't go."

**"I had a client take me to breakfast. He has a $10 million budget. He kept saying, 'Why can't you find me an apartment?'" In the autumn of 1997 the client will have to spend more.**

The cars of choice illustrate the concept of faux restraint even better than fashion does. It's true, the Ford Expedition and Mercury Mountaineer cost only $35,000 or so. But sport-utility vehicles guzzle almost as much gas as a stretch limousine. And now they're more luxurious anyway. At Manhattan Ford Lincoln-Mercury, the top seller is the 1998 Lincoln Navigator. At about $46,000, it's yachtlike with its captain's chair and end-table-size consoles, buttery leather seats, and burled-walnut trim. Lexus makes only 7,500 of its LX450 four-by-fours for the U.S. market—starting at about $48,000. The LX450 is back-ordered at many Lexus dealers. At Rallye Motors in Roslyn, Long Island, Peter Terian reports 300 orders—just at his dealership—for the 1998 Mercedes-Benz ML 320 (base price: $33,950). "I've never seen anything quite like it," he says.

The four-by-four is the preferred family car, but not the *only* car. As a supplemental toy, the Porsche Boxster is so back-ordered that dealers have been tacking on premiums to its $41,000 base price. The Hummer, fully loaded for about $89,000, is too arcane to be anything but a second car, which doubles its status value. "I've had a Lotus Esprit Turbo, a Porsche 911, a Lamborghini Diabolo—none are as much fun as a Hummer," says Todd Eberhard, a 33-year-old portfolio manager. "It's got double the clearance of a Ford Bronco . . . so you don't swerve for potholes, you just drive right through them; that's part of the kick."

For an acquisitive Wall Streeter, the money saved by choosing a practical car can be put toward the cost of some pricier means of mobility—like a plane. As of July 1997, Gulfstream reported back orders for 98 luxury jets. The fiercest jockeying is over Gulfstream V's, which sell for $37.5 million each and have the advantage of being able to fly nonstop from New York to Tokyo. Seagram's Edgar Bronfman Jr. reportedly sold his place on the waiting list at a profit to former *TV Guide* owner and U.S. ambassador to Great Britain Walter Annenberg. For those trying to get by on $10 million to $20 million a year, the prudent choice is Gulfstream Shares, a program that enables one to buy air time on a jet. For a mere $7.15 million you get 200 hours a year. A jet will be made available to you within six hours' notice.

For those still awaiting their own jets, Shoreline Aviation now takes weekenders by seaplane from the East River off 23rd Street to the East Hampton airport and back for $398. Prime times for summer weekends are usually entirely booked.

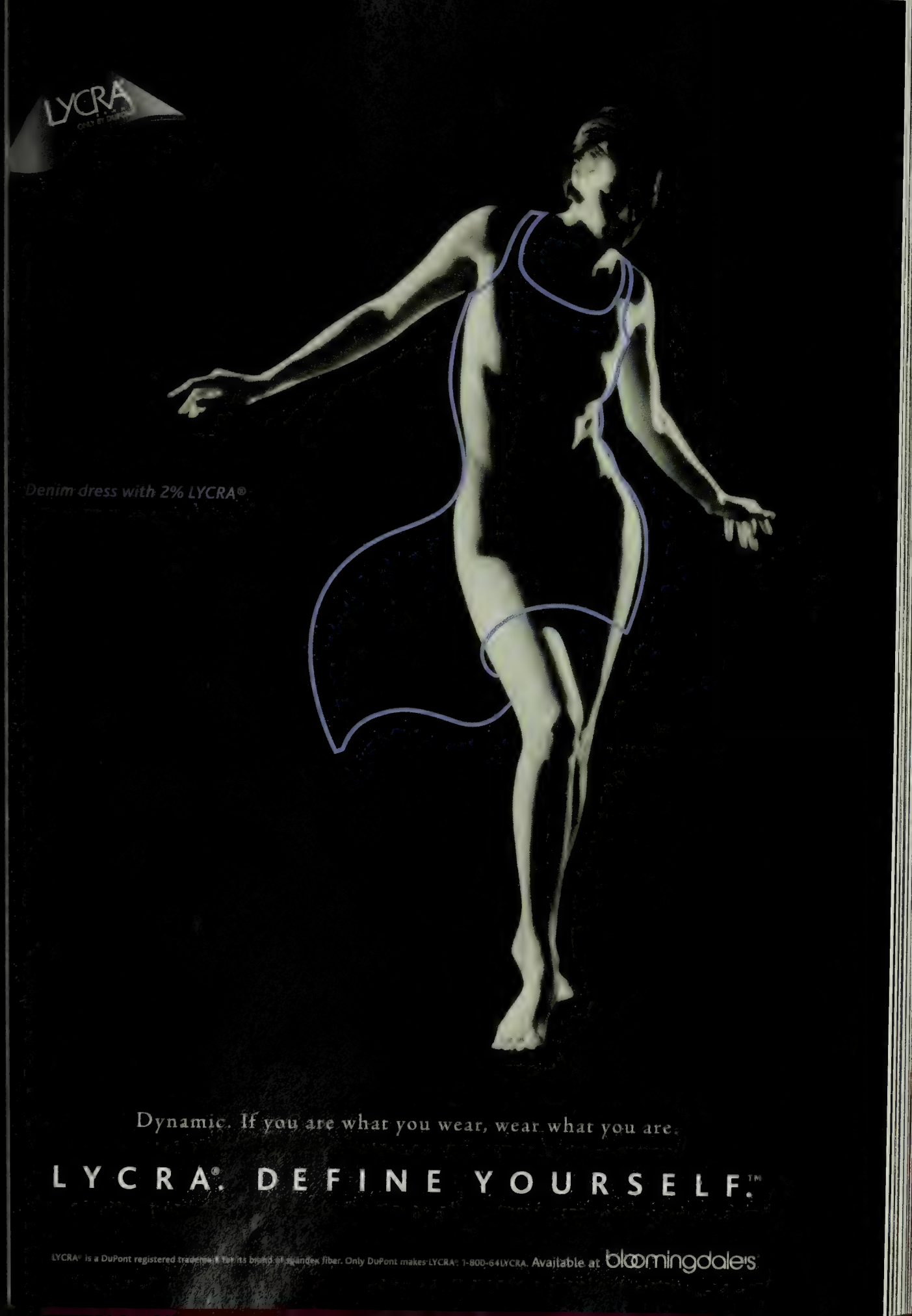
In the early 90s, a luxury tax dampened the ardor of prospective yacht buyers in Manhattan. Ever since Congress rescinded the tax in 1993, there's been money to burn on the greatest indulgence of them all. Last summer, the Surfside 3 Marina at Chelsea Piers, off West 23rd Street, was filled. Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen kept his 200-foot Feadship, the *Méduse,* at the marina until early autumn; the *Méduse* has its own helicopter, recording studio, and movie theater, and is valued at $30 million. Bobbing nearby was *Mystique,* the 162-foot Oceanfast owned by Herb Galen of Ellen Tracy sportswear. At the North Cove Yacht Harbor, adjacent to the World Financial Center, all 20 slips for luxury yachts were filled this summer—at $400 per day per hundred feet of boat. North Cove is where pet-food king and *Village Voice* owner Leonard Stern has docked his 126-foot *Lady Allison,* named after his wife. It's where Ivana Trump docked her 105-foot *My Ivana,* former secretary of the Treasury William Simon his 175-foot *Itaska,* and racecar driver turned auto tycoon Roger Penske his 116-foot Feadship, *Detroit Eagle.* It's also where Sony's Tommy Mottola entertained on one yacht while his soon-to-be-ex-wife Mariah Carey entertained on another. "It was *The War of the Roses,*" says one marina worker.

Paul Allen's *Méduse* has sailed south for the winter, but the 16-room apartment at 4 East 66th Street he bought as a pied-à-terre for $14 million remains the high-water mark of the most extraordinary year in Manhattan real estate that anyone can remember.

Like a pulsating sun, Wall Street has bathed commercial and residential buildings all over the island with its golden glow, starting with its own once dreary environs. A decade ago, the financial district after hours was a ghost town. Now brokers pay high rents to walk home. At 45 Wall Street, three-bedroom apartments start at $3,100. Hotels are sprouting, too. The Cipriani restaurant family, with two investors, just paid $27 million for an Ionic-columned colossus at 55 Wall Street, which they plan to turn into "the most exclusive hotel in America."

In SoHo, commercial space that rented for $50 to $75 per square foot last year is $150 now. As for residential lofts, they've gone up 50 percent or more since the recession of '91. "A nice loft . . . with *light?*" asks a downtown broker rhetorically. "A million dollars." At 166 Duane Street in Tribeca, loft condominiums are going for $2 million to $3 million. "What's unusual," adds the broker, "is that you're seeing people outbid because someone behind them can offer to pay all cash. And many of these buyers are under 30 years old!"

Northward, the glow enhances even the scruffiest streets in the West Village. In 1994, Pam Liebman of the Corcoran Group sold an apartment there for $740,000; it's now on the market for $1.2 million and the sellers just rejected a


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**SETTING THE PACE** *From far left:* decorator Bunny Williams says her clients want families but not dull domesticity; chef Daniel Boulud, of Restaurant Daniel, which now delivers to your door; realtor Edward Lee Cave, the crown prince of East Side co-op brokers.

bid of $1.1 million. Earlier in the year, a condominium in one marginal loft building sold for $350,000; eight months later, another unit in the same line went for $569,000. Chelsea's hotter than ever. So, at last, is Times Square, with a huge Planet Hollywood hotel/restaurant currently being negotiated for Broadway and 47th Street, while on the site of the old Nathan's hot-dog emporium on Broadway between 42nd and 43rd a new skyscraper is rising (a complex that will house, as it happens, Condé Nast Publications, which publishes *Vanity Fair*). Huge projects are erasing Eighth Avenue's worst blights. At Columbus Circle, Donald Trump's latest glass condominium tower is filling, and redevelopment plans for the dreary Coliseum are in the works. And on the Upper West Side, the Wall Street "bonus babies," as broker Andrew Phillips of the Halstead Property Company calls them, have so heated the market for family-size pre-war apartments that a "classic seven [-room]" on Riverside Drive goes for "at least" $1 million, while Central Park West shines with star power (Sting, Harrison Ford, Steven Spielberg, Robin Williams, Bruce Willis and Demi Moore), the wattage of which is diminished only by Madonna's recent move from her 14-room apartment at 41 Central Park West, reportedly on the market at $6.25 million.



**SETTINGS FOR PACESETTERS** *Above,* 820 Fifth Avenue, where media types and bicoasters from Hollywood crave acceptance; *left,* 740 Park Avenue, where a young family just bought a $10 million apartment.

The Upper East Side, however, remains New York's most exclusive neighborhood, and is still where the most spectacular prices are being paid.

"I had a client take me to breakfast," relates Edward Lee Cave, the dapper crown prince of high-end East Side co-op brokers, who presides from behind an antique French desk with four fat Rolodexes. "He has a $10 million budget. He kept saying, 'Why can't you find me an apartment?' Well, he wants a certain kind of apartment. Including a terrace, for example. And 6,000 to 7,000 square feet. And pre-war." For that, in the autumn of 1997, the client will have to spend more.



**PLACE SETTINGS** Christopher Shipley (*right*), the wine director at '21,' feels confident about offering bottles of wine approaching $2,000; dinner at Daniel (*below*), where the tasting menu begins at $69.

A million dollars this season *might* fetch a classic six on Park Avenue, but only one that needs work, and certainly not one in the prime Carnegie Hill blocks between 86th and 96th Streets. Brownstones are more. "There's a town house on East 87th we're trying to sell now," says one broker. "Five years ago it sold for $1.7 million. Now it's listed at $2.7 million! None of us can price anything, because every assumption we went on is out the window." One can always rent instead, but at breathtaking cost: a classic six in a pre-war building or barely acceptable East 96th Street recently went for $3,800 a month.

So fierce is the demand that in many cases co-ops in pre-war buildings sell for their full asking prices. "We had

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# OLD FASHIONED

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WELCOME TO CIVILIZATION

two-bedroom on East 95th Street between Fifth and Madison that went on the market two years ago for $500,000—and no one bid," says one broker. "It just went back on the market again for $750,000. The first person who came to look at it offered full price if the seller would take it off the market that day." The buyer's no fool: in this market, apartments sometimes sell for *more* than their asking price. One apartment in the 1100s on Fifth Avenue was recently put on the market for $5.7 million; it sold for $6.1 million.

In the frenzy, old rules fall away. "We'll have auctions, with sealed envelopes, and a deadline—the highest bid in by Friday at five P.M., say," one broker explains. "Twenty-four hours later, someone comes in and offers more—and the sellers take it!" Robby Browne, for seven years the top-selling broker at Douglas Elliman, does what he can to keep his client's bid secret; other brokers, he knows, are waiting to learn he's established an offer so they can top it. "My boyfriend and I broke up four weeks ago, and I started going to a psychologist about it. But I find I'm in there just talking about the market and how cutthroat it's all gotten. It's so depressing!"

In the 80s, you could buy many East Side co-ops with a mortgage. Now, even if the building allows financing, the market may not: when another bidder offers cash, he tends to get the deal. More often than not, the buyers who meet such standards are not the grizzled captains of industry you'd expect. They're in their mid-30s. "I just sold one at 740 Park for more than $10 million," says Cave. "Then I sold the Loeb estate at 730 Park for over $5 million. Then at 834 Fifth, over $10 million." All to buyers in their 30s. "They have inherited wealth augmented by Wall Street," Cave explains. "It's not the people working there, it's the people who have their money there. They're the children of the people I dealt with 20 years ago. There's no hysteria. It's very pleasant."

**"I know someone who made $40 million on a bonus last year. He drives a Volkswagen Jetta and is putting the kids' tuition aside. Then he'll retire at 40."**

Actually, it's sometimes very *un*pleasant. "The co-op boards have gone bananas," says one broker. "They're so invasive." Buyers have to meet insane financial criteria—at some buildings, they have to fork over the full purchase price in cash and show two to three times that much in liquid assets (the country house doesn't count). In addition, some co-op boards require up to five years' worth of monthly maintenance payments deposited in an escrow account. At 820 Fifth, where every apartment has more than 6,000 square feet, with most rooms overlooking Central Park, Terry Semel of Warner Bros. reportedly had to fight to buy an apartment for $12 million. "Jayne Wrightsman didn't want the guy in," claims one broker of the prominent hostess who was a close friend of Jacqueline Onassis's. "But Bill Acquavella, the big art dealer, lives in the building and he fought to get [Semel] in."

Entertainment-world and controversial public figures have always been frowned upon by Waspy co-op boards—the parties they might have! the paparazzi they might attract!—but money in large, liquid amounts now seems to be easing such qualms. Theater producer-director Hal Prince reportedly overcame the stigma by paying close to the asking price of $9.5 million at 834 Fifth, as did Robert Redford at 1030 by paying about $4 million for a penthouse fixer-upper. But earlier this year, merger-and-acquisition banker Bruce Wasserstein was turned down at 834 Fifth and at 2 East 67th. Kent Swig at Brown Harris Stevens, whose father-in-law is developer Harry Macklowe, was turned down at 885 Park but managed to claw his way into 740 Park.

"The 80s were about sit-down dinners and how much French furniture you can stuff into an apartment," says Cave. "The clients I see now are trying to get on with their family lives." Both parents work; they have a child or two—perhaps the second necessitated the move—and no intention of fleeing to the suburbs as the children reach school age. "He has a car and driver—and so does she," says Cave. "But they don't head toward Bergdorf. They go to Brearley." Tuition at the Brearley School starts at $15,400 for kindergarten (and has gone up about $1,000 each of the last two years). After-school sports, such as the ice-hockey league at the new Chelsea Piers Sports and Entertainment Complex on the West Side, can cost another $1,000 per child. Expensive as family life is in Manhattan, however, most of Cave's clients hope to retire soon—say, by age 40. "I know someone who made $40 million on a bonus last year at my shop," says one investment banker of a colleague in his 30s. Did the colleague blow it on parties and cocaine? No way. "He has a nice four-bedroom home in East Hampton, drives a Volkswagen Jetta, and is putting the kids' tuition aside. Then he'll retire at 40 or 45—that's a real trend." Partly it's fear: bank mergers mean job losses, and the older one is, the more vulnerable. Says the banker with a sigh, "I'm considered old at 33."

For this crowd, Bunny Williams is the decorator of choice. A gentle, matronly woman who has worked quietly but with steadily growing stature for 30 years, Williams keeps an airy lair in the East 60s, where English, French, and Italian pieces coexist in a casual mix that looks unplanned—which is the point. Family needs, not entertaining, dictate her work these days. In the library, she'll put a large TV screen that drops down from the ceiling, so the family can watch videos together. Rather than fill the dining room with a long table that's used only rarely, she'll design the space as a recreation room; meals, even formal ones, can be served in the eat-in kitchen. "They don't want delicate furniture," Williams says. "And it has to have scale—not little parlor chairs and tea tables that will fall over."

Just as well, says Mario Buatta, the unbowed Prince of Chintz. "What I see is a lot of young people with money to spend, but less and less good furniture to find. I remember when you could get a Pembroke table for $750; now it's $27,000. That's the market. I remember when you could do a living room for $25,000. Now you get a sofa, a couple of chairs, and maybe a table for that much. So a lot of buyers are being sold very ornate pieces that no one would have looked at a decade ago. It's like when the Arabs came to London and the dealers dusted off all the stuff no one else

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**NOSHING POSH** *Above, right:* Pravda, in SoHo, serves beluga caviar to men in black and ladies in leather. *Above:* the Harriman auction at Sotheby's, May 1997. *Right:* the Surfside 3 Marina at Chelsea Piers was filled last summer.

wanted. Or if they can't find pieces that are important in themselves, they buy scraps that belonged to famous people—Jacqueline Onassis or Pamela Harriman or Billy Baldwin—and throw them all together." Hence the wild popularity of Sotheby's recent celebrity auctions: desirability is defined by who owned the piece, not who made it.

Fine furniture can still be bought, to be sure, if money is no object. Henry Kravis has managed to find enough 18th-century French furniture to fill his new, 10,000-square-foot triplex at 625 Park Avenue by hiring François-Joseph Graf, who worked under the chief curator at Versailles, to ransack Paris's best dealers on an ongoing basis and commute weekly to New York by Concorde to make his reports. Money can even make your apartment bigger. One well-known financier just extended the bathroom of his new Central Park West co-op by paying his neighbor $200,000 for a walk-in closet's worth of space between them so he could, in Jim Morrison's immortal words, break on through to the other side.

Once a city apartment and a house at the beach was all anyone coveted. Now it's the Hamptons for summer and Bedford for weekends the rest of the year (so the children can play soccer and the parents can ride). George Soros does the Hamptons-Bedford axis. So do Carl Icahn and former Drexel Burnham Lambert partner Leon Black. A western ranch or ski house is a popular option, too: along with the pioneers (Ted Turner and Tom Brokaw in Montana, Ralph Lauren in Colorado), World Bank president James Wolfensohn and investment banker Roger Altman are in Jackson Hole, *Rolling Stone* publisher Jann Wenner is in Sun Valley, and Henry Kravis is in Vail. Felix Rohatyn recently became a rancher, too, for respite from his unexpectedly tough assignment as U.S. ambassador to France. To provide that rustic touch, the ranch houses of many of these weekend cowboys are log cabins. *Large* log cabins, but still . . . very restrained.

At home in the city, wealthy New Yorkers are entertaining more simply these days, and usually just for friends. "People used to have huge dinner parties; now it's just three courses, and I think that's better," philanthropist Brooke Astor says. "I think people are calming down. The women are not overdressed—you don't see them in great necklaces." Though a certain decorum has been lost. Once, the men refrained from business talk at dinner, except when they went off to smoke their cigars. "Now they talk about business as soon as they come in for cocktails—and the women smoke cigars!"

Still, the air of restraint can be deceptive. At Restaurant Daniel, so many customers began asking owner Daniel Boulud to cater dinner parties in their homes that he established a service. For $120 per person, his Feast & Fête spares "cook" the extra effort of an elaborate dinner for guests. "This week we've got five dinners," says an assistant perusing Daniel's appointment book. Of course, that fee doesn't include caviar, which most hosts request (at $90 for 500 grams, or about a pound, of beluga), and it doesn't include wine. Average cost for a sedate dinner party for 12: $2,000 to $3,000.

In the Hamptons, where homes are larger and white tents can be pitched on wide lawns, the entertaining tenor

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to get more lavish. At least it did last summer. And as one frequent guest observes, "The days of typical summer parties with bartenders dispensing drinks on the lawn are gone. You're either Wasp or poor if you do that." Theme parties are now de rigueur.

Leon Black gave a Mexican party. Plastic surgeon Dan Baker and wife Nina Griscom gave a Moroccan party complete with belly dancers and Moroccan music; everyone sat on the floor at a long table two feet high. Carl Icahn, not to be outdone, gave a Casablanca party. At the gates, 100 very special guests were greeted in French by Algerian border guards. Inside, they found the house stripped of all furniture and paintings—everything carefully wrapped and stored by Home Sweet Home for the night—and recast as Rick's Café. Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre look-alikes strolled among waiters in fezzes and pantaloons; Icahn and his girlfriend, Gail Golden, apparently spent $250,000 on the evening. By comparison, oil billionaire David Koch's reported $150,000 for fireworks at a Labor Day party seemed almost frugal.

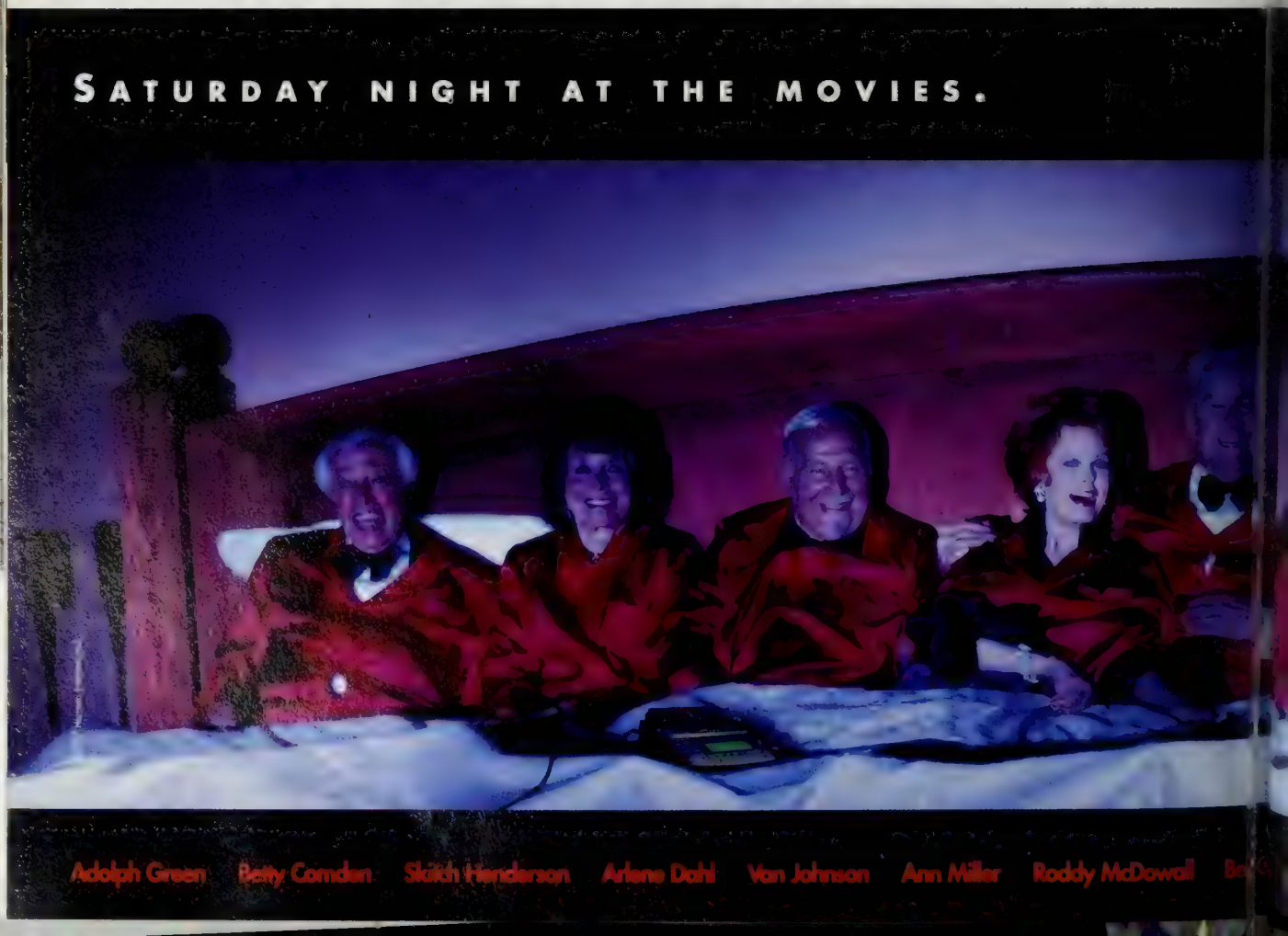
"Do you suppose we're in a golden age now?" asks singer Barbara Cook between numbers by Gershwin and Rogers and Kern at the Cafe Carlyle. "Could be! So let's enjoy it while we're in it!"

Uptown and down, the wealthy in Manhattan seem to be doing just that. Less clear is how much of the lucre, if any, is being shared with less fortunate citizens. Just how much noblesse oblige do the new patricians possess?

Here and there, at the risk of sounding Pollyannaish, is evidence of a cheering trend. So vastly rich are so many Manhattanites that, among them, status now derives from what money *can't* buy. Discipline. Athletic prowess. An erudite and accomplished spouse. Well-adjusted children getting good grades. Philanthropically, writing checks and buying benefit-dinner tickets is no longer enough. Creative philanthropy is what counts.

The leaders of the pack have started their own foundations, and run them with businesslike rigor, looking for high R.O.I.'s—returns on investment—for the causes they espouse. Donations are out; venture capital for social needs is in. One pioneer was Paul Tudor Jones II, who managed to increase his assets during the 1987 crash by nearly 100 percent, and at 33 began looking for ways to give something back. Today his Robin Hood Foundation dispenses $12 million annually to urban programs for disadvantaged children and teenagers, providing jobs but also bank accounts and career counseling. The foundation helps other charities manage themselves better, too—venture capital at work. The foundation's donors include Stanley Druckenmiller and Ronald Perelman, among other Wall Streeters and business leaders drawn by the bottom-line approach. "What you find among these financial titans is that they're not driven by Sally Struthers–like appeals to the heart," says David Saltzman, Robin Hood's executive director. "But rather by a dollars-and-cents appeal to the brain. When you show them a philanthropy that's working like a business, they are extremely generous."

Steven Klinsky, a 41-year-old partner at Forstmann Little & Co., is another pioneer, focused, like Jones, on education in the city. The Gary Klinsky Children Centers (named after a deceased brother) apply some of his last year's $35 million



earnings to underwriting longer hours at New York public schools in forgotten neighborhoods. "We do it in the form of an after-school clubhouse in the school," he says. "You'd be amazed at what a high energy level the kids have, because we don't teach it like school, it's like a club." Klinsky has enlisted the Tiger Foundation to sponsor one school's "club," and the William and Mary Greve Foundation another. Down in SoHo, former investment banker Henry Buhl founded the SoHo Partnership and the TriBeCa Partnership to employ homeless people and give them job counseling; currently 34 are at work. Last year, Henry Kravis joined the trend by forming the New York City Investment Fund, gathering $60 million from 60 donors to form a business investment fund for what the LBO king calls "civic capitalism." The only tycoon whose foundations appeal as much to their founder's heart as to his brain is, ironically, the biggest giver of them all: George Soros, who's as interested in legalizing marijuana for medical uses as he is in fostering capitalism in Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union.

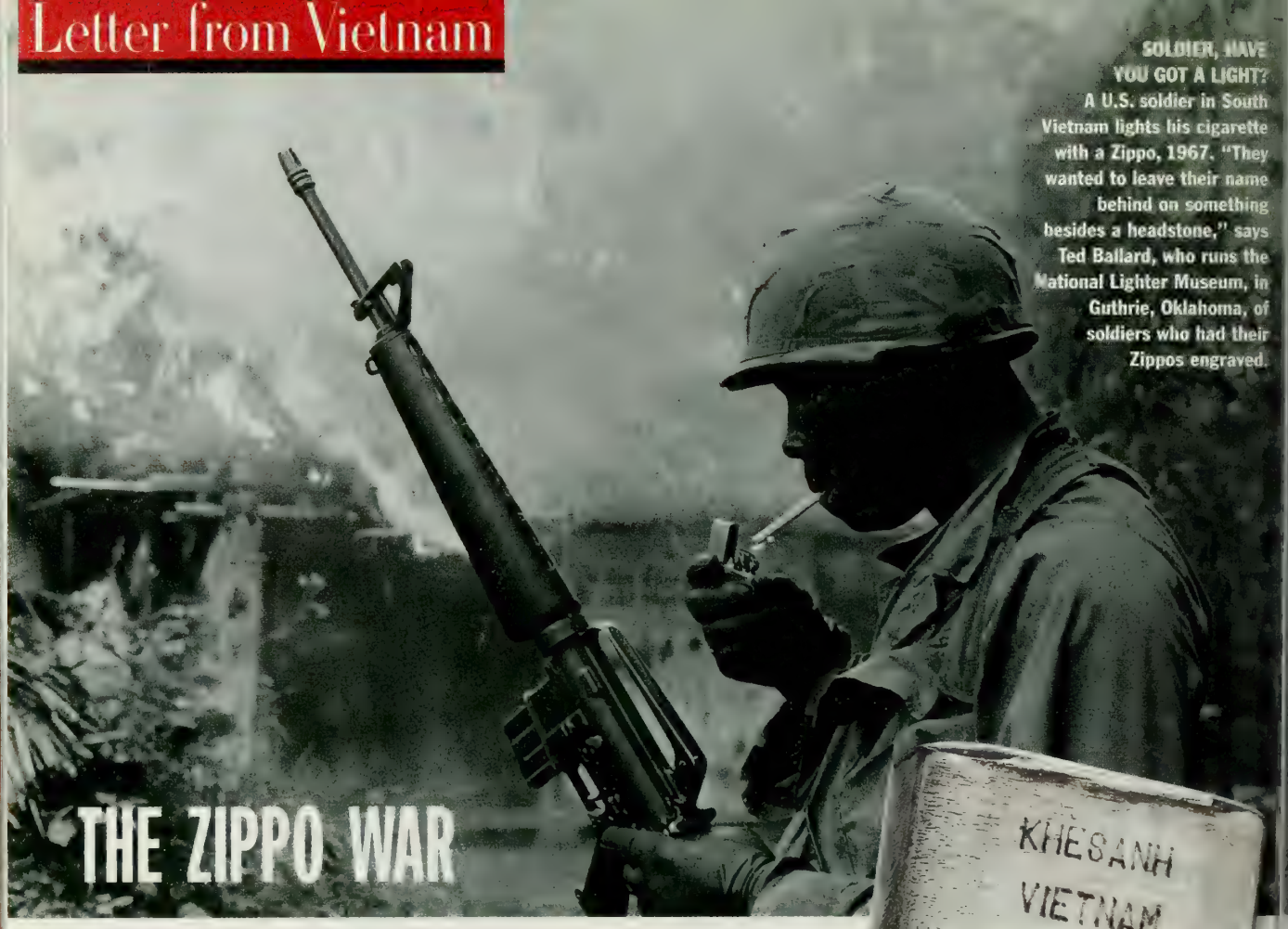
In these best of times, however, the givers, creative or not, may be the exceptions rather than the rule. Only 61 of the Forbes Four Hundred made *The American Benefactor*'s 1997 list of the 100 top lifetime givers. Ten percent of the rich, as Ann Kaplan of Giving USA observes, still give 90 percent of the money. In Wall Street offices last January, giving to Covenant House and WNET-13 remained at the previous year's levels, despite the market increase. "The rich, for the proportion of the wealth they give, are nowhere near as generous a class as they flatter themselves to be," says Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., *The American Benefactor*'s editor. "And the objects of their charity—usually their alma maters—are not such as to thrill the heart of a real fixer of [social] ills."

**"I see a lot of young people with money, but less good furniture to find. I remember when you could get a Pembroke table for $750; now it's $27,000."**

In truth, if the rich have changed in exterior ways from the 1980s, they are probably no different, at heart, from how they were a century ago, when Thorstein Veblen wrote his cynical classic, *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. The coiner of the phrase "conspicuous consumption" declared that for the rich, all is for show—especially in the city, where "the struggle to outdo one another" is more intense and demands more advertisement. "In order to gain and hold the esteem of men," Veblen wrote, "it is not sufficient merely to possess wealth or power. The wealth or power must be put in evidence, for esteem is awarded only on evidence."

Expensive meals, beautiful clothes, connoisseurship, leisure sports, even philanthropy are all such evidence. In Manhattan, right now, they abound. □



SOLDIER, HAVE YOU GOT A LIGHT? A U.S. soldier in South Vietnam lights his cigarette with a Zippo, 1967. "They wanted to leave their name behind on something besides a headstone," says Ted Ballard, who runs the National Lighter Museum, in Guthrie, Oklahoma, of soldiers who had their Zippos engraved.

# THE ZIPPO WAR




## His engraved Zippo was often the Vietnam G.I.'s proudest possession, used to torch huts, remove leeches, or ignite hash pipes. Now prized above their medals by many veterans, these metal lighters bear inscriptions that echo the horror of that war's special hell

**BY DAVID MARGOLICK**

The G.I.'s are long gone from Dong Khoi, formerly Tu Do, formerly Rue Catinat, the street that runs through the heart of Ho Chi Minh City, formerly Saigon. Gone, too, are the bars and brothels they patronized, leaving an odd assortment of junk stores, faded patisseries from the French colonial era, and souvenir joints catering to tourists from Japan, Europe, and, less frequently, America. The Vietnam War seems surprisingly remote in this city sizzling with the commerce and hedonism of a new, post-Communist economy. But in the shabby trinket shops, at least, the war lives on.

*WE CAME BECAUSE*
*WE BELIEVE*
*WE LEAVE BECAUSE*
*WE ARE DISALLUSIONED [sic]*
*WE COME BACK BECAUSE*
*WE ARE LOST*
*WE DIE BECAUSE*
*WE ARE COMMITTED*

The war endures in clusters of compact metal rectangles whose hinged tops open and shut with a famously decisive snap. These boxes are dented and tarnished, with bronze peeking through the chrome. Perhaps this is from years of use in combat and i camp, from bouncing around fatigu pockets and being hooked to helmets from being cherished too much; per haps they have just been seasoned t look that way by ingenious entrepre neurs seeking to exploit the lucrativ nostalgia market. In any case, becaus of what is inscribed on them, non will ever make the Smithsonian Inst tution, at least its public exhibits And yet they really belong there, fo they encapsulate an epoch in Amer can history. That epoch is marked b the one war America lost, and thes relics are the Zippo lighters its so diers carried. CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

TOP BY GILLES LAROUN INSET BY MIL

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 204

*WE ARE THE UNWILLING*
*LED BY THE UNQUALIFIED*
*DOING THE UNNECESSARY*
*FOR THE UNGRATEFUL*

The folks at the Zippo Manufacturing Co. of Bradford, Pennsylvania, a small town that lost nine boys in Vietnam, ay they shipped 200,000 lighters there. hat number seems low, for more than wo and a half million Americans served n Vietnam, and most will tell you they wned at least one. "There is nothing the verage soldier would rather have," the egendary war correspondent Ernie Pyle rote of Zippos during World War II, the rst conflict in which they became as uch a part of the uniform as dog tags nd boots. In Vietnam they were even ore prized—portable pieces of home in godforsaken place, the linchpin of ma- o and comradely military culture. John ayne had one in *The Green Berets;* so d Martin Sheen in *Apocalypse Now.*

In Vietnam, Zippos were one of few ings that worked as they were supposed , in the rain and damp and muck of the ace, and not just to light Marlboros. Once ldiers had enlarged the holes in the metal casing for the wick, to draw the flame to the side, Zippos were perfect for igniting hashish and opium in spoons and pipes.

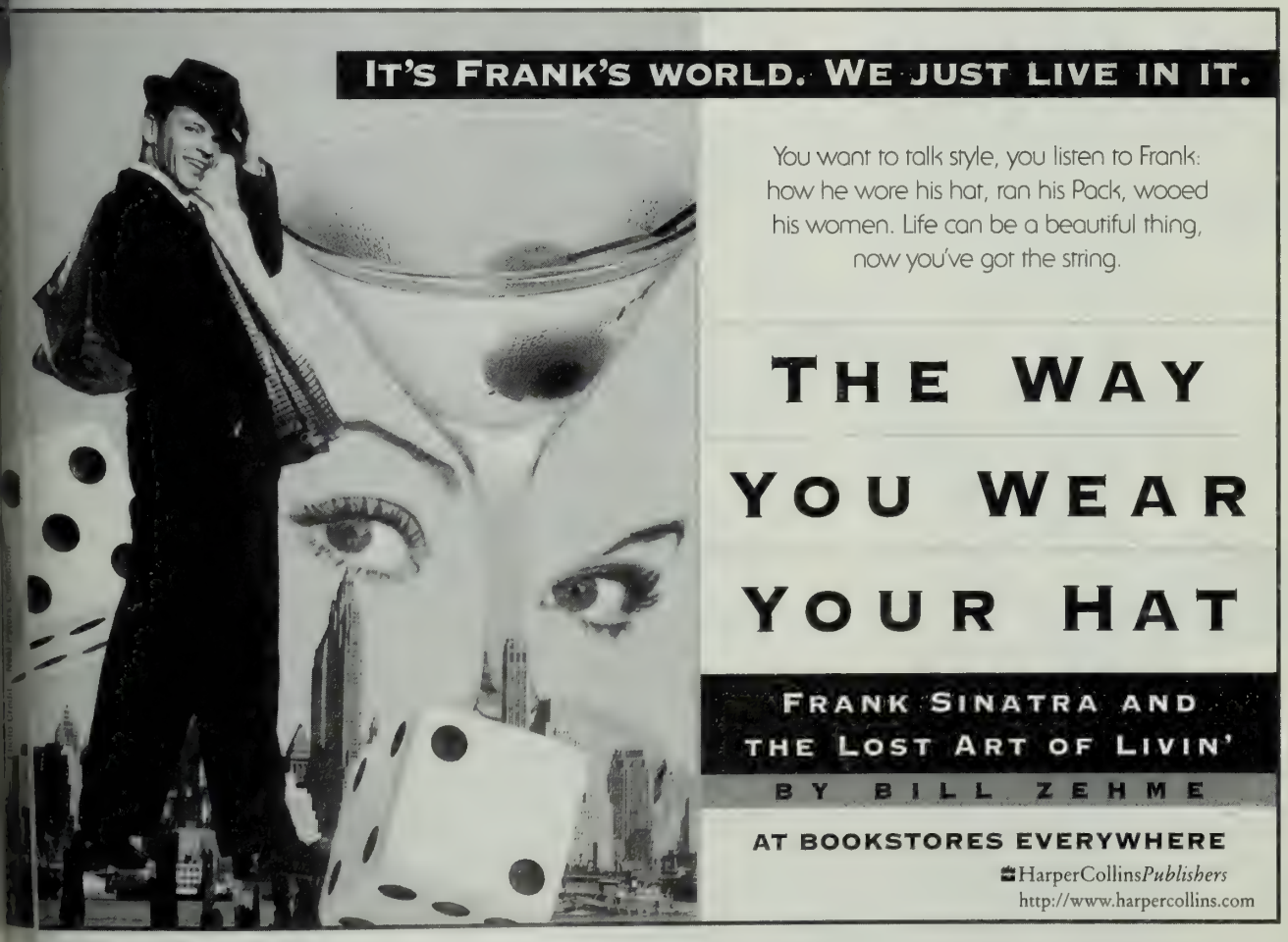
*ALWAYS RIPPED*
*OR ALWAYS STONED*
*I MADE IT A YEAR*
*I'M GOING HOME*

Zippos also doubled and tripled as hammers and mirrors and signals. They were the best way to remove leeches. They provided light for reading and heat for cooking. Soldiers went to great lengths to keep them working—improvising wicks from materials at hand, and filling them with insect repellent or whiskey, or dipping them into gas tanks, when lighter fluid ran low. So attached were the G.I.'s to Zippos that the Vietcong learned to booby-trap them with explosives, then leave them in bars and other places frequented by American troops. Sooner or later, a curious, covetous soldier was sure to pick one up.

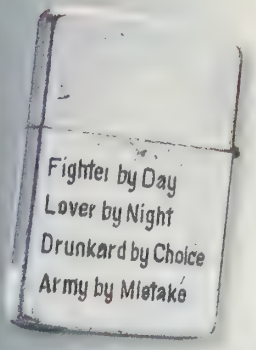
**So attached were the G.I.'s to Zippos that the Vietcong learned to booby-trap them with explosives.**

Zippos could be tools of destruction, which may be one of the reasons the company seems to soft-pedal their importance in Vietnam. In the famous footage of a G.I. lighting a thatched hut in the hamlet of Cam Ney, his weapon is a lighter, probably a Zippo. "Zippo" became a verb, as in "to Zippo" a village. As a noun it acquired new, subsidiary definitions, for portable flamethrowers and flame-spewing tanks. And it was an adjective too. Riverboats employed to burn away the dense jungle foliage that grew down to the water's edge were called Zippo boats. Search-and-destroy operations became "Zippo missions." ("We have seen Democracy on Zippo raids, / Burning hooches to the ground," the Vietnam veteran and poet W. D. Ehrhart wrote in *A Relative Thing.*)

Zippos were considered good-luck pieces, to be passed down from homeward-bound soldiers to buddies left behind. A





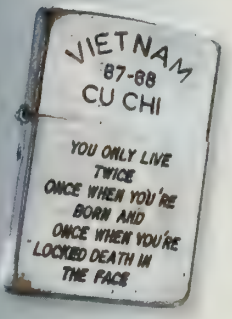


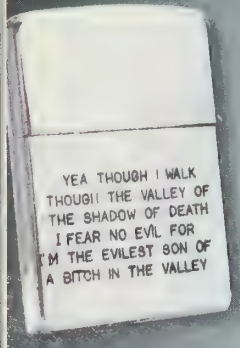






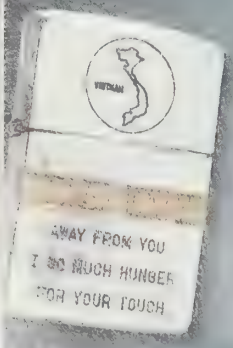











**ON THE LIGHTER SIDE**
**"Send guys to war, they come home talking dirty," wrote Tim O'Brien in his Vietnam memoir *The Things They Carried.* The explicit nature of the "trench art" on many of the lighters makes them too ribald for display at the National Lighter Museum.**

soldier named Andres Martinez said that, by stopping a bullet headed for his heart, a Zippo in his left shirt pocket saved his life. A similarly situated Zippo prevented some shrapnel from piercing Boyd Gates of Fort Worth, Texas; instead, the lighter was dented right below the spot where Gates had carved his name. "I don't know if it kept me from getting killed, but it sure kept me from getting a Purple Heart," he said.

World War II Zippos, made of a porous steel painted with a black crackle finish, had been hard to inscribe; those that were crudely engraved generally featured names or optimistic, patriotic themes. By the time of the Korean War, the chrome of the 30s had been reintroduced and the engravings grew more elaborate—pagodas, maps—but only slightly less upbeat. In Vietnam, the sentiments were far more varied and complicated. They were bitter or bemused, witty or world-weary, peaceful or violent, angry or despondent, naïve or jaded, poignant or pornographic. Mostly, they were raw, with any sense of delicacy stripped away as surely as wartime wear and tear eroded the shiny metal covering.

*I LOVE THE*
*FUCKING ARMY AND*
*THE ARMY LOVES*
*FUCKING ME*

The actual engraving was usually done by entrepreneurial Vietnamese who set up makeshift shops in towns and near American military bases. Like tattoos, the engravings came in certain stock models, maybe 40 or 50 of them. But they could always be customized with names, serial numbers, firebases, years of service. "They wanted to leave their name behind on something besides a headstone," said Ted Ballard, who runs the National Lighter Museum, in Guthrie, Oklahoma.

Some put in their hometowns: "Meanest son of a bitch in Burns, Tenn." Others took favorite sayings. Michael Norman, then a Marine, now a writer, picked the famous line from *Cool Hand Luke,* which for him so captured the spirit of the war that he had it translated into Vietnamese on his lighter: "What we have here is a failure to communicate." Others, like a Marine named Reyes, surely fearful that he would never see them again, listed the names of his "beloved wife and family."

A few Zippo lighters, probably from early in the war, bear can-do, patriotic themes. As time passed and the anti-war movement at home intensified, that patriotism could become belligerent:

*IF I HAD BEEN AT*
*KENT STATE THERE*
*WOULD HAVE BEEN*
*ONE HELL OF A BODY*
*COUNT*

Some engravings, surely of later vintage, are pacifist, bearing peace signs like those carried by protesters stateside. Others depict G.I.'s in a fatherly, benevolent role: one popular design shows an American soldier holding a rifle with one hand and a little Vietnamese boy with the other. Still more sound wistful and weary.

But for the most part, the messages are sexual, explicit, and nihilistic. "Send guys to war, they come home talking dirty," Tim O'Brien declared in his Vietnam memoir *The Things They Carried.*

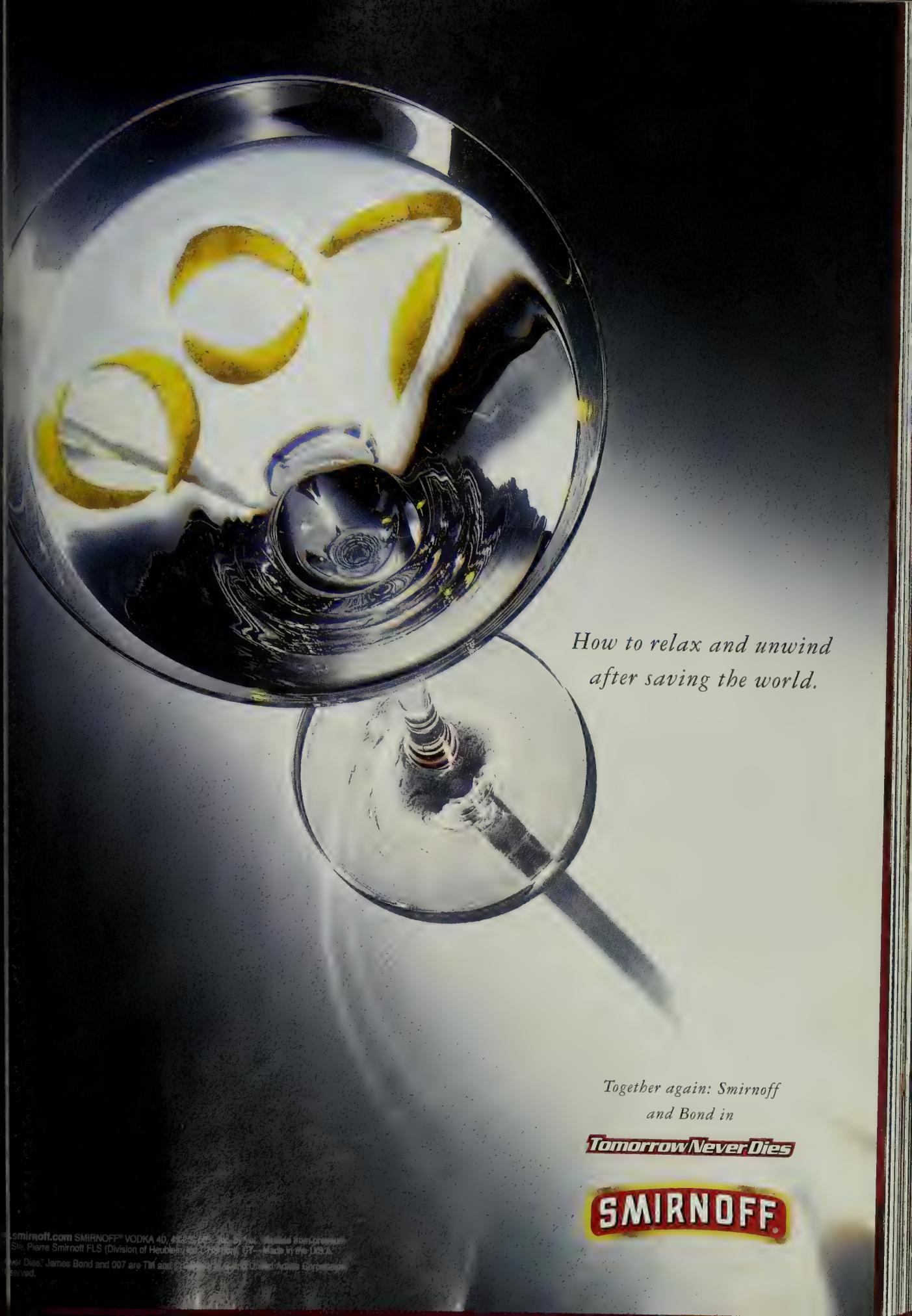
The drawings are often similarly X-rated. There are plenty of naked women. American cartoon characters appear frequently, but either in sexual poses or expressing uncharacteristic sentiments: a pregnant Lucy cursing Charlie Brown, Snoopy or Donald Duck spewing obscenities, Mickey Mouse drinking at a bar.

To the normally straitlaced ladies at the Zippo-company repair shop in Bradford (Zippos come with a lifetime guarantee), even the most profane or pornographic inscriptions aren't offensive; they've become accustomed to them. "It was just a bad era," said Nancy Copeland, who has worked at Zippo for 33 years. She's accustomed, too, to the tender loving care the veterans demand. "A lot of them request that you don't pound the dents out because each one means something."

Some Vietnam veterans have bestowed upon their Zippos the same places of honor or in their homes that they reserve for their medals. In perhaps the most fervent acknowledgment of their importance, dozens have been left, along with medals and other precious mementos, at the base of the Vietnam Memorial in Washington, D.C. One day, a bartender from Georgetown deposited a bag containing about 10 of them there; he had been given them by a guilt-stricken functionary at the military coroner's office, who had removed them from the uniforms of dead soldiers.

*IF YOU GOT*
*THIS OFF*
*MY DEAD ASS*
*I HOPE*
*IT BRINGS YOU*
*THE SAME LUCK*
*IT BROUGHT ME*

Once the United States left Vietnam in 1975, a brisk market in American Vietnamabilia quickly sprang up, particular


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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING. An American soldier sets fire to a hut in a Vietnamese training camp, Lai Khe. Inset: The Zippo engraved "Vietnam 1968 A Year of Destruction, as in To Extend a Village."

among the Japanese. Whole chapters of Japanese Zippo catalogues are now devoted to Vietnam-era models. At the end of the war, engraved Zippos could sell for as much as $150. So valuable did they become that a former North Vietnamese army officer who had confiscated dozens of them from American prisoners of war gave them to his daughter as her dowry.

Realizing a good thing when they saw it, enterprising Vietnamese rushed in, flooding the market with fakes. Souvenir dealers in Ho Chi Minh City readily admit that the cheapest knockoffs, shiny and cheesy-looking things selling for a few dollars, are "photocopies," made in China or Thailand. They pull them apart to show their crudeness. But others, they insist, are genuine, and they look it.

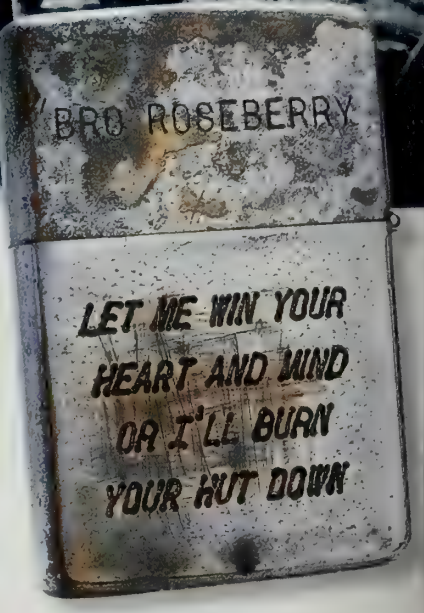
They cannot all be. How could the Americans have left so many Zippos behind? How many could have been given to Vietnamese colleagues or girlfriends, or taken from dead soldiers, or dug up from long-forgotten battlefields? And how is the supply magically, constantly being replenished?

More likely, what one finds in Vietnam now—apart from obvious fakes—are Zippos made during the Vietnam War era but which remained in America. (Zippos are dated by the manufacturer on the bottom.) They are shipped to Vietnam, where they are engraved, often by the same people—perhaps using the same machinery—who'd inscribed the real ones, and with the same sentiments. They sell for $15 or $20 to tourists eager to have their own, safe piece of the Vietnam War.

*IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THERE SHUT THE FUCK UP*

Few of the Zippos now being sold in Vietnam have names or other personal details on them, perhaps the surest sign they have been newly produced. And they may be more nasty on average than the originals, because nastiness sells. Some people say (though others vehemently disagree) that without forensic analysis it is impossible to distinguish between real, "in theater" Zippos and ex post facto ones, even for aficionados. And so, for serious Zippo collectors, it is safer not to buy Vietnam-era lighters at all.

But this has not dampened sales at RRL, the "vintage product and vintage inspired" arm of Ralph Lauren. Over the past four years they've sold hundreds of Vietnam Zippos on Madison Avenue in New York, and while they concede a few fakes may have infiltrated the mix, they insist the rest are genuine. The going rate? $145, up from the initial price of $95. The steep price



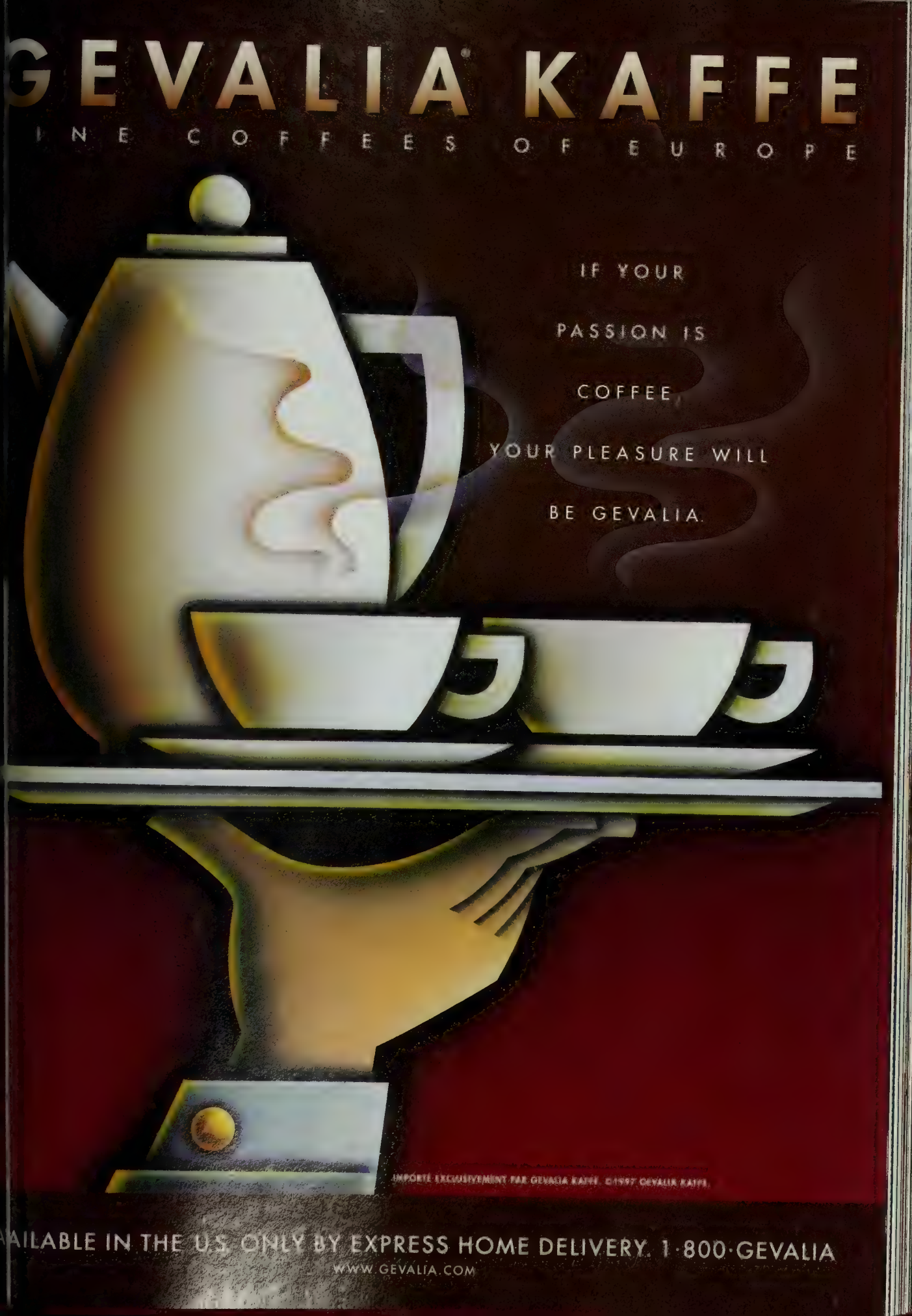

didn't discourage Demi Moore, wh bought 40 of them for the crew of he 1997 movie *G.I. Jane*.

Most of the Lauren Zippos appea to have come from Nihat Ulusoy c Worn Out West, a boutique off Me rose Avenue in Los Angeles. Uluso once owned 2,500 of them. Who, asked him, were his principal supplier "They're not even around any more, he said. "Australian or New Zealan kids."

There is one inscription, howeve that is never found in the schlock sho of Ho Chi Minh City. "I dare them t reproduce that," said Ray Weiner, Vietnam veteran and Zippo collect who lives in Roselle, Illinois.

*HO CHI MINH IS A COMMUNIST MOTHER FUCKER*

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# GOD AND MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

Stars and studio heads may be looking toward the light—Madonna is studying Kabbalah, Terry Semel's guru is Deepak Chopra, and Steven Seagal is turning toward Tibet—but on the dark side of Hollywood there's the snowballing Eisner-vs.-Katzenberg lawsuit and a move to bring back Roman Polanski

**BY KIM MASTERS**





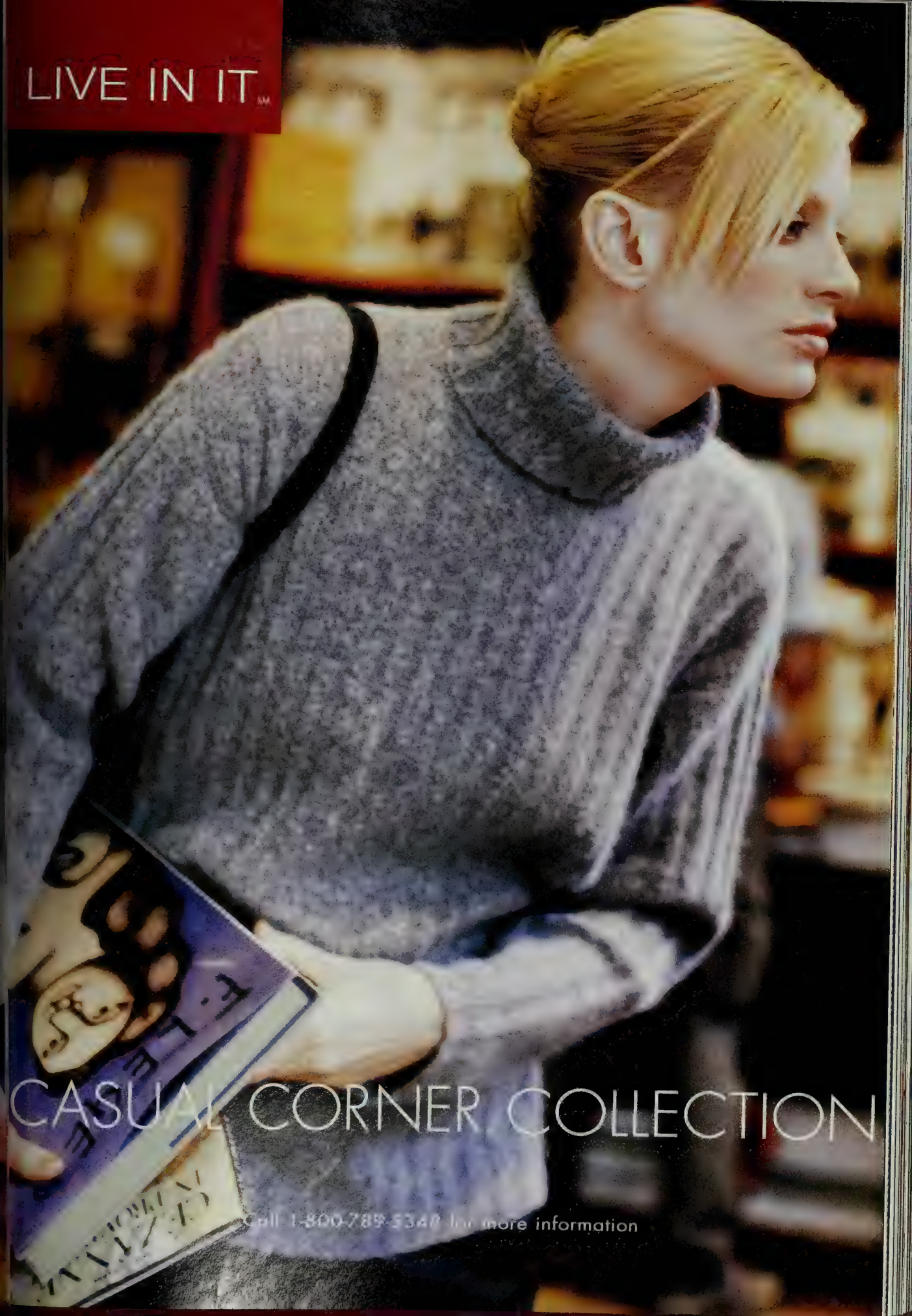
It is a cool evening in Los Angeles, and about 100 Hollywood types gather in the courtyard of Madonna's Maverick headquarters on Beverly Boulevard for cocktails, potato latkes, and knishes.

But the point is not knishes. The point is that Madonna is sharing. And sharing is what Hollywood is learning from Kabbalah, a form of Jewish mysticism based on the Five Books of Moses. The goal, according to literature offered, is "complete fulfillment."

Some date Kabbalah to the 12th century, others to the time of Moses. In the past its devotees have studied in secret, for Kabbalah has not always been associated with things positive. Rabbi Alan Brill, of New York's Yeshiva University, says that the ancient wisdom's dark reputation stems from the Frankists, an 18th-century group that believed Kabbalah advocated biblically forbidden practices. Naturally, that has nothing to do with Kabbalah today. Kabbalah today has its own Web site (www.Kabbalah.com).

Madonna studies through the Kabbalah Learning Centre, headed by Rabbi Phillip Berg, who speaks at Maverick. His wife, Karen (who, we are told, was introduced to Barbra Streisand as "the real Yentl"), also speaks. So does Eitan, a slight, bearded young Israeli

**WHAT BECALMS A LEGEND MOST?** Hollywood's big names are wearing bracelets of simple red string as emblems of their commitment to the study of the mystical wisd of Kabbalah. *Clockwise from top:* Madonna in Las Vegas (at the Tyson-Holyfield fight), June 28; Elizabeth Taylor in Istanbul (post-br surgery), July 28; Roseanne in New York (talking about a talk show), May 20.


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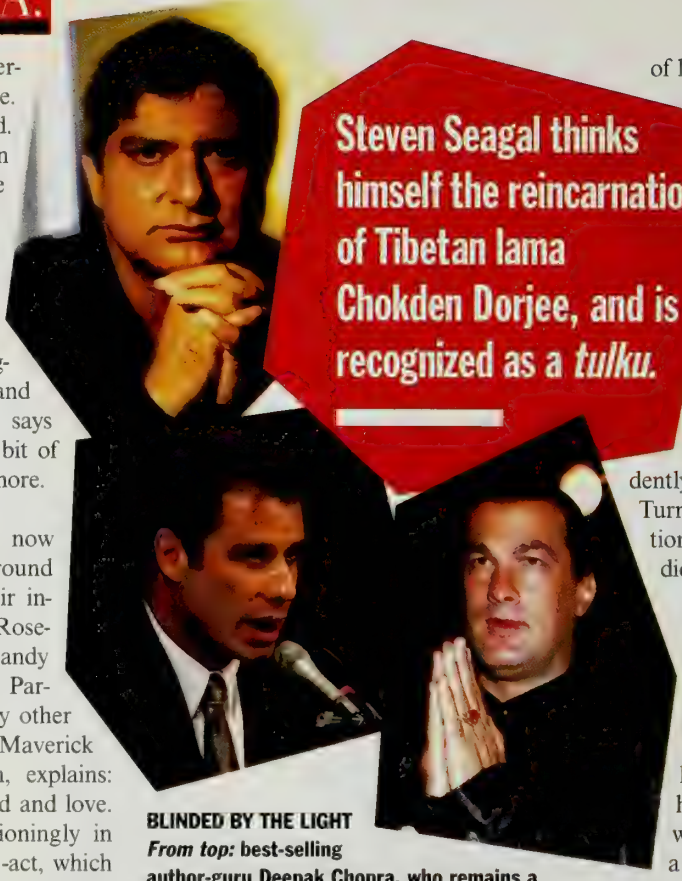
man who is obviously the personality driving Kabbalah here.

Laminated cards are passed. They read: "When you face an obstacle, stop your impulsive reaction and let the Light in." Eitan says we must "restrain" impulses to be unkind, to judge, to gossip. Madonna tells us that she turned to Kabbalah when she was pregnant, exhausted from *Evita,* and looking for an anchor. She says merely that she has found a bit of peace and now trusts others more.

Besides Madonna, those now wearing red threads around their wrists to signify their interest in Kabbalah include Roseanne, Elizabeth Taylor, and Sandy Gallin (who manages Dolly Parton, Mariah Carey, and many other stars). Gallin, who wasn't at Maverick but who studies with Eitan, explains: "The Light," he says, "is God and love. And if you believe unquestioningly in Light, it will lead you to pro-act, which will lead to your making the right decision." Gallin has sipped from various spiritual founts. "I have always taken an interest in all of the self-help, self-improvement-programs—est, advanced est, the Advocate Experience (which was like gay est), Lifespring, Deepak Chopra, Marianne Williamson, Louise Hay, meditation, yoga. I get from them what I get and move on to the next."

Brill says that the Kabbalah Centre is "part New Age" and claims that there seems to be too much focus on raising money. Eitan, however, says that the center relies on donations, but doesn't push anybody. "Part of our policy," he says, "is to let people give from the heart. There are some Hollywood people around, so everybody is talking and jealous. None of these celebrities coming here is our effort. Madonna appeared one day in class."

The Maverick event has attracted a group of powerful men. They include: the Eagles' manager, Irving Azoff; Universal's president, Ron Meyer; Roseanne's manager, Jeff Wald; *Lethal Weapon* producer Joel Silver; and boxer Sugar Ray Leonard. Most have been drawn by wives, girlfriends, or clients. Some congregate in the back like sulky schoolboys. They seem to agree that this kindness idea is dangerous. It might not be good for their careers. When Eitan is introduced, one whispers, "This is the guy who's been fucking up your lives."



**Steven Seagal thinks himself the reincarnation of Tibetan lama Chokden Dorjee, and is recognized as a *tulku.***

**BLINDED BY THE LIGHT**
***From top:* best-selling author-guru Deepak Chopra, who remains a prime source of enlightenment for Hollywood pilgrims, San Diego, 1995; John Travolta defends his faith in Scientology, Washington, 1997; action hero Steven Seagal at the premiere of his movie *The Glimmer Man,* October 1996.**

Hollywood just can't get spiritual enough. On the day of the Kabbalah party, John Travolta appeared before Congress to defend the Church of Scientology, of which he is a member, against attackers. Action star Steven Seagal is now recognized as a *tulku,* the reincarnation of Tibetan lama Chokden Dorjee. Not long ago Warner's co-chairman Terry Semel and his wife, Jane, renewed their vows on their 20th wedding anniversary at their Michael Graves–designed home in Malibu, with Deepak Chopra officiating. Guests included Warren and Annette, Tom and Nicole, and the single guys—George Clooney and Jim Carrey—all sharing the moment.

Michael Crawford, star of *The Phantom of the Opera,* sang "The Music of the Night." Producer Jon Peters—who once headed Sony with Peter Guber—sent a barge laden with fireworks, and a pair of helicopters flashed electronic anniversary greetings. George Clooney, making like Batman, saved Semel's partner, Robert Daly, from doing a header into the pool by grabbing the back of his shirt. ("I had a new suit on." Daly adds, claiming that he wasn't really falling.)

Daly and Semel are not, according to many, feeling the love they enjoyed when Steve Ross ruled the Warner's kingdom. Ted Turner doesn't shy away from the movie side of Time Warner's business, a territory that Daly and Semel have led successfully—and quite independently—for 17 years. Unlike Ross, Turner has never grasped the equation in which high living at the studio equals enhanced profitability. Turner's attitude toward Daly-Semel—who have been Hollywood's most stable management team—may not displease Time Warner's chief executive. Gerald Levin is surely aware of the widely held belief that Daly-Semel have long eyed his job. "Jerry would never fire Bob and Terry," a major Time Warner shareholder contends. "Ted would, and they know it. They know it in their gut."

Daly says his only conflict with Turner—whom he describes as "a very special, one-of-a-kind-type character"—is that he likes the Dodgers, while Turner favors the Braves. "Ted does his own thing," Daly says. "He runs the channels [TNT, TBS, CNN] and does a beautiful job at it. He's fine."

Although this hasn't been their most stellar year, Daly and Semel's reign at Warner's has been lucrative—for themselves and the studio. They are beset with big problems, starting with the resuscitation of the ailing music division. Yet they can't seem to take their eyes off their movie business. That may be partly because the team they picked to run it, Bill Gerber and Lorenzo di Bonaventura, has been getting along about as well as Tyson and Holyfield. "Bob said they have to learn when to speak," says one Wall Streeter who talked to Daly recently. "The two of them shoot off at the mouth too much. They need to learn to consult." But, this observer adds, the past success of the Daly-Semel partnership doesn't mean that history will repeat itself.

Gerber and di Bonaventura were, after all, united with a shotgun. Both wanted to run the studio solo. Di Bonaventura acknowledges the "natural rivalry," but says that is all ancient history. "Calm prevails and we're learning how to be partners," he says.

Executives at other studios, however, say


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they are skeptical about the reconciliation. (Some handicappers think Gerber will win out, since he has seniority and an all-important relationship with Clint Eastwood. Others bet on di Bonaventura, and some say they'll survive together or not at all.)

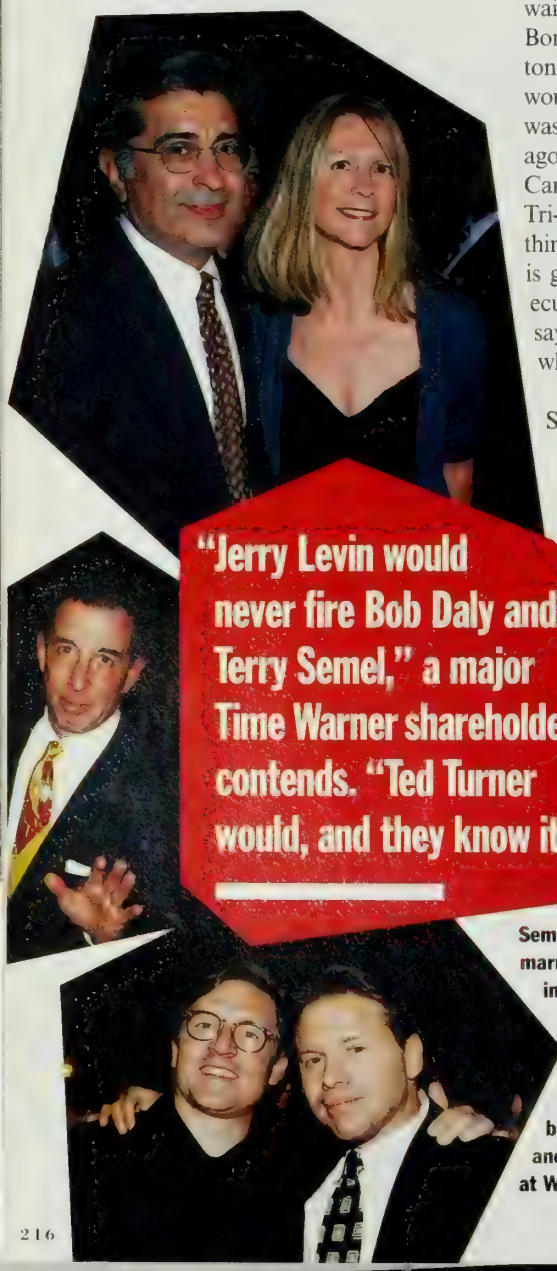
An insider says Daly and Semel persuaded di Bonaventura and Gerber to partner by promising the team more responsibility than either would be granted independently. But apparently Gerber and di Bonaventura think Daly and Semel are having big trouble letting go. "Daly and Semel are still attending marketing meetings," says a rival executive. "The idea that, with their whole kingdom, these guys are reviewing *one-sheets!*"

One-sheets are movie posters, and Daly says that he and Semel intend to continue scrutinizing them. "We look at everything—one-sheets, trailers, TV spots—and we always will," he declares. "We clearly still are involved in movies. How can you not be? This is a very expensive proposition."

It's hardly surprising that Daly and Semel are tuned in on marketing, where the new chief, Chris Pula—an iconoclast from New Line—is getting a lot of attention. First there was the story about the dress he kept hanging in his office. Then there was the meeting at which Daly complained to Pula about his failure to return calls from an important screenwriter. Pula's response—the suggestion that the writer could dial 1-800-BLOW ME—didn't make Daly laugh. Pula, who says the dress was just a joke, admits he may have made the remark about the 800 number, but swears it wasn't in front of Daly.

Daly tells me that he doesn't anticipate any changes in the executive lineup at the studio. So there may be no truth to speculation that Mark Canton, recently returned to Warner's as a producer, is waiting in the wings should the di Bonaventura–Gerber team falter. If Canton did become head of production, it would represent a stunning comeback: he was ejected from that same post six years ago. It would be a comedown too, since Canton subsequently ran Columbia and Tri-Star until Sony fired him. "I don't think anybody really believes that Mark is going to come into Warner [as an executive] in the foreseeable future," Daly says. "I could never say never, because who knows what the future brings?"

A clue: Canton wasn't invited to Semel's anniversary party.



**"Jerry Levin would never fire Bob Daly and Terry Semel," a major Time Warner shareholder contends. "Ted Turner would, and they know it."**

**VOWS SPOKEN—AND BROKEN**
***From top:*** **Warner's chieftain Terry Semel and his wife, Jane, renewed their marriage vows at a recent party at their home in Malibu. Mark Canton, Semel's former colleague (and Sony's former chairman), is back on the Warner's lot, as a producer. Some have speculated that he might be called into action if differences between Lorenzo di Bonaventura (left) and Bill Gerber, who jointly head production at Warner's, prove irreconcilable.**

Madonna may be learning to trust, but Jeffrey Katzenberg still has betrayal on his mind. The DreamWorks partner is still trying to collect $250 million in bonuses for profitable projects he put in motion during his days as Disney studio chairman. Katzenberg's old boss, Michael Eisner, says Katzenberg forfeited his right to the money by leaving Disney before his contract was up. Katzenberg, obviously, does not concur. On the eve of the trial the parties remain so bitter that an office visit from Eitan couldn't bring them together. Yet the question for Katzenberg is not "Is there a God?" but rather "Was there a Snowball?"

The litigation is consuming enormous energy: in September, Katzenberg's lawyers told the court they had logged some 9,000 hours (and how many dollars?) on the case. The portion of the record that *isn't* sealed stacks up like two good-size phone books.

Several skirmishes have gone Katzenberg's way—at least his camp thinks so. He's obtained notes regarding his role at the company from Eisner's much-discussed memoir (now postponed, to the regret of Random House). Katzenberg has also forced Disney to disgorge some financial data, and he's beaten back an effort to unseat his entire legal team. Disney claims it didn't even fight over most of these issues, but Katzenberg's forces swear that Eisner and company have played tough at every juncture.

The trial is proceeding in two phases—the first to decide whether Disney owes Katzenberg any money, and the second to determine how much. There's been a lot of misinformation; *Variety* reported that Katzenberg's attorney Bert Fields erred big by agreeing that if Katzenberg won phase one Disney could appeal before phase two begins. This could draw out the proceedings for years while Katzenberg collects nothing but legal bills. Only problem, none of that is true. Fields made no such agreement, and if Disney loses phase one, Katzenberg will go directly to phase two and start tallying his take. The catch is that phase two will be decided through arbitration, as Katzenberg's contract stipulated the mudslinging won't occur in a courtroom, before a jury that might perceive Katzenberg as a little guy up against a behemoth.

One veteran of the company speculates that Eisner doesn't much care if he loses a few battles before the trial. "Jeffrey ultimately talks too much," that former associate says. "He talks to everybody. . . . He talks about spending all this money on attorneys. I'm convinced Michael has heard it, and his attitude is: Forget about winning the case. Just draw this out and see what it costs."

Disney acknowledges that it went to the mat in order to unseat Katzenberg

In a past life I was a mermaid who fell in love with an ancient mariner. I pulled him into the sea to be my husband. I didn't know he couldn't breathe underwater.



I was a philosopher who
believed the sun was carried
across the sky on the back
of a large turtle.



once i was a court jester.
i hated that damn hat.



*It was pure,*
*glacial spring water.*




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legal team—a rather unusual and hostile line of attack. The gist of the argument was that the team was tainted by the presence of Helene Hahn, who had been a high-level attorney at Disney before joining Katzenberg at DreamWorks. Hahn, it was alleged, had finagled some inside strategic tips out of Bill Clark, another former Disney employee, and passed them to the Katzenberg legal team. The judge, however, didn't buy it.

Well before that, Disney's lawyers were worried about Hahn. They complained when she wanted to attend Eisner's deposition last May. The record reveals that, upon learning of the Eisner team's objections, Fields declared: "This man [Eisner] is really so involved with his own power that he's going to insist that poor Helene Hahn can't sit in on a deposition?" Disney's lawyer Lou Meisinger replied, "It's got nothing to do with power."

Meisinger lacks Fields's theatricality. But he may make up for it in recent trial experience. A former Fields associate says he can't remember Fields actually going to trial in the longest time (not that he hasn't argued plenty of motions). Fields dismisses this. "I've tried a lot of cases, but not so many as I used to," he says. Among his recent efforts are "a lot of rent-a-judge cases and a case in Florida," outings about which he declines to provide elaboration. On the other hand, Katzenberg is also represented by Herbert Wachtell, who has been in the courtroom plenty and whipped Sumner Redstone in Edgar Bronfman Jr.'s dispute with Viacom over the USA Network. Both Fields and Wachtell will be ready for the trial, which starts November 18.

As for Eisner's book, any writer must feel some sympathy for the author of record's collaborator, Tony Schwartz. Writers lose their First Amendment shield when they help the great re-create their lives. (Schwartz has done Eisner and Donald Trump, so far.) People get to read drafts of your work. Now Eisner's book hangs in limbo. And Schwartz has been working for years. He has been granted astonishing access, and has routinely interviewed executives inside the company. "I saw Tony as an internal political barometer," one insider says. In other words, silence from Schwartz meant trouble ahead.

During one session of the marathon P.R. battle surrounding the trial, Disney floated the notion that Eisner's book contained little about Katzenberg. Katzenberg's camp begged to differ, hinting that the manuscript included many relevant nuggets and also showed Eisner doing some rather unpleasant name-calling. "We certainly intend to make use of the book at the trial," Fields emphasizes. "Mr. Eisner will definitely testify." Fields can't say anything about the book, he adds, because the court has ordered the parties to keep their mouths shut about this high-profile case.



**"Jeffrey talks about spending all this money on attorneys. I'm convinced Eisner's attitude is: Forget winning the case. Just draw this out."**



**ANIMATED DISCUSSIONS**
**Some observers believe that the legal fate of a European cartoon character called Marsupilami (*right*) may hold significant portents for the huge legal battle between Disney's Michael Eisner (*top left*) and DreamWorks' Jeffrey Katzenberg (*top right*), the man once known as his "golden retriever." The case hits the courtroom on November 18.**

Having issued that order, Judge Enrique Romero found himself somewhat surprised when the press reported that two mock juries (commissioned by the Katzenberg attorneys) had ruled in favor of Katzenberg. The key factor in the verdicts was apparently an alleged smoking-gun memo written by a former Disney president, the late Frank Wells. In the memo, Wells supposedly promises Katzenberg his money even in the event of his departure. Fields assured the judge that his camp had nothing to do with the tactically advantageous leak.

Despite his successes, Katzenberg may not be pleased with all the financial documents which he forced Disney to relinquish. For example, the record now states that Disney lost millions on some of Katzenberg's famously awful live-action films. (*Blame It on the Bellboy* lost $10.8 million, *Billy Bathgate* was $55.9 million in the red, and *Newsies* bled $42.8 million.) Luckily for Katzenberg, his old contract gives him 2 percent of profits from everything he initiated, but apparently says nothing about deductions in the event of losses.

Which leads us to "Project Snowball." Which may not even have existed, but owes its alleged importance to a snippet from Eisner's May deposition which has worked its way into the public record. At one point, Wachtell asked Eisner to tell what he knew about "Project Snowball."

"I must tell you," Eisner replied, "I never heard the words 'Project Snowball' until the day before yesterday, so I have no recollection of anybody ever telling me, discussing with me, analyzing with me, some secret project called 'Snowball.'"

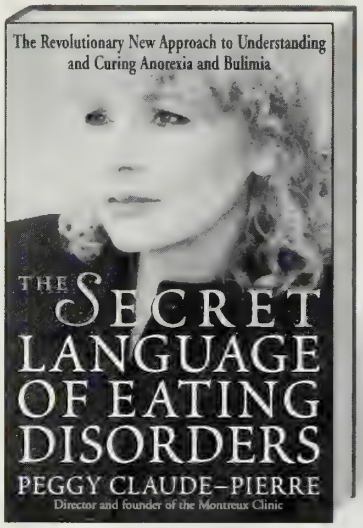
Sounds pretty definitive.

Wachtell persisted. Was Eisner aware of "a secret project going on under [Frank] Wells's aegis stimulated by the fact that Mr. Katzenberg's 2 percent in 1990 started to run at far higher levels than previously anticipated?" (In other words, was Katzenberg's deal getting too rich because Disney was making so much money from the fruits of his labors?)

"I don't think this was a secret project," said Eisner. "I doubt whether a project was put into work stimulated by the fact that his 2 percent was higher than anticipated."

Whatever he said next did not make it into the public record. But Eisner's somewhat vague tone has made Project Snowball an intriguing issue. None of this surprises Patricia Glaser, a lawyer who recently walloped Disney in another breach-of-contract

This book could be a lifesaver




As seen on "20/20"

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TIMES BOOKS

VANITY FAIR

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(Signed) Charles H. Townsend, Executive Vice President



suit, involving Marsupilami, a cartoon character whom Eisner fell in love with during a trip to Europe. Glaser's client, a European licensing company, sold the rights to the character to Disney. (It was a peculiar deal. Disney usually creates its own characters.)

Recently the U.S. District Court for Central California ruled not only that Disney broke its promises about making Marsupilami a star in the U.S. (it never made an effort to put him on television as agreed) but also engaged in "fraudulent concealment" of its lapses.

According to Glaser, there were "memos up the wazoo" proving that Disney deliberately broke its word. Eisner, she contends, received copies of these memos, although he claimed, in his testimony, to be all but ignorant of Marsupilami's fate. The court socked Disney with a $10.3 million judgment.

Disney plans to appeal. "We made a valiant effort to settle this beforehand for less than [the judgment]," Glaser says. "Disney did not respond with a remotely respectable number."

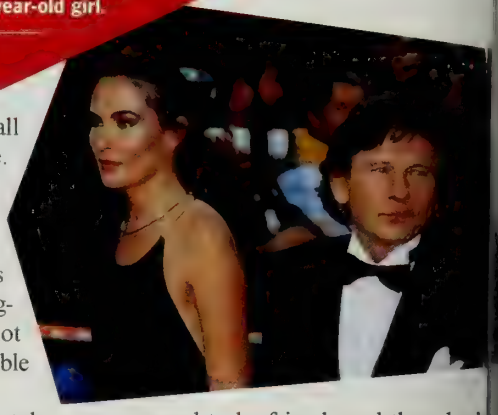
For Katzenberg, Marsupilami's tale might just prove useful. "Disney fraudulently concealed key information," Glaser says. "That's a pretty significant finding in today's world."

A former associate of Katzenberg's argues that he is treading dangerous ground in suggesting that the exceptionally popular Frank Wells, tragically killed in a helicopter crash in 1994, was involved in a bad-faith scheme. Says the executive: "If Jeffrey starts dragging Frank into it, people will turn against him."

Does Universal Studios Chairman and C.E.O. Frank Biondi feel betrayed? In late October's deal between Barry Diller and Biondi's boss, Edgar Bronfman Jr. (the Seagram scion who presides over Universal), Diller took over most of Universal's television operations, as well as the USA Network. For most studios, television is more lucrative than film. Universal has been an exception, but Biondi—for whom television and cable are strong suits—has been trying to change that. Now he has lost a part of his domain.

Biondi and Universal president Ron Meyer were in New York to meet with Diller on Friday, October 18, just before the deal was struck. Apparently there is some awkwardness between Biondi and Diller, dating back to Diller's bid to acquire Paramount—an attempt that was painfully thwarted by Sumner Redstone and Biondi, then Redstone's second-in-command at Viacom. None of this was mentioned at the meeting. But Biondi was not included in a Monday morning phone call in which the deal was presented to Wall Street analysts. This did not go unnoticed. Of course, it shouldn't matter if Diller and Biondi fail to bond—the companies, after all, are completely separate. "They don't need to be friends and they don' see each other socially," says a Univer sal insider. As for Bronfman, he say Biondi is "a very generous executive." Funny, I didn't see Biondi among th sharers at Madonna's party. But per haps he was there after all.

**BACK IN THE U.S.A.** Director Roman Polanski, seen in Cannes in 1997 with his wife, Emmanuelle Seigner, fled the U.S. to avoid sentencing for charges involving his 1977 sexual liaison with a 13-year-old girl.

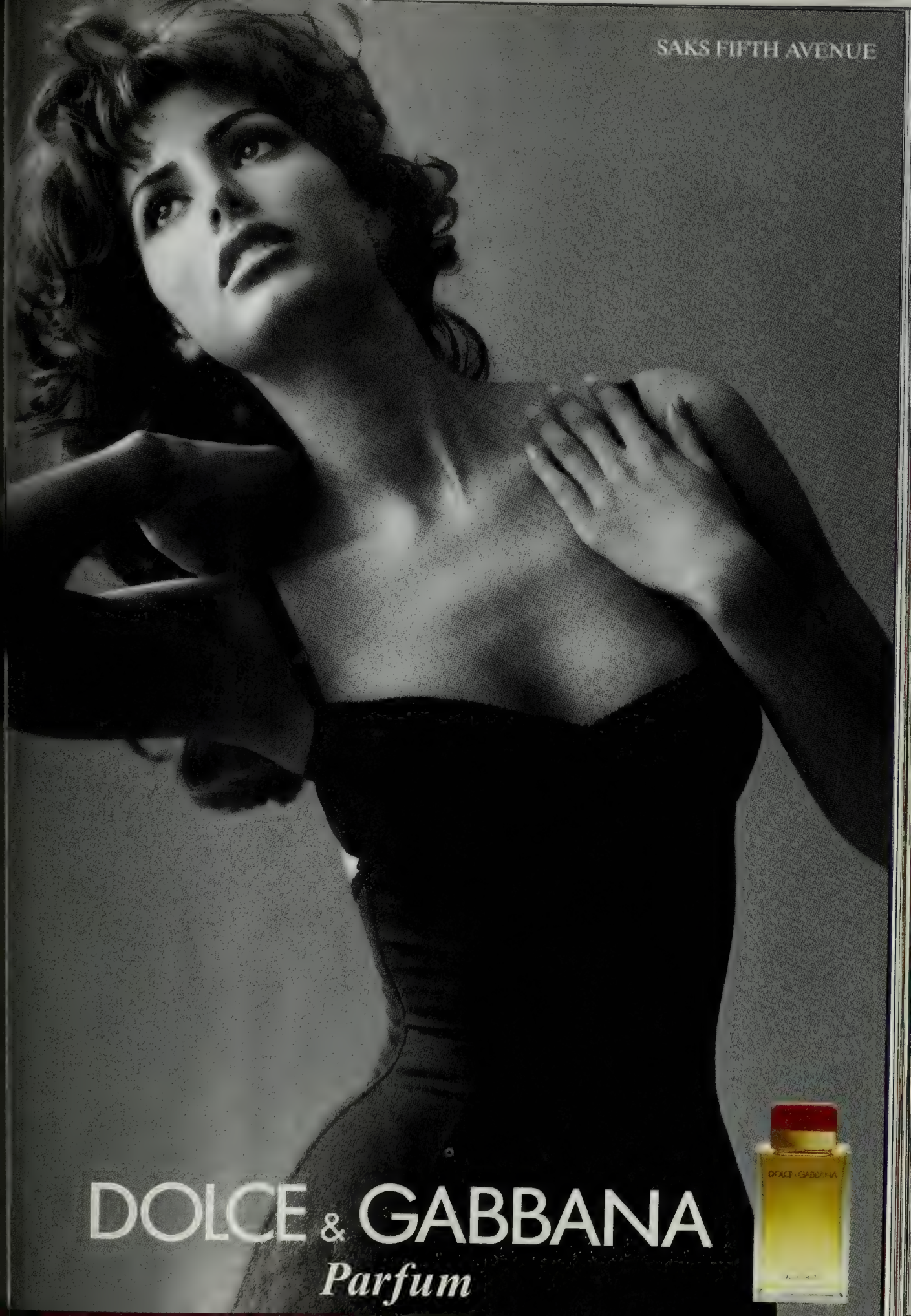


One of the more puzzling aspects o Hollywood's spiritual questing is tha nobody seems to think there's any thing wrong with letting director Roma Polanski, who drugged and raped a 1 year-old girl and then went on the lam return to the pleasures of life in thes United States.

Why is it that agents are standing i line to represent a man who committe a dreadful crime and never showed an regret? "It has something to do wit forgiving talent their excesses," says on of those who has tried to help Polansk "I'd feel different if either the girl c the girl's family felt strongly abou putting him in jail." And how woul this man feel if Polanski had sodomize his 13-year-old after giving her a piec of a quaalude? "I'd pull out a gun an blow his fucking head off," he says.

There must be a middle ground. Fo get letting Polanski in. Let in the Light.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



# MICK AT NIGHT

Playing a transvesti
nightclub hoste-- in Na
Berlin, Mick Jagg
helps darken the movie
of *Bent*, Martin Sher
clothes play



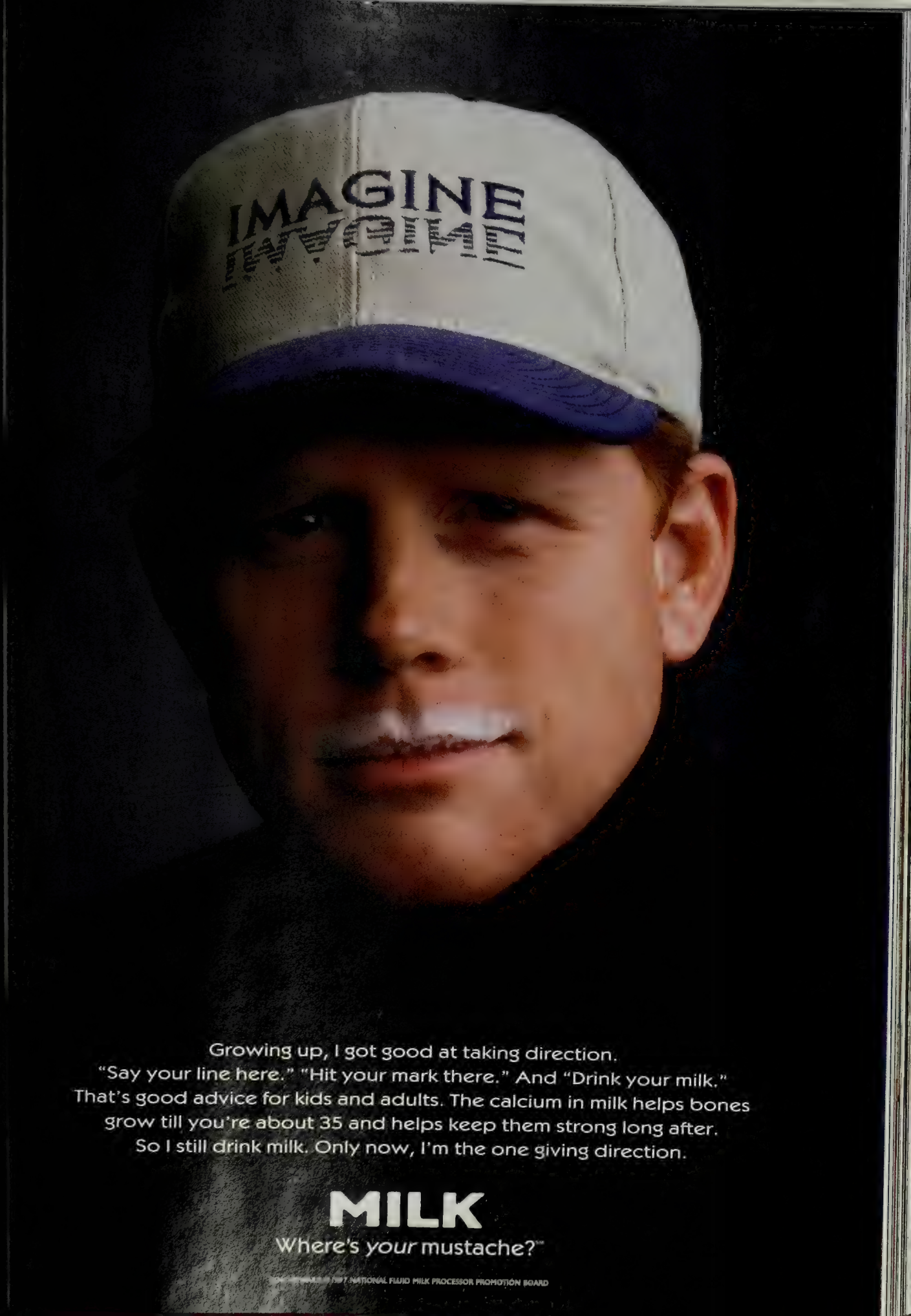
HONKY TONK WO
The
rock
breaking
Bent as
hostess Greta. Insert, C
Nicholas Hytner
and when Sir

"You'll look funny when you're 40." That was the James Fox character to the androgynous Mick Jagger in Nicholas Roeg's *Performance* in 1970. Over a quarter of a century down the track, this line is at whose expense? Mick is wearing pretty well at 54: indeed, he was building a bridge to Babylon when last spotted. And at 54 he's also back in the studio. But this time, at least some of the time, perhaps he does look a little funny. *Performance* meets *Cabaret* in the forthcoming movie version of Martin Sherman's *Bent*, directed by Sean Mathias, in which Mick plays the hostess with Weimar's mostest. As Greta, he positively croons the openi while suspended from the highe of wires, before co earth. Once at ground zero, sees that boring old are the coming thing, and pu his flamboyant frock to the touch in time for the Night of t Long Knives. There ar other fine cameos in this film Ian McKellen is wond ful as the resigned old dandy—but know things are really turning nasty when Mr. Jagger "chang trains" and joins the straight and the narrow. Co-stars Cl Owens and Lothaire Bluteau get to their own terminus by a d ferent train, and will make you wonder for a long time abo the true meaning of Camp. Have you seen your forebear, bal He's standing in the shadow.

—CHRISTOPHER HITCHE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTON CORBIJN


IMAGINE
Growing up, I got good at taking direction.
"Say your line here." "Hit your mark there." And "Drink your milk."
That's good advice for kids and adults. The calcium in milk helps bones
grow till you're about 35 and helps keep them strong long after.
So I still drink milk. Only now, I'm the one giving direction.
MILK
Where's *your* mustache?™
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Investigation

# THE TRAIL OF THE DRAGON

## In a daring undercover sting, Operation Dragon Fire, three veteran U.S. Treasury agents made the largest seizure of automatic weapons in U.S. history. They are still wondering whether Washington's Chinese connections prevented Stage Two: capturing the Chinese princelings behind the deadly shipment

BY HOWARD BLUM



MEN IN BLACK
As part of Dragon Fire, Dick Stoltz (left), agent for the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms, dressed in a charcoal-gray suit and wore a flashy Rolex to play a Miami mobster. Special Agent Matthew King of U.S. Customs headed the team.

*It was a new era for China. The world's largest developing economy was now, post-Mao, looking greedily at the world around it. It was a time of large ambitions, in the Pacific Rim and beyond. And it was a time when fortunes were to be made—at any cost.*

The princelings were in a festive mood. Energized by the boldness of their venture and its lucrative potential, these privileged and powerful heirs of the Communist Old Guard gathered in a Japanese restaurant in Beijing. Seated around the table on this celebratory evening nearly a decade ago were such new mandarins as Deng Rong, daughter of China's late leader Deng Xiaoping. Also present was her husband, an army general, as well as the daughter and son-in-law of a former Chinese president. But it was the usually brusque Wang Jun, chairman of their now expanding company and the son of a former vice president, who set the evening's hopeful tone. Raising his glass, he began a lengthy toast. He and his partners would, he thundered, establish "a beachhead" in America. Their company was the Poly Group, the trading arm of the Chinese People's Liberation Army. And the princelings were launching a new division. It would sell guns in the U.S.

Looking back at this gathering nearly 10 years later, the federal agents of Operation Dragon Fire saw the evening as something more than a business dinner. From their frontline perspective, it was part of China's new cold war with America.

By the time Dragon Fire came to its sudden, untimely close in May 1996, the agents believed they had further proof of the princelings' global intentions. They became convinced that the princelings were willing to arm criminals in America and global terrorists.

And, equally troubling, the case's final act—"the mystery at the end of the mystery," as it became known to team members—left them filled with rage, and confirmed all their worst fears.

Things started quietly, certainly without any intimation of the winding trai



PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

1997 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer® ©The Rudolph Company, L.P. *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer: The Movie*, coming fall 1998 from GoodTimes Entertainment.



Joy

that would lead investigators from the stark mall towns of Northern California across the world to army-controlled factories in China, and finally to the White House. Dragon Fire started when, as luck (and greed) would have it, a small-time informant made a call.

His name was Bruce. Or at least that was the name he was using in his latest incarnation as an unsuccessful dealer of Native-American artifacts. Despite all his ambitions, cartons of blankets, beaded vests, and silverish jewelry dotted with turquoise-colored glass remained unopened, piled in a small stucco warehouse just off the main drag of the beachfront town of Soquel. Staring at his hill of boxes, he told people, he just felt like giving up. It was in this mood, despair weighing him down as if his cartons were balanced on his back, that he met Hammond Ku.

On a winter's afternoon in 1994, the dapper, balding Asian man approached him in the warehouse parking lot and, with an enthusiasm that struck Bruce as appropriate for congratulating a lottery winner, announced that they would be neighbors. He was renting, he explained, part of the warehouse.

Over the next few months, Bruce saw a lot of his new acquaintance. And it didn't take long for him to realize that Ku was everything he was not. Ku dressed in a carefully coordinated casual style, the camel in his cashmere V-neck, say, contrasting nicely with his flared tobacco-brown pants and spit-polished cordovan tasseled loafers, and he drove a monster Mercedes. On top of all that: Ku had the kind of attitude that never failed to give Bruce the bends. He was all garrulous cheer. In his soft, polite voice, he went on like a game-show host.

To hear Ku tell it (and keep on telling it, Bruce complained), things were going his way. But it hadn't always been like that. After college and the army he had started out with nothing, coming at 22 to California from his native Taiwan to make his fortune. With the help of his family, he bought a sandwich shop in the lobby of an office building, and after working 12-hour days for three years sold it for a $60,000 profit. He immediately reinvested in a more upscale place with a salad bar, and it, too, soon had people lining up for tables. Now, as he approached the age of 50, Ku was still in the restaurant business, his girlfriends were keeping him happy, and—another blessing—his wife wasn't complaining.

Best of all, he confided with uninhibited pride, there now was a chance to get seriously rich. That finally got Bruce's attention. But for once Ku was reticent, even guarded.



**"Want to know how I'm going to make my killing? Guns," Ku whispered, explaining that he could get "thousands and thousands" from "the Chinese army."**



**SALES FORCE: The weapons for sale by the Chinese—AK-47s, surface-to-air missiles, tanks, anti-personnel mines, and grenades—were manufactured by the Poly Group. The company, headed by heirs of the Communist Old Guard, served as the trading arm of the Chinese People's Liberation Army, seen (*top*) in the 1980s. *Above*, the Chinese military in ceremonial uniform in Beijing, May 1989.**

Then one afternoon, without coaxing, it just poured out. Want to know how I'm going to make my killing?, Ku asked, perhaps deciding that a secret is valuable only if shared. *Guns,* he whispered conspiratorially. After a pause that was pure theater, he launched into a convoluted explanation involving "princelings" and "the Chinese army" and "generals." He could get "thousands and thousands of guns" from these princelings, Ku went on. Meanwhile, Bruce, as he would later confide, was having trouble believing any of it.

Picking up on his friend's doubts or maybe simply wanting to show off, Ku led Bruce into his section of the warehouse. And there they were: boxes and boxes filled with pistols. A recent shipment of more than 5,000 guns, he claimed.

Now what do you think? asked Ku. Bruce can't remember what he answered, but later he placed a call to a retired detective he had done some business with in a previous life.

The old cop listened to his onetime acquaintance's story and, he later admitted, thought it was just too . . . far-out. Chinese generals shipping guns to sleepy Santa Cruz County? Still, there were all those revolvers. Ultimately it was the retired detective's allegiance to procedure that persuaded him to pass along Bruce's tip. He remembered the name of a customs agent—a street cop, he recalled fondly, not your typical Fed—he had worked with a few years back on a narcotics-smuggling case. Let customs decide, he told himself as he thumbed through his old phone book looking for the number.

Gary Hipple spent his days behind a customs desk and hated it. "I'm no a six-foot-two-inch suit-and-tie sor of a guy," he would insist. "I don't be long in an office. I'm built for under cover." With his jeans, unruly curls o blondish hair, and beer-barrel belly, h had the slightly worn look of a middle aged biker.

No doubt about it: Hipple could af fect a born-to-raise-hell snarl and truc


In a world of fleeting diversions,
there's always Bass Ale.
Bass
ALE

into a lot of places without anyone's muttering "Fed." But there was more: Hipple loved working in disguise; he was addicted to the pure, unexpected adventure of undercover work. However, after successful performances as a corrupt government official smuggling guns in from Vietnam and a salesman peddling restricted technology to the Eastern bloc, he had been yanked from center stage by the U.S. Customs Department and shackled inside a dim warehouse in Oakland, where he shuffled files for a narcotics intelligence team. When the call came from his old contact in Monterey County, it wasn't the scent of a fresh trail that made Hipple, after only a moment's consideration, agree to drive the hour and a half down the freeway. Truth was, he was looking for an opportunity to take a few giant steps away from his desk.

Yet after meeting with Bruce that first afternoon in June 1994, Hipple thought it had been a wasted trip. "I mean," he later recalled with a dismissive shake of his head, "it was all a little hard to believe. He's telling me there are these Chinese generals—princelings, he called them—bringing guns into this country. To Soquel of all places."

But when Bruce offered to take him to the warehouse, Hipple agreed.

And there they were—thousands of guns packed in crates in the warehouse. Just as Bruce had promised. Except, as far as Hipple could tell, there was nothing illegal about this shipment. The crates held broom-handled Mausers—collector's pieces, really—and as long as Ku had used a federal firearms license to import them, there was no crime.

Still, Hipple dutifully copied the names stenciled on the crates into the memo pad that he always made a point of carrying. And, continuing to do things by the book, he instructed the only too willing Bruce to keep on listening to his neighbor's stories. "Don't bring anything up," he emphasized. "The trick is to let Hammond do all the talking. If he says anything interesting, then you let us know."

The Treasury Enforcement Communications System, known as TECS, is a classified, up-to-the-minute inventory of ongoing federal cases, investigations, and even suspicions. It is a resource designed not so much to solve crimes as to provide clues: bytes of information that, like bloody footprints, demand to be followed. A day or so after Gary Hipple returned from Soquel, he punched his password into TECS and methodically entered the names from the gun-filled crates.

The first was "Polytech," a division of the Poly Group, and while the precise information displayed on the screen remains classified, Hipple was able to confirm Bruce's information about Polytech's connection to the princelings and the Chinese People's Liberation Army. Further, he learned, it is a company that, despite protests from the U.S. government, has sold weapons to Iran, ballistic missiles to Pakistan, and nuclear-capable-missile technology to Syria.

**"I'm not a six-foot-two-inch suit-and-tie sort of a guy," said Gary Hipple. "I'm built for undercover." He loved working in disguise.**

And, he read, an Atlanta subsidiary of Polytech had legally sold an estimated $200 million worth of assault rifles to American citizens. Then he made one more attention-grabbing discovery: Polytech's activities in the United States were already under investigation.

Federal authorities were pursuing several cases involving allegations that the Polytech subsidiary was attempting to covertly acquire advanced U.S. weapons and radar technology.

The other name Hipple had copied, Norinco, also led directly to the heart of the Chinese military. Norinco—the acronym for China North Industries Corporation—is the government-controlled ordnance company that supplies the Chinese army with most of its weapons. Like Polytech, Norinco had several American subsidiaries which imported—in addition to guns—toys, frozen fish, and engines. Its 1994 profits were approximately $31 million—money that had helped push the U.S.'s trade deficit with China toward the $30 billion mark, and which, undoubtedly, was used to finance the People's Liberation Army.

Alarm bells sounded in Hipple's suddenly overloaded mind as he read that Polytech's and Norinco's freewheeling U.S. munitions operations had recently come to an abrupt end. That spring, President Clinton had taken Congress's ban on the importation of assault weapons a step further. He had prohibited *all* Chinese firearms and munitions. It was a political decision that was motivated as much by emotion as by economics, a response in part to the killing of five schoolchildren in 1989 in Stockton, California, with a Chinese AK-47. The five students who were killed—as well as many of the 29 who were wounded in the one-full-minute burst of fire from the weapon—all were children of Southeast Asian immigrants. Many of their parents had come to California to escape the Vietnam War. Only to have, as editorials and congressmen pointed out, their children murdered by the same type and make of assault rifle used by the Vietcong.

By the time Hipple had conscientiously worked his way through the thick stack of TECS printouts, he came to the conclusion that "there was something going on" in that warehouse in Soquel. He still didn't have any evidence of a specific crime, but "something," he told himself, "was not right."

And if all this wasn't enough to nudge his still-inchoate suspicions to an official operational level, a call later that week provided the final push.

"Guess what," Bruce announced, not bothering to conceal his excitement. "Hammond asked me if I knew anyone who wanted to buy machine guns."

"Well," said Hipple cheerfully, "I guess you'd better introduce me to him."

Leading the way was the bodyguard. He was a bruiser—six feet six inches with shoulders as wide as a doorway and a dark suit that did little to civilize his attitude of professional menace. As if on command, the happy-hour crowd at the bar of the cave-like restaurant near the San Jose airport cleared a path. Hipple, dressed for his new role in a leather vest, cowboy boots, and jeans, slowly followed. When the two men reached the table in the rear of the restaurant where Ku and Bruce had been waiting, the bodyguard (who was also known as U.S. Customs special agent Jim Dinkins) did not say a word; he simply hovered like a colossus until his boss took a seat. Then, responding to Hipple's subtle nod, he took a few subservient steps backward, and the meeting began.

Bruce, in a rush of nerves, quickly made introductions. He told Ku, as he

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had explained previously, that Hipple was his friend from Arizona who "knew a lot of people at customs." (Like all the best covers, this was certainly true.) Hipple, Bruce promised, would have no trouble getting anything into the U.S.

Ku listened and asked only one question: "Who's the big guy?"

"My man," Hipple shot back tersely as Special Agent Dinkins glowered. Hipple's instinct, as well as the advice from his bosses, was not to appear too eager. "Just test the waters," he had been instructed.

But, to Hipple's surprise, Ku dived in without hesitation. He leaned across the table and, finding no need for further preamble, said, according to Hipple's vivid memory of the evening, "I have a product the U.S. government has embargoed. I can't bring it in. I need help. Can you help me?"

"Let me check with my people," Hipple replied optimistically. And in a van in the parking lot outside the restaurant where the entire conversation was being received from the Kel transmitter taped to Hipple's chest, a cheer went up.

A new level of activity began. Ku's taped conversation about smuggling embargoed munitions led to the opening of an official customs case file perfunctorily labeled "Chinese Arms Smuggling." Some office wag, perhaps sensing what was to come, decided something more dramatic was needed. "Operation Dragon Fire," he proposed, and it stuck.

Hipple was immediately liberated from his desk in Oakland and assigned full-time to Dragon Fire. Since the case involved weapons, the U.S. Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco & Firearms (A.T.F.) was brought in. The bureau assigned Dick Stoltz, an 18-year veteran of the Reno office, to the case.

Stoltz, despite his laid-back, next-round's-on-me demeanor, had built a career from tenaciously nurturing indictments out of difficult cases. A fit, dark-haired man—still an avid jogger at age 48—he filled a room with forceful authority. People liked him, and wanted him to like them.

Seemingly without effort, Stoltz could find the rhythm of any new role. For six months he had played a Mob hit man, following that with a stint as a case agent in an operation which culminated in the arrest of a letter bomber who had wounded a Nevada state trooper.

These days he was between roles, an actor waiting restlessly for a new script. So when he was told to drive west to San Francisco and check out a case allegedly involving Chinese weapons, he was ready.

But now it was Ku's turn to go slow.



**Hammond Ku asked an agent if he would have any trouble helping him smuggle a container of 20,000 AK-47 bipods into the U.S.**




**GUNPLAY, ACT I:** ***Top,*** **Hammond Ku served as middleman between undercover agents and the arms dealers in China.** ***Above,*** **during the prelude to the major transaction, Ku carried a suitcase filled with bipods for AK-47s which arrived at San Francisco International Airport in December 1994.**

He wanted, he informed Hipple in a meeting in a hotel room in Burlingame, "a sample run."

From his hiding place near a hangar at the San Francisco airport, Gary Hipple had a clear view of the baggage handlers unloading the United Airlines flight that had just arrived from Beijing. He watched as an oversize suitcase marked with an absurdly large red tape X appeared on the conveyor and was immediately grabbed and loaded onto a truck by a worker in a jumpsuit. Minutes later, the baggage handler—who was, in fact, a U.S. Customs agent—drove across the tarmac and gave Hipple the suitcase. It was filled with bipods, the two-legged supports that make AK-47 rifles the perfect weapon for target practice, or, for that matter, assassinations.

The suitcase, Hipple quickly discovered, weighed a ton, and it was only after much effort (a struggle observed with amusement by the teams of "watchers" scattered about the airport) that he managed to lug it to a row of lockers. Shoving the suitcase into the largest locker was a small battle too, and he needed to rest a few moments. Just as the watchers were beginning to worry, Hipple—once more returning to plan—sauntered over to a potted plant across from a newsstand and discreetly put the locker key beneath the container.

Then he phoned Ku. "The key is under the plant," Hipple announced portentously in the deep tone he had adopted for the occasion.

Without reply, Ku hung up. Yet, from that moment on, his every movement was videotaped. The tape reveals Ku's awkward retrieval of the key, his leaving the envelope containing the agreed-upon $500 in its place beneath the plant, and his lugging the suitcase with the big red X to his Mercedes.

There is also a recording of Hipple's conversation with Ku later that night. "Are you pleased?" Hipple asks. "*Absolutely,*" Ku answers.

And six weeks later Ku offered more

tangible evidence that his new friend from Arizona had passed his initial test. In another meeting in a hotel room in Burlingame, Ku matter-of-factly asked if Hipple would have any trouble helping him smuggle a container filled with 20,000 Chinese AK-47 bipods into the country.

"Not if the price is right," said Hipple slyly, and they settled on a $20,000 fee.

On February 14, 1995, a container shipped by COSCO—the state-owned China Ocean Shipping Company—was unloaded at the port of Oakland. According to the COSCO shipping invoices, the container, about the size of a studio apartment and marked with seal No. 001246, was filled with "fishing rod racks." But when a customs inspector X-rayed it, he saw 400 boxes inside, each crammed with bipods. Each bipod was stamped MADE IN CHINA.

"We're getting closer to the real action," Stoltz remembers thinking. "We're on our way."

But just hours later, Stoltz's world was careening out of control. They had come, he was suddenly certain, to the end.

As two customs agents posing as teamsters drove the truck carrying the container into a Kmart parking lot in Soquel, where Hipple had agreed to transfer the bipods to Ku, an urgent message was broadcast over the Dragon Fire frequency.

At the very moment the truck pulled into the lot, two men with telltale bulges under their coats appeared. The customs team, fearing this was Ku's way of avoiding the $15,000 he owed on delivery, rushed out of their hiding places. The two strangers in the Kmart lot stared down a force of at least a dozen heavily armed men in body armor. And then one of the strangers found the will to say in a meek voice, "I.N.S." It took a few minutes—and a couple of angry calls—but the confusion was cleared up: the immigration agents had suspected that the container was being transported to Soquel so that it could be unloaded by illegal immigrants. "Not even close," one of the customs agents, trying to rein in his temper, assured them.



**A recorder which Stoltz had concealed in his crotch ("the last place you're ever frisked") taped every word.**



**GREAT PERFORMANCES:** ***Top,*** **a crucial meeting in May 1995 brought together Hammond Ku, agent Gary Hipple (whose photo has been blurred for his protection), Richard Chen of Norinco, and Dick Stoltz (in character as a mobster). A month later,** ***above,*** **in South San Francisco, Stoltz and Ku pushed the deal further.**

By the time Ku's Mercedes pulled into the parking lot, the still-shaking I.N.S. guys had disappeared. And the SWAT team was back in the shadows. The mercurial Stoltz couldn't help feeling optimistic.

"We're on our way," he repeated to himself when he heard that Ku had handed Hipple a paper bag which, if all was as planned, was filled with cash. "We're moving this case forward."

That was only one way of looking at their progress, but it was a fieldman's decidedly hopeful appraisal. A more objective conclusion—at least according to the impatient customs and A.T.F. bosses who gathered in a San Francisco conference room a few days after the bipod sale—was that, despite all the man-hours, not a single illegal Chinese gun had been purchased.

It was decided to bring a new case agent on board to direct Dragon Fire. Later, it would be said that the arrival of customs special agent Matthew H. King was a pivotal event—up there with Hipple's heading down to Soquel that first day or the delivery of the bipods. In fact, some of the agents involved argue to this day that if King had not stepped in, Dragon Fire would have quickly come to an inconclusive end.

Part of what King brought to the investigation, his supporters note, was the force of his personality. There was a gung-ho quality to him, as might be expected from a former Marine captain and customs SWAT team leader. Even the screensaver on his office computer was calculated to reinforce this let-me-at-'em attitude: it was an image of a tough guy armed to the teeth, poised, apparently, for the signal to go crashing through a door.

In King's case a macho spirit was grounded in something more substantial: a sense of duty. He had grown up in significant privilege, the son of a white-shoe New York lawyer. He had gone to grade school at Buckley, prepped at Deerfield, summered on Fishers Island, received his undergraduate degree in English from Wesleyan, and then—after flying helicopter gunships—had earned a law degree from Columbia. But he never seriously considered joining his hour-billing classmates on Wall Street. He was, by nature, a man who was committed to serving his country, a leader who by his own admission "liked being out there, storming barricades and taking prisoners."

Without delay he took charge, calling a team meeting and making clear what needed to be done. "How can we make a buy at the next level?" he challenged. "And after we make that buy, how can we move up the ladder to the men who are supplying Ku?" Then,




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# HOW STYLE HAPPENS.

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without taking a breath, King shared his two-step strategy.

First, he would get Bruce to introduce Dick Stoltz to Ku. This time Stoltz would play a wealthy, gun-buying gangland hood out of Miami. And second, in an inspired piece of psychology, King predicted that the garrulous Ku, eager to be seen as a mover and shaker, would take it upon himself to introduce his big-time arms-buying customer to Hipple, his old smuggler friend. The two undercovers would then be working together as a team, squeezing Ku, and—this was the beauty of it—it would have been the unsuspecting Ku who brought them together.

Once they were double-teaming Ku, it would be only a matter of time, King said, before they were able to get Ku to lead them up the ladder. To the generals or princelings or whoever was waiting on the top rung.

And, most amazing of all, it worked just as King had laid it out—almost.

The Chinese phrase *lao hei* translates literally as "black guy." Spoken colloquially, it has a sharper, more dangerous edge. It means mobster—a hood connected to organized crime.

On March 1, 1995, Stoltz, accompanied by Bruce (who had already laid a thick patch of introductory groundwork), went to the warehouse in Soquel to meet Ku. Stoltz drove up in a flashy Cadillac, wearing a chunky Rolex and a black cashmere sweater under a sharp charcoal-gray suit. Adding one more name to the dozens he had used over the years, he called himself Richard Salerno.

Out West on business, he told the others. From Miami. And coming perilously close to overacting, he made oblique, yet pregnant, references to his "people." But, all in all, it must have been a convincing performance, because—as the court-authorized wiretaps later confirmed—it did not take long for Ku to decide that Stoltz was a *lao hei*.

More important, Stoltz's wiseguy performance put Ku in a mood to do business. After only a few minutes of preliminaries, Ku came out charging, looking to make a deal. A Nagra recorder which Stoltz had concealed in his crotch ("the last place you're ever frisked," 25 years under cover had taught him) taped every word.

According to Stoltz's memory and the summaries of the transcript released by the U.S. attorney, Ku claimed without hesitation that he had access to 200, maybe 300 machine guns.

"That sounds promising," Stoltz said confidently. So without skipping a beat, Ku immediately raised the ante. The real way to make money, Ku suggested, would be to bring in an entire container of AK-47s from China. That's 1,200 guns, he explained. Would you be able to take that kind of a shipment?

"We have the finances for that. Let me check with my people," answered Stoltz. But, sticking to the script he had written days earlier with King, Stoltz suddenly feigned concern. How're we gonna get that container through customs? he asked. You got any contacts? Yes, Ku shot back, leaping into the trap, *I know a guy.*

Yet Ku—capricious as always—abruptly decided to slow things down. "We need to build a relationship of trust," he told Stoltz. He suggested that his new customer might like to purchase a single machine gun before they moved on to the larger loads.

**There had already been two leaks—from what journalists described to Treasury officials as "diplomatic sources."**

"I'll take what I can get," said Stoltz truthfully.

That night, as instructed, Stoltz pulled into a dark, deserted restaurant parking lot in South San Francisco and waited for Ku. He sat for nearly half an hour, never realizing that Ku was across the street in a used-car lot, watching intently, making sure that Stoltz had come alone.

Yet Ku, illuminated by the streetlamp, was also being observed: King had him locked in view in his binoculars. Finally, Ku drove from his hiding place and parked parallel to the Cadillac. In the distance, across the length of the parking lot, a Baskin-Robbins gave off a diffused halo of light. But Ku remained in the shadows, protected. Moving with a studied deliberateness, he got out of his Mercedes. He walked to the rear of the car, every step a small drama, as if he expected the scream of sirens at any moment.

Slowly he opened the trunk. And then, in one swift action, he reached inside and pulled out a machine gun—a fully automatic AKS-762, manufactured by Polytechnologies.

Stoltz handed him 10 $100 bills. It was a done deal.

"Richard," said Ku, as gracious as any host at a dinner party, "I'd like you to meet my old friend Gary." And with those words, on an evening almost a month after the parking-lot machine-gun sale, Ku introduced A.T.F. special agent Richard Stoltz to customs senior special agent Gary Hipple.

As scripted by King, there was to be no handshake between the two men when they sat down at Ku's table in the dim, cheerless restaurant in Burlingame. Both agents, veterans, knew not to appear too eager. Let Ku do all the work, King had instructed. *Let him feel as if he has to struggle to make this marriage.*

So they sat without speaking, guarded. Hipple, the down-home smuggler from Arizona, suspiciously eyeballed Dick, the cool Miami wiseguy. Only slight nods were exchanged. And just as King had predicted, the more standoffish the two men appeared, the more forthcoming Ku grew. The opportunities, Ku insisted as he worked to create an alliance, were enormous. He had access to 300,000 AK-47s. The guns, he said, were "controlled by the Chinese government." If Dick's people wanted to buy the weapons, then Gary could help get them through customs. Everyone would profit, Ku promised.

Maybe this could work out, Stoltz offered at last.

Perhaps, Hipple grudgingly agreed.

And with that small concession, Ku shifted into overdrive. Abandoning all restraint, he attempted to impress the two men by revealing the names of his two well-connected partners. One was Robert Ma, president of Polytech's Atlanta subsidiary. He was, Ku bragged, a genuine princeling. A man like Ma, he insisted, would have no problem arranging for the shipment of as many containers of guns as Stoltz and his associates would be willing to purchase.

Ku bragged that he also had a business relationship with another source, Richard Chen, a Norinco representative working in the U.S. If Ma backed out of the deal, Ku promised confidently, Chen would provide the weapons. Think we can do business?, Ku queried.

Stoltz and Hipple stared at each other across the table. After a moment of cal-

culated hesitation, the man from Miami reached out and shook the hand of the smuggler from Arizona. "We're in business," Ku, the proud matchmaker, rejoiced, "we're in business. This is great!" And the two undercovers were not acting when they said they shared his delight.

During the next six hectic months, Operation Dragon Fire picked up speed on many fronts. Hoping to move to the next level of the conspiracy, the U.S. attorney authorized Title III intercepts of the phones and faxes of Chen, Ma, and Ku. These calls were often in Chinese, and the language was carefully guarded to boot; there was talk of "toys" and "sledgehammers." But the translated transcripts documented the participation of both Ma and Chen in the growing scheme.

Meanwhile, Ku took off for several trips to China, returning to brag about the high-ranking Chinese officials who had given him tours of the munitions factory. He assured the two agents that "the Chinese government knew exactly what was going on." He even showed the men a thick Polytech catalogue with a wish list of items for sale: surface-to-air missiles, tanks, antipersonnel mines, grenades. The AK-47s, Ku suggested helpfully, could be sold to "gangbangers." Whatever they wanted was readily available—once the first deal was concluded. Ku said his partners agreed the initial purchase order, a test run, should be 20,000 machine guns. The price: $8 million

Let me talk to my people, said Stoltz.

The meeting was held in a large, wood-paneled conference room in the U.S. Customs building in Washington. Seated at a long table were the assistant director of the Treasury Department and senior officials from both A.T.F. and customs. The grim faces, King would later say, gave him the uncomfortable sensation of being summoned to the headmaster's study. But this, he quickly realized, was worse. He had come to ask for money.

With Stoltz by his side, he began describing what was for sale. We have the opportunity, he remembers saying with some passion, "to climb up to the top of the ladder." If we continue to play this out, he explained, Dragon Fire can potentially lead us into the highest reaches of the Chinese government. We can stop a major source of arms coming into this country.

He let that sink in before taking a




deep breath and revealing the astronomical price tag. Plus, the money would have to be wired to a Hong Kong bank.

A few frosty questions followed his terse presentation. Then, like the supplicant he was, King found himself summarily dismissed. He hung around Washington for a few days, speaking with colleagues, seeing sights, but mostly waiting. At last, the verdict was announced: King was authorized to purchase only one container of guns, 2,000 AK-47s. The United States of America would advance him as much as $800,000—a tenth of the suggested buy for a tenth of the cash. The money could be wired out of the country. But—and this was delivered in no uncertain terms—King's career was on the line if the money disappeared into the electronic ether of international wire transfers without any guns being shipped. And he could have all the manpower he needed. It would be first-class all the way.





**The way to make money, Ku said, was to bring a container of AK-47s from China. That's 1,200 guns, he explained.**





**GUNS AND POSES: Robert Ma (*top left*), president of Polytechnologies' Atlanta subsidiary, and Richard Chen of Norinco (*top right*) were U.S. links to the Chinese army; Arkansan Charlie Trie (*bottom left*) introduced President Clinton to Wang Jun (*bottom right*), chairman of the Poly Group, at the White House in February 1996.**

Asting, like any courtship, has its own unpredictable momentum. In the flurry of optimistic weeks after Treasury gave the green light, Dragon Fire seemed to be moving to a swift consummation. Stoltz met with Ku, coolly explaining that "his people" would make significant purchases, but felt "a sample run" of one container (2,000 machine guns) was the way to solidify the relationship. After checking with his superiors (conversations all monitored by the wiretaps), Ku agreed. He instructed Stoltz to wire $100,000 to a bank in Cambodia. This was done quickly. Then, in July, Ku went off to China, and by fax from Beijing told Stoltz that he had toured an arsenal with the person "responsible for exporting arms all over the world with the Chinese government." There would be no problem shipping "the merchandise."

Yet, by the end of the month, Ku was back in California and, without explanation, things started slowing down. Was Ku suspicious? Did Ma and Chen have doubts? Or maybe—and this possibility gave King many a restless night—Ku had no real connections and was simply leading them on? Ku's stories had started changing and his excuses for the delays grew increasingly desperate. One week the guns were coming through Thailand. The next week it was suddenly necessary for Stoltz himself to go to China to close the deal. Then Ku started talking about bringing the shipment through a port in Africa.

As if on a whim, more money was demanded—first another $150,000 and then $400,000. But Stoltz and King were unwilling to put up another cent. As summer turned into fall and then winter, the deal had still not gone down. King's nerves were becoming dangerously frayed. And the fact that some people in customs were starting to call his operation "Doubt Fire" did not ease his mood one bit.

And so, in January 1996, he and Stoltz started the new year with a war party. The time had come, King stated with the resignation of a disappointed suitor, to move forward—or to walk away. He drafted a letter warning that if Ku was not on a plane to China in the next three days this deal—and all future, bigger ones—were off. The ultimatum was typed on stationery with the name of Stoltz's fictitious Miami-based concern.

After it was sent, both men abruptly decided they had overplayed their hands. We shouldn't have been so tough, King said with regret. *What was the rush?* he demanded, chastising himself through another long sleepless night. He asked himself how foolish they would look if they rescinded the "final" ultimatum. Then, in the morning, Stoltz brought him news—Ku had left for China.

Before the week was up Ku sent Stoltz a contract stating that Norinco would accept a 38 percent down payment for the 2,000 weapons to be shipped. King did not hesitate. Over two weeks, $266,500 provided by the U.S. Treasury Department was wired to a Beijing bank account in the name of the Dynasty Holding Co. of Atlanta—the Polytech company Ma controlled.

When Ku, now the weary world traveler, met with Stoltz in California on February 4, 1996, both were ready to celebrate. After the false starts, after all the infuriating postponements, the deal appeared to be in place. And Ku shared some even more promising news: three high-ranking officials of Norinco in Dalian, China, wanted to come to the U.S. in April to meet with the Miami buyer about future arms purchases. Would that be possible?

"I don't see why not," Stoltz remembers saying. Yet at the time he had no idea who would be sipping coffee at the White House just two days later.

His name was Yah Lin Trie, but friends called him Charlie. On February 6, 1996, Charlie Trie, a Little Rock restaurateur who had made many business trips to Beijing and who had also managed to raise more than $600,000 for the Whitewater legal-defense fund, brought two of his friends together. That morning, in the White House, Trie introduced President Bill Clinton to Wang Jun, chairman of the Poly Group.

Afterward, when the meeting between the president and the princelin became public knowledge, a Democratic National Committee spokeswoman dismissed the whole thing as "a favor to Charlie." According to the White House Press Office, "The President had no idea who Wang was." Clinton himself






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ultimately acknowledged the visit as "clearly inappropriate."

But months later, after the damage had been done, federal investigators raised more disturbing questions about just how "inappropriate" Wang's visit was, and about whether it had had any effect on the business of another Chinese-American restaurateur who also made frequent trips to Beijing. The man's name was Hammond Ku, and just days after the White House kaffeeklatsch, he had traveled to a munitions factory in China to close the biggest deal of his life.

King had known his moments of anxious waiting. He had been on his share of stakeouts, watching, with his gun drawn, for the signal to charge through the door. He had descended through stormy skies to land attack helicopters on carriers. And he had been with his wife on the endless night when their son was born. But nothing compared to the tension overwhelming him in the hours after midnight on March 18, 1996.

On that morning, he was sitting with Stoltz on a Coast Guard launch in a foggy corner of San Francisco Bay, and they were waiting, quite literally, for their ship to come in.

The *Empress Phoenix,* a COSCO freighter, was scheduled to arrive in San Francisco on its way to a berth in Oakland. As best as Coast Guard intelligence could predict, it had been due "on or about midnight" that night. But now it was nearly one A.M. on that bone-chilling morning, and the freighter had not appeared.

"It's a rip-off," Stoltz confided mournfully to King.

"No," said King evenly. "I know Hammond. He's going to make this happen."

But by two A.M. there was still no sign of the freighter. Even King, he would confess afterward, was losing his cool. There would be no boat. No guns. The money was gone, lost forever. And so, for that matter, was his career. He had staked his future on one spin of the wheel, and now he knew he had lost.

A long half-hour later, King looked up to see a Coast Guard officer walking determinedly his way.



**Polytechnologies has sold weapons to Iran, ballistic missiles to Pakistan, and nuclear-capable-missile technology to Syria.**



**GUNPLAY, ACT II: *Top,* from left, agents Gary Hipple (photo blurred for his protection), Matthew King, and Dick Stoltz in Oakland, California, with the 2,000 illegal AK-47s seized from the *Empress Phoenix* on March 18, 1996. *Above,* King, posing for the video crew, holds one of the guns.**

"Could be something," said the officer, handing King his binoculars. At first he saw nothing. Then, as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, King was able to discern a long shape lumbering through the thick night. In the next giddy moments, the shape took form and he could make out the glow of its running lights. All at once the *Empress Phoenix* was framed, like a scene on a postcard, beneath the arches of the Golden Gate Bridge.

But this was just a reprieve to his suffering. And a cruelly short one. The Coast Guard informed King that it would be hours before the harbor pilot guided the freighter in for unloading. As King sat on the deck of the Coast Guard launch watching a brilliant sun rise above the *Empress Phoenix,* he could not help thinking that what was about to be played out would change his life forever, for better or for worse.

And then it was evening again, and King, Stoltz, nearly a dozen other agents, and even a video crew gathered in a customs hangar in Oakland. They found themselves staring at container No. CBHU0471569. It had just been unloaded from the *Empress Phoenix,* and the bill of lading, made out to Ma's Dynasty Holding Co. of Atlanta, said it contained "hand tools."

Which, they all knew, could be true.

On King's nod, a customs inspector attacked the lock and seal on the container with a sledgehammer. Once the shattered lock was removed, he stepped back for a moment before opening the container's doors. It was as if he wanted to prepare himself for what would, or would not, be there.

Then he finally swung the two heavy doors open. There was the strong and surprising smell of new paint. In the same incredible instant, he saw the crates—there must have been more than a hundred piled atop one another, and all covered with a fresh coat of white paint. *To disguise them,* he realized.

Next it was Stoltz's turn. He went at one of the crates with a crowbar. After sitting all night, it was liberating, and Stoltz threw himself into it. It took some doing, and in Stoltz's world it seemed like a lifetime, but then he was finished. Looking in, he saw only waxed paper. For a second, he would later say, he thought he lacked the will to continue. But he realized that there was no turning back. Then he stuck his hand into the depths of the crate and pulled out the stock of an AK-47 for all the agents to see.

There were no cheers. The hangar was completely silent. They were, King would suggest, too exhausted for cries of triumph. The waiting had taken its toll. And, he added, it was as if they couldn't believe they had pulled it off, couldn't believe that after all the




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stops and starts they had finally won.

It took the agents nearly five days to unpack all the crates and assemble the 2,000 weapons. It was the largest seizure of fully operational automatic weapons in the history of U.S. law enforcement. And it was, a revitalized King believed, only the beginning. "We have the tiger by the tail and it's going to lead us all the way to China," he assured Stoltz.

"During your visit our corporate yacht will be available to you for dinner and a tour of San Francisco Bay . . . and we will provide an evening of gambling and entertainment in Las Vegas. . . . We intend to make your visit a pleasurable and memorable one."

Even King had to stop and laugh at that last line. Memorable, for sure. It would be a trip, he was hoping, that the three Chinese arms officials traveling to the U.S. would not forget.

He read the entire invitation to Stoltz, and after he, too, had a rude laugh, it was typed on the stationery of their invented Florida corporation. A Miami customs office then obligingly faxed the invitation to the names and numbers in China which Ku had provided. Now all the team could do was wait for the R.S.V.P.'s.

They had high hopes. The trip to negotiate with the *lao hei*'s boss had, after all, been initiated by the Chinese, not the agents. And in the heady months following the delivery of the AK-47s, there were other encouraging indications of just how far Dragon Fire might go. At a meeting in a room overlooking Union Square in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel within days of the delivery of the guns, Ku had pleasantly surprised all the agents. He showed up accompanied by the woman who was the export manager of Norinco Dalian.

Stoltz, playing his tough-guy part, began grumbling about the uninvited guest. The accommodating Ku did his best to placate the mobster. She was, Ku promised, "safe," "high security," and "a key person."

Then Ku proceeded to recite the various banks and account numbers in Hong Kong and China where the remaining $433,000 should be wired. And as a video-camera lens peeking through the face of a clock radio recorded the transaction, he happily received his share—$70,000 in cash in a paper bag—from Hipple. But Ku, the consummate salesman, would not leave without raising the possibility of even bigger deals.

He offered mimeographed sheets illustrating precisely what he and his associates in China could provide in future transactions. Available were Chinese knockoffs of Uzis, silenced machine guns, M-16s, and even Red Parakeet missiles. These were very expensive, he acknowledged, but they were also very effective, just like the U.S.'s Stinger surface-to-air missiles. They could, he suggested, "take out a 747."

After returning from another trip to China, Ku gave Stoltz a price list on the letterhead of Polytech's Dynasty Holding Corp. A 60-mm. mortar, for example, was $1,300. A rocket-propelled grenade launcher was $1,250. An accompanying note signed by Ku's contact in China read, "We are happy [*sic*] work with you. Now we offer price list for you. We hope you like it."

**"We have the tiger by the tail and it's going to lead us all the way to China," said King.**

"We like it' *very* much," King told Stoltz.

The final week of April brought the most promising news: the three Norinco arms officials had applied to the U.S. Embassy in Beijing for travel visas. They were coming! He would climb the ladder all the way to the top rung. To the princelings.

Yet after all their expectations, it started to fall apart. Rollin B. Klink, the special agent in charge of the San Francisco customs office, was in Washington when the first shoe loudly dropped. He was urgently pulled from a meeting and told that the press office had just received a call from a *Los Angeles Times* reporter. It seemed the journalist knew everything about Dragon Fire. Impossible, Klink shot back.

But when the press officer read back her notes and he heard the detailed questions about a shipment of 2,000 AK-47s and the involvement of Polytech and Norinco officials, he realized there had been a leak. But maybe, he decided after he recovered his equilibrium, it wasn't a fatal one.

He quickly conferred with King, who, as he expected, was still game. So Klink offered a plan for damage control. Call the *Times,* he suggested, and make a deal. If they'll sit on the story, promise we'll give them a much bigger one when the operation's over. And to everyone's satisfaction, the *Los Angeles Times* agreed.

But just a week later, as the arrival of the Chinese arms officials in the United States neared, *The New York Times* called Treasury and began asking questions about a Chinese-arms sting. Once again, damage control hit high gear, using the issue of "national security" and the promise of "an even bigger story" to persuade the *Times* editors. They, too, agreed.

But it was too late. There had already been two leaks—from what deliberately vague journalists described to Treasury officials as "diplomatic sources." It was only a matter of time before there would be another. And another. There were still two undercovers on the front line and no one wanted to contemplate what might happen if Ku and his associates learned that they were federal agents.

On May 22, 1996, heavily armed teams of customs and A.T.F. agents led by King swept up Ku, Chen, and five of their alleged associates. Six other individuals, including four officials of Polytech and Norinco, were also indicted, but they were in China, beyond King's reach. And when the arrest team converged on Robert Ma's house—a grand sprawling gated affair in Silicon Valley—they found that he had vanished.

It took King only a few calls to learn that Ma, head of Polytech's U.S. subsidiary, had left for China just two days before the arrest warrant was executed.

He had left, King was told, in a hurry.

Was there a deliberate leak? Was Dragon Fire compromised? Was it sandbagged just as three high-ranking Chinese arms officials were about to arrive for negotiations for larger shipments? Were calls to the papers made to preserve the princelings' cloak, as they say in the spy trade, of "plausible deniability"?

These remain, says a frustrated King, "the mystery at the end of the mystery." Both F.B.I. and Treasury investigators were still, nearly 16 months later, trying to identify the source(s) of the leaks. So far, their efforts appear to have been futile. And in the absence of an official

THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE...



VERSACE

THE DREAMER

AVAILABLE AT GIANNI VERSACE BOUTIQUES AND BERGDORF GOODMAN • BLOOMINGDALES
• MACY'S EAST • MACY'S WEST • NEIMAN MARCUS • NORDSTROM • SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

report, the Dragon Fire team must rely on conjecture as they try to explain what happened.

Yet there are, they insist, some possibly incriminating facts. For example, Rollin Klink asks, "Who would have known about Dragon Fire? Only people in the government," he asserts. "The calls went to reporters in the Washington bureaus of both papers," Klink continues. "It's a *possibility*"—and he stresses the word—"that someone in the government in Washington could have made the calls." But why?

Klink will not, on the record at least, take things further. But King clearly has his own theory about the calls, and—if allowed to remain oblique—will share it. "Look at the timing of when our case was stopped," he says. "The leaks came just one month before Congress was getting ready to vote on China's most-favored-nation status."

"Now," he continues, "look how people reacted after we made our arrests." Helpfully, he provides a thick pile of photocopied newsclips. The official statements of outrage include one from Representative Edward Markey of Massachusetts, the ranking Democrat on the House Commerce Committee. Norinco and Polytech, he told reporters, "are at the core of China's extensive military-industrial complex."

"This is the Chinese government," he added. "China has just shot itself in both feet." Congressman Charles Schumer of New York, usually a Clinton Democrat, complained, "Smuggling machine guns into this country is, to put it mildly, a major roadblock in our relationship [with China]. It could throw the most-favored-nation debate the other way unless the Chinese government does some explaining." And news articles in *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* focused on the problematic situation summed up in the latter's headline: ARRESTS OF 7 ALLEGED ARMS SMUGGLERS COULD HARM CHINA'S TRADING STATUS. A *Washington Post* editorial described the mood building in Congress: "If it is established that the Chinese government had a hand in, or otherwise countenanced such a transfer [of 2,000 AK-47s], then this incident could get a lot more serious."

But it didn't. The administration was able to control the initial flurry of rage. On June 27, the House voted 286 to 141 to support President Clinton's request to renew China's trading privileges.

"Now," says King, "can you imagine the reactions or how Congress might have voted if we had been allowed to keep going? If we had arrested the Norinco officials who had come here to sell Red Parakeet missiles? If Dragon Fire had been able to nail the princelings? This country's China policy would be a hell of a lot different today."

And the official investigations continue. At present federal investigators are trying to determine if Wang Jun, apart from his coffee with the president, had any other meetings with officials from government agencies. Did Charlie Trie, with so many friends in Washington, lead Wang to another office, where he might have been told, accidentally or deliberately, about Dragon Fire? The existence of a Chinese-government intelligence operation whose agents used the cover of fund-raisers to roam freely about the corridors of federal power is, according to both the F.B.I. and Senate investigators, a possibility.

Yet, in the aftermath of Operation Dragon Fire, not all remains unresolved. As King is the first to point out, his team did put some points on the board. It was the largest seizure of automatic weapons in U.S. history. Ku and Chen have both pleaded guilty and are awaiting sentencing. And in China, after months of the government's denying that anyone at Norinco or Polytech was aware of the smuggling operation, four middle-level munitions officials were sentenced to up to 14 years in jail for "dereliction of duty."

Still, King wishes that he could ask Wang about any connection between the timing of his visit and the leak that ended Dragon Fire. He would like to ask the same of Trie. Or Ma. But they are all safely in China, beyond his questions and the law.

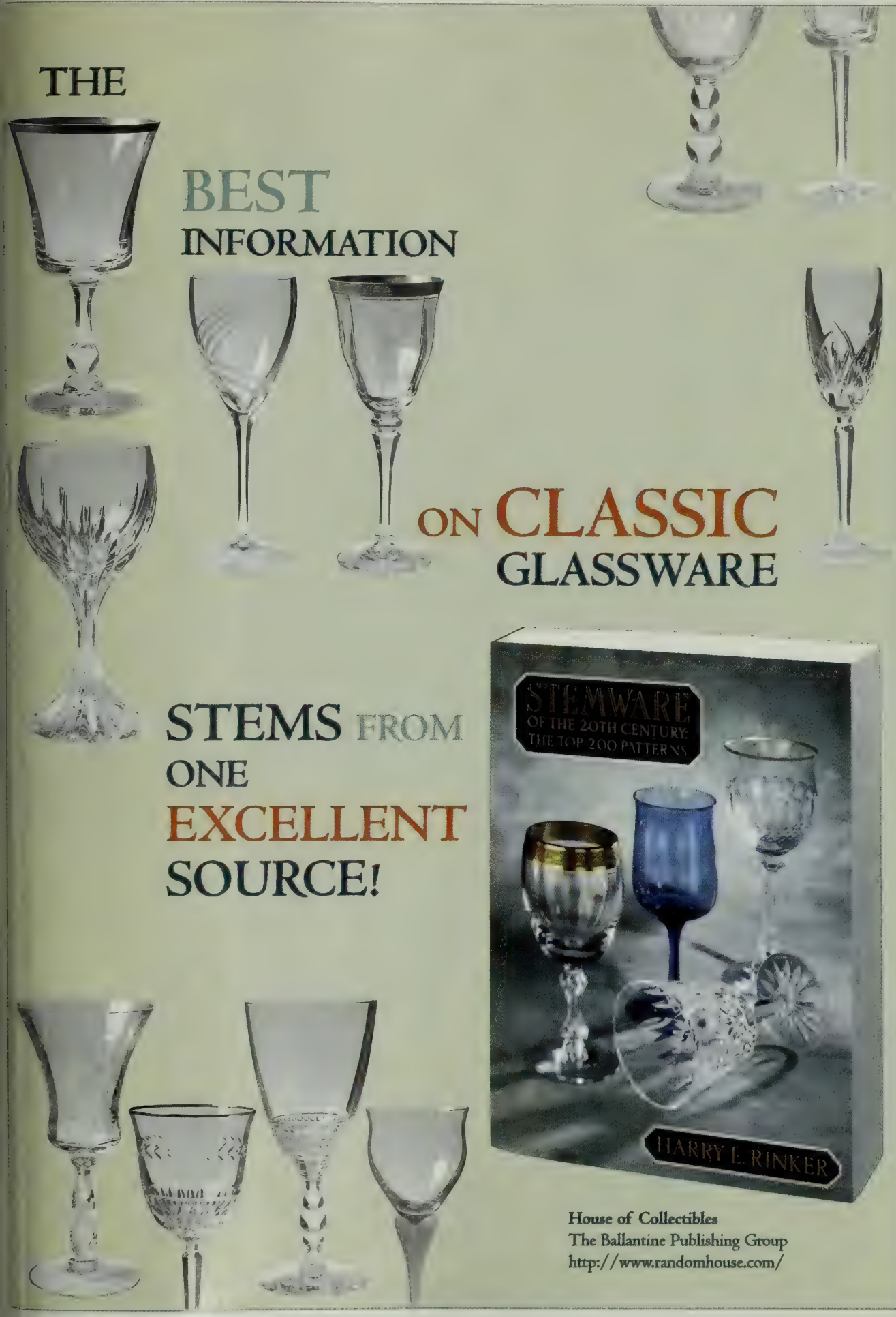
*President Bill Clinton was scheduled to meet at the end of October 1997 with President Jiang Zemin. The purpose of their discussions was to move relations with China beyond the sporadic angry exchanges about human-rights violations, nuclear-arms proliferation, and unfair trade practices. But there were many in the U.S. government who saw this as wishful thinking. Especially after Operation Dragon Fire, and its unanswered questions.* □

**"Smuggling machine guns into this country is a major roadblock," said Congressman Schumer of U.S.-China relations.**






**GANG BANG:** *Top,* **the weapons go public—after Dragon Fire was interrupted by "diplomatic sources" who told two newspapers of the operation.** *Above,* **Rollin Klink, head of U.S. Customs in San Francisco. Agents made seven arrests (including that of Hammond Ku) but lost the big dealers in Beijing.**




House of Collectibles
The Ballantine Publishing Group
http://www.randomhouse.com/


212
rea in fragrance
212
Carolina Her
Carolina Her
New York
Bergdorf Goodman Neiman Marcus Saks Fifth Avenue

# Vanities



## FLEUR-DE-LESLIE

**Name and occupation:** Leslie Stefanson, actress. **Age:** 25. **Fleetingly seen in:** *The Cowboy Way* (with Woody Harrelson and Kiefer Sutherland) and Barbra Streisand's *The Mirror Has Two Faces*. **Now ready for her close-up in:** *Flubber* (with Robin Williams), *As Good as It Gets* (starring Jack Nicholson), and *An Alan Smithee Film*. **Born and bred in:** Moorhead, Minnesota (situated right across the river from Fargo). **Have you retained that now famous regional dialect?** "Oh, yah, sure, you betcha." **Her dysfunctional role models:** "Mia Farrow I love. One of my favorite roles is hers in *Rosemary's Baby*. It's so creepy. Actually, I love Woody Allen. I'd know I'd reached a certain goal if I could work with him." **How was working with Robin Williams as his cyber-dream-girl?** "He was the easiest actor I've worked with thus far. So funny—not all the time, which I was happy about, because I thought I'd be laughing 24 hours a day." **What about Jack Nicholson? Did he behave himself?** "He's always been one of my favorites. He doesn't seem to have any inhibitions. He pretty much takes control, and that was really exciting to watch."



PHOTOGRAPH BY EIKA AOSHIMA


GUCCI


florence milan new york paris london berlin tokyo hong kong



# The McCarthy Hearings

## Jenny McCarthy's leap to fame

Cross Mae West with Vanna White and you get Jenny McCarthy, the new gold standard for glamorous vulgarity. Now the onetime grocery clerk (and *Playboy* Playmate and MTV showgirl) is on her way to becoming the queen of all media. This fall she has multiple TV time slots and is publishing an autobiography called *Jen-X: Jenny McCarthy's Open Book* (ReganBooks). Is there any form for which McCarthy cannot supply the content? GEORGE WAYNE wants to know.

**George Wayne:** *Now, Jenny, darling, recall for G.W. that infamous day when you first went to bed with* Playboy.

**Jenny McCarthy:** Well, I was in downtown Chicago. It was 1993. I went to a modeling agency, which rejected me. Then I walked out, and across the street was the Playboy building. I don't know what happened, but something just pulled me there. And the whole time I was walking toward the building I kept saying, "I'm just gonna go look at it." And then I was in the elevator, saying, "I'm just gonna go talk to someone." And when I was talking to someone, they called the editor down. The editor took me in the back and made me take a Polaroid. And then, three days later, they told me I was Miss October. I just knew from the third grade that I was gonna make it. I just didn't know how.

**G.W.** *Now, what is Jen's advice to any all-American girl contemplating spreading her legs for* Playboy*?*

**J.M.** Posing nude and spreading your legs are two different things! Spreading your legs is *Hustler* magazine. We don't do those kinds of views in *Playboy.* To the girls I would say, If you want to feel sexy, and want to portray yourself in that image, then I say pose for *Playboy.* But if you want to become a serious actress, I would say, Don't do it. Just from my trials and tribulations.

**G.W.** *For the non–*Playboy *readers, can you tell us if the hair on your head matches–*

**J.M.** Oh, please! You're totally saying it wrong. You're supposed to say, "Does the carpet match the drapes?"!

**G.W.** *I love it!*

**J.M.** And no, honey, my shag carpet doesn't match my suede drapes.

**G.W.** *It is known that Jenny has been sleeping with her Svengali for many years.*

**J.M.** Aaaagh! I am the Svengali, baby! Jenny's the Svengali! I wear the pants, and he wears the jewelry!

**G.W.** *So, are you still with your manager, Ray Manzella, out of a sense of loyalty? Obviously he knows how to tap your J-spot.*

**J.M.** My God! You guys can put all this in *Vanity Fair*?!

**G.W.** *Darling, they'll water it down. But what can I do? We'll just go on.*

**J.M.** You're hilarious! Well, last month was our three-year anniversary. If it wasn't for real we wouldn't have made it this long.

**G.W.** *We can't help but wonder, Miss M.: Who relieved this particular Catholic girl of her virtue?*

**J.M.** My sweetheart from Brother Rice High: Tony LoBianco. I met him when I was 13 and we broke up at 19. I still love him with all my heart to this day. We broke up at a White Castle in Chicago.

**G.W.** *I don't suppose we will find anything like that in your new book,* Jen-X.

**J.M.** I talk about sex in my book. It's, like, rated PG-18.

**G.W.** *Talk to those people who say you are nothing more than America's Official Bimbo. Here's your chance to clock them!*

**J.M.** Obviously it hurts when I hear people say that. I've never portrayed myself as stupid. There is much more to me than meets the eye. And I'll get to show that.

**G.W.** *Well, G.W. must concur that Jenny McCarthy is absolutely no dumb blonde!* •

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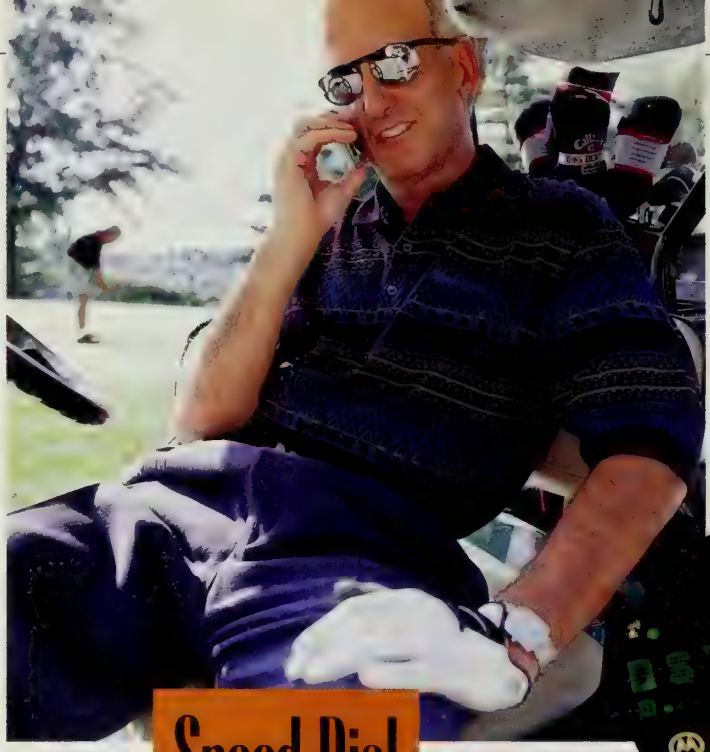


CLEAN FRESH UNDERWEAR.

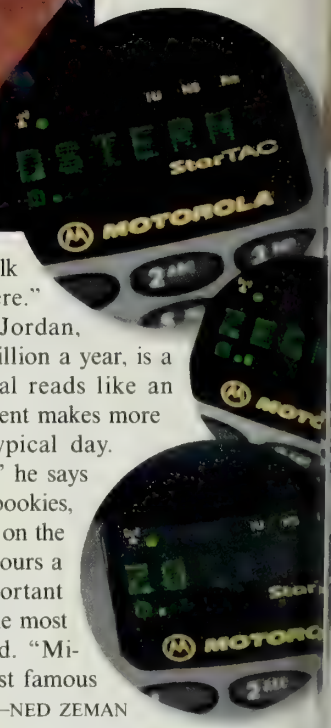
# JOE BOXER

macy's



*David Falk with his Motorola StarTAC at the Woodmont Country Club in Rockville, Maryland; speed-dial entries for,* top to bottom, *Microsoft executive Steve Ballmer, Michael Jordan of the Chicago Bulls, N.B.A. commissioner David Stern, designer Ermenegildo Zegna's headquarters, and Alonzo Mourning of the Miami Heat.*




# Speed Dial

David Falk understands the first rule of agenting: never anger the talent. This rule applies to everything in an agent's life, including his cell phone (which, from a utilitarian point of view, is the most important thing *in* his life). Ask Falk to list the N.B.A. stars on his speed dial and he will pause and say, "Can't tell you." That's why he is who he is—the most powerful agent in sports. Falk wouldn't be the head of the Washington, D.C.–based FAME sports agency if he blurted out, let's say, that Patrick Ewing was on his speed dial and Glen Rice wasn't. These aren't clients you want to provoke, in part because they're as big as Buicks, and in part because he receives up to 4 percent of their N.B.A. contracts. "I don't have all my clients on my phone," says Falk. "Some I talk to more than others." For instance . . . *Michael Jordan?* "Yes," Falk says, "he's up there." He better be. Jordan, who earns more than $70 million a year, is a big reason Falk's speed dial reads like an N.B.A. all-star ballot. The agent makes more than 100 calls during a typical day. "That's 700 calls in a week," he says in the mathspeak unique to bookies, arbitrageurs, and agents. "I'm on the phone 6 hours a day, or 36 hours a week." Precision—that's important when you represent one of the most famous people in the world. "Michael," Falk says, "is *the* most famous person in the world." —NED ZEMAN




# Night-Table Reading



**Peter Bart,**
*vice president and editor in chief of* Variety:
A Child's Night Dream,
*by Oliver Stone (St. Martin's).*
*"Reading this novel by the noted filmmaker provides a vivid reminder of how powerful, yet utterly appalling, your first novels can be."*

**David Baldacci,**
*author:*
Trying to Save Piggy Sneed,
*by John Irving (Ballantine).*
*"As a former wrestler I found the sections of Mr. Irving's book pertaining to that demanding discipline both fascinating and familiar."*





**David Tang,**
*entrepreneur:*
The Last Governor,
*by Jonathan Dimbleby (Little, Brown, U.K.; Doubleday, Canada).*
*"A tale of the events leading to the handover of Hong Kong. It's a bit too early to tell if the bitterness is justified, since history takes a lot longer to taste and swallow."*

**China Chow,**
*actress, model:*
Michael Jackson Was My Lo
*by Victor M. Gutierrez (Alamo Square Press). "It's a page-turner. I got it from my aunt and uncle, who got from John Waters."*






We're about to reveal a Saturn trade secret. But first, raise your right hand and repeat after us, "I promise that what I'm about to hear will stay with me for the rest of my life." Promise? Okay, here goes: Treat people the same way you would like to be treated.

Which got us to thinking, what would a service area be without pinups?

Not *those* pinups, but rather pictures of Saturn owners. That way, when people brought their cars in for an oil change or something, we'd be able to place a name with a face.

Think about it. *Hey you* is not exactly the most endearing greeting, especially to someone who spent their hard-earned money on one of your cars. *Hi, Yvonne* or *Hi, Steve* seems more like it. It's certainly how we would like to be greeted if we were bringing in our car. Of course, it would go even further if our name were Steve, but hopefully you get the point.

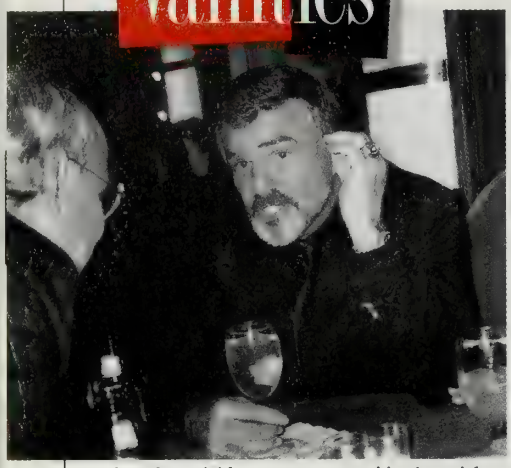


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*The 1998 Saturn SC2 comes with an M.S.R.P. of $15,295, including AC, retailer prep and transportation. Of course, options, tax and license are extra. We'd be happy to provide more information at 1-800-522-5000, or visit us on the Internet at www.saturn.com. ©1997 Saturn Corporation.*

SATURN.

# Vanities





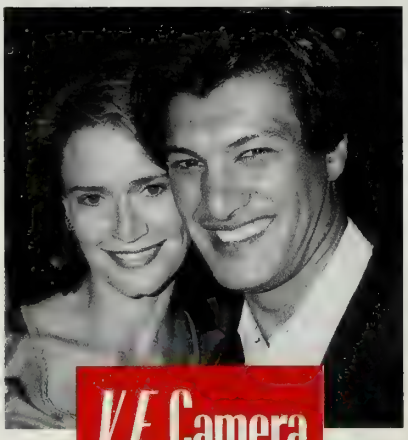
"I love the nightlife . . . ": Burt Reynolds, *above, left,* perhaps discussing the art of the comeback at the party for *Boogie Nights* at the club Life; *right,* Penny Marshall, Ronald Perelman, and Claudia Cohen at the *Boogie Nights* party.

## BOOGIE KNIGHTS

The time machine was set for the 1970s in Manhattan last month, and Burt Reynolds was at the head of the Remember-Me Decade pack, helping to celebrate the premiere of the period porn epic *Boogie Nights.* After a screening of the movie, there was a Studio 54–like boogie throng at the club Life, featuring 800 guests (including Gwyneth Paltrow, Janeane Garofalo, and Ingrid Casares) who all appeared to be in the throes of a sweaty disco fever. Across town Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon, Thurston Moore, and Steve Shelley packed them in at the legendary CBGB's to celebrate the premiere of *Year of the Horse,* Jim Jarmusch's rockumentary about Neil Young and his band Crazy Horse. Among the revelers who crowded CBGB's: Iggy Pop, Joey Ramone, and Little Steven Van Zandt. —RIZA CRUZ

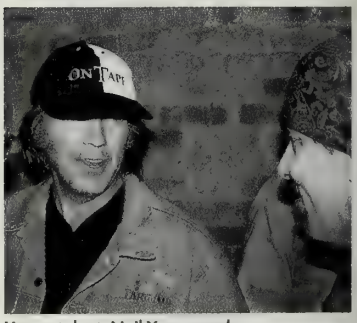


Director Jim Jarmusch experiences another night on earth at CBGB's.



## V.F. Camera

Oscar night: *Left,* Elizabeth Shiell and Frédéric Fekkai at a perfume launch for Oscar de la Renta.



Young talent: Neil Young and Little Steven Van Zandt.



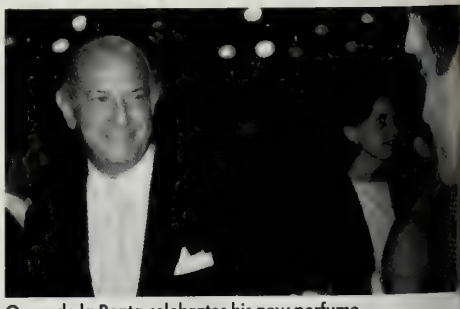
Mark Wahlberg appears to take *Boogie Nights* director Paul Thomas Anderson's disco pulse as Mark's mother, Alma Wahlberg, looks on.



Bird of paradise: Iggy Pop shows the spirit of punk rock at CBGB's.

Deep breath: Kenneth Jay Lane, *right,* at Copacabana.





Oscar de la Renta celebrates his new perfume, So de la Renta, at Copacabana.

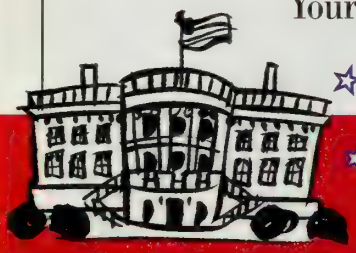

RALPH FIENNES
CATE BLANCHETT
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IMPROBABLE DREAMERS
WHO DARED TO PLAY THE GAME
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OSCAR and LUCINDA
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# Intelligence Report

## Your up-to-the-minute briefing on life in the nation's capital













| | LOBBYIST | PUNDIT | STEPHANOPOLI | HILL STAFFER | PRESIDENT |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| LIVES AT | Potomac, Maryland | Cleveland Park | Dupont Circle | Crystal City, Virginia | 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue |
| LAST JOB | Congressman | Hostess at Griffith | Personal trainer | Tri-Delta rush chair at Emory University | Obscure local politician |
| ROLE MODEL | ◂ J. R. Ewing | Siskel and Ebert | Sidney Falco ▸ | Amanda Woodward ▸ | Warren Beatty |
| ROMANTIC STATUS | Second marriage to intern | "I'm focusing on my career" | Don't ask, don't tell | Single, looking to marry | "Married" |
| LUNCH | McCormick & Schmick's | Red Sage (downstairs) | Peanut-butter PowerBar | Dirksen Servery curly fries | Sausage McMuffin on the Truman Balcony |
| DINNER | The Palm | Sit-down at Tony Blankley's | Wrapworks and two Met-Rx shakes | TORTILLA COAST | The Bombay Club |
| NIGHTCLUB | The Jockey Club | Private food (prefer [illegible]) | Crush | Music City Roadhouse | Lincoln Bedroom |
| GEEKS AFFAIR WITH | The Care girls | Senator Fred Thompson | ◂ Anne Heche | "Mah boss" | Anything with big hair and no attorney |
| DESIGNER | Brooks Brothers | BCBG Max Azria | Giorgio Armani ▸ | Ann Taylor | Tommy Hilfiger ▸ |
| ACCESSORY | Coach portfolio | Leopard-print cell-phone holder | "Secure" beeper | Big yellah neck scarf | Distinguishing characteristic |
| PERK | Gets to write America's laws | Gets to quit day job | The "toaster," desktop presidential-locator device | Riding in the "members" elevator | All you can eat |
| HAIR | Snip-cut hair and manicure at Allure | Highlighted blow-and-go from Jerome at Cristophe | Ponytail at Okyo | Bob cut from Bubbles | Fred Mars special from Cristophe |
| JUNK FOOD | Reception-room cheese cubes | Salted rice cakes with Shedd's Spread | Bionic mango smoothie with bee-pollen spike | Jalapeño poppers | Reddi-wip shots |
| ASPIRATION | A Cabinet position | A three-picture deal | President George, President Rahm ... etc., etc. | "Mr. President, mah boss" | Lincoln Bedroom and Oval Office |
| BIG COOL FRIEND | The 19 men who own the world | ◂ Brian Williams | The president | Navy waiter from White House Mess | ◂ David Geffen |
| LITTLE BUDDY | Majority leader | Grover Norquist ▸ | Peter Mandelson | Dip kid | Al Gore ▸ |
| PICKUP LINE | "Didn't I see you from my chopper?" | "Can you believe MSNBC won't cover collagen?" | "Want to see where POTUS hit me?" | "Gimme a yard of anything!" | "Care to join me in the Situation Room?" |
| CRIME SCENE | Witness's apartment at the Watergate | Social Safeway | Nanny-cam's reunion section | On the desk | Marine One cargo hold |
| CLUB MEMBERSHIP | Burning Tree | Girls of the N.R.A. | Washington Sports Club | Young Republicans | Asia Society |
| SLOGAN | "I'm not exercising my constitutional right to petition" | "Any ass kisses? Q Rating is up the hole" | "Let's look at that another way" | "I'll do anything to help mah boss help America!" | "Not one of these allegations has been proven" |



—RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF


SO DE LA RENTA
Oscar de la Renta
PARFUMS
BLOOMINGDALE'S • THE BON MARCHÉ • BURDINE'S
GOLDSMITH'S • LAZARUS • MACY'S • RI STERN'S




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# HALL OF FAME

VANITY FAIR
DECEMBER 1997

VANITY FAIR PRESENTS THE STANDOUTS OF 1997,

## THE 35 MEN AND WOMEN

WHO MADE THE WORLD STOP AND WATCH.

## AN EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO

BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, HERB RITTS, MARIO TESTINO,
SIM AARONS, JONATHAN BECKER, JOSEF ASTOR, NIGEL PARRY,
GLEPER TRINGALE, AND DAN WINTERS. WITH TEXT BY JAMES WOLCOTT

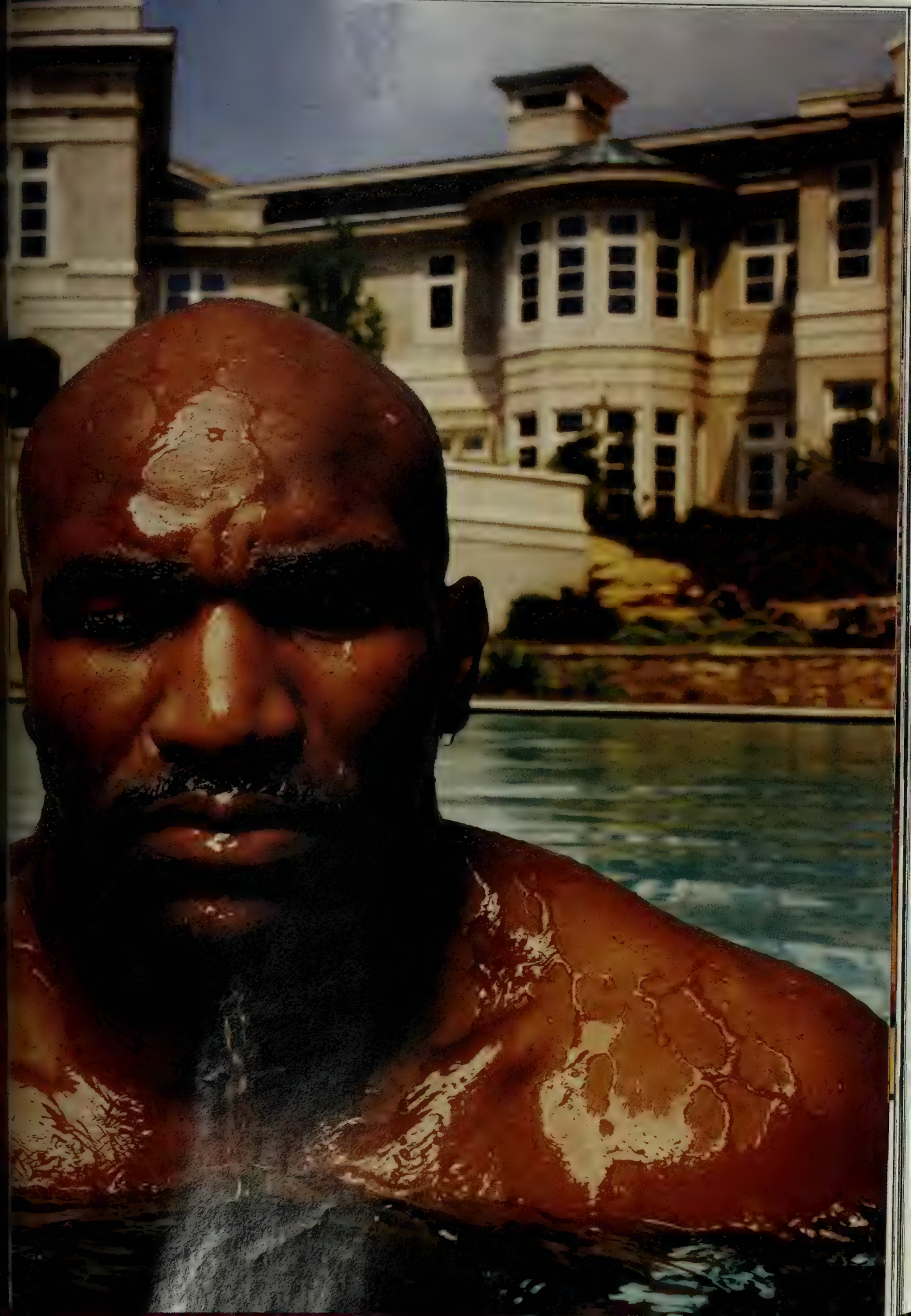


# EVANDER HOLYFIELD

**[illegible] a fighter, not a hitter.**

The incredible edible heavyweight champion of the world, Evander Holyfield (six feet two inches, 218 pounds, with [illegible] here to obliterate the [illegible] his cruiser last June in a rematch with Mike Tyson and was nearly van Gogh'd when Tyson decided to launch a snack attack. Guilty of whining and dining in the ring, Tyson lost ugly. Bloodied but unbowed, Holyfield retained not only his title but his humor, dignity, and noble gleam. After surgery, he said with magisterial aplomb, "It was told to me by the prophets that the fight was going to be short, but that there'd be some distractions." Nothing the man couldn't handle.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his Fairburn, Georgia, mansion on September 19, 1997.





# RICHARD MEIER AND FRANK GEHRY

Because Meier beatified the box and Gehry broke out of it.

For years, architecture seemed to suffer from a bunker mentality. Everything had to be flat, pristine, functional, stark, aloof. Urban sarcophagi composed of building blocks. Under the influence of Robert Venturi's *Learning from Las Vegas*, architects began to rebel against this high austerity and pursue a more freewheeling vernacular.

Frank Gehry and Richard Meier went further, restoring romantic bravura to the role of architect. Gehry's flappy, scaly titanium-sheathed Guggenheim Museum Bilbao caused Herbert Muschamp, the architecture critic of *The New York Times*, to experience mental liftoff and a wowed afterglow. (He called Gehry's construction "the reincarnation of Marilyn Monroe.")

Others have mused that Richard Meier's Getty Center—a virile complex of stairways, plazas, terraces, and tubular supports which looks like the ultimate shootout backdrop (*Miami Vice*-meets-the-millennium)—rests so proud on its hilltop that it may outclass Los Angeles and its locust swarms of lost souls below.

Both responses reveal that architecture as practiced by Gehry and Meier has become a vanguard art again, symphonic in its visual ravishment.

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on October 7, 1997.




# PETE HAMILL

Because he is Zuckerman unbound.

Combining the direct address of the sportswriter Jimmy Cannon and the verb-driven clarity of Ernest Hemingway with a crusader spirit all his own, Hamill has been a star and staple of New York tabloids and taprooms since the 60s. His liberal outbursts earned the ire of Vice President Spiro Agnew, who dubbed them "irrational ravings"—a phrase Hamill happily used for the title of his first collection. His countless hours captaining a barstool at the Lion's Head provided the copy for his best-selling memoir, *A Drinking Life*, and he hit the charts again this year with his nostalgic novel, *Snow in August*. Hired as editor of the *New York Daily News* last year, Hamill sought to boost coverage of the boroughs, reach out to the city's new immigrants, and cut down on fluff. His reward? Being ousted after eight months by owner Mort Zuckerman. His brief tenure was proof that you can't keep a good man down, but you sure can bounce him around a lot.

Photographed by Gasper Tringale at the newsstand at Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street in New York City on September 29, 1997.



# ELLEN DeGENERES

Because she cleaned out her closet.

Now we know the source of her comic stammer (a verbal vapor lock that made Bob Newhart sound bold and dynamic)—she had a tricky secret to share. "Coming out" on her ABC show after months of contrived tease (playing dodgeball with interviewer questions), DeGeneres not only converted a so-so sitcom into a national fishbowl but looked replenished as a performer—years of tension were released from her face. She also banished the field-hockey image of lesbianism by hooking up with the hot and snazzy actress Anne Heche and engaging in heavy nuzzling in front of President Clinton, who probably welcomed the distraction. So nervy has Ellen gotten that she even tweaked her boss, Disney C.E.O. Michael Eisner, for not congratulating the show after it won an Emmy for best writing. "I know he's a busy guy," she told *TV Guide*, "and as soon as he's done calling Gillian Anderson and offering her a deal, he'll probably send me a box of crackers or some bath oils." She may find a severed Goofy head in her bed if she isn't careful.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Princeville Hotel in Hanalei Bay, Kauai, Hawaii, on July 18, 1997.



# THE PATHFINDER TEAM

Because they rocked the Red Planet.

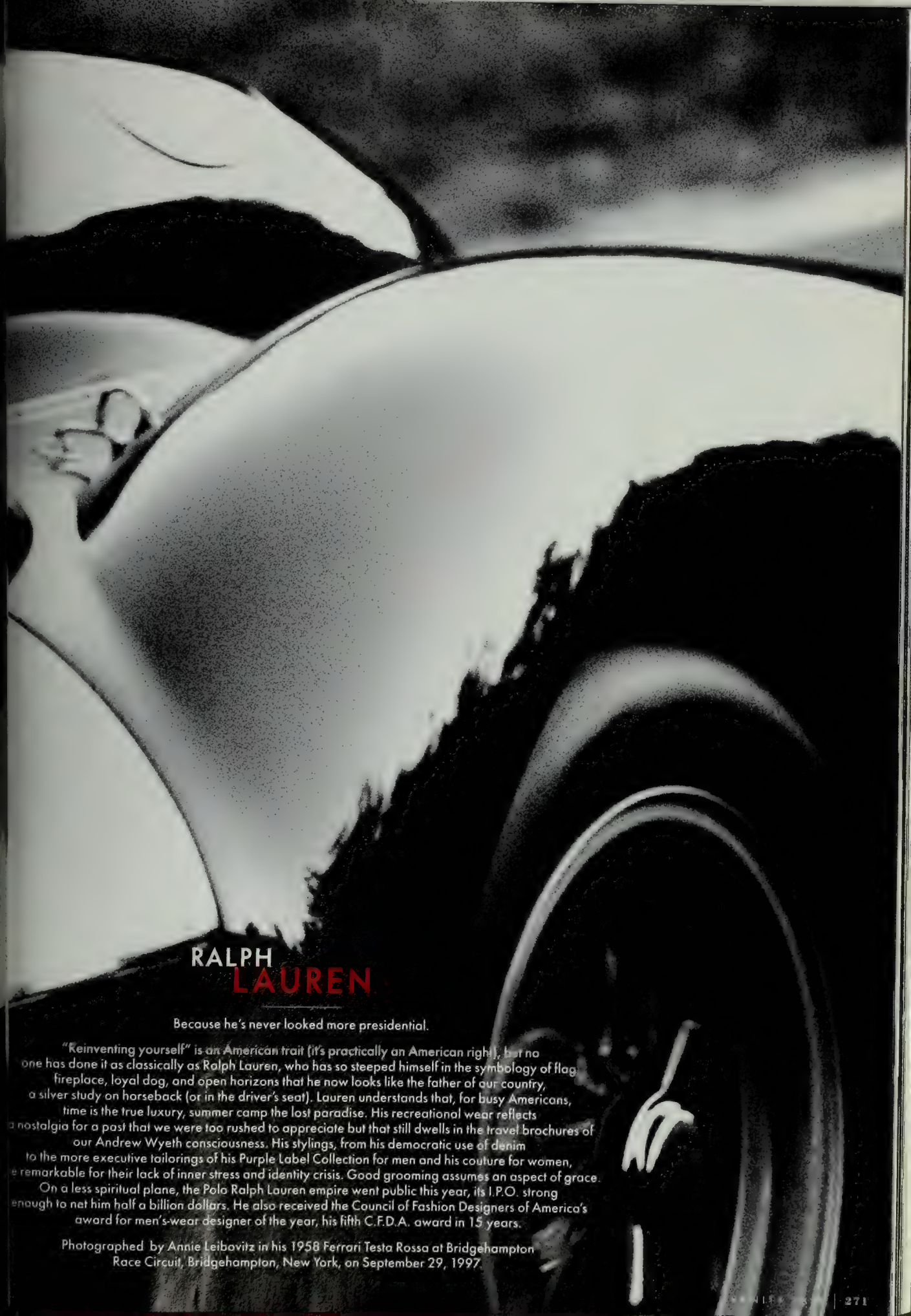
It's 119 million miles from Earth to Mars—quite a schlepp. But this summer NASA's no-frills Pathfinder mission made the trip with glory to spare. Where earlier space expeditions were like luxury limos, the robot rover that probed the Martian surface was closer to a Kmart go-cart, equipped with an Intel processor and a poky modem. Piloting the *Sojourner* by remote control, the Pathfinder team treated the planet as their private sandbox, studying rocks that they nicknamed Yogi and Scooby-Doo. Transcending the cartoon cuteness was the Martian landscape itself, barren and unbeckoning, like the opening vista of a Sergio Leone film witnessed through a bloodshot eye.

From left to right: Andrew Mishkin, second rover driver; Tam Nguyen, rover software engineer; Matthew Wallace, rover engineer; Richard Cook, mission manager; Brian Cooper, chief rover driver; Albert Nakata, Mars Pathfinder flight engineer; Donna Shirley, manager of the Mars Exploration Program; Linda Robeck, mechanical engineer in charge of spacecraft assembly; Brian Muirhead, Mars Pathfinder project manager; Kendra Short, software engineer; Robert Manning, chief spaceflight engineer; Jennifer Harris, flight director; and Jacob Matijevic, rover manager.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, on September 22, 1997.







# RALPH LAUREN

Because he's never looked more presidential.

"Reinventing yourself" is an American trait (it's practically an American right), but no one has done it as classically as Ralph Lauren, who has so steeped himself in the symbology of flag, fireplace, loyal dog, and open horizons that he now looks like the father of our country, a silver study on horseback (or in the driver's seat). Lauren understands that, for busy Americans, time is the true luxury, summer camp the lost paradise. His recreational wear reflects a nostalgia for a past that we were too rushed to appreciate but that still dwells in the travel brochures of our Andrew Wyeth consciousness. His stylings, from his democratic use of denim to the more executive tailorings of his Purple Label Collection for men and his couture for women, are remarkable for their lack of inner stress and identity crisis. Good grooming assumes an aspect of grace. On a less spiritual plane, the Polo Ralph Lauren empire went public this year, its I.P.O. strong enough to net him half a billion dollars. He also received the Council of Fashion Designers of America's award for men's-wear designer of the year, his fifth C.F.D.A. award in 15 years.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in his 1958 Ferrari Testa Rossa at Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton, New York, on September 29, 1997.



# JAMES CAMERON

Because he made himself a spectacle.

Ever since D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* (1916), filmmakers have been the modern pharaohs, erecting and destroying monuments dedicated to their own appetites for splendor and catastrophe. Some of these personal follies have made movie history (*Lawrence of Arabia*), others have eaten dust (*Heaven's Gate*), but none has had more money and ego riding on it than *Titanic*, directed by James Cameron. Possessing what Henry James called "the imagination of disaster," Cameron is a technocrat and taskmaster who seems most happy working with twisted metal. Probably his greatest film to date was *Terminator 2*, in which Arnold Schwarzenegger was a combination Frankenstein's monster and Christ figure ("Come with me if you want to live"). Monstrously expensive, *Titanic*'s epic production was marred by technical snafus, exhausting shoots, firings, and possible sabotage (Cameron and others fell ill after eating chowder laced with PCP). Tempting the Fates on a grand scale, Cameron is both Captain Bligh and Captain Ahab in the strictness and fury of his obsessive voyage. To the lifeboats!

Photographed by Dan Winters at Skywalker Ranch in Nicasio, California, on October 13, 1997.

# DEEP BLUE

Because they crowned a new champion

Designed by a team of scientists at IBM's T. J. Watson Research Center, Deep Blue is more than a chess whiz capable of evaluating 200 million positions a second and incapable of being psyched. Its mental muscle inhabits a higher dimension. It did not merely defeat chess master Garry Kasparov in their most recent match, but confounded and frightened him. No wonder. This supercomputer is a paranoia machine worthy of Don DeLillo's and Stanley Kubrick's darkest forebodings, a twin version of the black slab from *2001*: a totemic omen of man's obsolescence. And at the same time—kinda cool!

From left, Jerry Brody, Murray Campbell, Feng-Hsiung Hsu, Joel Benjamin, A. Joseph Hoane Jr., and Chung-Jen Tan.

Photographed by Josef Astor at the T. J. Watson Research Center in Yorktown Heights, New York, on July 25, 1997.




CANADA DF



# JODY WILLIAMS

Because she shamed the big guns.

Chalk one up for the peaceniks. Raised in Vermont, where she still lives, Jody Williams brings an old-fashioned, stubborn Yankee idealism to her mission to make the killing fields safe for survivors.

A longtime activist in Central America, Williams began coordinating an international crusade against land mines in 1991, using E-mail and the ungentle art of pestering to lobby diplomats and politicians to outlaw these heedless devices.

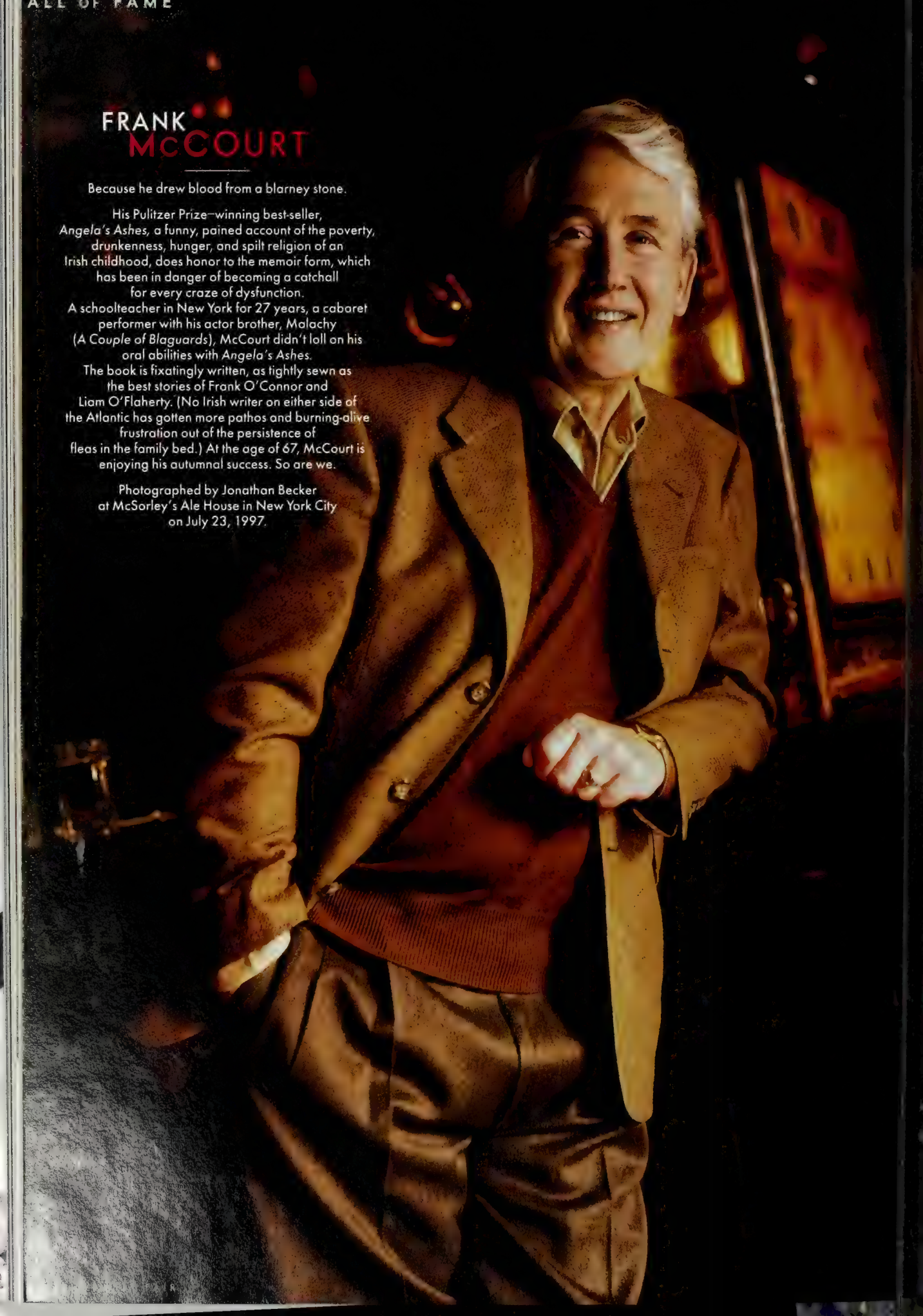
The International Campaign to Ban Landmines picked up momentum and luster after it enlisted the support of Princess Diana, whose starry presence transcended nation-state parochialism. Princess Diana's tragic death highlighted her humanitarian efforts on behalf of land-mine victims and was doubtless an additional nudge to the Nobel committee to award this year's Peace Prize to Jody Williams and the I.C.B.L.

The award bore fruit only hours later when Boris Yeltsin announced Russia would sign the international anti-land-mine treaty. Which still left a holdout closer to home—our own President Clinton, who has opposed the land-mine ban and who neglected to phone Williams with congratulations on winning the prize.

Perhaps he was smarting from Williams's public references to him as "a weenie," but if he doesn't do the right thing regarding land mines, the leader of the Free World may find himself receiving a weenie roast.

Jody Williams has come too far to stop now. Right makes might.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Hotel Bedford in New York City on October 21, 1997.



# FRANK McCOURT

Because he drew blood from a blarney stone.

His Pulitzer Prize–winning best-seller, *Angela's Ashes*, a funny, pained account of the poverty, drunkenness, hunger, and spilt religion of an Irish childhood, does honor to the memoir form, which has been in danger of becoming a catchall for every craze of dysfunction. A schoolteacher in New York for 27 years, a cabaret performer with his actor brother, Malachy (*A Couple of Blaguards*), McCourt didn't loll on his oral abilities with *Angela's Ashes*. The book is fixatingly written, as tightly sewn as the best stories of Frank O'Connor and Liam O'Flaherty. (No Irish writer on either side of the Atlantic has gotten more pathos and burning-alive frustration out of the persistence of fleas in the family bed.) At the age of 67, McCourt is enjoying his autumnal success. So are we.

Photographed by Jonathan Becker at McSorley's Ale House in New York City on July 23, 1997.



# SIRIO MACCIONI

Because he made the *Zeitgeist* jump through his hoops.

Not every ringmaster requires a whip. Sirio Maccioni, the owner of Le Cirque 2000, presided over the renovation-opening of his restaurant at its new home, in the historic Villard Houses on Madison Avenue, with a cloudborne calm that belied the Sturm und Drang of trying to outdo a legend. Whereas the original Le Cirque was a single big top, a contained blast, Le Cirque 2000 splinters and candy-coats the eye like the split-screen images of *The Thomas Crown Affair*, with two main rooms (the high-backed mohair chairs worthy of Alice in Wonderland), strategic lights, circus hoops, and a TV set above the bar that provides closed-circuit coverage of action in the kitchen. (René, put down that knife!) It's all too-too, a lyrical production that brings the "Astonish me!" spirit of Diaghilev into the dining arena. Like Diaghilev, Maccioni and his co-creators are more than show. *The New York Times* awarded Le Cirque 2000 a premier rating of four stars.

Photographed by Slim Aarons in the blue room at Le Cirque 2000 in New York City on June 1, 1997.

# WILL SMITH AND JADA PINKETT

Because Gable and Lombard
was so long ago.

With the summer blockbusters *Independence Day* and *Men in Black*, rapper and former sitcom star Will Smith (NBC's *Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*) has proved himself to be America's first line of defense against stir-fried intergalactic ghoulies. His sunny humor has kept him from developing too big a macho head.
Jada Pinkett came up the ranks from the rougher side of the movie tracks, making her debut in *Menace II Society*, robbing banks in *Set It Off*, and baring her midriff like nobody's business. Boyfriend and girlfriend, the most beautiful young couple in Hollywood, Smith and Pinkett exude matching cheekbones and red-carpet charisma. They recently wrote their first film together, a romantic comedy called *Love for Hire*, in which Smith also will star. "My No. 1 attraction to Jada is intellectual," Smith has said. Keep those thoughts coming!

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz
at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles
on September 10, 1997.





# KEITH McNALLY

Because he extends glamorous scenes into long-running hits.

Keith McNally's restaurants have legs—they don't fold after a quick start out of the gate. Odeon, which he opened with his brother Brian 17 years ago, achieved hip landmark status as the Great Good Place in Jay McInerney's 80s-excess novel, *Bright Lights, Big City*, and is still a magnet for the young and the senseless. He continued his winning streak with Cafe Luxembourg, Nell's, Lucky Strike, and Pravda, somehow finding time to devote himself to filmmaking, creating noirish mood pieces in *Far from Berlin* and *End of the Night*. With his latest restaurant, Balthazar, he has broken through to daylight again.

Since opening in April, Balthazar has become the most talked-about, written-about, besieged hot spot in downtown Manhattan (2,000 phone calls per day for reservations, according to one report). Modeled on "a French railway-station brasserie" (McNally's words), Balthazar features red leather banquettes, antique mirrors, a pressed-tin ceiling, and an adjacent bakery—it's as if Inspector Maigret had quit the force to found his own eatery. One observer has said the secret of McNally's restaurants is that each "is bathed in a mild gold light." Such light butters the patrons and the staff, the famous and nonfamous alike. Everybody's a star.

Photographed by Nigel Parry at Balthazar in New York City on October 7, 1997.





# HARVEY AND BOB WEINSTEIN

Because they put the bomp back into the movie biz.

Based in New York, Harvey and Bob Weinstein—the founders of Miramax and the big boppers of independent cinema—are throwbacks to an earlier, earthier film era, cookie-dough characters in a celery-stick world. The simple brilliance of Miramax is that it doesn't cater to one taste. For latte lovers, there are art-house sleepers like *The Crying Game* and *Cinema Paradiso*; for popcorn munchers, hormonally charged date films like *Scream* and *From Dusk Till Dawn*. In the crowded crosswalk are popular-critical smashes like *Pulp Fiction* and *The English Patient*. Having established the Miramax name as a quality label (they notched 12 Oscars this year), the Weinsteins hope to branch out into chain stores, satellite channels, and straight-to-video releases by hotshot directors. This September, they also announced plans to develop a philanthropic project. In the meantime, Harvey Weinstein can be seen this March acting, no less—in *An Alan Smithee Film*. It was an opportunity for him to express his inner ham.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Tribeca Film Center in New York City on October 2, 1997.



# DIANA, PRINCESS OF WALES

**Because**

Her traffic death in Paris on a Saturday night in August was a savage cobweb of glass and metal, the fragmented voyeurism of Marcel Duchamp's *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even* made tragically real. The media outpouring was both excessive and inadequate. (Inadequate because so many writers and commentators seemed to be trying to upstage her death by overdoing pathos—making us attend to the tracks of their tears.) Diana's goldenness, her gala charm and bestowed intimacy, found their full dominion in still photographs and documentary footage. She had the poised head and winged reach of a ballerina mingling with mortals. In the photographs taken by Mario Testino for *Vanity Fair* earlier this year, she beams with happiness like a paper lantern. That her joy should have been so brutally cut short is what seems most unfair. Diana leaves behind her two sons, a mountain of flowers, an angry brother, an unsettled monarchy, and untold millions still surprised by the depth of their own stricken feelings.

Photographed by Mario Testino in London on March 25, 1997.



# INCI
# IN THE 70t



Official N.Y.P.D. photos of the Flatbush Four, accused of second- and third-degree assault and second-degree aggravated harassment against Abner Louima, from left: Justin Volpe, Thomas Wiese, Charles Schwarz, and Thomas Bruder. Volpe and Schwarz also charged with first-degree aggravated sexual abuse and assault for allegedly sodomizing Louima with a foreign object.

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It started with a mêlée outside a Haitian nightclub and ended with charges of unspeakable police brutality in a bathroom at the Broo ly precinct once nicknamed Fort Tombstone. Talking to the cops, to investigators, and to family and supporters of the victim, Abner Lou ma MARIE BRENNER examines evidence of torture so sadistic it shocked the entire nation—and touched off an urban political war

# DENT PRECINCT

The final arraignment in supreme court in Brooklyn was brief, 20 minutes from start to finish. All four of the indicted New York City policemen were there, but the courtroom was surprisingly empty. There was no show of solidarity for the Plunger Cops," as the tabloids are now calling the men from the 70th Precinct, in Brooklyn, who are at the center of the Abner Louima case. When a cop is accused of a crime, the rows of seats generally fill up with men in blue. Not this time. The four cops—Justin Volpe, Thomas Wiese, Charles Schwarz, and Thomas Bruder—stood facing the judge without a single officer in uniform in the seats behind them. Wiese and Bruder had already been indicted on the latest charges. Judge Priscilla Hall asked Volpe and Schwarz for their pleas. "Not guilty," their lawyers answered.

It was September 8, exactly one month since Abner Louima, a Haitian security guard, decided to go hear his favorite band in Flatbush and wound up in a Coney Island emergency room, handcuffed to his bed, with a punctured bladder and a severed colon. In the remarkable August days that followed his decision to spend the night out at the Club Rendez-Vous with his brother and his cousin, the city had been roiled by the subsequent events at the 7-0 (Seven-Oh), as the 70th Precinct is commonly known. Although thousands of claims against police are made annually in New York, the singular nature of the alleged sadistic torture of Louima had exploded like a geyser out of the coverage in the city's tabloids.

I sat in the last row of the courtroom. From the back, the Flatbush Four had an unnerving physical resemblance. They were all big, with the thick necks of bodybuilders, straining the seams of their muted pin-striped suits. They had the oddly fancy hair of men with secret vanities—brush cuts and feathered layers, slicked-back hair helmets sculpted with mousse and gel. They spoke in the nasal cadences of the white suburbs of Nassau County and Staten Island, where three of them had grown up.

Before the court session began, Justin Volpe, the 25-year-old who stands accused of assault and of shoving an object—a stick or perhaps the handle of a toilet plunger—into the rectum of Abner Louima, was sitting close by. Carefully groomed, he resembled a pumped-up version of Alec Baldwin, but his face had an absence of emotion, as if the seriousness of his predicament had left him dazed. I had met Volpe once before, at his lawyer's office. When I greeted him in court, he smiled and said, "Thank you for speaking to me." There was no sarcasm in his tone. Later, his colleague Tom Bruder would remark on Volpe's physical appearance: "It's almost as if he's trying to look good for the

# "I swear to God on my father's grave," says Bru

cameras. It's like he wants to be a star."

I noticed that Volpe's father, Robert, a famous New York City detective known as "the Art Cop," was not in court. In his heyday, Robert Volpe had recovered Picassos and Byzantine artifacts stolen in major heists, and had inspired a book about his career. "What is most frightening is that this case has taken on a life of its own," he had told me on the day I met his son. "At this stage, his life is over." Then he cried. He knew, he acknowledged, that to the city Justin had become the Antichrist.

Another of the defendants, Charles Schwarz, a husky redhead with a flat face and a brush cut, was accompanied by his wife, his mother, and a brother in a wheelchair. Schwarz has a nasty temper and in the past he has had other complaints filed against him. The day his name broke in the press, he encountered a tweedy, middle-aged reporter on his street on Staten Island. "You're a scumbag!" Schwarz shouted at the startled newsman. Schwarz's wife, Andra, a petite woman with dark hair and a bitterness in her expression, glared at the reporters in court as if needing to defuse her rage. "She will never trust the media again," Stephen Worth, her husband's lawyer, told me.

In speaking to the judge, Worth, who often represents cops, railed against Police Commissioner Howard Safir's declaration that the Flatbush Four could not return to work before their trial. He emphasized the word "extraordinary," referring to "the extraordinary publicity this case has received" and to "the mayor's extraordinary public comments." Enraged that Rudolph Giuliani had hit the talk shows to denounce the four policemen, Worth attempted to hurl a legal spitball, implying that a witness would come forward to exonerate his client completely. The Brooklyn district attorney, Charles "Joe" Hynes, was "well aware of this person" and was keeping his information under wraps, Worth declared, and he demanded the prosecution's notes.

Judge Hall was having none of it. "Make that motion in writing," she said coldly. In any event, the entire morning's legal proceedings were an empty gesture, Volpe's lawyer, Marvyn Kornberg, implied: the case was by now so huge that it would never be heard in a New York State court.

For weeks the incident had inflated like a great Macy's Thanksgiving Day balloon, propelled by swarms of reporters from around the world and by the hideous allegations of the case. Zachary Carter, the Brooklyn U.S. attorney, had made it clear that he might be mounting the largest civil-rights-violation case ever against New York City. More indictments, and press conferences to announce them, could be coming, the result of an ever growing investigation by the Justice Department and the F.B.I. HERE COME THE FEDS, the *New York Post* bannered on August 22.

At the arraignment, Tom Bruder stood several feet apart from the other defendants. Later, he would tell me that this had been deliberate. Bruder was not as beefy as the other indicted cops and wore a gold hoop earring. "I shouldn't even have been up there," he said. "It was one of the worst days of my life." He told his lawyer, Stuart London, that he was furious with Justin Volpe for getting him involved in this mess. A few minutes before pleading not guilty, Volpe had whispered to London, "I know Tommy doesn't want to sit with me. Tell him I understand. I love him." The other Tom, Thomas Wiese, a union rep from the 70th Precinct, was, like Bruder, indicted only for assault. After they were arraigned, he and Bruder ran out quickly through the thicket of cameras lined up in the marble hall.

I followed the crowd of reporters down the wide stone steps of Brooklyn supreme court. By now there had been a stream of rallies over the case, and the tableau outside was predictable: demonstrators waved toilet plungers in the air and Haitians carried posters reading NYPD: KKK!, CLOSE DOWN THE 70TH!, and YES, MASSA! Local pols running for election tried to get in front of the news cameras for a sound b[ite]. There was a hint of autumn in [the] air, leaves blowing down the Bro[ok]lyn plaza, the strong wind riffling [the] stiff posters, which cracked like g[un]s.

New York City al[ways] always percola[tes] with trouble-[ma]kers, citizens have an [ab]stract understa[nd]ing that every [day] people are ra[ped] and beaten, cars [are] stolen, schoolkids are pushed arou[nd]—but the Abner Louima case, one [of] the most horrifying examples of alle[ged] police brutality in the history of N[ew] York, inspired hundreds of comm[en]taries about corruption in the city's [po]lice. Mayor Giuliani, three months a[way] from an election and sensing the im[pli]cations of the Louima disas[ter], took to the airwaves. One ques[tion] was raised again and again by [the] newsweeklies and the magazine sh[ows]: Have the drop in crime and the [ef]fective enforcement of the law in Gi[u]liani's administration been achi[eved] by a rogue police force?

Almost immediately, Louima ce[ased] being an individual victim and bec[ame] "a symbol of disenfranchisement," "a symbol of oppression," "a symbol of powerlessness." According to P[ierre] Dejean Jr., a lawyer whose fami[ly] is part owner of the Club Rendez-V[ous], "Abner is now a symbol of the i[dea] of coming from the suffering of Hai[ti] to this country, thinking that [they] had escaped that kind of pain, [and] then to be faced with what this in[di]vidual went through."

However grotesque the injuries [in]flicted by Abner Louima, the inci[dent] soon turned into a more grote[sque] urban morality play illustrating [how] Yorkers' deftness at using som[eone] else's tragedy for personal gain. F[rom] the moment Louima wound up [bat]tered and kneeling in a cell at the [70]. he was destined to become the f[ocus] of a war of competing agendas [from] which he would eventually em[erge] as a new power in the city, i[f] his medical condition allowed. "E[very] body is trying to make mone[y on]

witnessed no assault on Louima that night.

bner," an acquaintance of is told me, adding, "and watch hat happens. He'll probably get othing in the end."

The Louima family gave Ab-er's cousin Samuel Nicolas, a ndsome minister, that new merican role of "family spokes-an," with a cell phone and a eeper number. Nicolas soon uttled in former president of aiti Jean-Bertrand Aristide, onx assemblyman Ruben Diaz ., and boxing promoter Don ing, who presented Louima with check for $5,000—all dutifully record-by the press. Behind the scenes, a uster of lawyers began to claw one other to cut up the reported $465 illion financial pie they hoped to llect from the city in a damage suit.

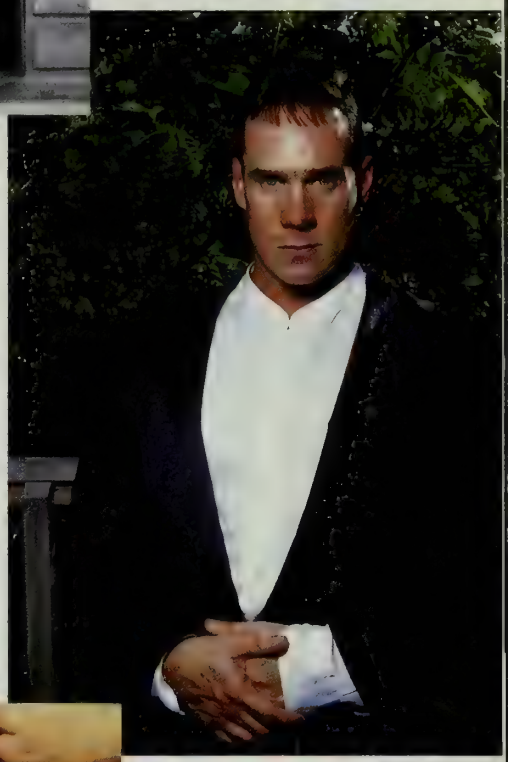
There was a stampede to Louima's spital for photo ops. The Reverend Sharpton, running in the Demo-atic primary for mayor, was the st politician to stand by Louima's theter. Montel Williams had the st spray of come-on-my-TV-show wers messengered in. Within weeks, hnnie Cochran made his way to ooklyn, and he seemed at first to taking advantage of Louima's plight heal his own bruised reputation.

Haitians, who have never elected a gle city official, imagined using ner Louima's case to get onto the y Council or even into Congress. ce Brooklyn D.A. Charles Hynes s running for re-election and was ntioned as a future possible candi-e for governor, he savored the dlines praising him for the speed his indictment of the cops. Brook-U.S. attorney Zachary Carter told leagues that he was pulling out the ps for this one. With luck, he might e it all the way to Washington and Supreme Court.

ouima himself, in critical condi-n and severe pain, seemed to be chestrating the dramas around him h aloof, koanlike statements to politi-ns and the occasional reporter. "If become a symbol for change, then will make me feel better," he told in August. "It helps me to know so many people of the city are with me. It helps me to be less in pain to know how many people of the city care about me. I feel the love." That weekend, Johnnie Cochran had visited Louima and delivered a copy of his book, *Journey to Justice,* to the injured man.




A policeman stands guard on the steps of the 70th Precinct, in Brooklyn, *left,* where the Louima incident allegedly took place in the early hours of August 9. *Below,* Police Officer Thomas Bruder says he saw Justin Volpe leading Louima into a bathroom in the station.



Abner Louima in his bed at Coney Island Hospital five days after the alleged incident, *left,* speaks to the press about his ordeal. *Below,* the first of many cover stories and articles in the New York papers about the Louima case, which rocked the city.

Friday, August 8, 1997. The sky was low and inky that night in Flatbush, Officer Tom Bruder recalls. It was cool for so late in the summer, and a stiff breeze was blowing off the Atlantic from Coney Island. Bruder felt the chill when he drove up to "the house"—cop talk for the precinct. He was on plainclothes patrol, working burglaries, assaults, and homicides at the 70th, off Ocean Parkway, a melancholy boulevard of Art Deco apartment houses with an *allée* of trees paralleling the traffic, a few miles from the beach. That night Bruder's teeth ached and he was coming down with the flu. He was tired of the lengthy commute from Long Island and had thought about calling in sick, but he was two weeks away from a new assignment in Nassau County, a 20-minute drive from his house, with a big raise and fewer responsibilities. "Hey, Sergeant, can I




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NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER
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TORTURED BY COPS
2 officers pulled off beat in probe of sex assault, beating at 70th Precinct
SEE STORY, MIKE McALARY INTERVIEW ON PAGES 2 & 3

# Officers from the 7-0 told the Jamaican nurse th




Hospital attendants wheel the injured Abner Louima, *above*, to speak to reporters on August 14. *Right*, Magalie Laurent, the Haitian nurse whose complaint to the N.Y.P.D.'s Internal Affairs Bureau about Louima's alleged abuse at the hands of the police was ignored.






Police Commissioner Howard Safir and Mayor Giuliani, *above*, attempt damage control after the Louima incident by declaring zero tolerance on all crime. *Right*, attorney Brian Figeroux with Micheline Louima, who denied the police officers' allegation that her husband's injuries had been incurred in a homosexual episode.



go home at five A.M.? I don't feel so good," he told Jeffrey Fallon, the deskman, when he arrived at "Fort Tombstone," as the cops once referred to the Victorian-era station house.

Bruder represented the new generation of New York cops, a white kid from the suburbs whose sense of the city had been forged as a tourist at an occasional Knicks game at the Garden and visits to his grandmother's house in Queens. Working the night shift, he spent his afternoons doing bench presses at a Gold's Gym on Long Island. He was 31 and had come close to marriage, but he got teased by the guys at the 7-0 about his Massapequa-mambo single-guy style—zoot suits, feathered haircut, polished combat boots.

As always, Bruder had driven his truck the hour from his mother's house in Hicksville to Flatbush, a Brooklyn district inhabited by Orthodox Jews, some of whom lived in grand houses and who had made their fortunes in diamonds or coats and suits, and by Haitians and Caribbean immigrants, who lived on the shady streets off Flatbush Avenue and Farragut Road. William Styron used this neighborhood as the setting of *Sophie's Choice*. The pastel brick and stucco residences of the postwar Jewish middle class now housed families from the islands making their way up in New York. Their churches—Église Baptiste, Église de Dieu—dotted the neighborhood that used to offer big movie theaters with great old New York names such as the Paramount and Loew's King. The F- bush Avenue of Barbra Streisand, E- mus High School, and Chin- restaurants now also had small b- bershops owned by refugees from P- au-Prince, bakeries that adverti- Jamaican patties, and African bo- shops. There was a saying in the ne- borhood: "Hire a Haitian off the b- and soon they own the business . have another Haitian working for the

On duty, Bruder- ways drove w- his partner, J- my Hughes, t- that Friday, Hug- was on vacat- and Bruder was- feeling well.

"Go sick," Hughes had told h- "I'm taking two days off."

Bruder said, "Nah, I need the m- ey. I'll work."

Bruder and Hughes were the - medians of the precinct. On the - dio, they were called Sleeper - Weezer. They had a ritual: egg s- wiches at the Caraville diner at - enue M and Ocean Avenue when - took their meal break at five - The guys working the midnight s- would gather there to hear Bru- and Hughes goof on the sergeant - the lieutenant on duty, and about - adventures of the night.

"You're going to have to be in - bag tonight," Sergeant Fallon told - der when he arrived at the 7-0. - meant he would be in uniform. - would be driving with Justin Vo-, whose partner was also out. Vo- was from a largely Italian mid- class neighborhood on Staten Is- so contained it is called "the bubb- Staten Island looks more like - Jersey than a city borough. It is - nected to Brooklyn by the Verra- Narrows Bridge. Many of the ho- have lawn sculptures. Volpe's childh- home was not far from the man- of mobster Sammy "the Bull" Grav- and many cops and B-list bosses l- nearby. It is an area of the city kn-

# ...uima had been injured in a homosexual episode.

...r a certain amount of racial ...tolerance; in 1986, then Staten Is...nd borough president Ralph Lam...erti's son was arrested for an attack ...ith a hammer on a black teenager, ...t later cleared.

In the 7-0, Volpe had a bad repu...tion. Only 25 years old, he was a ...otdogger who out on patrol would ...casionally drive from the passenger ...at, steering with his foot, according ... law-enforcement sources. In his lock..., he reportedly kept a collection of ...eadlocks he had cut from the heads ... Jamaican suspects. "Volpe does wild ...d crazy things, but I could work with ...e guy one night, two nights," Bru...r says. "I'd rather drive with some...e who might be a little on the edge, ...o I know, when it comes down to ... is going to have my back."

Volpe's older brother Damian worked ...e day shift at the 7-0, and like Justin ... could be chesty—what cops call "a ...ffy"—but he was an inside man at ... house, a representative in the po...e union and the guy you went to if ...u needed a problem solved.

A few days earlier, Bruder had found ...lack puppy near the precinct. "Let's ...e the dog with us," he said to ...lpe as they started their shift. "I'll ...p him on my lap." Their first hours ...re fairly quiet. Bruder, his flu wors...ng, watched the clock. They were ...ving in the sector of the precinct ...own as "John," which runs from ...lford Avenue to Flatbush Avenue. ...ere was a gun run—a shooting—...r Bedford Avenue and then a do...stic dispute. Bruder took the dog ... the door. "Why is that dog with ...?" the woman said. Sergeant Mi...el Bellomo, also on patrol, was ... on the street. "I don't feel so good," ...der said. "Take lost time at five if ...hing happens," Bellomo told him.

Three A.M. "I remember saying to ...pe, 'Thank God it's quiet. I just ...t to go home.'" Bruder, on the ... nearly four years longer than Volpe, ... expansive in the smoky dark..., whiling away the time by giv... advice. "You ought to get out of here, get off patrol," he said. "Get into a detective bureau."

"I was thinking about that," said Volpe. "It might be time to make a move."

Bruder said, "I'm about to take the month off. I'm going to Nassau. Then I'll bring in another $30,000 a year for doing a quarter of the work. I'm just about to take myself off of patrol and answer phones." Turning to Volpe, he said, "The best thing you can do is get your five years on patrol and get out before you get into trouble. Patrol gets you after five years. Get the hell out. Get into a unit."

"There are so many things I think about that night that just foreshadowed what happened," Bruder later told me.

4:08 A.M. "We are on Bedford Avenue when the call comes over: 10-85 [urgent]!," Bruder continues. "The sergeant says, 'I need an 85 at the Club Rendez-Vous. We have a large dispute.' Soon as I hear 'Club Rendez-Vous' and 'large dispute,' I knew this would be trouble." It was Sergeant Bellomo on the radio, and he was a stickler at the precinct. Volpe began to speed. The dog jumped into the front seat. "We almost crashed into a garbage truck," says Bruder. "I remember saying, 'Whoa, Justin! Look out!' And that damn dog was all over the place."

Volpe and Bruder were familiar with the Rendez-Vous, a Haitian dance club on Flatbush Avenue between Farragut and Glenwood Roads across from a naval recruiting office. On weekends Haitian medical technicians, D.J.'s, and secretaries put on their flashiest outfits—tube dresses with spaghetti straps, leather vests, Armani shirts—and gathered at the Rendez-Vous. Friday night was usually a huge party with the Phantoms, a well-known band that played compas, or Haitian pop. The atmosphere was raffish, and from time to time ex-members of the Tontons Macoutes, the sinister secret police of former Haitian dictator Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier, would start trouble. The music began late—near midnight—and when the club shut down, at three A.M., the crowd would surge out onto the street. That night Abner Louima was at the party with his brother, Jonas, and their cousin Herold Nicolas, a local pastor's son. The three men left the club together.

"We pulled up in the middle of the street. There are 200 people all over," Bruder recalls. Some were calm, but some were "going wild. And that is when I saw the naked woman. She had whipped her dress over her head. . . . It was getting pulled off in a fight, and I think she was, like, 'Forget it!'"

According to witnesses, one woman was screaming at another, "*Bouzin! Kite neg moin!*" ("Slut! Leave my man alone!"). Creole speakers describe the sharp, staccato punch you have to give the language, a combination of French, Spanish, English, and African. Even in normal conversation, it has an aggressive ring. Although Bruder and Volpe had worked in Flatbush for several years, they were unaware of these nuances and believed that the crowd was ready to explode. "These people get so emotional," Bruder says. He and his partner, Jimmy Hughes, would repeat a standard joke before diving into a brawl: Let's sit back and wait for the gunshots. Bruder believed, he says, that there were always guns at the Rendez-Vous, although there was a metal detector at the door. "In the last year, I have responded to a bouncer being shot, two doormen shot, one of their security dogs shot. Shots inside the place, two people shot out front. There is a lot of violence there.

"Jimmy and I always watch each other's backs," he says. "Unfortunately, this night I was not with my partner. We both get out of the car. I see it

# "Everybody is trying to make money on Abner"

is a wild scene and I tell Volpe, 'Do me a favor. Go back and make sure that the dog doesn't get snatched out of the car.' That is when we got separated."

Bruder recalls shouting at the crowd to clear the street. "One girl said to me, 'This is a free country. I will stand where I want.' I said, 'This is a free country, but you can't stand where you want. I am giving you a lawful order to leave.'"

Bruder lost sight of Volpe, who was somewhere in the middle of the crowd. "It is wild," he says. "I hear a commotion. I look over my left shoulder, and Volpe is in a fight with Abner Louima."

Did he see Abner Louima take a swing at Volpe?

"Absolutely," Bruder says. "It was Louima."

"I didn't punch nobody," Louima later said.

Teddy Petion, a respiratory therapist who often works at Harlem Hospital, was standing next to Louima at the time. "It wasn't Abner who threw a punch at the cop," he says. "It happened so fast. Abner went in to break up a fight between two girls. He took out his security badge from his job. . . . Abner and one of the officers began arguing, and Abner said, 'I'm going to get your badge number.' Wiese yelled, 'Let's get him!' and hit Abner on the head. Another Haitian threw a punch at one of the other cops and made a run for it. Then I saw seven or eight cops jump on Abner. One put his foot on his back, and one put his knee on his neck."

Bruder registered Louima's appearance: "He was well dressed. He had on a vest with his skin exposed. He had a good stomach and good abs. I notice these things."

Suddenly, Bruder saw a green sanitation truck move down Flatbush Avenue through the crowd. "I remember the driver's face. It was, like, 'Oh my God.' . . . Louima and Volpe both roll into the truck. Then they both roll off and the truck stops. I'm, like, 'Let's go! Move!' This is when Louima pushes Volpe and I see Volpe spinning. And then Volpe goes down. And Louima breaks. Then I hear the sound of cops running. And I don't know where they are running. The truck blocks my view. I immediately think they are chasing someone with a gun. I don't know if it's Louima or a whole new character. I start running with them. Volpe comes into the chase with me. He is ahead of me."

Bruder grabbed his radio: "Ten-13 [emergency]! Foot pursuit! A large fight. Send the 6-3 [a neighboring precinct]."

"Now I have eight guys and 200 people out there. And I'm thinking, We are going to get killed. They are going to take our guns."

Bruder recalls trying to get to Volpe and seeing another man run "a body-block interference" against his partner. Later the man would be identified by Bruder and Volpe as Patrick Antoine, a Haitian immigrant, although Antoine insists that he was nowhere near there then.

"It is chaos," Bruder continues. "The other sector car pulls up and says, 'What have we got? What have we got?' I say, 'We have an assault on P.O.'s,' and I am trying to describe Louima. People are scattering. I somehow meet up with Volpe and I say, 'Volpe, are you O.K.?' 'I got punched in the head,' he says."

Another call on the radio: "We are holding one. Possibly the guy who assaulted Volpe." Apparently the voices were those of Tom Wiese and Charles Schwarz, who had picked up Louima.

Wiese, a karate black belt, was the fixer, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association (P.B.A.) delegate of the midnight shift. He was engaged to an African-American who was a cop; they had a five-year-old son. Wiese "is one of the most highly [de]corated officers" in Brooklyn Sc[outh], according to his lawyer, Joe Taco[ne]. Wiese's partner, Schwarz—"not [the] sharpest knife in the drawer," in [the] words of one investigator—had pi[cked] up Louima on Farragut Road, h[and]cuffed him, and thrown him into [the] back of their patrol car. Bruder [told] Wiese, "We'll be right over, Ton[y]. Justin can ID him and see if it's [the] right guy."

"We go from the front of the [lob]by, get in the car, make a right on C[lin]wood, and they are there," Bruder [con]tinues. "The flashers are on. [They] are not hiding. They are in the [mid]dle of the street—Glenwood and [Mid]ford. I pull up. Tommy and Chu[nie] Schwarz are outside the car. I s[ee] a guy in the backseat, handcuffed. V[olpe] gets out. Maybe 20 or 30 seco[nds]. tops. Speaks to Tommy and Chu[nie]. Looks in the car, comes back. [Sits] in the car. *That's the guy.* I have [nev]er even gotten out of the car! I [have] the dog on my lap! I am on th[e ra]dio. They are trying to raise us. 'Hey say, 'Was there another guy invol[ved]?' They say they are holding anot[her] guy on Farragut. I say, 'We are [com]ing right now.'

"I go around the corner—abou[t 20] seconds. There are a million co[ps in] the street. One cop is holding c[uff] to Antoine. His hands are behin[d his] back. We say, 'That's the guy. [It's] good to go.'"

From the car, Patrick Antoine [shou]ted a Brooklyn political activist. "[Why] can't you do something about t[his]?" he called out to him, shaken. "I [was] powerless," the activist later told [me]. He said that he often went to [the] Rendez-Vous on Fridays, and th[at] he was wary of Justin Volpe, who[m] he told me, was frequently outside the [lob]by. Antoine's face was swollen, and [he] left side was cut. (Antoine's lawye[r] denies that such an encounter took p[lace].)

What happened next, from Bru[der]'s point of view: "We go back to the h[ouse]. No secret. There are no parks. N[o] lit-

# ...I watch—he'll probably get nothing in the end."




Club Rendez-Vous, in the Flatbush neighborhood of Brooklyn, *left,* outside which a mêlée broke out on August 9, leading to the arrest and alleged police beating of Abner Louima. Political singer King Kino, *below,* often performs with his band, the Phantoms, at the Haitian club on Friday nights.






At a rally at the Club Rendez-Vous on August 16—one of many to protest the Louima affair—a demonstrator, *left,* flashes a poster of indicted policeman Justin Volpe. *Below,* from left, Pastor Samuel Nicolas, Louima's family spokesman, and Louima's lawyers Brian Figeroux and Carl Thomas announce at a news conference on August 19 that Louima is suing the city for $55 million (later upped to a reported $465 million).



...le hiding places. No de-...urs. Someone was ask-...g, 'Where are you?' I ...id, 'I'm going back to ...e house.'"

In the shadowland that cops and "perps" inhabit, there is always a detailed narrative for every event, including the most ...nor arrest. Police cadets ...e told that you have to ...ve an explanation. *Why did you make ...t collar? What is your evidence?* ...The Mollen Commission, the 1992 ...y forum that investigated police cor-...ption, popularized a word for the ...timony of certain cops, particularly ... high-crime areas: "Testilying."

...Bruder has his version of what hap-...ned in Brooklyn in the early morn-... hours of August 9. His account ...ers from that of Abner Louima, and ...significant aspect has been disputed ... D.A. Charles Hynes. Hynes, once ... special prosecutor in the Howard ...ach affair, a 1987 murder case mo-...ted by racism, has a shock of sil-... hair and the deep, mellifluous voice ...a courtroom orator.

...After Louima was arrested, Schwarz ... Wiese drove him back to the 70th ...cinct. According to Hynes, "The ...rol car heads for the 7-0. It enters ...ection of Glenwood Road. It looks ... a forest at night. There is a rail-...d cut." Hynes has lived in Flatbush ... entire life. "It is not the way I ...uld go to the 7-0. I wondered what ... had in mind. They pulled over to ...ry secluded part of Glenwood Road. ...ima said they began to punch him, ... soon they were joined by two oth-...police officers. Louima claims that ...four are beating him. He is hit by ...ery hard object. He identifies this ... police radio. The beating stops ...some reason. They drive on. A few ...utes later they pull over again and ...e is a second beating."

...Was Tom Bruder in the forest? Lou-... cannot specifically identify him, but he alleges that all four officers beat him in the car. Did he confuse four fists with eight fists? Bruder denies knowing how Louima sustained his injuries. "Tommy Wiese is a black belt. Chuckie Schwarz is a six-foot-two former Marine. Volpe is no small cake. Do you think that four guys with rage in their heart would not have landed a bruise on Louima? They would kill this guy . . . I swear to God on my dead father's grave, I witnessed no assault on Louima that night."

Dennis Hawkins, the Brooklyn deputy district attorney, has his own theory to explain why Louima was not externally bruised: "He was lying on the floor of the car. They were outside the car. How could they have had that kind of impact? The victim said all four officers struck him."

According to Bruder, "I walk into the house. Louima is already at the desk being checked. I walk past him. Volpe is behind him. Wiese says, 'Do you want to take the collar?' Volpe walks up: 'I want the collar.'" Volpe was reportedly "irate," and he and Wiese argued at the desk; Wiese had never liked Volpe. Meanwhile, Bruder re-

calls, he was looking at the clock. "I knew I was never going to get out of there by five A.M."

Louima stood in front of the high desk of Sergeant Fallon, who could not see below Louima's shoulders. Checking for drugs, Wiese and Schwarz had removed Louima's belt from his black trousers, which slid several inches below his hips. Later, Louima would assert that his pants had been pulled down, but investigators close to the case believe that is untrue. They say that without a belt his loose pants inched down on their own.

At that moment, Bruder says, he was preoccupied. "The dog is following me everywhere. Then the dog goes to the bathroom in front of the rest room. Everyone is yelling. They all say, 'What's this dogshit?' I mop it up."

Nothing seemed out of the ordinary to him, Bruder claims. Schwarz was at the desk doing paperwork; Volpe had arranged to go to the hospital to have a cut on his head tended to.

As Bruder walked toward the juvenile room to start his paperwork, he says, he noticed Volpe and Wiese walking toward the holding pen with Abner Louima. Suddenly Volpe and Louima turned right, toward the bathroom. "The last thing I see is Volpe with Louima entering the bathroom, and Wiese is behind them—the dog is under Wiese's feet. And Wiese is bending down: 'Come here, pup.'" Bruder insists that Charles Schwarz was nowhere near the bathroom at that time.

Another cop, Eric Turetzky, would later say that it was Schwarz who escorted Louima to the bathroom. "He made a mistake," Bruder told me. Wiese and Schwarz vaguely resemble each other from the rear. "They've got the wrong guy."

The public bathroom at the 7-0 was filthy, according to one investigator. It was never cleaned, and feces had hardened on the walls, a clear indication of the lack of respect shown to the accused, the investigator said.

Once inside, according to a senior law-enforcement source, Justin Volpe appeared to snap mentally. What allegedly happened to Abner Louima represented an almost unimaginable display of psychosexual criminality. Sweating profusely, Volpe, according to this account, was in a murderous rage, a symptom of possible steroid use. If the allegations are correct, there was an indication that he entered the bathroom with specific intent. Just before he closed the door, he met another cop, Mark Schofield, in the hall. He asked to borrow his black leather gloves and he put them on. Schofield would later come forward and give his story to investigators. Inside the bathroom, according to the source, Volpe seized a wooden handle, screamed "Fucking Haitian" at Louima, and slammed him up against the wall.

"Schwarz freaked out," according to the senior investigator. "He fell apart when he saw Volpe throw Louima against the wall. He ran for Tommy Wiese to try to calm him down." Wiese, as the inside P.B.A. man of the night shift, was considered the diplomat of the 7-0, with power over Volpe. Schwarz ran back into the bathroom, but, according to the investigator, Volpe had CONTINUED ON PAGE 326



Spotlight

# MADELINE IN HOLLYWOOD

There isn't much to Madeline's face. Two dots (for eyes) and a dash (for a mouth), and sometimes a nose, but usually not. And there's nothing—let's be frank—deeply special about her, not Pippi Longstocking's superhuman strength or Laura Ingalls' stoic seeing. It doesn't matter—Madeline is eternal anyway. If Marcel Proust gave us memory in a madeleine, Ludwig Bemelmans gave us *eau de* childhood in his Madeline.

Born—or, rather, first published—in 1939, reprinted ever since "in rain or shine," Madeline has gone well beyond Bemelmans' six books and into the realm of toothbrush cups and CD-ROMs. In fact, next summer Madeline goes Hollywood. At this very moment director Daisy Mayer and the TriStar crew are on location in Paris, shooting a movie based on the first four Madeline books and set in the 1950s. "The books are like storyboards," exclaims Mayer. Of course, she says, "it can't all be static wide shots of girls walking around Paris. Our goal is to consistently evoke the book in one shot in every scene. Madeline falling off the bridge—that's an action sequence. We're shooting the dog jumping into the Seine with six cameras, like Jean-Claude Van Damme!"

As for Madeline herself, the search covered three continents and finally zeroed in on a nine-year-old girl in a British primary school (but was the school covered with vines?!). "Hatty Jones popped so strongly in the auditions in England that we couldn't forget her," says Mayer. "She actually hasn't acted before, but she has star charisma. She has strength and naïveté—quite a difficult combination. She also meets our height requirement, which was difficult."

For as you probably recall, "they left the house . . . in two straight lines . . . the smallest one was Madeline." —LAURA JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY EIKA AOSHIMA



Three of Hollywood's top directors have decided that 27-year-old Harvard dropout Matt Damon is a star: Francis Ford Coppola gave him the lead in the latest Grisham adaptation, *The Rainmaker*, Steven Spielberg cast him in the title role in *Saving Private Ryan*, and Gus Van Sant directed him in *Good Will Hunting*, which the actor co-wrote. But, DAVID KAMP discovers, Matt Damon himself is not so sure

**TOP MATT**

Matt Damon in Manhattan, September 13, 1997. In the last year, he's gone from being an also-ran to a coveted actor who receives A-list scripts with no fingerprints on them.

This is how it works: a script is first sent to Chris O'Donnell and Leonardo DiCaprio. They pass. Then the second-tier actors reconvene, exchange familiar nods, and audition for the role that they hope will elevate them from their current station. Usually this role isn't even any good, merely a preen-and-shout exercise in an expensively produced Hollywood infliction. But the actor who secures the part is assured offers and choices, while the also-rans are forced to scratch around for other work: made-for-cable movies, TV pilots, independent films about small-town white ethnics who wear their shirts untucked and say things like "Cut the shit, Frankie!"

Matt Damon was one of these also-rans, a scrubbed young kid with an Andover face who played schoolboys and soldiers in movies that were O.K. but never quite took. He was in *School Ties,* in which Brendan Fraser played a Jewish football recruit at an elite New England prep school, and *Courage Under Fire,* the Denzel Washington drama about the Gulf War.

By now, given the circumstances that bring us all together here, you've surmised that Damon is no longer an also-ran, and that something wonderful has happened to him. What happened was that he became the beneficiary of Francis Ford Coppola's whim to cast an unknown as the lead in *The Rainmaker,* the latest film adaptation of a John Grisham book. On top of this, Damon stars as a character named Will Hunting in a movie entitled *Good Will Hunting,* Gus Van Sant's first picture since *To Die For,* and plays Private Ryan in *Saving Private Ryan,* Steven Spielberg's forthcoming World War II epic. So Matt Damon is suddenly big news, a star in the making, Hollywood's face of tomorrow, etc., etc. There is "buzz" about him, and it's my duty to observe that his career has "caught fire," that he is "hot." People who work in entertainment are already slurring his name nonchalantly, "M'daymun," as if they've said it a million times and are *exhausted* by the sheer burden of advance-word knowingness. Matt Damon. M'daymun. Matthew McConaughDamon. He's probably a wanker. Let's find out.

"Oh, hey, man, how you doin'? . . . Naw, I'm just here watching the game with the guy from *Vanity* [belch] *Fair.* . . . Yeah, look, I promise I'll reread it, but if you want an answer now, I'm telling you probably not, because I read this script on the plane that blew me away, and it's supposed to go at the same time as yours. It's about a compulsive gambler. It's written by a guy who *is* a compulsive gambler, I think. . . . No, so I think probably not, but look, this is for just *this* film, O.K.? Let's keep talking for the future, O.K., man? 'Cause I'd *like* to work with y

He hangs up, dumbfounded. "I can't believe I'm position where I have to turn down work. This has n happened," he says. He's of compact physique, with b shoulders, sharp features, and short, mussed hair—he l like an early Heisman winner.

"When did it start happening?" I ask.

"Just this past weekend," Damon says. He is only cently back from England, where *Saving Private Rya* being filmed. We are drinking beer and watching footl and, appropriately, there is an air of beer-commer wish fulfillment afoot, the kind of deal where two knu heads in a dorm room slam down their brewskis on of the console and are magically transported poolside, w butlers and multiple facsimiles of Jayne Mansfield at to them. Only it's not nearly that decadent—we are sir luxuriating in a fancy hotel room in New York City the dime of Miramax, which is releasing *Good Will H ing.* Knucklehead Damon is not blasé about his four- accommodations, self-consciously ordering "overpr room-service food that I would never pay for myself" reveling in the junkiest stuff in the mini-bar—the whol of cashews, the entire box of Lindt chocolate square

Knucklehead No. 2 is Ben Affleck, mon's best friend since their high-sc days in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the star of the recent, well-received dependent films *Chasing Amy* and *ing All the Way.* Affleck is also in *Will Hunting,* playing, in fact, Will H ing's best friend. He joins us in Damon's room, se in with a beer, and trades stories with his buddy a the day's big experience: getting fitted for their first- complimentary Movie Actor suits. They are attendi function the following evening. "The Gotham Awa The Gotham . . . Independent Film . . . something?" Damon. "I don't know what it is, but they're giving vey and Bob Weinstein some kind of award and w being brought along as sort of, you know, Miramax cots." The free suits are part of the deal.

Affleck has been to the V.I.P. showroom of Emp Armani, where he was surprised to encounter a lo glass door with a receptionist behind it who at wouldn't let him in. "She motioned for me to pick up phone on the wall to tell her who I was," he says. "Th afraid of Cunanan copycats—that's my theory."

"I went to Calvin Klein," says Damon. "They trie these things on me and said I looked very 'fash.' promised me that I'll look 'fash.'"

The conversants are wearing jeans and dorky shoes- so much bad style as pre-style: Hollywood taste h imposed itself on them yet, and their clothes still mother-bought. They're new at this, and it's endearing. come in prepared for the worst, a Stephen Dorff situa wherein the hyped kid in the hotel room is sulky and an off-duty goatee and smells of Gauloises and sits such an extreme slump that his head is at armrest and his groin points out at you. It's CONTINUED ON PA



**DAMON OUT OF TIME**

Although he's now turning down work, Damon still lives like the underemployed actor he used to be. He wears dorky shoes, and lives in a friend's apartment near L.A.'s Griffith Park.

## FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC

From July 1942 to August 1944, Anne Frank hid in the attic at 263 Prinsengracht, in Amsterdam, until the Gestapo arrested her and her family and sent them to Auschwitz. This month, director James Lapine will bring her back to Broadway. The original stage version ran for 717 performances at the Cort and Ambassador Theatres. From left to right, cast members Austin Pendleton as Mr. Dussel, Jonathan Kaplan as Peter Van Daan, George Hearn as Mr. Frank, Linda Lavin as Mrs. Van Daan, Harris Yulin as Mr. Van Daan, Rachel Miner as Margot Frank, Natalie Portman as Anne Frank, and Sophie Hayden as Mrs. Frank.

Photographed in New York on October 15, 1997.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

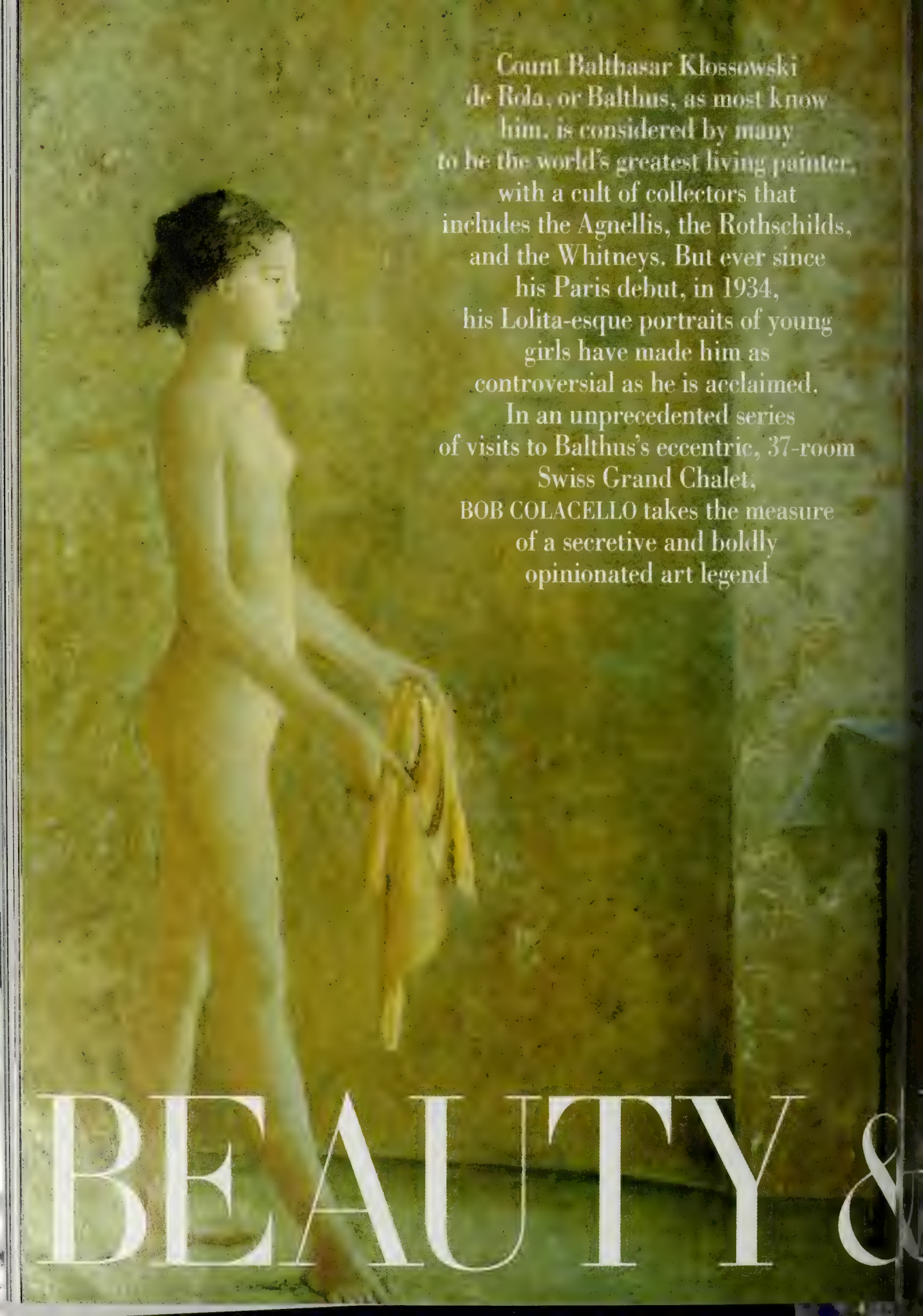
STYLED BY PAUL SINCLAIR; COSTUMES BY MARTIN [illegible]; HAIR BY [illegible]

# ENCORE, ANNE FRANK



It's one of the season's most eagerly anticipated ws, but the question remains: Will *The Diary of Anne Frank* m old-fashioned when the new production, directed by es Lapine, opens on December 4 at the Music Box The- e? The play hasn't exactly aged well—largely because ideas ut stagecraft have changed so much since the days when lism was in vogue. Also, the 1955 Pulitzer Prize–winning pt has been charged with softening the impact of the Holo- st. But Lapine is restoring some of the architectural detail e attic, and sprucing it up besides. He has cast the beautiful ng Natalie Portman (soon to be seen in the *Star Wars* pre- ls) in the title role. He's also brought in playwright Wendy selman to help heighten elements that were de-emphasized in the original script (such as Frank's sexual awakening).

Lapine, known for his highly theatrical, innovative stagings (*Sunday in the Park with George* and *A Winter's Tale*), may seem an odd choice for this naturalistic drama, but Jewish family life and female coming-of-age are the subjects of two of his own plays, *Table Settings* and *Twelve Dreams*. He says that the Frank estate has been very cooperative about the revisions of the Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett script. "We chose different material from the diaries than they chose. We tried to take the melodrama out of the play—it's sort of written as a melodrama—and breathe new life into the characters so that they're more interesting people to spend time in a small space with." Who says an attic has to be full of cobwebs? —MIMI KRAMER



Count Balthasar Klossowski de Rola, or Balthus, as most know him, is considered by many to be the world's greatest living painter, with a cult of collectors that includes the Agnellis, the Rothschilds, and the Whitneys. But ever since his Paris debut, in 1934, his Lolita-esque portraits of young girls have made him as controversial as he is acclaimed. In an unprecedented series of visits to Balthus's eccentric, 37-room Swiss Grand Chalet, BOB COLACELLO takes the measure of a secretive and boldly opinionated art legend

# BEAUTY &

Balthus at 89 in his chalet in Rossinière, Switzerland, last March. *Opposite:* his 1973–77 painting *Nude in Profile* (oil on canvas; 88⅝ in. by 78¼ in.) is one in a long series of trademark "nymphet" portraits.

# BALTHUS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE WEBER

But what is the definition of modern art? Bad painting? The only modern artists I knew weren't modern artists at all. Derain wasn't a modern artist. Braque was not a modern artist. Braque was a most Catholic painter. Neither was Giacometti. Or Picasso. These are the kinds of painters I received."

Such a grandly contrarian pronouncement could be made only by Balthus, or Count Balthasar Klossowski de Rola, as he prefers to be called. Many consider the French-born, Polish-descended octogenarian the world's greatest living painter, the last heir of the European old-master tradition, a direct descendant of Velázquez, Poussin, and David. For others, he is an irrelevant, reactionary snob, preoccupied with nostalgia and obsessed with royalty—"the Piero della Francesca of the jet set," as one critic puts it. Then there are those who have always associated Balthus strictly with his most famous images, of nude and semi-nude adolescent girls hovering somewhere between purity and perversity. "I saw a German review where they said that I was very well known as the Lolita painter," he grumbles, referring to an article in *Stern* magazine. "Those are the two words that I've got. And it's very difficult to get rid of that label."

It is teatime on the first of March of this year, and Balthus has just been helped by a Filipino butler named Virgil into the dining room of his 37-room chalet in Rossinière, a small Swiss village just down the road from the super-rich ski resort of Gstaad. The night before, at the stroke of midnight, he turned 89, having been born on February 29 in 1908, a leap year.

"Balthus! That's the nonbirthday cake," his kimono-clad second wife, Setsuko, a Japanese woman in her 50s, almost shouts as a strawberry shortcake is placed on the table by a Filipino maid named Aida.

"The *un*birthday cake," he corrects her, in the beautifully enunciated English he says he was taught as a boy by his Scottish nurse. "I don't have a birthday this year. My daughter, Harumi, and I had the same age last year. We were both 22. And now she's a bit older than me."

"This is the Mad Hatter's tea party," says their close friend Charuvan Sursock, a niece of the King of Thailand, who lives in Geneva and spends weekends in nearby Rougemont. Later her husband, Sandro Sursock, a stepson of the international diplomat Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, adds, "Visiting the count and countess is like going to see the Addams Family."

I am seated to the left of Balthus, the side of his good ear, and trying to hide my tape recorder under a batik napkin. "I know the machine," he says. "The one that takes sound. They're terrible."

He doesn't ask me to turn it off. And this would be first of five visits over the course of a week during wh the photographer Bruce Weber and I were granted unprecedented access to the closed world of perhaps the m secretive artist of our time. The count, as we were car to address him, took an immediate liking to Weber. "I now found where we first saw each other, Mr. Bruce,' told Weber. "In the Middle Ages. In your court, when were King of Prussia. You don't remember, but I do got off to a bumpier start by mentioning that I'd wor for Andy Warhol. "How horrible," he replied.

Balthus has intrigued and disturbed the art world s his first show of paintings, in Paris in 1934. In the decades that have followed, he has produced only 300 so works—monumental Paris street scenes, French Italian landscapes with an Oriental twist, incisive portr of aristocrats and artists, and those haunting studies of guid nymphets executed in an impeccable Renaissa style. "The thing about Balthus," says artist Eric Fis "is that every painting he does is so considered, so tilled, that you can't forget a painting once you've see They become iconographic. That's his power."

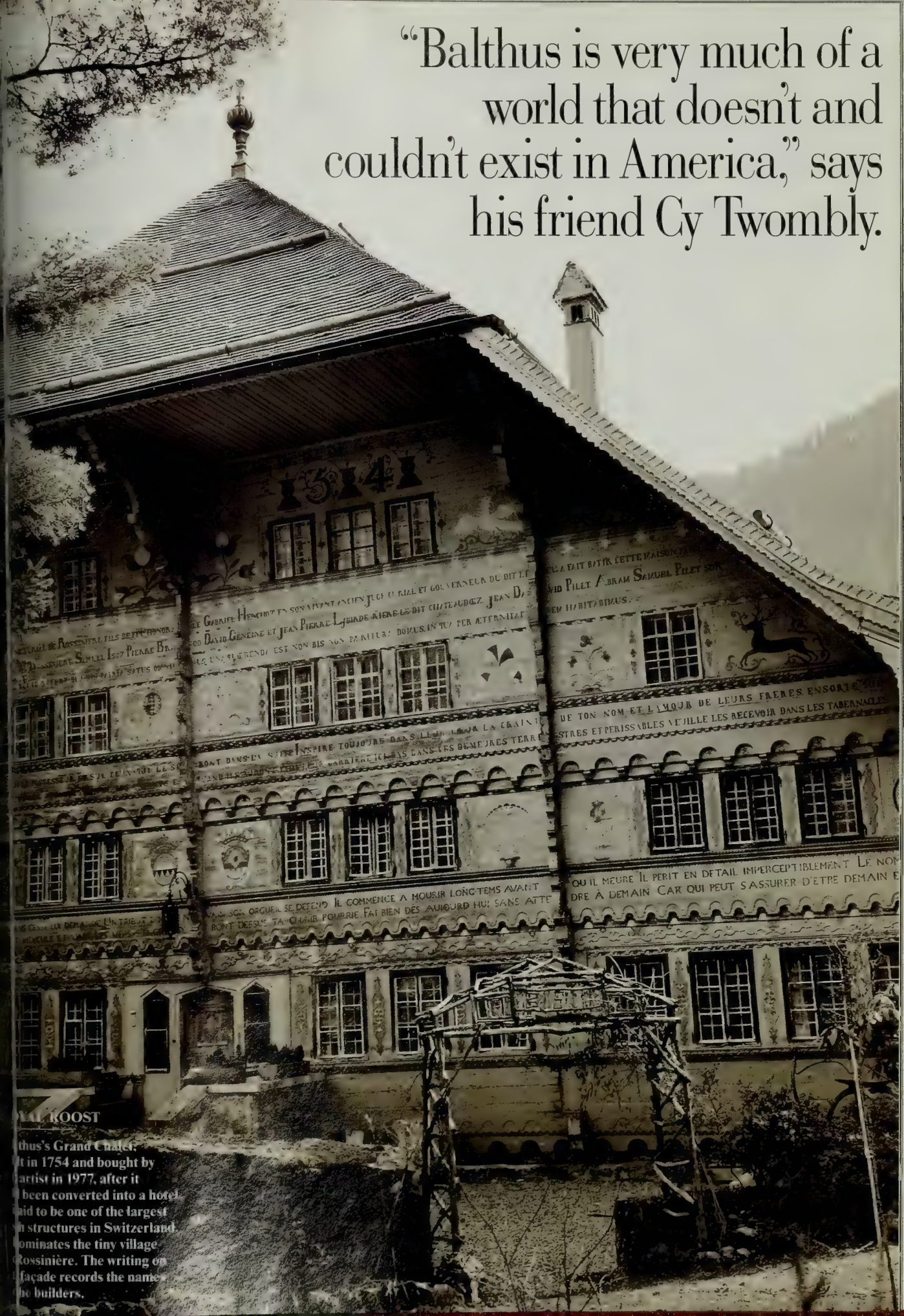
Over the years, as his canvases grew larger, his surfa thicker, and the time it took to complete a work lon his prices soared into the stratosphere and his cult of lectors came to include the Agnellis, the Goulandrises, Rothschilds, the Luces, and the Whitneys. "There are ple who look for a painting for years before they get o says Zurich art dealer Doris Ammann. "A large pain was recently sold privately for almost $6 million." cialite Anne Bass adds, "I have 2, and I wish I had

And the artist himself has continued to spin his own end, refusing to be photographed more than once a ade and then only by friends such as Man Ray and H Cartier-Bresson, abandoning his Left Bank garret in the 19 for a medieval château in Burgundy, insisting on being dressed with a title that may or may not be real. In 1 the French minister of culture André Malraux appoi him director of the Villa Medici, the French Academy Rome, where for 16 years he held court for Vati princes, Tuscan contessas, and Cinecittà luminaries.

Twenty years ago, he moved into the Gr Chalet, as his house in Switzerland is nam Everything about it suggests the fairy-existence, at once touching and absurd "a boy in his castle," as an old friend it. Built in 1754 for a local magistrate said to be the largest authentic chalet-s structure in the country, it completely d inates tiny Rossinière, population 500. Its pine façade is car and painted with stags and tulips. Even the cat seem have been named with the myth of Balthus in mind: sou, after the book of drawings which he did as a boy which was published in 1922, with an introduction by mother's lover, the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke.

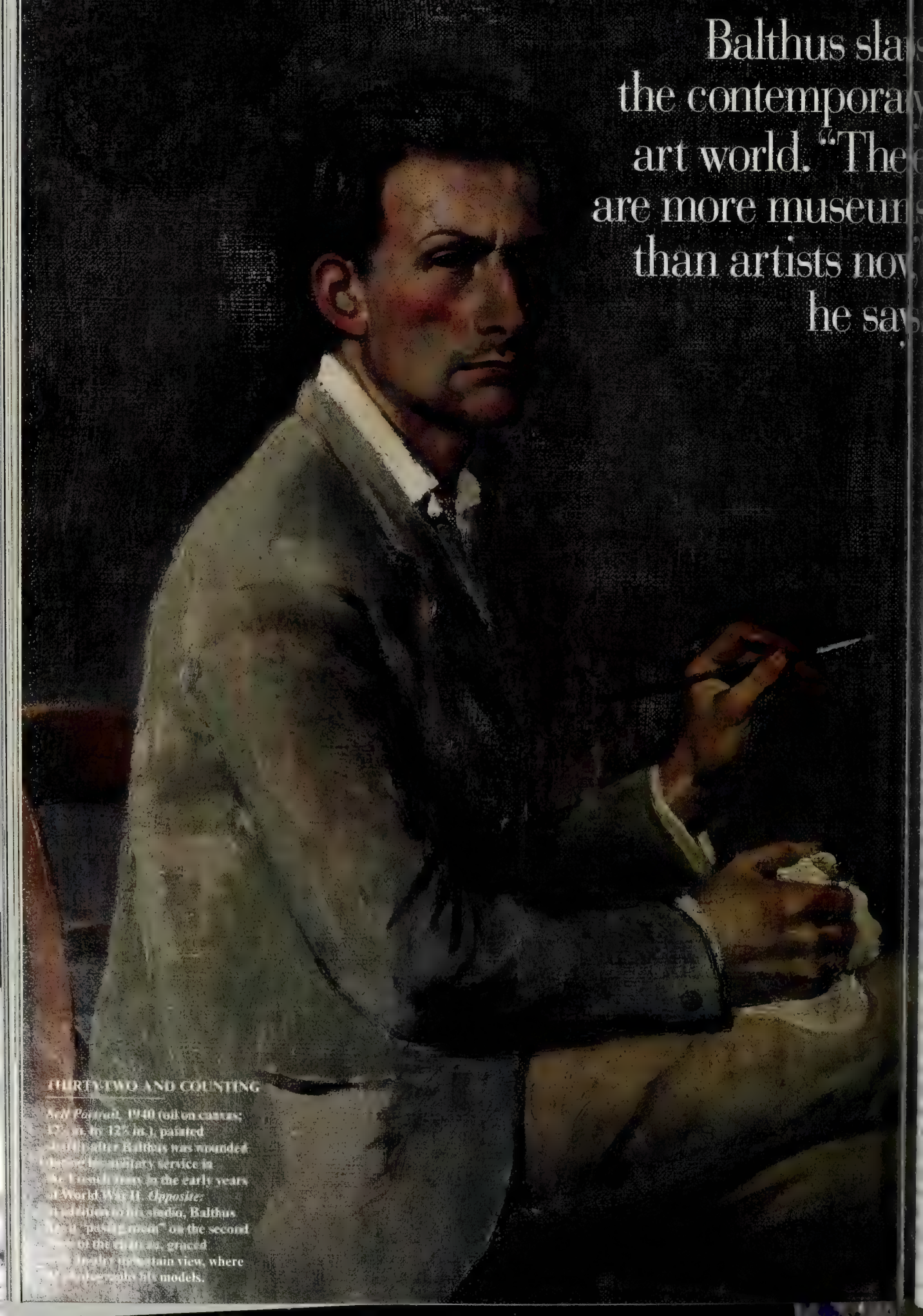
The artist's studio is in a moss-covered garage acro

"Balthus is very much of a world that doesn't and couldn't exist in America," says his friend Cy Twombly.



...AL KOOST

...thus's Grand Chalet: ...t in 1754 and bought by ...artist in 1977, after it ...been converted into a hotel ...aid to be one of the largest ...n structures in Switzerland, ...ominates the tiny village ...Rossinière. The writing on ...façade records the name ...he builders.



# Balthus sla
# the contempora
# art world. "The
# are more museun
# than artists no
# he say

**THIRTY-TWO AND COUNTING**

*Self-Portrait*, 1940 (oil on canvas; 17⅞ in. by 12⅞ in.), painted shortly after Balthus was wounded during military service in the French Army in the early years of World War II. *Opposite:* In addition to his studio, Balthus built a "painting room" on the second floor of the château, graced with a view of the Bernese countryside, where he could sketch his models.

ttle lane. The teenage model who posed for the last paint-
g Balthus completed, *Cat with a Mirror III,* which he be-
n in 1989 and finished in 1993, lives down the lane with
r parents. Her mother is the local high-school English
acher; her father is the village doctor, who visits Balthus
gularly.

Ever since he contracted malaria in Morocco in the
)s, Balthus has had intestinal problems. He also suffers
om arteriosclerosis and was hospitalized this past winter.
hen I first contacted Setsuko, she encouraged us to come
late in the season as
ssible, saying, "Bal-
us feels better as the
ys become longer."

Chickens peered out
us from a ground-
or window near the
nt door on the after-
on of the unbirth-
y tea. In the foyer
ngs a gouache of a
nner party of animals
formal dress, by Set-
ko, who is also a paint-
. The Grand Chalet
s converted into a ho-
at the end of the
t century, and it is
ll furnished mostly
th the scallop-edged
ests, tables, and chairs
at were there when
lthus bought it in
77. In the sitting room,
e's eye is immediately
awn to a 1954 Balthus
inting, *Colette in Pro-*
, a radiant study of
choolgirl in a sweater.
is one of only three
intings by Balthus in
house.



"I bought it back in auction at Sotheby's in 1985," Set-
o announced proudly. "I traded 11 Balthus drawings
*The King of Cats,*" she said, referring to the 1935
-portrait, which also hangs in the sitting room. The
rd painting, the 1945 *Princess Maria Volkonski at the*
*e of Twelve,* was paid for with the proceeds of Set-
o's first two exhibitions, in London and Tokyo. "It's
stairs in my bedroom, Room 15," she said, explaining
t they've kept the hotel room numbers on the doors.
althus sleeps in Room 13."

The master was soon led downstairs by Virgil and a
ond manservant. Were it not for his red socks, Balthus
ld pass for a Shinto priest or a monk, in his layers
brown and gray wool shirts and sweaters, khaki-
ored sweatpants, and Japanese clogs. He had been to
studio that morning. "That is the reason he's very
ased today," Setsuko said.

"I have to start all over again," Balthus exclaimed cheerfully. "At zero. A painting on which I was painting for three years already. It's an odalisque, with my young model Anna, who is the daughter of our neighbor, the medical doctor. And the paint came off everywhere."

Setsuko explained that there had been a problem with the "*sauce François,*" a solution of white wax and sodium bicarbonate prepared for Balthus by a French painter friend, François Rouan, which he mixes into his powdered pigments. Balthus has never used paint from a tube. Since he completed *Cat with a Mirror III,* which is co-owned by Thomas Ammann Fine Art in Zurich and the Lefevre Gallery in London, Balthus has been working on one or two landscapes as well as on the *Odalisque with Turkish Jacket and Mandolin,* which had apparently disintegrated. "A new canvas has arrived from Rome," Setsuko said, "bigger than the old one—6½ feet by 7½ feet."

When I admired the Giacometti bronze bust of a woman, placed on a corner table, Balthus said, "She was a person from television, and Giacometti got very bored with her. So he said, 'If you don't mind, I should make your portrait.' And then I visited his studio and said, 'But how beautiful this is.' He said to me, 'You're the first man who likes that. So I give it to you.' Giacometti was my nearest friend among the artists."

Balthus seemed more comfortable commenting on other artists than discussing his own work. When he told me that he considered himself a religious painter, I asked if he could explain that. "You're asking too much from me," he answered after an excruciatingly long pause. "I don't like to explain my paintings." Predictably, he was willing to slap the contemporary art world. "There are more museums than artists now," he noted. At another point he said, "I've never understood what that meant: conceptual art. Can you explain it to me?"

"The idea is more important than the object."

"That is terrible. What is more important is to make

a painting, a good painting, and forget any ideas."

"Conceptual art comes directly from Duchamp."

"From Duchamp. Yes, of course. We played chess together."

"Were you friendly with Jean Cocteau?"

"I knew him quite well, but . . . no, Cocteau I was not friendly with."

"Dalí?"

"He was the funniest person I ever met. Yet he was a really Spanish product. Very monarchist."

"Are you a monarchist?"

"No, I'm a feudalist."

"Max Ernst?"

"Max Ernst I knew quite well. A charming man he was. I didn't know Magritte, but I know that Magritte had a great admiration for me, because his widow told me so."

"And Peggy Guggenheim?"

"Oh, yes, of course, Peggy. I hated what she collected. I remember that the great American architect—what was his name? Frank Lloyd Wright! Somebody told him, when he made the ramp on a slant [in the Guggenheim Museum], that they couldn't look at the things. And he answered, 'But there's nothing to look at.' I knew quite well the one who made the mobiles."

"Alexander Calder. Do you like his work?"

"Yes, in a way. I found it quite amusing. But I never saw him not drunk. The last time he came to Villa Medici was with the Guggenheim woman. But she also was completely drunk."

"Yves Klein?"

"Is he the man who painted all in one color? I'm not interested in that sort of painting."

"Are there any American artists whose work you admire?"

"American artists I don't know at all. Just a few things of the Pop art, which I dislike deeply. I never went to New York. I don't think it would bring me anything I am interested in."

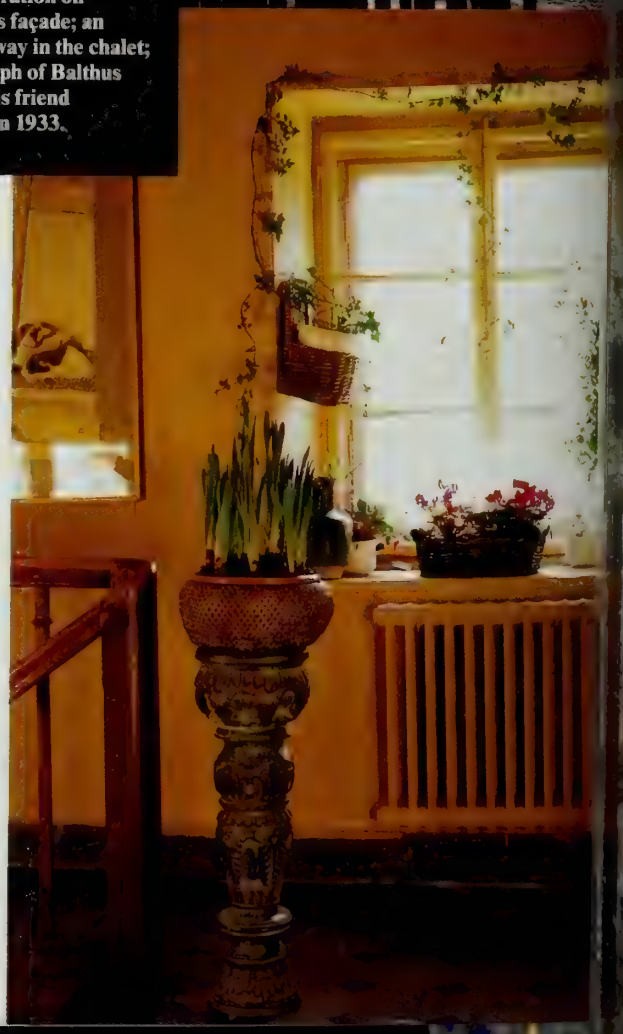
He lit a Dunhill cigarette and let it dangle from his lower lip, and suddenly one could see the sex appeal he must have had. "In America you're not allowed to smoke anymore," he said. "However, they discovered in America that nicotine has a very beneficial effect on the brain. It gives you a sort of critical conception of what you look at. You see what doesn't work, what does work, and what is worthwhile—when you smoke."

"*Comme le miroir,*" Setsuko interjected in French, the language they speak most between themselves. "You see, Balthus used to use a mirror in his studio to look at his paintings."

"It's like the mirror, yes," Balthus agreed. "Your mind gets used to what you see, and you don't know anymore what you really do. You have to be at a certain distance."

Balthus met Setsuko in Japan in 1962, and they married





**SWISS IDYLL**

***Clockwise from right:*** **Balthus's studio, at the rear of the Grand Chalet, with a view of the Alps; Anna Wahli, the 14-year-old model for the artist's recent works, with his cat, Mitsou; a watercolor Balthus painted for his daughter, Harumi; the interior of Balthus's studio; detail of the decoration on the chalet's façade; an upper hallway in the chalet; a photograph of Balthus taken by his friend Man Ray in 1933.**

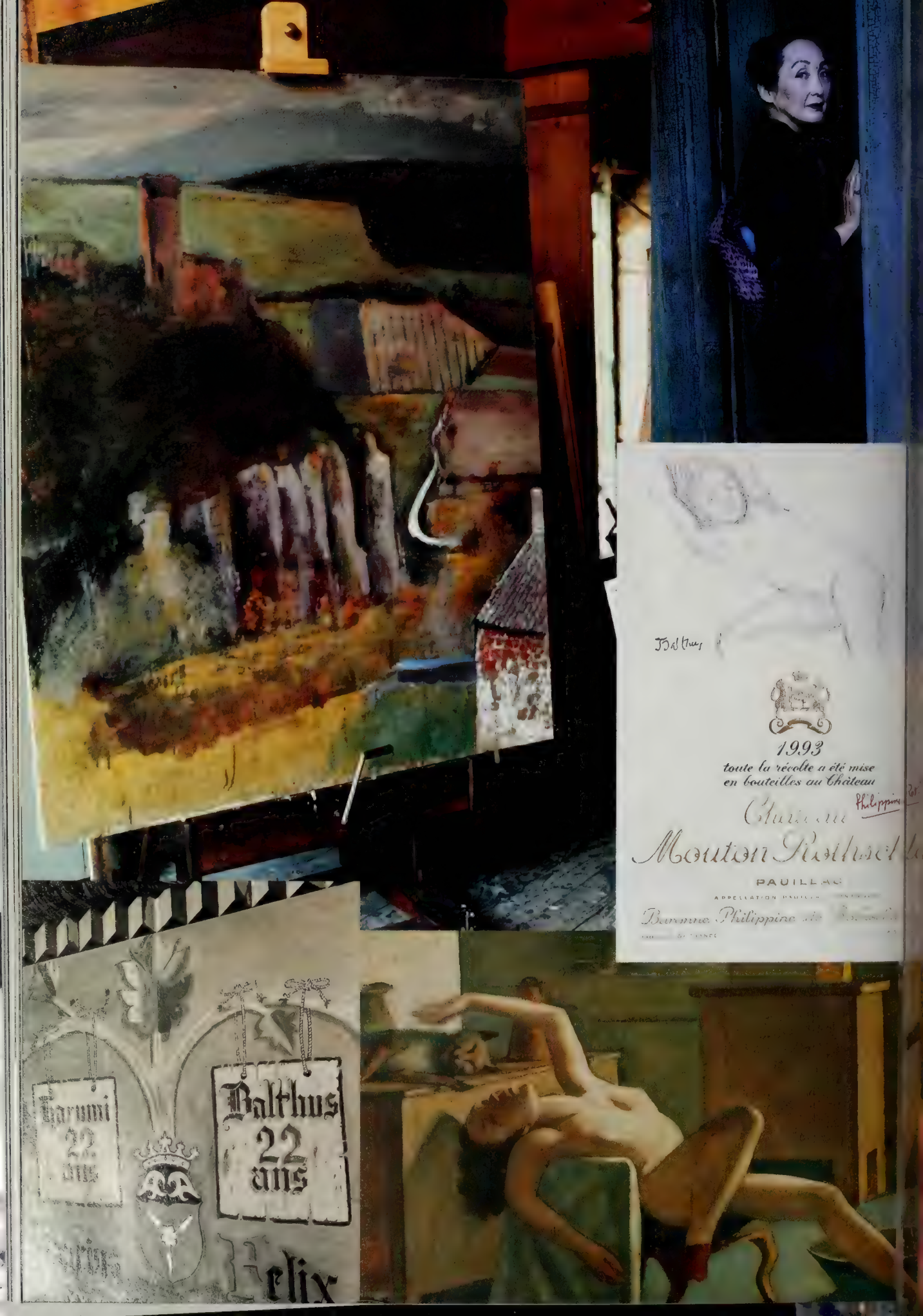

VAIN SON
RONT DE

Painting has to be both erotic and metaphys

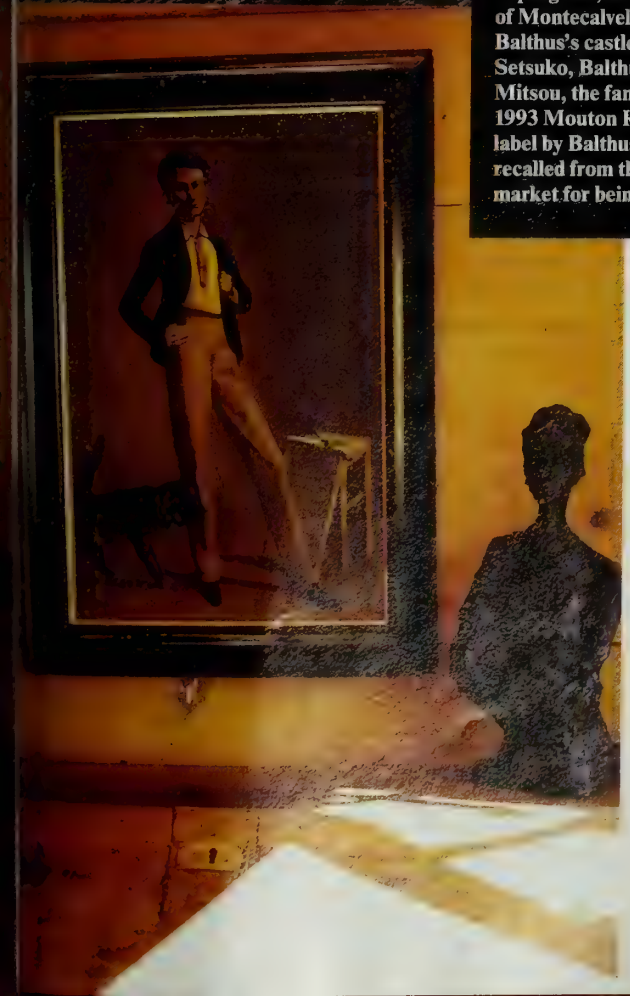


WOMAN IN LANGUOR
(Le Grand Sommeil), 1941–43
Oil on canvas, 45 in. by 57⅞ in.
Collection of Minneapolis
Institute of Arts


althus fills both categories very well."


1993
toute la récolte a été mise
en bouteilles au Château
Philippine
Mouton Rothschild
PAUILLAC
Baronne Philippine
Baltlius
22
ans
Baltlius
22
ans
Félix





**THE LOLITA PAINTER**

***Clockwise from below:*** **in the sitting room are a 1935 self-portrait, *The King of Cats* (oil on canvas; 28 in. by 19 in.), and a sculpture by Giacometti; *Nude with Cat,* 1949–50 (oil on canvas; 25⅝ in. by 31⅞ in.); a decoration to commemorate last year's birthdays of Balthus and his daughter, Harumi, both then technically the same age since Balthus was born on February 29 in a leap year; work in progress, an oil landscape of Montecalvello, the site of Balthus's castle in Italy; Setsuko, Balthus's second wife; Mitsou, the family cat; the 1993 Mouton Rothschild wine label by Balthus that was recalled from the American market for being too risqué.**

five years later, after he divorced his first wife, Antoinette de Watteville, a Swiss aristocrat to whom he had been married for 30 years and with whom he had two sons: Stanislas, 55, a writer and filmmaker living in Malibu; and Thadée, 53, who lives in Paris and is married to Yves Saint Laurent's longtime muse, Loulou de la Falaise. Harumi, the daughter of Balthus and Setsuko, briefly worked in Paris as a press assistant to couturier John Galliano, and is now designing jewelry with Charuvan Sursock.

There seems to be great tenderness between Balthus and his second wife, who has evolved into his general factotum and now nurse. Balthus said he taught himself Japanese, "from the dictionary," to write her love letters. "You lost them probably."

"No, no, no," Setsuko replied. She giggled and added, "Balthus had a huge collection of very naughty words in Japanese. Rather embarrassing."

"I spoke quite fluently during a certain while. Unfortunately, the memory is vanishing more and more."

Over the next three days, the Count and Countess Klossowski de Rola opened the rooms of their Grand Chalet, one by one, from the third-floor Beauty Room, No. 27, "where the count and countess have their hair washed," as one of the servants told me, to the empty ballroom in the basement, where they held a costume ball in 1996 for the joint birthday of Balthus and Harumi. Setsuko's studio is on the first floor, off the sitting room, and there's a Japanese Doll Room off the dining room, lined with glass cases full of everything from Edo-period antiques to toys bought on trips to Japan. Beyond that is the Canary Room, where Harumi's canaries fly about freely.

The Perfume Room is on the second floor, next to Setsuko's bedroom, which is a kind of shrine to her husband. There's a charming little drawing of Balthus as a child by his artist mother, Baladine, a 1924 self-portrait in charcoal by the teenage Balthus, and his 1962 drawing of Setsuko, the first one he ever did of her. At the far end of the hall is the TV room, No. 9, where six chairs in three rows face a tiny, old television. Across the hall is Room 17, the off-limits posing room, guarded, as it were, by Harumi's caged chinchilla. On our third visit to the chalet, Setsuko waved us upstairs to take a look while Balthus ate his lunch in the dining room. There was a double bed with a chenille bedcover, a drop-leaf desk, and a low chaise longue in front of the window, with an old mandolin propped against it. On the dresser was a Polaroid Spectra camera and two packs of film.

"He takes photos, you know. Because now he can't draw," said Madame Wahli, the mother of Balthus's mod-

el, when I paid a call on her and Anna the following day.

"Do you like posing for Balthus?" I asked Anna, who had just turned 14.

"Yes. But sometimes—*comment le dire?*—a bit boring."

"At first he tried to have her sit to model," her mother explained. "But then he noticed he could not hold a pencil or write. He talked about it for a long time. 'I can't *draw* anymore!' It was terrible for him."

Anna started posing, for *Cat with a Mirror III,* when she was eight. "She was always passing the Grand Chalet on her way to school," her mother said. "One day she was singing 'Queen of the Night' from Mozart's *Magic Flute* and he heard her. He thought this was something really special. And he asked her to pose." Wahli said Balthus doesn't pay Anna a modeling fee, but "she has received beautiful things—necklaces, earrings, sapphires—for Christmas and birthdays."

"Did people in the village find it scandalous that Anna was posing for Balthus?"

"Some people thought it was strange. We discussed that with him. And he thinks—we all think—that it's pure, idealized. Anna did not want to pose in the nude, so he said 'O.K.' But he tried to ask her again and again. And she said, 'No, I don't want to.' *C'est vrai, Anna?*"

"*Oui.*"

When I told Balthus that I had met Anna, he said, "Ah, my top model. She's very beautiful. And it is the beauty that doesn't strike you at once, which has to be discovered." He paused. "While it lasts."

Château Mouton Rothschild, which has been commissioning famous artists to design its labels since the 1920s, was forced in 1996 to recall from the American market 30,000 bottles of Bordeaux with a Balthus label. "While I believe there is absolutely nothing erotic or pornographic about the sketch of a nude 10-year-old girl—the nude has inspired artists for centuries—I respect the feelings and beliefs of our customers," Baroness Philippine de Rothschild stated at the time.

"Philippine *chose* the naked girl," Balthus said at tea. "I wanted to make something quite of the Parisian style. Grapes or something."

It wasn't the first time Balthus had found himself in a controversy over the subject that is at the core of his work—the pubescent girls he now calls "angels." From the beginning, French critics attacked him as "a fanatic of nymphomania" and "the Freud of painting." Balthus even agreed to repaint a suggestive section of *The Street,* one of the paintings from his first Paris exhibition—repositioning a male figure's hand so that he is grabbing, rather than groping, a young girl—at the request of its American owner, James Thrall Soby, in order that it could be included in the first retrospective of his work, at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1956.

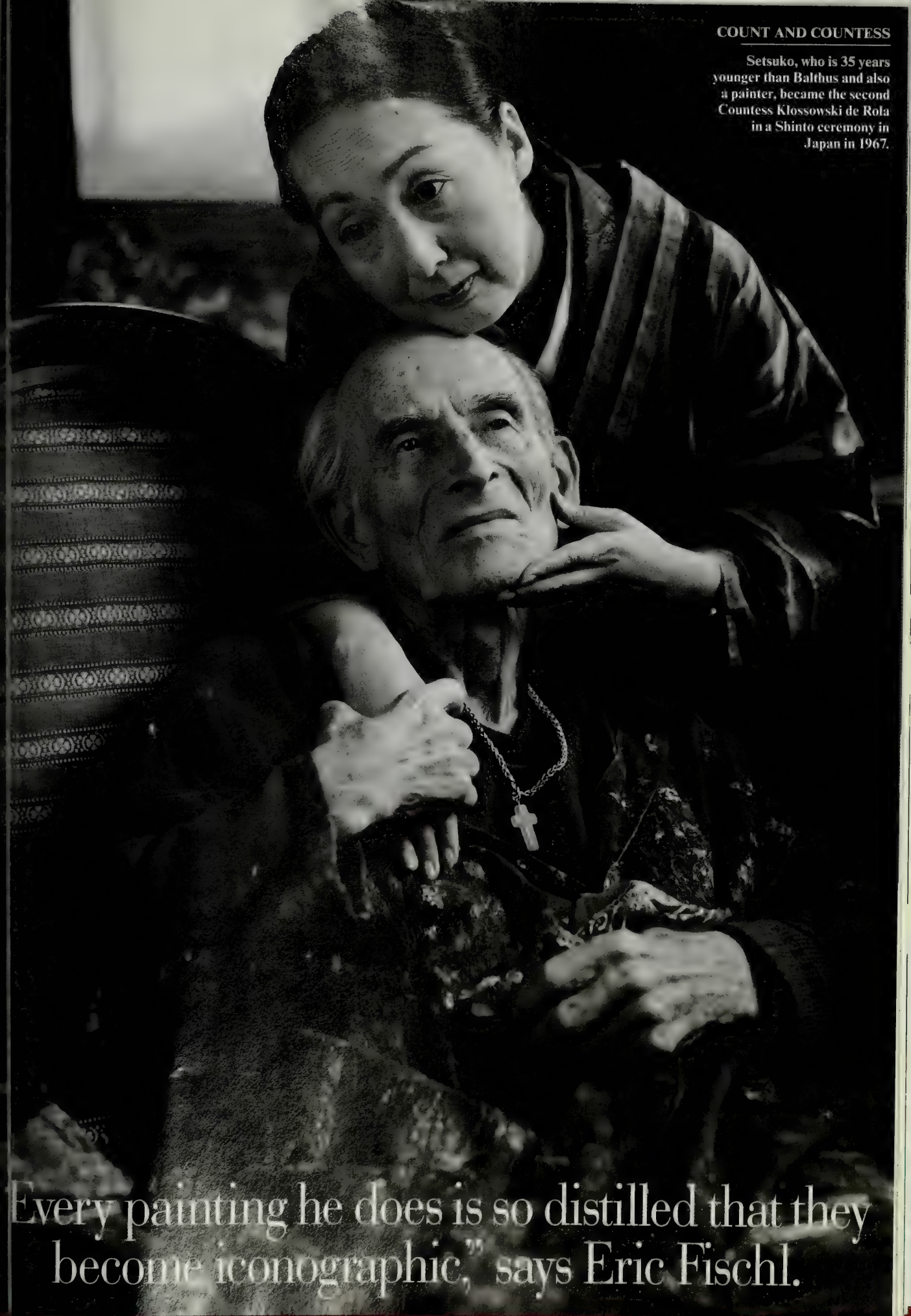
Another painting from that 1934 exhibition, *The Guitar Lesson,* a picture of a nearly naked girl splayed across the lap of her sadistic-looking female music teacher, was considered so shocking that it was shown only to select v ers in the Galerie Pierre's back room, and was not licly shown until 1977, at the Pierre Matisse Galler New York. In order to get the painting through U.S. toms, it had to be covered over with another canva Paris and then restored upon arrival. The following Pierre Matisse donated *The Guitar Lesson* to MoMA, the gift was returned in 1982, after one of the muse trustees, Blanchette Rockefeller, objected to the fact its composition echoed a Renaissance Pietà in the Lo which she felt made it blasphemous as well as obscen was then briefly owned by the director Mike Nichols fore being bought by the Greek shipping magnate Sta Niarchos, who hung it beside his bed in his Manha pied-à-terre. According to one friend, "Stavros liked t it always gave him an erection." He was very secr about owning it and refused to lend it for retrospec at the Pompidou Center in Paris in 1983 and the M politan Museum of Art in New York in 1984. Niar died last year, and *The Guitar Lesson* is now though be in the possession of his eldest son, Philip.

In his review of the Metropolitan Museum retros tive, *Time*-magazine critic Robert Hughes asserted Balthus had "won worldwide fame by creating works w best-known image is the child as sex object." Balth son Stanislas later laid down the official family reb in the introduction to his 1996 book about his fathe must stress once again that the fabled theme of the guid adolescent girl . . . has nothing whatsoever t with sexual obsession, except perhaps in the eye of beholder. These girls are in fact untouchable archet of purity belonging to a higher realm. Their very y is the emblem of an ageless body of glory, as adolesc . . . aptly symbolizes that heavenward state of growt which Plato refers in the *Timaeus.*"

But even Balthus's admirers find this defense simpl "It is great erotic painting," says artist Philip Taaff think painting has to be both erotic and metaphysic the same time. Balthus fills both categories very well." Ba himself admits that *The Guitar Lesson* and other wor his 1934 show were clearly erotic. "I had no means of l by then, and I hoped to be known as quickly as possi he told me. "So I made some things to shock peo

"I was born in a street which was a little pas between the Boulevard Raspail and the Boule Montparnasse," Balthus recalled. "There wa enormous chestnut tree. This is my first mem

Michel Balthasar Klossowski's parents had to Paris in 1903, from what was then Bresla East Prussia, and is now Wroclaw, Poland. father, Erich Klossowski, was descended minor Polish nobility; the family had fled Poland the failed War of Independence of 1830. His mo Elisabeth Spiro, was the daughter of a Russian ca who had settled in Breslau, according to Sabine wald's text for the 1984 Metropolitan Museum logue, to date the most thoroughly researched piec biographical writing on an artist who has done his



**COUNT AND COUNTESS**

Setsuko, who is 35 years younger than Balthus and also a painter, became the second Countess Klossowski de Rola in a Shinto ceremony in Japan in 1967.

Every painting he does is so distilled that they become iconographic," says Eric Fischl.

to obfuscate his past. "I was brought up as a Catholic," Balthus told me. "My mother was from a Jewish family. At least, she was adopted by a Jewish family."

Both parents were painters. His father was also an art historian, who wrote a definitive study on Daumier. His mother exhibited under the name Baladine. Their circle of artists and writers included Vuillard, Bonnard, Derain, Valéry, and Rilke. "Once," Balthus remembered, "we went to visit Bonnard in Normandy, and that's where I met the old Monet. But I didn't know who the beautiful old gentleman was, looking at Bonnard's painting. I only was told later by my father that I saw Monet. I was about five years old.

"When my parents left Paris, I was six," Balthus continued. "The World War broke out, and like many Polish families, my family suddenly found that it was German. Because Poland had been partitioned between Austria and Russia and Prussia. My father was furious, because he hated the Germans. We had to move out of France. My father had a beautiful collection of Delacroix, Géricault, Cézanne. . . . All this was lost, because during the war it was sold off."

In 1914 the Klossowskis moved to Berlin, where Erich became a successful stage designer. In 1917, Baladine left her husband and moved with her two sons—Balthus and his older brother, Pierre—to a small apartment in Geneva, where Balthus attended the Lycée Calvin for two years, his only period of formal education. Soon after, Baladine became the lover of Rilke—and the poet, something of a surrogate father to Balthus. Rilke dedicated his 1925 poem "Narcisse" to Balthus, and that same year Balthus responded by giving him one of his earliest paintings, a copy of Poussin's *Echo and Narcissus.* Later in his life, a friend recalls, Balthus would sometimes claim that Rilke was his real father.

Rilke arranged for the publication of *Mitsou,* a book of 40 ink drawings Balthus had done between the ages of 9 and 11. "It's the story of a cat I lost," Balthus said. The book was signed "Baltusz"—his nickname in Polish. At Rilke's suggestion, he continued to use the name to sign his work, although at some point he changed the spelling to make it more French.

Rilke often joined Baladine and her sons in Beatenberg, overlooking the Lake of Thun in the Swiss Alps, where they spent the summer months and where Balthus studied with the sculptor Margrit Bay. In 1924, Rilke arranged for Balthus to stay with André Gide in Paris so that the 16-year-old could continue his self-education as an artist. He spent his days studying and copying the old masters in the Louvre, and his evenings at informal sketching classes overseen by Bonnard and Vlaminck. In 1926, Balthus traveled to Italy, where he copied Piero della Francesca's *The Legend of the True Cross* in Arezzo, as well as frescoes by Masolino and Masaccio in Florence. He lived in Paris for most of the following three years, painting Left Bank street scenes which appear to cross Masaccio with Seurat. In Italy, Balthus had worked as a dishwasher. He supported himself in Paris by painting furniture. "I was very poor," he said.

After 15 months of French military service in Morocco, Balthus spent a summer in Bern, copying Joseph Reinhardt's stark 18th-century portraits of Swiss peasants at the Historical Museum. Most sources say that he met the woman who would become his first wife, Antoinette de Watteville, at about this time. The de Wattevilles ranked among the oldest and richest families in the Swiss capital. Balthus told me, "I met her the first time in Beatenberg, when she was an asthmatic little girl. I was eight and she was four."

He painted Antoinette in 1930 and again in 1932. The stylistic difference between the two portraits is startling. The first is soft and almost pretty in the manner of Seurat and Bonnard; the second is much more severe, more modern and more primitive at the same time—more Balthusian. In 1932, Balthus started working on a set of 14 pen-and-ink illustrations based on Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights,* casting Antoinette as Cathy and himself as Heathcliff. Antoinette was also the model for *Cathy Dressing,* one of the five large sexually charged oil paintings—Rewald calls it the "grim anticipation of a somber erotic rite"—making up his 1934 Paris debut, which shocked the avant-garde for its form as much as it did the Establishment for its content.

"Balthus was an important figure," says art historian John Richardson, "in that at a moment when the avant-garde had completely rejected representational figurative painting, he put a new spin on it. He found a new solution to the problem which painters had in the 30s, when everybody was either a Surrealist or abstractionist. In order to make his figurative work acceptable to the avant-garde, he gave it a kinky, pedophile edge."

After that exhibition, Balthus stopped painting for several months and, according to James Lord in *Some Remarkable Men,* attempted suicide because Antoinette had rejected him. He was discovered "in plenty of time," writes Lord, by the poet Antonin Artaud. Balthus emphatically denies this version of events: "It's all wrc what he wrote!"

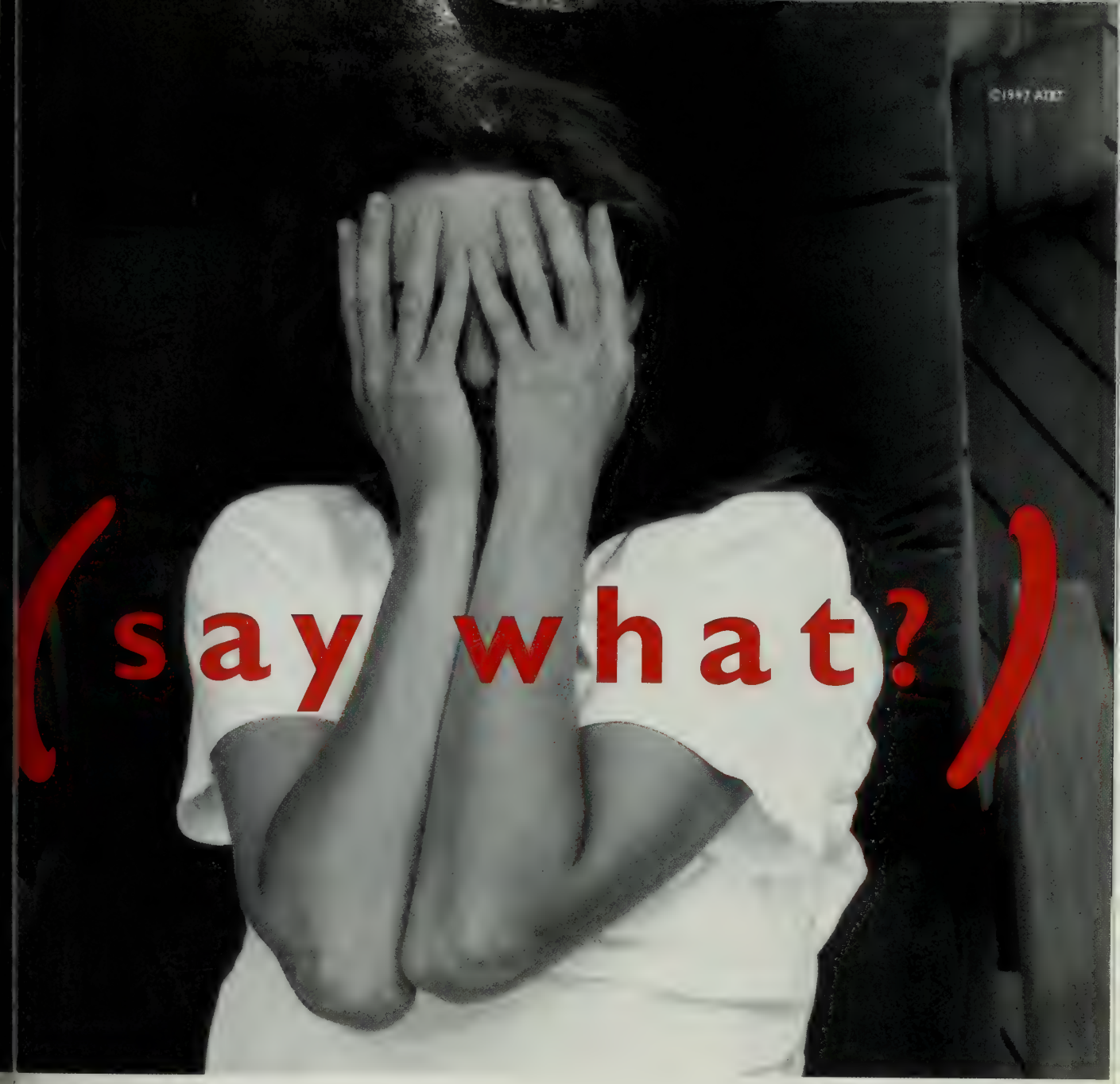
For the next three years, he did mos commissioned portraits. At least three these—Derain with his model, Miró w his daughter, and the Vicomtesse Mar Laure de Noailles—are considered mast pieces, and the first two are in MoM permanent collection. The last was also important social breakthrough, becat Marie-Laure de Noailles, a descendant the Marquis de Sade, was the leading troness and hostess of her time. Her h band, Charles de Noailles, had been expel from the Jockey Club of Paris for produc Dalí and Luis Buñuel's Surrealist film *L'A d'Or,* and their Right Bank mansion w hung with the works of Goya and Rube as well as Braques and Picassos. The Noailles also acquired the complete *Wuth ing Heights* set (which was later sold Duchamp's widow, Teeny, and publish with Brontë's text by the Limited Editic Club of New York in 1994).

Picasso gave Balthus the avant-garde s of approval by buying his 1937 painti *The Children,* a haunting study of Hub and Thérèse Blanchard, the son and dau ter of Balthus's neighbors in the Cour Rohan, the medieval alleyway off the Bou vard St.-Germain where he had his stud That same year, Balthus married Antoine and used her as his model for the cent figure in *The Mountain,* an 8-by-12-foot tc de force evocative of Poussin, Courbet, a Reinhardt, which now hangs in the M ropolitan Museum.

Balthus had his first exhibition outs France in 1938, at the Pierre Mati Gallery in New York. At the start World War II, in 1939, he was draft into the French army, but was quickly c charged after seeing action in Alsace. was wounded," he said. "I was blown on a mine." Balthus and Antoinette ma their way from Paris to a farm at Cha provent, in the Savoy, and then to Switz land, where their sons were born—Stanis in 1942, Thadée in 1944.

In Geneva, the Klossowski family re ed the Villa Diodati, where Lord Byr had lived in 1816 and Mary Shelley said to have conceived *Frankenstein.* stayed in Byron's room," Balthus rei nisced. "I dreamed that I saw Byron, a I told him how much I admired his *D Juan.* He said to me, 'Oh, this one haven't written yet.' Because he was w ing *Childe Harold* in the Villa Diodati.

"My family was related to Byron's mo er, who was a Gordon of Gight," he c tinued. "My family was certainly from feu times. They belonged to the Piast dynas




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# Balthus

which ended with Casimir the Great, who was also related to the mother of Byron."

Much confusion surrounds the ancestry of Balthus. Rewald grants that the Klossowskis were "an old Polish family, entitled to the Rola coat of arms." Historically, the landed gentry of Poland, like that of Scotland, was organized into clans; the Klossowskis were part of the Rola clan, from southern Poland. However, there appears to be no documentation connecting the Rolas to King Casimir III, who ruled Poland from 1333 to 1370, or, for that matter, the Scottish Gordons to the Polish royal family.

According to Stanislas Klossowski, "The first Rola in legends was a bird tamer to the Polish equivalent of King Arthur." The elder son of Balthus, who has published two books on alchemy, sometimes uses the title "prince" because, as he points out, titles such as count did not exist in the kingdom of Poland. After the partitions in the 18th century, some families acquired Russian or Austrian titles, and exiled Polish aristocrats often assumed titles. "Families that traveled adopted the norms of the realm they were in," explains Stanislas. "Our family had a long history in France, and Klossowski de Rola was a French rendering. My grandfather wanted to play all that stuff down and not use any titles. But when he died, he made my father his heir and gave him his Crusader's ring. On the other hand, as Giacometti always said, this idea of using a title was completely arbitrary, to annoy people."

Balthus and Antoinette separated in 1947. He returned to Paris; she moved with the children to Lausanne. "I think my father would have stayed in Switzerland," Thadée told me, "had they managed to buy the Villa Diodati, which he loved." Stanislas elaborates: "My mother was unable to persuade her trust to put up the money to buy it. And she was exasperated by the fact that her cousin offered us a very comfortable apartment in Paris, in the 16th Arrondissement, but my father refused to live in a 'bourgeois area.' So they split over details. And there are letters from him to my mother, where he expressed that he loved her all the more for being the way she was, rather than just a regular painter's wife."

Apparently it wasn't always easy to have an artist for a father. Stanislas recalls, "He stopped us from doing any drawing when we were kids. During a malaria attack, he said, 'If you ever draw, I'll cut off your fingers!' He didn't say it jokingly. We were very little—five and three maybe—and totally scared. Later, we used it to cut art classes. When we said, 'Our daddy is Balthus and he said he'd cut our fingers off,' the art teachers would be absolutely horrified."

Balthus was nearly 40 when he set himself up again in the Cour de Rohan studio. He resumed his friendships with Derain, Giacometti, and Artaud, and became a mentor to a young English painter then living in Paris named Lucien Freud. Many an evening was spent dining with Paul Éluard, Albert Camus, and Malraux at Le Méditerranée on the Place de l'Odéon; the signboard he painted for the restaurant in 1949, titled *The Méditerranée's Cat,* is now in the collection of Fiat chairman Gianni Agnelli and his wife, Marella. And soon there was a new model—and new love—in the life of the middle-aged painter: Laurence Bataille, the teenage daughter of the writer Georges Bataille.

Laurence posed for several major nudes of this period, including *The Room,* dated 1952–54, in which "the most erotic and self-abandoned of Balthus's narcissistic adolescent girls," to quote Rewald, seems about to be pounced upon by a sinister old gnome. The Agnellis also own *The Room,* which they bought from Stanislas and Thadée—who had been given it by their father—in 1969 for $120,000. It is almost 9 feet high by 11 feet long, and dominates the grand salon of their palazzo in Rome. At least two other Balthus paintings belong to the Agnellis: the *Garrison in Morocco* of 1933 and *Nude in Profile* of 1973–77.

When his relationship with Laurence Bataille dissolved, Balthus took up with Dora Maar, the artist who had been one of Picasso's models and lovers. Balthus never painted Maar, and in 1953 he quit the Paris art scene for the isolation of the Château de Chassy, a run-down 14th-century castle in Burgundy. The seven years he spent there were his most prolific: he produced some 70 paintings, including more than 20 landscapes. To buy the place and pay for its renovation and upkeep, he agreed to turn over his entire output to a consortium of dealers and collectors: his new Paris dealer, Henriette Gomès; his New York dealer, Pierre Matisse; auctioneer Maurice Rheims; businessman Claude Hersant; and Baroness Mary de Rothschild. One large oil at least, a nude of a young girl, escaped their grasp; Balthus traded it to the decorator Henri Samuel for a sofa, armchairs, and curtains, all of yellow silk.

The model for that painting, and for most of the interior studies done at Chassy, was Balthus's niece, Frédérique Tisson, the daughter from a previous marriage of the wife of his brother, Pierre. Frédéri who also became his lover, was just of the lycée when she arrived at the châ and apparently Balthus encouraged he keep her schoolgirl look throughout 20s. Retired Italian art dealer Beat Monti della Corte recalls meeting odd couple at the house of a neighbo theirs: "The niece must have been ne 30, but she was dressed up like a gir 12—patent-leather shoes, pleated skirt, tle white blouse. Her way of talking like a girl of 12 as well. 'I can't have fee,' she said. 'Balthus doesn't want m have coffee.'"

Not all of the artist's models bec his lovers. Marie Pierre Colle was on the three daughters of the Paris art c er Pierre Colle, who were the subject the "Three Sisters" series of paint done in the 1950s and 60s. "When my ther died in 1948," she recalls, "my m er had a portrait of Antoinette, called *White Blouse,* which Balthus wante give back to Antoinette. So he said to mother, 'Give me that portrait and I'll p your daughters.' I started posing in 1 when I was 11, in the Cour de Ro and I was 24 when I posed for the time, in the Villa Medici. We never p nude. When I was 12 or 13, he w take me to the Louvre with Malraux Tuesday, when it was closed. And we w go see Poussin or Courbet. We w stand in front of one painting all m ing. For my 14th birthday, he did a tercolor of a rose for me, signed 'F flower among the flowers.'"

In an ancient temple in Kyoto in 1 Balthus met Setsuko Ikeda, the sec great love of his life, after Antoinett Watteville. He was 54; she was 19. raux had appointed him director of French Academy in Rome—the V Medici—the previous year, and then him to Japan on a cultural-exchange sion. Setsuko was "a modern girl fro old family," she says, a student of Fr at Tokyo's Jesuit-run Sofia University, tagged along with a journalist frien see the rarely opened temples being sh to the visiting French dignitary. "I d know what a great painter he was," suko says, "but I was impressed with beautiful red handkerchief he carri his hand. We quarreled in the car g to another temple. Balthus said he against compulsory education. I told what strange ideas he had. Now my i are totally like his."

In rapid succession, Setsuko becam model (she agreed to let him draw her in a few days); his CONTINUED ON PAG



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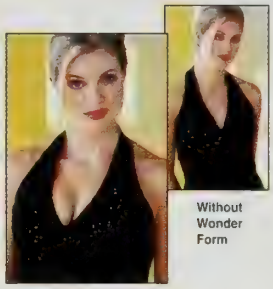

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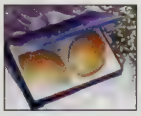


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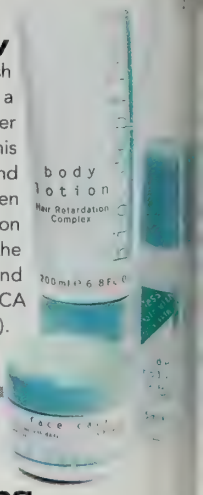
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# Balthus

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 316 mistress (she joined him at the Villa Medici a few months later); and his wife (they were married in a Shinto ceremony in Tokyo in 1967). "I realized he was the sort of person I'd never seen before," she told me. "His way of thinking was so original. Yes, there was a big difference in age, and I had a boyfriend of my age at that moment. But I very quickly felt that the die was cast. I thought that I had met a man for the first time in my life, and I should follow him. There were a lot of personal difficulties, because the situation was very complicated. He was still married, and he was still with his niece."

"It was a chaotic time," confirms Marie Pierre Colle, who stayed at the Villa Medici in 1963. "Frédérique was living in the garden, with the young student artists from France. Setsuko stayed in the main house. And Antoinette came to visit quite often. She completely approved of Setsuko and truly loved Balthus—they were great, great friends. Eventually Frédérique returned to the Château de Chassy, where she still lives." (Antoinette died in April of this year.)

Thadée recalls how happy Setsuko made his father. "I remember a great period of roller-skating at the Villa Medici, with jumping contests and everything. My father was very lively, and Setsuko wasn't the shy young Japanese girl at all. We adored her."

Setsuko was the model for three of Balthus's most Oriental paintings: *The Turkish Room,* of 1963–66, an homage to Ingres's *Turkish Bath,* and a pair of companion paintings, *Japanese Figure with a Black Mirror* and *Japanese Figure with a Red Table,* both of 1967–76. (The first is now in the Pompidou Center; the latter two are owned by French perfume queen Hélène Rochas and Donald and Susan Newhouse, of the American family which publishes this magazine.) As the dates indicate, Balthus was taking longer and longer to complete paintings. He turned out only 13 during his 16 years in Rome, including a handful of nudes—modeled for by the adolescent daughters of a Villa Medici employee—which are decidedly more ethereal than erotic. One reason for his slowing output was that he was working in casein tempera, instead of oil, and applying it layer upon layer until the finished surface evoked the pastel stoniness of a frescoed wall. And then there was the tremendous distraction of restoring the Villa Medici to its original Renaissance splendor.

Completed in the 16th century for Ferdinand di Medici, and acquired in 1804 by Napoleon to house the French Academy in Rome, the Villa Medici was the palace Balthus had always dreamed of having. Michelangelo was said to have helped with its design, Velázquez had painted in its garden, and Ingres had been its director in the 1830s. "It was rather inspired of Malraux to declare Balthus head of the academy and to put several million dollars at his disposal annually," says Milton Gendel, an American long resident in Rome. "He wasn't really qualified—he had no degrees, no experience in the French bureaucracy or diplomacy. But when he took it over, it had the look of a grand *pension* of 1910—dark and dingy and cluttered—and he transformed it." Another Roman friend, the decorator Verde Visconti, says that although a small army of artisans spent months painting the walls with "*strati* and *strati* of different colors, so that in a green room there would be yellow coming through," Balthus himself then "scratched the walls with a broken champagne bottle, to give depth, to take away the newness."

When the main reception rooms were done, an aquaintance recalls, the Count and Countess Klossowski de Rola sent out invitations embossed with a golden crown. There were gold crowns on their china and crystal too. In a city where titles can be traced back a millennium, "his title was a mild joke," one Roman says. "The attitude was that he was already a famous artist—why did he need to press these other claims?"

Nonetheless, they all came to the Villa Medici: Federico Fellini, Audrey Hepburn, Alberto Moravia, Michelangelo Antonioni and Monica Vitti, Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti, Luchino Visconti, Pier Paolo Pasolini, Prince Dado Ruspoli, Princess Irene Galitzine, Countess Mimi Pecci-Blunt, Count and Countess Rudi Crespi, the Communist painter Renato Guttuso, the comedian Alberto Sordi, and Nathalie de Noailles, whose mother, Marie-Laure de Noailles, had been the first patroness of Balthus's in Paris. "When Balthus was there," notes his best friend in Rome, Prince Giovanni del Drago, "the Villa Medici was *the* meeting place of Rome."

In 1973, Balthus began the restoration of the garden. A year or two later, he bought a castle of his own in Montecalvello, near Viterbo, about an hour north of Rome. "It was a total ruin, completely abandoned," Setsuko says of the sprawling compound. "I like to restore things," Balthus explains. "Because in the 19th century the destroyed so many things by *their* restora tion—their bad taste."

By then he could afford his hobby. A though a Balthus painting did not g for more than $1 million in auction unt 1984, several works had been sold privat ly for higher prices beginning in the mi 1970s. The consortium had long sinc disbanded, with Pierre Matisse remainin as Balthus's exclusive dealer. But that didn stop family members, particularly Stani las, from selling things behind Matisse back, or dealers from buying works fro collectors and reselling them on the se ondary market. The most active private dea er was the late Thomas Ammann (the broth of Doris) of Zurich, who sold *The Ca Players* (1948–50) to Baron Heinric Thyssen-Bornemisza for a rumored $2 m lion in 1976; *The Three Sisters* (1964) Sid and Anne Bass (which she kept aft their divorce); and *The Cat with Mirror* (1986–89) to Valentino chairman Gia carlo Giammetti. Ammann also had hand in building what Balthus expert Je Leymarie says are the two most importa collections of his work, those of New Yo real-estate developer Sheldon Solow, w owns 8 to 10 paintings, and Paula Cu Azcarraga, the widow of Mexican me tycoon Emilio Azcarraga, who owns 6.

In 1982, Ammann presented five wo by Balthus and five by Cy Twombly—a rat unexpected pairing—in a special catalog Balthus considers Twombly his only frie among American artists, albeit one living Italy and married to an Italian aristoc Tatiana "Tatia" Franchetti. Twombly's ho in Bolsena is near Montecalvello, and two artists visit each other quite often.

"We never discussed painting," Twombly told me. "But architecture did. It's an extraordinary house. Ther nothing self-conscious. Most of the roo are totally empty. You go through six eight enormous rooms and then find extraordinary 16th- or 17th-century b hung with beautiful old, slightly torn c tains. It is abstract in a way, like paintings. Very austere. A Directoire mosphere. He's very much of a wo that doesn't and couldn't exist in Am ca. It's an intellectual art, you kn Mental. European. Americans tend to emotional. And emotion can fizz, wh as mental life is sturdier."

I asked Twombly if he considered Bal a great artist.

"I think he's a very important ar that's for sure. Great? I don't use word loosely. If I had to say who great in this century . . . well, A

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# Balthus

[Warhol] was the most recent. Matisse. Picasso. He's certainly one of the more interesting ones, Balthus."

"I am the contrary of the intellectual," Balthus told me on my last visit to the Grand Chalet. "I think intellectuality is a sort of iron curtain between reality and the truth."

How does one find the truth?

"I think this is an experiment for each person, quite a personal one. For me, it's the Bible. And believing in God."

Earlier, I had sat with Setsuko in her studio, surrounded by the old palettes of Balthus, which she saves and hangs on the walls. She said that she would like to have local carpenters build "a very modest, cozy museum" on the overgrown tennis courts of the old hotel and fill it with drawings, documents, books, and other Balthus memorabilia. And she told me about the son she had with Balthus in 1969, Junio, who died of a rare genetic disease. "When he was nearly a year old, I noticed that he wasn't normal. And from that moment he lived another year and three months. I made a portrait of Junio a few days before his death." Setsuko said that a second child "died five months after I became pregnant." In 1973, Harumi was born. "That is why Balthus never says no to Harumi."

Setsuko claimed that Harumi was responsible for Balthus's breaking his ban on the press. "It began with a local newspaper here in Switzerland. I told them that Balthus doesn't allow photographs to be taken. But my daughter said, 'Papa, Papa, *pourquoi pas?*' Why not?" Balthus also attended his first fashion show, in 1995, at Harumi's behest, when she was working for Galliano in Paris—and waved his cane on his way in at the paparazzi surrounding Madonna, whom, at the dinner following, he declined to meet. Harumi is now in charge of organizing Balthus exhibitions, with her boyfriend, Ivan de la Fressange, the younger brother of Paris designer Inès de la Fressange. In 1996 they chose the Accademia Valentino, because of its natural light, for his first retrospective in Rome. Balthus helped hang the show, arriving in a wheelchair with a drawing of the would-be Italian crown prince, Emmanuel Filiberto of Savoy, on his lap. "He hung it himself at the entrance," recalls Sandro Sursock. "He brought the Savoys back to Italy."

Ever since Balthus moved to Rossinière, his devotion to the exiled Italian royal family, whose controversial head, the would-be King Victor Emmanuel IV, maintains residences in Geneva and Gstaad, has been a subject of comment among the social set. But Balthus brightened at the mention of his name. "Ah, Victor Emmanuel, he's a friend of mine. I knew the family already as a child, because Princess Battenberg, the sister of the old King Umberto, sent my little book, *Mitsou,* to the Savoy children. And I received a letter from one of the little princesses, who wrote, 'You made us all cry.'"

He is also close to Francesca and Karl von Hapsburg, the would-be heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne, and in September traveled to Zagreb, Croatia, for the baptism of the son they named Ferdinand Zvonimir Balthus.

Was his royalist stance a way to distinguish himself from the Surrealists and other avant-gardists in Paris in the 1930s, almost all of whom were Communists? I wondered.

"I was a member of the Communis Party—quite at the beginning. But I declare that I should never be a good membe because my own party didn't exist an more, the feudalist party. Feudalism wa the form of government which lasted th longest time in history. Because it wa based on Christian ideas and the church

Does he still consider himself a Catholi

"Yes, very much so. I belong to th Order of—what is it called?"

"Saints Maurice and Lazarus," sa Setsuko, helping out. "*Balthus est très, tr religieux.*"

Has he had an audience with the Pop

"I saw him, yes. And the first thing had to say to him—because when I a rived he spoke my name in Polish—w '*Nie mowie po Polsku.*'"

What does that mean?

"It means 'I don't speak Polish.'"

Does he think paintings should alwa be beautiful?

"Beauty for me has always been essenti in a world where ugliness is much à mode. I always hated ugliness. I was great friend of Francis Bacon, for exa ple, but I was repulsed by his passion ugliness."

Is there a connection between the be tiful and the divine?

"There is. In the Bible, God looked his work and found it good—and beauti He was satisfied with his creation. And th the divine origin of beauty. And if you st painting after nature, you discover that. fact, the beauty is everywhere. If you l for it. If you don't look for it, you d see anything at all. You don't paint."

# Damon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 296 nothing like that. These boys are nice knuckleheads.

*Good Will Hunting* is proof that Damon and Affleck are also intelligent knuckleheads—not an oxymoron, but an apt way to describe a 27-year-old and a 25-year-old who are by all appearances regular guys (neither emits imaginary Keith Haring rays of star quality, as Matthew McConaughey does), and who happen to have written the screenplay for the film in which they star. Yes, they are writer-actors, an uncommon skill combo among filmdom polymaths, and *Good Will Hunting*—the first thing they have ever written—is now a Gus Van Sant movie.

Will Hunting, Damon's character, is a troublemaking Irish-American kid from South Boston who is discovered to be a math prodigy. An awed M.I.T. professor (Stellan Skarsgård) wants to take Will under his wing. He gets his chance when Will, on the brink of being jailed for his latest criminal offense, is sprung by the judge on the condition that the professor supervise him and enlist a psychotherapist to set the boy straight. Will resists the touchy-feelyisms of various therapists, until he meets his match in Dr. Sean Maguire (Robin Williams), himself a product of South Boston. This kid, you see, he's . . . *goodwill hunting.*

It's strangely gentle territory for a serial subversive like Van Sant, whose previous films are rife with casual criminality and sexual deviance. "I haven't really had anyone I've shown it to not like the fi which is really unusual for me," the di tor says. "I guess that before, I felt that traying something out of the mainstre was a powerful way of telling a story. this time the story itself was enough."

*Good Will Hunting* is an engaging, c fortably inhabited small movie. That one has even bothered to make a about two of Boston's prominent milie its academic community and its mos mously insular neighborhood—is gratif enough, but Damon and Affleck transcended the homeboy-homage g of indie film that has given us *Lounge* and *Palookaville.* The screenp realistic handling of townie-student re ments is buttressed by the time Da spent at Harvard; originally a memb the class of '92, he remains two seme

ort of graduating. As actors, Damon
d Affleck avoid vanity shtick, and the
st responds in kind—particularly Wil-
ms, soothing and bearded as he was
*Awakenings,* and Minnie Driver, who
ys Damon's love interest and has since
come his real-life girlfriend.

"To me it was just an extraordinary
ipt," says Williams. "It was quite shock-
; when I met Matt and Ben and saw
w young they were—I was like 'May I
some ID?'"

*The Rainmaker* I can't tell you about
h any authority, because it wasn't fin-
ed at the time of this writing. But I can
you what Mickey Rourke has told me.
ckey's in *The Rainmaker*—mark my
rds, Mickey's *back*—and he says, "Matt
rked his ass off. Matt walked the walk.
d Francis showed a lot of love on the
Francis is good with young kids."

's not all leather trousers and kissing
Bridget Hall, being a boy actor. The
d to *The Rainmaker* was paved with
ir misses and self-worth crises. "I'd
e taken Robin," Damon says, alluding
*Batman Forever*. "Hell, I auditioned
it. When they first offered it to Chris
Donnell he wanted more money, so
y had auditions and I did a screen test
Joel Schumacher. *Primal Fear*—you
w the Edward Norton role? It more
less came down to him and me, and
pretty much put a smokin' on me. *To*
*For* I lost nearly 20 pounds to audi-
n for, but Wock got it." ("Wock" is his
nd Joaquin Phoenix.)

Damon's first role of consequence
s in *School Ties,* in 1992. A poor but
r altogether worthless cousin of *Dead*
*ts Society,* the movie had a young
o that also included Brendan Fraser,
is O'Donnell, Randall Batinkoff,
e Hauser, and Affleck. Damon was
ctively first among the featured per-
ners, playing a moneyed "legacy"
lent whose anti-Semitism and resent-
nt of Fraser's character bring about
film's climax. But he was not to be
first of the gang called up from the
ors.

*Scent of a Woman* happened right dur-
*School Ties.* The whole cast went down
udition for it," says Damon. "Chris
Donnell was a business major at Boston
llege, and he's a very savvy business-
n. So the way I found out about the
is, I'm checking in with my agent, to
if anything good has come in, and my
nt says, 'Here's one with a young role.
. . . Oh my God, it's got Al Pacino in
So I go up to Chris and say, 'Have you
d about this movie?' and he says [*curt-
ly*] 'Yeah.' So I say, 'Do you have the script?' 'Yeah.' 'Can I see it?' 'No—I kinda need it.' Chris wouldn't give it to anybody. Later, Ben, me, Randall, Brendan, Anthony Rapp—we're all commiserating about our auditions, talking about how they didn't go well. Except for Chris. Chris used to play things close to the vest. We asked him how his audition went, and he just said [*high-pitched, Hibernian singsong*], 'Ohhh, it was all right.' And we were like 'Dude! Just tell us how it went!' And he would say [*singsong again*], 'Ohhh, I don't know.'"

While O'Donnell went on to become Hollywood's literal and figurative Boy Wonder, Damon and Affleck found themselves in a wilderness of spotty work and tenuous finances, sharing a two-bedroom apartment on Curson Avenue in L.A. with a third friend from Cambridge. Affleck and two other *School Ties* veterans, Hauser and Rapp, found jobs playing oily adolescents in *Dazed and Confused,* Richard Linklater's winning evocation of the mid-70s. As a result there developed an overlapping *School Ties–Dazed and Confused* coterie of underemployed young actors: Damon, Affleck, Hauser, Rory Cochrane (the latter film's lovable stoner), and Matthew McConaughey, dead-on as *Dazed and Confused*'s over-age, breezily malevolent parasite on the town's high-school scene.

"When Matthew got *A Time to Kill,* we all went nuts," says Damon. "It was such a feeling of vindication—that one of our peer group, someone not on the A-list, got the part."

Damon's ticket out of obscurity was last year's *Courage Under Fire,* in which he delivered an attention-grabbing performance as a soldier who witnesses something horrible in Kuwait and, thus traumatized, becomes a heroin addict. Damon lost 40 pounds for that role and became, literally, anorectic. "I was under 2 percent body fat," he says. "I remember seeing Lou Diamond Phillips"—whose boxing-ring scenes in the movie reveal a perfectly sculpted torso—"and thinking, God, if I looked like that I wouldn't take my shirt off. I thought he looked fat!" He produces an unsettling snapshot of himself from this era, smoking a cigarette and holding up a packet of Ex-Lax. He looks like Chet Baker about to die.



THE PAINTAKER
Damon lost 40 pounds and became anorectic during the filming of *Courage Under Fire.* For his role in *The Rainmaker,* he wore rocks under his suit to make him look as uncomfortable as possible during a tense deposition scene.

Health be damned, Damon believes that the extreme measures for *Courage Under Fire* were well worth it. "It was a business decision," he says. "I thought, Nobody will take this role, because it's too small. If I go out of my way to make something of this role . . . " At this point he cites the punch-drunk performance of Benicio Del Toro in *The Usual Suspects.* "He's killed early into the movie and he probably has, like, nine lines. But I found it the most memorable performance of 1995. The guy just goes out and thinks, No one's gonna understand what I'm doing except for me, but I'm a fuckin' genius. For me, I was sick of reading scripts that Chris O'Donnell had passed on, and I was looking for something to set me apart: 'Look what I'll do, I'll kill myself!' Directors took note of it."

Indeed, Damon's performance impressed Coppola enough that he cast him in *The Rainmaker.* The out-of-nowhere notoriety this accorded Damon prodded Miramax to push *Good Will Hunting* into production. And when *Good Will Hunting* was shooting on location in Boston last spring, Williams invited Damon along to visit Spielberg, who was in town to film scenes for his slave-ship-revolt movie, *Amistad.* "I'd auditioned by tape for *Saving Private Ryan,* but Steven thought I still looked like I did in *Courage Under*

# Damon

*Fire,*" Damon says. "So when he actually saw me, he saw that I didn't look that way anymore, and that's what made the difference."

Inevitably the topic of nascent stardom arises and, equally inevitably, Damon demurs. It's a "lofty assumption," he says, that the Coppola–Van Sant–Spielberg trifecta will make him a star; it could all blow over in a year's time. "I won't be Matthew McConaughey," he says. "I'm not as good-looking as him. I'm certainly never going to be anyone's sex symbol."

Here the conversation takes a turn for the meta-, becoming all about the impact of this article and the photos that will accompany it, and how celebrity is lovely if it helps you get better work, but is also a tricky bugaboo larded with unseemly implications. Ed Harris, Damon concludes. That's the kind of life he'd like, being a good actor like Ed Harris, well regarded but not overpaid or stalked by anyone. Damon makes no attempt to veil his disdain for Hollywood, proclaiming himself "an East Coast person" who will one day settle down in his native Boston area; for now, he has no fixed address and lives in Cole Hauser's apartment near L.A.'s Griffith Park.

You could argue that Damon is being pre-emptive, just in case things don't work out these next few months. But his conviction strikes me as genuine. He can't fathom, for example, the notion of eight-figure salaries. "Chris O'Donnell made $10 million last year. [*Again, more deliberately.*] Chris . . . O'Donnell . . . made *10 . . . million . . . dollars* last year. Now, if I made $10 million last year, I would not be sitting here with you. No offense. Unless you and I were friends and you wanted to hang out with me and help me spend my $10 million. Shit, man, give me five million bucks *once*—that's $500,000 a year for the rest of your life if you invest it. I can't spend that much money. Not the way I live." (For the record, Damon says that his average take-home pay for *The Rainmaker, Good Will Hunting,* and *Saving Private Ryan* was "significantly under half a million per picture.")

Damon's upbringing was progressive-liberal even by Cambridge standards. As a child, he was taken on tours of South Boston by his mother's longtime boyfriend, who had driven one of the hated buses that delivered black kids to white schools in Southie in the mid-70s. When Damon was 10, he, his mother, and his older brother, Kyle, moved into an experimental cooperative house. "About six families bought a broken-down house in Central Square and rebuilt it," he says. "It was governed by a shared philosophy that housing is a basic human right. Every week there was the three-hour community meeting, and Sundays were workdays. My mom put little masks on me and my brother, gave us goggles and crowbars, and we demo'd the walls."

Damon positively beams when he speaks of his mother. When I ask if I can give her a call, he agrees and advises me that she is "nice, you'll like her, she's really touchy-feely"—which I later surmise to be his way of saying *I love her dearly, but her value system skews somewhat to the left of mine.*

Damon's mother, Nancy Carlsson-Paige, is a professor of early-childhood education at Lesley College in Cambridge, and she forthrightly discusses her discomfort with her son's impending celebrity. "I'm not happy about it, particularly," she s. "What happens in a consumer socie is that people become objects of atter n in a way that doesn't seem healthy t o ciety. I'm happy that Matt is happy i is work, but I'm not convinced he has t e on the cover of a magazine about it. 's a little hard for me to accept. It's a o out of the ordinary that I worry he m t not grow as I want him to." For an u e constructed leftist whose son has ple d allegiance to the Entertainment S e. these difficult quandaries arise freque y. "It was hard for me to go to the s of *Courage Under Fire,*" she continue "I was deeply against the Gulf War, a I didn't know how the film was goin o pan out politically."

So it's settled then. We have come re to celebrate the launch of Matt Dar n, *actor,* not Matt Damon, celebrity. We ll not torment him with shallow appraisa of his love life. We shall not murmur tha e looks kinda fat or suspiciously thin in t photo we saw in *People* magazine's " r Tracks" section. We shall leave him a ne to develop his craft and indulge him i is use of that word, *craft.* We shall take o account that he is still learning.

"I think Marlon Brando has done m re to destroy this generation of actors, he says, referring to his own generation, ne cause, with the whole marble-mouth th — the I-don't-give-a-fuck mentality—w at people overlook is that when the a le was my age he was the hardest-wor g man in show business. He was ons e. he was busting his ass with Stella A r, he was *obsessed* with acting. When o ple say, 'I just want to be fat and liv n Fiji and have everyone tell me I'm a e nius,' they're not looking at what it a ually takes to get there." □

# Incident

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 292 already penetrated Louima's rectum with the handle or stick.

According to Louima, "They threw me to the ground and start beating me up. And then one of them—there was two of them—one pick up something on the floor. I don't know what it is, but it looked like a plunger to me, and just, you know, push it on my ass, and then it came out with shit and blood. . . . They put it in my mouth. He said that's my shit."

"He was rubbing shit all over Louima's ass, and he had his head shoved up against the wall," the investigator said. Wiese screamed for him to stop. It was at that moment that Volpe is alleged to have shoved the handle into Louima's mouth. Louima later told investigators that he was attacked with a toilet plunger, but, according to Bruder, "I'd never seen a plunger in the house. The toilet was constantly broken." Earlier he had mentioned that the plunger was kept locked up. There were, he said, many mops and brooms stored in the public bathroom.

According to Louima, "I tried screaming. I screamed. . . . When they take me to the bathroom, there were other officers around—they don't do anything. They don't try to rescue me. . . . [Volpe] said lots of things. He said, 'Nigger, have to respect us. This is Giuliani, this is ot Dinkins time.' "

When Volpe returned the glove o Schofield, they were wet and soiled. "W at is this?" Schofield allegedly asked n. "Nothing. Just wash them off." Scho ld washed his gloves and placed then n top of his locker; they have since bee e-moved for DNA testing.

Bruder was sitting in an office app i-mately 20 feet from the bathroo "I heard people walking around in the ," he says. "Nothing else."

Bruder had paperwork to do: na s, dates, "pedigree stuff" for the collar le took a camera to the cell to photog h

uima and Patrick Antoine. "When I lked into the cell, Louima was hand- ffed and kneeling," he says. Louima's ck pants were down, and there was no n of blood, except for a cut over his e. Bruder felt sorry for him, he says, d took the handcuffs off him. "He went erboard thanking me, which I thought s weird. He could have been bleeding e a pig. You wouldn't have seen any- ng on those pants. It stinks terribly in t cell, and it is a dirty, nasty place."

According to a law-enforcement source, ere were feces on Louima." Louima's ncter was torn, which would have re- ted in a loss of bowel control, in the nion of Dr. Charles Gerson, an at- ding gastroenterologist at Mount Sinai spital.

Later, Louima would say of his initial si- ce, "He [Volpe] tell me if I talk to any- e about what he done to me, he'll kill , and he'll kill everyone in my family."

Bruder had to voucher Louima's pos- sions, and in one pocket he says he nd a flyer for a male revue at the ndez-Vous. "I threw it away. I didn't n voucher it. That was really dumb," admits. "The next thing I know Inter- Affairs is at my job . . . saying the ls were going to destroy me unless I perated. . . . Then I was arrested."

Within a week of the brawl outside the ndez-Vous, Bruder, Volpe, Wiese, and warz would be in virtual seclusion, si- ced by their lawyers. In Hicksville, der stayed at friends' houses in order avoid the news vans camped on his ck; he dodged calls from *Dateline C,* Barbara Walters, and Larry King. der insists that he has no idea what pened in the bathroom; he says he not imagine that the accusations inst Justin Volpe are true. He contin- to mention flyers he saw of a male ue at the Rendez-Vous.

"How does the stick get into the bath- m?" I ask Bruder. He says, "I told you. hopped up crap from the dog. I put mop next to the bathroom door."

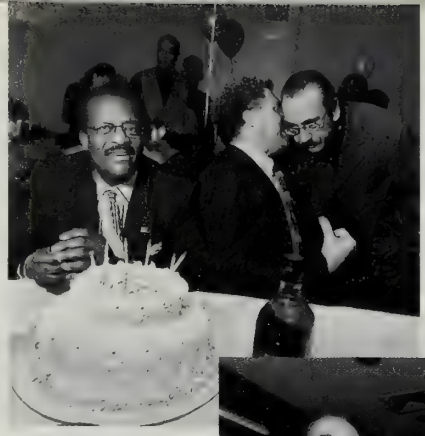
efore Bruder left the 7-0 at 7:50 A.M., he says, he noticed that Abner Louima racked with pain and holding his nach. He took him out of the filthy , discovered his missing shoe in the way, and found him a chair while he ted for a cop to accompany Louima Emergency Medical Services (E.M.S.) sonnel to a hospital. Volpe walked by saw Louima. "What the hell is he do- there?" Volpe said, according to some- close to the investigation. "Then he w him back into the cell."

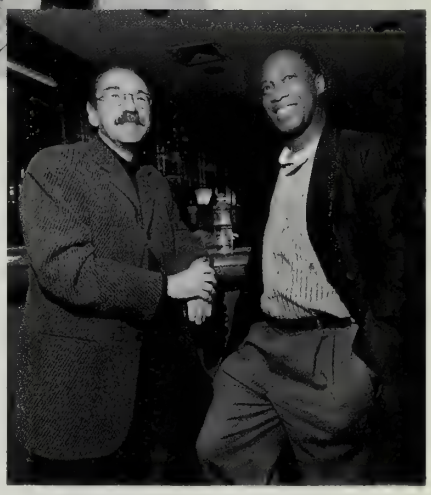
The ambulance carrying Louima arrived at Coney Island Hospital at approximately 8:30 A.M. One of the E.M.S. attendants would later say that he had seen no blood. For hours at the emergency room, Louima remained unattended, handcuffed to his bed, charged with disorderly conduct, obstructing governmental administration, resisting arrest, and third-degree assault. "Nobody say nothing!" recalled Andre Laurent, the husband of the emergency-room nurse Magalie Laurent. "My wife started work at 3:30 in the afternoon. Nobody told her until 10 minutes to seven that night." He said that a Jamaican nurse working on duty from seven A.M. to seven P.M. said to his wife, "You know what happened to someone from your country?"

Magalie Laurent, a woman with a lilting Haitian accent, worked 12-hour shifts in the Coney Island emergency room, and she moonlights at Long Island Jewish Medical Center. Her husband, like the husbands of several of the nurses, works for the police. Andre Laurent is an auxiliary police officer at Brooklyn's 6-1. Community residents have theorized that, although Kings County Hospital is close to the 7-0 and has a good emergency room, many victims of police brutality are taken to Coney Island Hospital, which lacks a trauma unit, because the nurses there who are married to police officers are likely to be unsympathetic to brutality claims.

Louima was guarded by officers from the 7-0, who told the Jamaican nurse that he had been injured in a homosexual episode. Another nurse claims the officers asked her to write this on her report. When Louima was finally taken to the operating room that afternoon, surgeons discovered that his colon had been punctured and his bladder torn. "I know you are Haitian. You should know what happened," the Jamaican nurse told Magalie Laurent. "You musn't keep it a secret. We must let everybody know."

Just before seven P.M., Magalie Laurent went to Louima's bed. "What I saw was an innocent person in distress," she told me. He was unable to speak, he had severe internal injuries, and he had had a large section of his colon removed. Tubes were coming out of his body, but he was being guarded by two officers from the 70th Precinct. Laurent went to a pay phone and called her husband. He told me that she whispered into the telephone, "'The cops got somebody and they used the stick in his butt.' . . . I said, 'I don't believe cops did that.' I said, 'I know the commissioner and the mayor . . . they're good guys, [but] they're not on the street.'" Laurent counseled his wife to call Internal Affairs.





Johnnie Cochran, who played "the race card" in the O. J. Simpson trial, celebrates his birthday at the Club Rendez-Vous after joining the Louima team, which includes, *below*, lawyer Sanford Rubenstein and Jean Claude Compas, Louima's doctor.

At 7:45 P.M., Magalie Laurent says she dialed the Internal Affairs Bureau, which monitors corruption within the Police Department. The bureau has strict procedures; each call must be recorded and forwarded to the district attorney's office, and if it is a case involving alleged criminal brutality, the I.A.B. is obliged to contact the D.A.'s office immediately. Neither of these procedures was followed on the night of August 9. Later, Police Commissioner Howard Safir acknowledged that the call had been handled improperly; the detective who answered the telephone was inexperienced and never made an official record of the call.

Magalie Laurent, frightened that she would lose her job, identified herself as Mrs. Louima—the wife of Abner. The deskman at Internal Affairs asked "Mrs. Louima" for her home address and telephone number. She did not know the answer, so she hung up. "I told him I would get back to him," she told me. Upset, she called her husband to tell him what had happened. "That is when my husband—he is a big part of this story, too—called Internal Affairs."

Magalie Laurent insists that there was a second call to Internal Affairs on Saturday night, made by her husband. "He stayed on the phone that night with those

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people from Internal Affairs," Magalie says. "As soon as I called, he called. He spoke to them and told them everything again. . . . He ordered them to have the 7-0 removed from the hospital. . . . My husband said, 'This is not fair. We told you what happened at the 7-0. It is not fair to have these men watching him there.' . . . And the next day they sent the 6-0."

I asked Magalie Laurent if she believed Internal Affairs took her husband's call seriously, since it has never been acknowledged by the Police Department. "I think my husband's call was more elaborate. He stayed on the phone for longer than I did. . . . But still, his call was not the one that sent them." I asked Laurent if her husband had identified himself as an employee of the New York City Police Department. "I think he did," she told me. "My husband stayed on the phone with these people for more than half an hour." Did they make a record of his call? "I don't think they did," she said. Later, when I brought up her claims to the police commissioner, he was elliptical: "When things are finally revealed, you will find that a lot of what has been reported is not true."

It was almost midnight when I spoke with Laurent at her Brooklyn home. She had just returned from a shift at Long Island Jewish Medical Center and sounded frightened and tired; she ended the conversation abruptly. "I'll talk to you another time," she said. The next day I phoned her, and she said that she could not speak about what happened in the second call. "I should not have said anything," she said.

Louima's lawyers claim that Safir has attempted to downplay the ineptitude of Internal Affairs, which is a bureau of the N.Y.P.D. Safir did not know about the incident until Sunday night. "I didn't get a confirmation until Monday, because Louima was sedated," he told me. Safir began his career at the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the precursor to the D.E.A., and climbed through its ranks. He was the nephew of the Brooklyn cop who arrested the bank robber Willie Sutton. "I was probably one of the few Jews who did both undercover work and rose in the hierarchy," he said. As the number-three man of the U.S. Marshals Service, Safir revamped a moribund agency and supervised the discovery of Josef Mengele's body. He is not afraid to make enemies. "The [precinct] supervisor obviously did not have a handle on what was going on among some of his troops," he said of the Louima case. "When I removed the supervisor and everybody else at the precinct, I did it out of an abundance of caution. . . . This is aberrant behavior by one, maybe four or five cops who are guilty of misconduct." Within 10 days, all charges against Louima and Antoine had been dropped.

"My wife is so scared that she cannot even go to work," Andre Laurent told me recently. "I call everybody! I tried to get in touch with Internal Affairs and the mayor." Magalie implied that her husband was afraid of possible reprisal by the Police Department or the loss of his job. Six weeks after she made her call to Internal Affairs, another emergency-room nurse shoved her to the floor and punched her in the chest, according to *The New York Times*. "She was yelling, 'You messed with the wrong people. You messed with the N.Y.P.D.'" (Later, federal investigators would question parts of Magalie Laurent's account.)

However helpless Abner Louima may have appeared to the cops at the 7-0, his Haitian accent camouflaged one of the supreme ironies of his case: within the closed Haitian community of Brooklyn, Louima's family had plenty of levers to pull on his and their own behalf.

Abner Louima's uncle Philius Nicolas is called "the patriarch" in his community for a reason. A Pentecostal reverend, Nicolas is a canny dispenser of patronage for newly arrived Haitian immigrants. When Pastor Nicolas came to New York in 1965, he made $1.25 an hour working in a factory, although he had been a minister and a building contractor in Haiti. He was not a political refugee—"I never had a problem with the Tontons Macoutes," he says.

With his children in Haiti, Nicolas had only a sister in New York—Abner Louima's aunt. He went to school during the day and worked nights, and on weekends started an evangelical group which ultimately became his church. Within three years he owned a $17,000 house on Prospect Place, and in 1972 he graduated from the New York Theological Seminary. By the following year he had hundreds of followers who viewed him as the gatekeeper to jobs and apartments. When his son Samuel arrived in New York, he had to schedule appointments to see his father. "The only day we had together was Sunday afternoon," Pastor Nicolas told me. "Then I went back to sleep to go to work."

As Haitians, the Nicolases had never experienced racism until they mov Brooklyn. Samuel and his brother H attended a predominantly white j high school. "They called us 'ni 'Kunta Kinte'—whatever they sa TV." Herold recalled that neighbor kids even ran up their driveway with ball bats, yelling, "Nigger, I'll catch

With his gray beard, hooded eyes thick island accent, Pastor Nicolas not seem a conventional power br You can walk the three-block peri of his world in minutes. He is past the Croisade Evangelique, a mo beige building next to a parking lot buses in it on 31st Street and Far Place, four blocks from the Club Re Vous. On a nearby corner is the f radio station, Bonne Nouvelles, a room space in a building with graffit signs for evangelical meetings on door. The Haitian D.J.'s broadcast desk chairs that have torn leatherett holstery, and there are inspirational ole calendars on the wall. The shabb roundings are deceptive, however. power of radio and political musi Haitians compares to that of an page for others. Many small villag Haiti have their own radio stations. Haitians, with one of the highest illit rates in North America, depend on for news. Pastor Nicolas's church no 1,500 active members, including politi professionals, and Edwidge Dantic Haitian selected by *Granta* as one c best young American writers. "At one we had 8 to 10 buses at the church morning loading Haitians to go to Jersey to do factory work," Nicolas s

Haitians tend to be insular. In B lyn high schools, they are "Frenchies" and start their own pol clubs. Upper-class Haitians—man whom have become doctors, pharma and real-estate agents—do not allow families to speak Creole at home be of its class implications.

During the 1980 boat-refugee c when thousands of Haitians were att ing to flee their country, the pastor tled hundreds of them through the ch They slept on cots while Nicolas spu Rolodex and found them jobs and a ments; then he opened the church to dreds more. In Washington, as ass attorney general in 1982, Giuliani nearly 2,000 of the fleeing Haitia detention camps in Miami, which caused his actions in the Louima ca be distrusted by the community. In in a move to fight the spread of AID Food and Drug Administration b

od donations from all immigrants from aiti, where heterosexual contact was a ajor form of transmission. Haitian lead- s protested, and Pastor Nicolas helped organize a march in New York.

Since the administration of Ed Koch, muel Nicolas has worked for the city, re- wing contracts for city agencies. Koch s always sensitive to the Haitian popula- n. "Koch reached out to our communi- " Samuel said. It took 11 years for the deral Communications Commission to prove the Nicolas family's application the Bonne Nouvelles radio signal, ich transmits to parts of Queens, most Brooklyn, and Asbury Park, New Jer- , where there is a large Haitian commu- y. All together, in the tri-state area, there about 1 million Haitians, a potentially ge power base.

The pastor's ambitions are not wield- with much subtlety. Once when I was erviewing him about the family, his n Samuel shut the office door. "The rch needs a new roof," Samuel said. idn't you see the way the water ured in during the rain when they re taping *Nightline*? . . . Do you know y people in Manhattan who could help Could you buy a table at our Novem- benefit at the Holiday Inn near Ken- ly airport?"

The pastor was also quite adept at ling levers for his own family; he has ught about 50 relatives to America n Haiti since 1968. Abner Louima was of the most recent arrivals; he came New York after receiving an electrical- ineering degree in Port-au-Prince. He pro-democracy and an acquaintance former president Aristide's. The pastor little knowledge of his nephew when arrived in New York, but he put him work driving one of the church buses rying factory workers to Long Island. uima had left a baby daughter behind Haiti, but he promptly started studying become an American citizen. The pas- saw in his nephew a high level of am- on. "He drove a limo for a while and three jobs," he said. The pastor's son rold, who works for the radio station, particularly close to his cousin. "I am compère," he told me. "It's a relation- like a godfather." Herold was his sin's best man when he married heline, another young Haitian immi- nt, whom Abner had met at a birthday y in Queens. They have a year-old y, Abner junior.

On Saturday, August 9, Pastor Nicolas at his house in Uniondale, Long Is- , not far from Tom Bruder's neighbor- d, when his sister, Abner's mother, called him crying, "Abner has been assassinated by the police!" She was in hysterics, and repeated the word "assassinate" again and again.

The family of Pierre Dejean Sr. had never heard of the Louima family until the weekend of August 9, when the brawl on Flatbush Avenue brought them together and threatened to destroy much of the progress they had made in America. Dejean owns a body shop in Brooklyn and is a partner in the Club Rendez-Vous; he has climbed into the solid middle class. The Haitian community has an expression: "Make the money in Brooklyn and move to Long Island." Dejean lives in Westbury, Long Island, in a spacious ranch house with a swimming pool. When Frank Sinatra performed at the nearby Westbury Music Fair, Dejean's friends parked in his driveway. Dejean's son, Pierre junior, a polished young lawyer, works in a city agency as an equal-opportunity employment analyst.





Questions raised over the issue of racism in the alleged brutalization of Abner Louima were clouded by the announcement that Justin Volpe has a black girlfriend named Susan, *above*, who until recently worked at the 70th Precinct station house. *Left*, Officer Volpe in court on August 18 with his lawyer, Marvyn Kornberg, to plead not guilty to charges of aggravated sexual abuse and assault.

The Dejean family has owned the Rendez-Vous for almost a decade. It began as the Senegal Manor, a large restaurant that attracted politicians and middle-class Haitians for lunches of *akra* and Creole chicken. Dejean senior once owned several buildings in Brooklyn, but he lost them in the real-estate recession of the 1980s. He took in a partner and changed the Senegal to the Club Rendez-Vous, opening it on weekends for dinner and dancing.

Friday night at the Rendez-Vous is a ritual that begins in the leafy glades of middle-class Jamaica Estates at the condominium of King Kino, the star of the Phantoms. It was King Kino's sweet Creole sound, bluesy and as political as the reggae of Bob Marley, that drew Abner Louima to the Rendez-Vous on August 9. "This guy is one of my biggest fans," Kino told me. In his own way, Kino too is a power broker, but his connections are to former president Aristide. When he flies to Port-au-Prince to give a concert, 12,000 attend. Kino's searing ballads are the editorials of his fans. From his hit song "Haiti Cowboy": "I remember when I was a kid. . . . There was never justice or freedom unless you were part of the [Tontons Macoutes] regime / At sunset was the curfew. . . . So they could go around and steal."

By eight P.M., Kino has chosen his wardrobe, usually a white pleated Versace silk shirt and white pants from the Gap. For performances, he often ties back his blond-tipped dreads. His crocodile shoes are selected by his mother, and a friend picks up his beige Rolls-Royce, which he is paying off at $1,200 a month. A fixture of Flatbush Avenue, Kino holds court at his record store, Phantom International, a few doors down from the Rendez-Vous. It is a storefront with a sofa and a glass case of the Phantoms' CDs, as well as recordings by other Haitian stars. Kino, whose mother, Soeur (Sister) Rosette, was a minister on a midwestern tent-revival circuit, sells 30,000 CDs a year in the Caribbean.

When Kino came to Brooklyn in the mid-70s, he was known by his real name, Pierre Divers. He was hired by Erasmus High School to counsel troubled Haitian teenagers, and there he met the drummer and the bass-guitar player who would eventually join the Phantoms. His first political ballad, "Sa Fè Mal" (That Hurts), was a stinging exposé of the plight of political prisoners at the hands of the Haitian army and the Tontons Macoutes. It was 1986. Kino was 24 and wore his hair

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in a Mohawk, very Flatbush, but he had the No. 1 hit on Radio Metropole, a major station in Port-au-Prince.

At the same time in Port-au-Prince, Abner Louima was in engineering school. Aristide was the dean and a well-known opponent of Baby Doc Duvalier, and had inspired Louima with his passion for democratic rule in Haiti. Louima listened to "Sa Fè Mal" on the radio and later told Kino, "I could not imagine who could stand up to the army like this." Louima was determined to go to America, but visa restrictions were severe. His mother in New York had applied for him to leave Haiti, but he had yet to be cleared. Soon after he arrived, he learned that King Kino could be found at his Flatbush Avenue record store. It was 1991 by then, and Kino had had more hits, including "Haiti Cowboy," one of his biggest singles, which counseled "the mothers of Haiti to take to the streets."

"He used to come to the store all the time," Kino told me. "He would ask me about Aristide, about René Préval, the new president of Haiti, and we would talk about how to improve conditions." Abner was gregarious and religious, Kino recalled, and trying to make his way in a new society.

As Kino drove through the brawl at three A.M. on August 9, he says, he saw "cops everywhere hitting Haitians, yelling, 'Fucking Haitians. Dumb fucking Haitians.' We saw Abner get taken away, and when I did, I thought, We will go to the precinct in the morning and get him out."

At 7:20 A.M. on Saturday morning, Pierre Dejean Sr.'s telephone rang at his home in Westbury. "This is Captain Walsh at the 7-0. I need to see you right away." The tone was brusque. Dejean thought there must have been a fire or some other disaster. "I want to see you by noon. Do not disappoint me."

Dejean arrived at his club at 12:30 P.M. to find his partners, Mr. and Mrs. Prosper Jean Philip, visibly shaken by an unpleasant encounter they had just had with the 7-0. Sergeant Bellomo, who had been on patrol the night before, had accompanied William Walsh. They had demanded identification and had written out a summons, citing "disorderly premise." They had given the time as 4:07 A.M. When the partners later told them that the club had closed at three A.M., according to Dejean, the captain and the sergeant ignored them. "Walsh said, 'I had four of my cops injured by you people.' . . . He never said anything about the incident!" Later the F.B.I. would reportedly focus on Walsh's summons as part of a possible cover-up of the activities of the 7-0.

Early Monday morning, Brian Figeroux arrived at his small law office across from Brooklyn supreme court. Figeroux and his partner, Carl Thomas, were hustling to make their rent by filling out tax returns and green-card applications. On the single desk in the outer office, there are flyers and cards telling you to call if you get in trouble or are hassled by the police. Thomas and Figeroux met in college and later worked for the Brooklyn district attorney. Figeroux, who grew up in Trinidad, is tall and lanky with Eurasian eyes that often narrow at real or imagined racial slights. Thomas, with the proportions of a fullback, has a less incendiary manner, but shares Figeroux's politics. It was in fact their brooding diatribes about "the system" that would lead them to be in the catbird seat and within reach of a possible windfall of tens of millions of dollars in lawyers' fees.

Figeroux once taught a course called Blacks and the Law at Brooklyn College, and he speaks in testy hyperbole. "Mr. Louima wants this to go all the way . . . the reason why he wants the entire 70th Precinct to fall is because of the system of fear, not mutual respect, that they are using in our community!" he told me the day I met him. "We are looking for attempted-murder charges! They have 700 I.A. officers. They should be fired!"

On Monday, August 11, Figeroux was in his office when he was beeped by a former student. The student's sister's boyfriend was Jonas Louima, Abner's younger brother. The family was desperate. All they knew was that Abner was gravely wounded, that he was under arrest, and that he was being guarded at Coney Island Hospital. The day before, Jonas had talked to the desk sergeant at the 7-0. "I told him my brother was arrested, and I would like to file a complaint because they prevented us from seeing him in the hospital." Herold, who was with him at the time, later told *Nightline*'s Ted Koppel, "The desk sergeant . . . told several other police officers, and they all started watching us and smirking, sneering at us. And he did not come out to the desk for about 15 minutes. When he came back, he totally disregarded us and he said, 'Next.' . . . [Another] police officer said, 'You can't file a complaint here. You have to go home.'" Micheline had been shu from the hospital to the precinct to permit to see her husband, which wa nied her. She finally saw him only reappearing at the hospital and beco hysterical, at which point a hospita ministrator let her in.

When Figeroux heard what had pened to Louima, he raced from hi fice and arrived at the hospital in the ly afternoon. "The first thing I sai Abner was that he was safe now," roux says. "I let him know that som was here who was going to take ca things. . . . Tears were in my eyes. when I spoke to my partner . . . I we had to praise the Lord that he alive." There was, he said, alread ominous sign of the factions that w soon be at war over Louima's "There are two sides of the family in case," Figeroux told me. "The poor is for political change—that's Abner Micheline. But they have no real p And then there is the rich side: P Nicolas and Samuel."

In the hours after the incident, the side of the family had not been When Figeroux arrived at Abner's side, there was already "a bloodsu from a personal-injury law firm the sign up Louima, who was still handc to the bed. "They weren't even conce with the guy's safety," Figeroux said.

In fact, Pastor Nicolas had mobi quickly with the help of two pow friends—Dr. Jean Claude Compas head of a local clinic, and Tatiana the daughter of a Haitian painter a graduate of Brown University, who a political lobbying group called Haitian American Alliance. Nicola called saying, "This is an outrage! has happened to my nephew? We c let this be."

At the same time, Herold Nicola lied a Brooklyn lawyer, Sanford R stein, whose vast plaintiffs' business is nected to 1-800-LAWYERS, a marketin stem which advertises on TV and sp izes in personal-injury claims. Ruben who grew up in a project with fr named Bubbles and Eustice, he tol had begun his career working out small storefront in Bedford-Stuyvesan eventually expanded to a suite of o decorated with headlines of his triu 7 MILLION FOR 2 BURNED IN LIRR MOTORCYCLIST HIT BY MILK TRUCK $23 MILLION; $25 MILLION FOR 2 KILLED UNDER TRUCK.

Rubenstein would later call it " incidence" when he discovered tha

riend Dr. Compas was already involved n the case. In a city of odd alliances, ompas and Rubenstein were a particularly unlikely pair, but they had partied in Haiti and shuffled business each other's ay—and they soon would attempt to run ouima's case. Educated in France, Compas is a handsome smoothy, but he treats any Haitian immigrants at his bustling linic free of charge. He advertises his linic on the local Haitian radio, including the Nicolases' station, and he is affiliated with Brooklyn Hospital. The diminutive and cunning Rubenstein drives hrough Brooklyn in a black stretch limo ith crystal decanters in its bar. He is a an with inside information who wears xpensive suits, but he has the personal yle of a hammer. Reporters would later imic Rubenstein in his interviews: "Go! o! Enough! What's in it for me? This is movement, not a case! It's *bashert* that is case came to me! That's Yiddish for y destiny'! *Bashert!* I'm not answering at! NO ONE is seeing Abner! I've erected alls around him!"

The potential for a bonanza through ubenstein's operation is well known in e Haitian community; he raised money r Aristide, advertised on Haitian radio, ce collected $1.5 million for a Haitian bdriver shot by the police, and has done gal work for the pastor. Many members his staff come from the islands; they an the phones, hearing complaints at ntake." *(It's a pothole! . . . Who hit you? . Have you filed for workmen's comp?)* ften his clients must sign a third-of-the-ore contingency agreement before he ll take them on. By the time he arrived, geroux says, Rubenstein had dispatched young associate to Louima's bed with e paperwork. "Don't let the guard stop u," Rubenstein had told him.

Meanwhile, at the office of the Haitian American Alliance, Tatiana Wah orked her contacts all day and got where. She and her callers were told "write a letter" by the *Daily News* and e *Post*. Finally someone called a local -news channel, NY1 News. "We'll nd someone to check it out," the assignment editor said. He did not sound thusiastic. Wah had one friend who s a journalist, Garry Pierre-Pierre, a itian-American reporter for *The New rk Times*. Pierre-Pierre was out on a ry. "Call me, it's urgent," Wah told answering machine.

Friends tease *New York Daily News* columnist Mike McAlary about his igh-guy, ersatz-Brooklyn-cop act, but he an astringent tabloid prose style and police contacts his competitors envy. At 7:55 P.M. on August 11, a man left the following message on McAlary's voice mail:

You don't know me, but I'm calling because in the 7-0 Precinct in Brooklyn on August the 9th at about 0400 hours a—the cops there sodomized a prisoner. They took a nightstick and shoved it up his behind and into his bladder. The patient is currently at Coney Island Hospital. His name is—his last name is L-O-U-I-M-A. . . . Now they are trying to cover it up because it was two white officers and they did this to a black guy that they had locked up for disorderly conduct, and now they're charging him with Assault 2. . . . I won't call you back anymore.

McAlary believed he was hearing the authentic voice of a desperate and courageous cop. Driving in from his house on Long Island the next day, he ran some checks on the name Louima—"standard Journalism 101 stuff," he told me—and headed directly to Coney Island Hospital. There, he met Brian Figeroux, Micheline Louima, and Abner's parents.

The group found a freight elevator—the passenger elevator was broken—and went straight to intensive care. "There was a cop on the door, and he nodded at me and let me in," says McAlary. "Either that cop was the dumbest cop of all time or he wanted people to know.

"It was one of the first times Louima had seen his family . . . and he started to cry. . . . They closed the curtain around us. And 40 minutes later, as we were leaving, an administrator was scurrying down the hall to throw us out. 'Who's in there? McAlary? We can't have this!' she said."

From his car, McAlary called his editor. "Clear the decks," he announced.

Four hours after the message was left for McAlary, Tom Bruder was coming onto his shift. He had already been tipped by Tom Wiese "that there was trouble on his Friday collar." "What are you talking about?" Bruder asked. He had a sick feeling in his stomach, he says. Wiese's call had been made at five A.M., and his voice was strained with urgency, Bruder later told me, but he insisted that Wiese had given him no details. When he got to the 7-0, he says, "Internal Affairs was all over the building." He looked down the vast corridor of his life and saw it caving in around him. He was two weeks away from his transfer to Nassau County and that huge raise. Speaking for the first time about the case, Bruder came to see me with his lawyer, Stuart London. That day, he says, he had called his partner, Jimmy Hughes. "Jimmy, you are not going to believe this," Bruder said. "I am not going to Nassau. There is an investigation, and I am in the middle of it."

By Tuesday afternoon, the news van from NY1 was on its way to Coney Island Hospital for the five P.M. live feed, but it ran into trouble on the Belt Parkway. Nevertheless, the reporter, Aram Roston, broke the story on the seven o'clock news. By six P.M., Garry Pierre-Pierre of *The New York Times* had phoned Tatiana Wah back and was on a conference call with Pastor Nicolas. He later dictated the facts he had gathered to the night rewrite person.

Not until seven P.M. did the telephone ring in Mayor Giuliani's white security van. It was the police commissioner. Safir said, "We have a serious problem." The mayor was attending his son Andrew's Little League game. He went home and "remained on the phone for the next three or four hours," he told Ted Koppel. The *Times* debated where to run the story, placing it not on page one but as the lead above the fold in the Metro section.

On Wednesday morning, Tom Bruder saw the mob of cameras at the 7-0 and left the precinct by the back door. McAlary's piece was on the front page of the *News* with a picture of a wan Abner Louima in his hospital bed and a banner headline: TORTURED BY COPS. "I could not read it," Bruder says. "I kept saying, 'What are they talking about?' I was silent the whole day. It was like, What? If this truly happened in the bathroom, then this is a sick thing and no one would be silent about it."

The Internal Affairs squad was opening every locker at the 7-0. Volpe's dreadlock collection had reportedly been spirited away by his pals. Behind one set of lockers, the squad discovered a mop handle and had it sent out to the crime lab. The P.B.A. reps had also landed, and had imposed the 48-hour right to silence that is in their union contract. They met with Volpe, Bruder, Schwarz, and Wiese and told them in no uncertain terms that they would need lawyers. According to Bruder, Volpe's brother Damian was also present, acting as the policemen's representative. Bruder, said one senior investigator, appeared stunned, and stared at Justin Volpe when he said, "I am going to ride this out. It was a gay thing that happened at the club. We will ride this out."

That afternoon, when Bruder appeared at the P.B.A. attorneys' office to meet his

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lawyer, Stuart London, he was sobbing. "He could not walk into the conference room," London says. Two officers from Internal Affairs had gone to Bruder's door and taken his badge and gun. The atmosphere at the P.B.A. was ominous. Thomas Wiese's lawyer called Internal Affairs to say that Wiese would give a statement. "We don't want to talk to him until Friday," he was told. It took until Sunday to interview him. Wiese insisted that his partner, Charles Schwarz, had been nowhere near the bathroom. At the time, Wiese was completely unaware that Eric Turetzky had come forward and confirmed the identification of Charles Schwarz to the Brooklyn D.A. "I'm too upset to eat," Turetzky had told his mother, who urged him to go forward and "do the right thing." As he walked out of the precinct house, one P.B.A. delegate approached him. "What the hell are you doing?" the delegate asked.

"You know very well what I'm doing," Turetzky said.

The next morning, Wiese failed the lie-detector test and was indicted, but his lawyer says he passed a second.

It is a paradox in the N.Y.P.D. under Howard Safir and Rudy Giuliani that while there is zero tolerance for crime, there may not be zero tolerance for police crime—particularly brutality. A wink and a nod are given to hundreds of cases on a yearly basis. According to the comptroller's statistics, the number of brutality claims has more than doubled in the last 10 years, from 1,229 in 1987 to 2,735 between 1996 and 1997. The city has a method of dealing with such charges: it pays. In the last year, $27.3 million was paid out to settle claims, up from $19.5 million the previous year. With rare exceptions, the accused officers were not penalized. According to the *Times,* personal-injury claims against the Police Department have skyrocketed, climbing 80 percent during the past decade. This is due in part to an enlarged police force and the fact that there are more policemen on the streets, as well as to the weakness of the Civilian Complaint Review Board (C.C.R.B.), which rarely substantiates complaints. Although the number of complaints rose dramatically during Giuliani's administration, it went down 21 percent during the first five months of this year. In the previous administration of David Dinkins, the bar had been raised on acceptable criminal activities. Low-level drug dealers were not aggressively prosecuted, and in the case of the 1991 riot in Crown Heights, the mob was not quelled for four days. Giuliani created a different atmosphere. He hired as his police commissioner the innovative William Bratton and lowered the bar on criminal activities.

Are all these claims legitimate? The police complain that there are no civil or criminal penalties for filing a false claim. Still, the situation in New York, as in many other cities, is severe. In 1996, Amnesty International issued a searing report stating that there was a pattern of alleged abuse by the N.Y.P.D., particularly in high-crime precincts with large minority populations.

For many, the allegation of defiling Abner Louima's rectum with a stick was an aberration with intense sexual implications. "The most brutal cops I know are disgusted by the thought of touching a prisoner's rectum," said one police expert. "They might beat the shit out of someone and leave them for dead in a field, but they wouldn't dream of getting near their private parts." According to Earl Caldwell, an African-American reporter hired by the *Times* in 1967, "When you strip a man of his clothing and another man is holding him, there is something sexual being activated. This thing between black men and white cops is as old as the hills. It is not written about or talked about in the white press, but it sure is on the black side of town. . . . I know of white cops who pull guns on black cops to keep them silent when they see this kind of thing."

Caldwell, a specialist in police brutality, recalls how, in 1970, Philadelphia's police commissioner, Frank Rizzo, proudly dismissed the public outcry over a news photo of Black Panthers stripped naked on the street after a raid by his cops. "That was the first case like this that got national attention," Caldwell says. "To me, there is the ultimate question: Is this degradation or wish fulfillment?" Caldwell has said he was fired by the *Daily News* in 1994, when a column he wrote about a police officer accused of raping five black livery drivers was pulled by his editor. The *News* said Caldwell resigned.

"Most men are homophobic," Herold Nicolas told me. "To even think about what happened to Abner. A man's organ is four to nine inches and that stick was two feet long."

Samuel Nicolas said, "I've heard that several cops routinely ask young black guys to spread their cheeks. I don't know if this means they're homosexual, but if you castrate a man, it's a way of taking away his dignity."

Even the most compelling brut[al] cases are difficult to prosecute. [The] C.C.R.B. is characterized as ineffec[tive] even by its supporters—only 1 percen[t] of the recent complaints have report[ed] led to disciplinary action. In court, [the] cases are often "shitcanned," in the [in]-lance of the district attorney, mea[ning] they are thrown out of court or recei[ve] a lesser charge.

When Nicole Marcano, an ho[nors] graduate of an elite women's colleg[e in] Trinidad, came to America in 1989, [she] worked as a legal secretary in New Y[ork]. Her boyfriend, Brian Benjamin-B[enn], owned a Brooklyn body shop. [One] evening in 1992, she rode with him to [de]-liver a Nissan Pathfinder to a custo[mer]. Two police cars from the 71st Precinc[t in] Crown Heights, followed them into [the] driveway of the house where they [were] taking the car. The officers questio[ned] the ownership of the vehicle, even tho[ugh] Benjamin-Benn told them it was a re[gular] job. "Every time he tried to explain, [they] pushed him against the gate with [such] force that he was hitting his head," Ma[r]-cano says. When she protested, [she] claims, one police officer, John Pir[ozzi], smashed her in the face, knocking [her] unconscious. She was handcuffed [and] thrown into the backseat of the p[o]l[ice] car. She alleged that, when she cam[e to], Pirozzi smacked her and said, "Th[at's] what happens when you assault a p[o]l[ice] officer, you little black bitch." Blood [was] pouring down her face, and she faint[ed].

When she told them she was a [legal] secretary, "they just scoffed, 'So, [big] deal,'" Marcano said. The routine c[ov]-ery became a New York nightmare: [Mar]-cano wound up in Central Booking [with] a broken jaw, a missing tooth, and a [face] swollen to twice its normal size. "I [was] scared out of my mind," she told [me]. Twenty-four hours later, when she [and] Benjamin-Benn finally saw a night-c[ourt] judge, Pirozzi had issued "a whole b[unch] of charges"—14 in all. The charges [were] dismissed, and after Marcano file[d a] complaint with the C.C.R.B., the Br[ook]-lyn D.A.'s office filed criminal ch[arges] against Pirozzi. The case was prosec[uted] vigorously, but the judge, Thaddeus O[wens], an African-American, inexplicably [set] the jury's guilty verdict of aggravate[d ha]-rassment aside, saying he did not [be]-lieve [the defendant] did it because [he] was black." The conviction was late[r re]-instated on appeal.

Ironically, the lawyer for John Pir[ozzi], Stuart London, now represents Tom [Bru]-der. He also represented Francis Livo[lsi, an] officer acquitted of but fired for kill[ing a]

ronx man, Anthony Baez, with an illegal oke hold. London, once a Bronx assis- nt district attorney, describes the gauze ound the allegations of police brutality "a gray area." "There's an altercation. meone hits the cop, the cop uses rea- nable force, then you look at the injuries d try to figure out what happened," he ys. London does not believe that Mar- no is a credible witness.

A more recent case which might involve Tom Bruder has as yet been reported. In July, two weeks before oner Louima was injured, 25-year-old icola Fyff went to the movies with r boyfriend, Bernard Golson. Fyff and olson were in a late-model Jaguar with ff's two small children and were opped allegedly for speeding on Coney and Avenue. Fyff, an African-American o then worked in Manhattan as a cos- etician for Vidal Sassoon, insisted that ey were under the speed limit, but the uite cops said they had clocked them at miles per hour. Golson did not have driver's license, but he did have iden- ication and the proper registration, hich the cops, according to Fyff, did t ask to see. One policeman, in plain thes, refused to show his own ID, Fyff ims, and said angrily, "Either get out the car or I will break your fucking ndow." One of the cops also allegedly led Fyff "a fucking bitch" and threat- ed to take her children away. Later, olson was charged with "disorderly con- ct" but not with speeding. Fyff, ac- ding to her attorney John Lonuzzi, d never been arrested before.

When Fyff became hysterical at the 7-0, was told by the deskman to leave. n Bruder had just arrived on the mid- ht shift. "He began physically pushing out of the precinct," she says. "He d, like, 'Get the hell out.'" On the s with her two children, she recalls, lost his temper.

"He was, like, 'Get the fuck off the rs.' He was out of control. He said, u are fucking trespassing!'" Then Fyff ced the plainclothesman who had ar- ted her boyfriend leaving the precinct the night. She ran over to write down license-plate number. "Bruder sees this says, 'Fuck this shit!,'" Fyff claims. comes to me, pushes us . . . and says, hat are you going to do? Find his se and shoot him?'" Within minutes, was handcuffed to a pole and threat- d with the loss of her children. She later taken to a hospital to have her X-rayed, but she had no visible sign erious injuries.

"The doctor basically said to her, 'Get out of here. You are a liar,'" says Bruder, who remembered her immediately and was offhand about the incident. Bruder and his partner, Jimmy Hughes, were at the 7-0 when she returned. "They said, 'Nicola, you're an animal and animals belong in a cage.' They're playing this little game. I was handcuffed and they were walking back and forth in the hall. I said to my boyfriend, who was being held in the next room, 'Do you hear what they are saying to me?' He says, 'Just forget it. Don't pay attention.'"

Bruder vehemently denies Fyff's accusations. "She better have a lot of people who back that up. . . . She is jumping on the bandwagon."

Like Nicole Marcano, Fyff was taken to Central Booking and placed in a cell with "crackheads and the worst kind of people," she says. "I was ready to go crazy. I needed to see my kids. I am in for almost 24 hours." When she went before the judge, she had been charged with "threatening to burn the precinct down" and "kicking a cop in the stomach." Bruder told me that Fyff was "going crazy. . . . She stood outside and wrote down a cop's license number and was saying, 'I'll get your m.f.-ing family.' I said, 'You can't do that.'" Bruder was unaware that he is potentially facing another set of charges for assault, false imprisonment, and unlawful arrest. John Lonuzzi intends to bring a suit against the city, Hughes, and Bruder.

According to David Durk, the Police Department whistle-blower who helped persuade Frank Serpico to come forward in 1966, "Nothing has changed. Everything is the way it was when Serpico and I were cops. When I was at the Police Academy, I was given a formal lecture on how to take a bribe. [I was] taught how to give beatings without leaving marks. There is a level of hypocrisy and cynicism that is just mind-boggling. . . . There are all kinds of arcane things you could do. The specialty of the Suffolk department was great. They put telephone books on people's heads and used pipes to give them concussions, and, of course, there were no marks."

On August 19, the day I met Justin Volpe, his picture was on the front page of the *New York Post* with the headline BRAGGART: 'NO ONE JUMPS ME AND GETS AWAY WITH IT.' The paper was on display in the deli downstairs from the office of Marvyn Kornberg, the shrewd and antic trial lawyer known as "the King of Queens Boulevard." In Kornberg's office the phones were ringing constantly as Kornberg slyly negotiated with the callers: "I've heard from everyone—*Nightline,* CBS, the *News,* the *Post.* Geraldo called and—this is the best—he said, 'Maybe Justin will come on and we'll pay for treatment.' He's got a setup where he pays for treatment for people? Can you believe this wackjob?"

Kornberg had invited me to his office to meet Robert Volpe, Justin's father. "You only get 45 minutes," he said. When I arrived, Justin was in the room. "I am not allowed to stay," he said sheepishly. Although Volpe's pictures made him look like a Mob tough, in this setting he was soft-spoken and well mannered. He wore a sweater and chinos and filled the doorframe as he lingered for a few moments with his father. Meanwhile, Kornberg shouted into the phone, "Forget it, Mary! Don't bring that *Nightline* crew here!"

Robert Volpe wore cowboy boots and a trendy blazer, and had his hair in a small ponytail. He told me, "I think I am going to wake up and this [trial] isn't going to be necessary. It just does not compute. . . . I will never believe it. People will use the word 'denial,' but it is so beyond what Justin is. . . . If you were in trouble, you would want Justin, because he cares."

"The only one who talks to Justin is Mike McAlary," Kornberg informed me roughly. McAlary had reported another scoop in the previous day's paper: that Justin Volpe had had a long relationship with an African-American woman named Susan, who worked as an aide in the 7-0. Was Kornberg trying to stop the Volpe-as-racist spin attached to the case? How could anyone think that Justin Volpe hated Haitians if he was involved with a black woman? According to Robert Volpe, the woman spent a lot of time on Staten Island with the family. Although Robert Volpe insists that he always encouraged racial tolerance, he also recalls that, the first time he met Susan, she and Justin had stopped by on their way home from the beach. "I smiled and made some comment about how the sun must have been hot today."

At the hospital, Abner Louima told McAlary that as Justin Volpe beat him he said, "All they [blacks] know how to do is make photocopies." As an aide at the 7-0, Susan had duties that included making photocopies. "I can't explain it," McAlary later said, "but a lot of slave owners had black mistresses." After Susan spoke to McAlary, she was silenced by Kornberg. "I am not going to make Susan the black Mary Jo Buttafuoco," he told me. Kornberg's former client Joey

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Buttafuoco, accused of plotting with his teenage mistress, Amy Fisher, to murder his wife, had enlisted Mary Jo as his denial chorus.

At St. Joseph By-the-Sea, a parochial school on Staten Island, Volpe had had a reserved manner. He was "gorgeous," one friend recalled, and another remembered him as "the sweetest" of the three Volpe brothers. His mother taught art at the school, and the Volpe house was filled with paintings. At times Justin seemed intimidated by his two older brothers, especially Damian, who was determined to be a cop. Justin had an affectionate relationship with the priest who ran the school, who "was always giving him noogies," according to a former girlfriend of Damian's. "I can't believe you're a cop," she told Justin when she ran into him in the city. "Well, you gotta do what your dad does," Volpe told her.

The homosexual tilt Volpe immediately put on Louima's injuries has caused several psychiatrists to theorize that this was a form of wish fulfillment. Volpe told McAlary that the incident had happened in the bathroom in the Rendez-Vous, alluding to the cop alibi that the Rendez-Vous was a gay club—a tough story to sell, since hundreds of partygoers had gone there to hear King Kino that night. "Being gay is something that is severely frowned upon in the Caribbean," Herold Nicolas has said. Moreover, how could a man who had suffered such internal injuries then punch out a beefy cop on the street? Tom Bruder attempted to back Volpe up on this. "I'm pretty sure they said he was drunk," Bruder said. "You never know what people do when they have a couple drinks in them."

I asked Kornberg to speculate about his client. "If he did it, he did it because he was affronted by getting beaten up on the street. If he did it."

I then asked, "Would he have snapped?"

Kornberg replied, "Of course, of course. If he did it."

Some people have suggested that Volpe took steroids, which might account for his inexplicable rage. Bruder doesn't think so. "Volpe did not even like to work out that much," he says.

Volpe operated from a precinct with a history of trouble. Many of the cops of the 7-0 call themselves "the Laws of Flatbush," and in 1996 the precinct had 64 civilian complaints filed against it, one of the highest numbers in the city. The most controversial of the cops of the 7-0 was Anthony Abbate, a P.B.A. delegate once accused of insulting a black cop. When Abbate was dismissed, he had 30 civilian complaints filed against him, and it was said that Volpe supported him. Damian Volpe later held Abbate's position in the P.B.A.

There is speculation that the same grandiosity that can cause a police officer to rush heroically without thinking into a dangerous situation can lead him to ignore his interior censor and commit brutal acts. One month before Volpe was involved in the Louima incident he ran into a burning building. On the morning of August 9, when Volpe returned home, his father remembers going to hug him. "Justin pulled back. His head was swollen. 'It was a rough night,' he said."

The day his son was indicted, Robert Volpe waited outside the courthouse in his car. Marvyn Kornberg had told his client, "Walk with your head up high." Justin Volpe's tight-lipped manner was later characterized as a swagger, but when he rejoined his father, he quickly slammed the door to shut out the photographers while Kornberg said, "Let's get the fuck out of here." Robert Volpe has no illusions. He does not believe his son can get a fair trial, and he decries the atmosphere. "I've seen murderers walk out. I've seen child-molesters. Do they hate policemen so much?" he says.

Johnnie Cochran's role in the Abner Louima case was initiated on the cell phone of a car speeding down the Belt Parkway toward Brooklyn Hospital, to which Louima had been transferred. It was August 21. That morning Louima had asked King Kino to visit him at the hospital, and Kino stopped by his record store to pick up some of Abner's favorite tapes.

"These lawyers do not know what they are doing," Kino told me in the car. "They mumble. You cannot even understand them on TV. I don't know why Abner doesn't get Percy Sutton or Johnnie Cochran in this case. All this conflict! It seems like they are amateurs! This does not send the right message to the world about the Haitians! We are not stupid people!"

From the first days of the case, "the three musketeers," as one wag named Sanford Rubenstein, Brian Figeroux, and Carl Thomas, had been warring openly. On Wednesday, August 13, Mayor Giuliani had appeared at Pastor Nicolas's church for a meeting. The atmosphere was charged—N.Y.P.D. helicopters buzzed the roof to ensure security—but the past was conciliatory; perhaps his potent connections to City Hall were too va able to put at risk.

Figeroux and Thomas used the occasi to attack Giuliani for saying that t Louima assault was an isolated incide Because of Giuliani's allegedly anti-H tian policies when he was at the Justi Department in the early 1980s, Figero and Thomas were openly hostile, ev though Pastor Nicolas, whatever his p vate feelings, did not want to antagoni the mayor.

At the end of the meeting, Dr. Je Claude Compas arrived with Sanfo Rubenstein. At that moment, Figero says, he knew that a deal was being c between Rubenstein and the pastor. think you're an obsequious piece of shi Carl Thomas told Rubenstein, *The Villa Voice* later reported. "You're a bloodsu er! You only pimp off our community In a private meeting with the pastor, yelled, "White guys did this to Abn Why would you bring in a white guy The answer was evident to several peo close to the case, but not to Carl Thom the pastor had reportedly been offered piece of his nephew's settlement, althou Samuel Nicolas denies it.

"We do not have a contract," he sa "As far as I know, Abner can move Kalamazoo with his money. I am on t phone all the time with the lawyers, a I'm always telling Mr. Rubenstein I a sending him a bill, and he just laugh They're getting rich, and I'm going wind up still in Brooklyn."

On one occasion, I sat with Bri Figeroux in his office. "Abner has power," he told me. "He and Micheli want Carl and me as his lawyers, but h uncle controls everything because he h the money." The telephone rang. It w Abner Louima at the hospital. He was grieved because Rubenstein was putti pressure on him to sign the one-thi contingency agreement, Figeroux sa "Did you sign anything, Abner?"

Figeroux made another trip to Broo lyn Hospital, and in the car he worri about being muscled out of the case Rubenstein. "It is all about money wh this family is concerned," he said. "V shook hands on a 50-50 deal. It's a d eased family as far as his family go They expect the city will pay about $ to $50 million. There are so many la yers that are better than Rubenste From the beginning I wanted to t to Johnnie Cochran about doing t case! I am up and down. I want to wr a book about this."

t was obvious to King Kino that something had to be done. With the instincts the true inside player, Kino had come believe that the war within the legal team ould harm Abner Louima, and would do thing to elevate his case into a larger fom on the nature of police brutality in ew York. "They would settle for $50 milon just to be done with it," Kino told me we drove. Originally, Rubenstein had ed a $55 million claim against the city for uima. "The city has a moral obligation declare its liability right now" and move rectly to deciding damages, he declared a press conference the next day. He nned also to file for punitive damages for reported $465 million. It was this strategy at had annoyed Kino. "What will that do make things better for the Haitians? . . . is is not a case for a lawyer who does adrtising! This is a community issue! These ys don't even know how to speak on V! They are just looking for promotion!"

"Who could be a better lawyer for Abr, Percy Sutton or Johnnie Cochran?" no asked. Would the potential arrival of hnnie Cochran signal to the white power ucture that this was a race case? Would oner Louima lose the sympathetic spin at had so far been untainted by race etoric? Would Cochran turn a win-win uation into a negative? In the car, Kino ought out loud: "Whites hate Johnnie ochran because of the O. J. Simpson se, but he is a brilliant lawyer. He takes is case to another level. . . . This is not st about the Haitians. This is a case here bad is bad, good is good, white or ack. This has nothing to do with O. J. mpson. Everyone suffers from these ps! You need a Johnnie Cochran to get is on the world stage." Kino was outged that Justin Volpe and Marvyn Kornrg and the other cops were suggesting at the Rendez-Vous was a gay club. his is not a gay party and I am not gay, d that makes me angry!" he said. He orried that he would lose concert bookgs because of the brawl outside the club. om the car phone, Kino called his manger, Janie Washington. "You have to find Johnnie Cochran on the telephone. I n going to introduce him to this family."

For a week after the incident, Tom Bruder was in hiding. His picture flashed nstantly on the news. Finally he decided venture out and lift weights at his local m in Syosset. "You're not going to beve what happened," he told me. "A meless man walks up. He looks at me d says, 'I know you. You're that cop in paper. You're the one from Hicksville. u're one of those plunger guys.'"

During the following weekend, Kino called me. "I finally found Cochran," he said. "I called California, and a rich friend of mine connected me to him. And I talked to him. I told him I did not like the way the other lawyers were handling the case. And he said, 'All right, if you would like me to handle the case, I will do it.' And while he was talking to Sam [Nicolas], I said, 'I am going to hang up. I do not want to know the details.' And Johnnie said, 'Thanks, Kino, for putting me on the case.'" Kino laughed. "I am going to write a book about this case too! And I am calling my book *The Man Backstage.*"

Samuel Nicolas, the family spokesman, finally came into his own at an immense rally in Brooklyn on the Friday before Labor Day. Nicolas, a pastor-to-be, had at times seemed overwhelmed by the attention brought on by the police attack on his cousin. He felt off his moorings, at the mercy of cell phones and screaming lawyers. He frequently answered questions with "I will have to check with my father." But of all the family, Samuel was the most eloquent on-camera. A graduate of New Brunswick Theological Seminary, one of only a few Haitians, he had his own ambitions. Samuel took to the airwaves of Bonne Nouvelles, calling on the community for a show of solidarity for Abner. "They tried to murder him," he said repeatedly. "It is possible my cousin will never regain the use of his intestine or his bladder."

The day before the rally, I had met him at a TV taping for a local ABC Sunday news show. In the greenroom, Samuel looked stricken. Abner had taken a severe turn for the worse; he would need emergency surgery for a blockage of his intestine.

Before the taping, Samuel had called Jean Claude Compas, Abner's doctor. In the studio, Carl Thomas and Brian Figeroux were angry. Why was Abner in Brooklyn Hospital when New York City had the finest teaching hospitals in America? Columbia-Presbyterian, Mount Sinai, and New York Hospital all had world-famous gastroenterologists. Later, outside Brooklyn Hospital, Figeroux asked me, "Why is Abner here? It is because of Dr. Compas. Why hasn't he been moved into the city?" Figeroux's implication was clear: Compas and Rubenstein were allied, once again, against "the poor side."

Later that day, Samuel and I drove to the church to wait for Louis Farrakhan, who was arriving for a private meeting with Pastor Nicolas to discuss the Louima case.

"Johnnie Cochran comes with a lot of baggage," Carl Thomas told Sam Nicolas in the car. "Whites hate Johnnie Cochran. . . . We are small-town lawyers. We think we are as good as Johnnie Cochran. But nobody knows us! There are so many agendas in this case! This has gotten a lot bigger than Abner getting beat up."

Sam, quiet and intense, was not buying. "Abner wants Johnnie Cochran in the case," he said. "Why didn't you tell me in the beginning about Johnnie Cochran? We never would have brought him in." Turning to Thomas, he asked, "Why did you scream at my father that day in the church? Now he'll never listen to you."

"I lost my temper," Carl Thomas said. "My own father used to tell me that I shouldn't scream at him."

At the church, we spent several hours waiting for Farrakhan, but only several of his ministers appeared.

August 29, 1997. They had gathered at Grand Army Plaza by 9:30 A.M., by the thousands, to march for Abner Louima. David Dinkins, the former mayor, was there, dressed in white. The Reverend Al Sharpton marched on the front line with his arm around Sandy Rubenstein. "Brother Rubenstein," Sharpton said when he greeted him. "Brother Sharpton!," Rubenstein said to the mayoral hopeful. Sam had his arms around his brothers Herold and Kelly, and even Pastor Nicolas walked the first mile or so. I marched directly behind Sam and Herold. As the crowd surged forward, we linked arms with strangers so that we would not fall down.

"NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!" The roar followed us down Flatbush Avenue, which had been closed to traffic. Outside Brooklyn Hospital, the crowd stopped to say a silent prayer for Louima, who was too sick even to watch the rally on TV.

By the time we crossed the Brooklyn Bridge into Manhattan, gentle Samuel Nicolas had his clenched fist in the air. All around him, thousands of Haitians waved posters and plungers in the direction of the mayor's office. "NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!" he screamed. Then he mounted the steps to a podium outside City Hall and shouted, "WE ARE TALKING ABOUT A MAN WHO REFUSED TO DIE! A MAN WHO REFUSED TO BE A STATISTIC! HOW MANY MORE ISOLATED INCIDENTS DO WE NEED?"

I made one last trip to Flatbush. It was the first Friday night in October, almost two months since Abner Louima had had his night out at the Rendez-Vous. He was still marooned at Brooklyn Hospital, but in 10 days he would be out, secluded in a Canarsie apartment rented through a friend of Micheline's, resting between operations. Louima's health was extremely

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fragile. In addition to his perforated colon, he had developed deep vein thrombosis, a blood clot that was potentially life-threatening. His family would continue its campaign to have the U.S. attorney general take over the case. "We need Janet Reno," Carl Thomas would say. "We're asking her and the Justice Department to look into patterns and practices of police brutality." There was talk that Zachary Carter would expand the indictments to include supervisors, and subpoenas have been issued indicating that the investigation has proceeded to the grand-jury stage.

King Kino had left a message on my machine: "It is Johnnie Cochran's birthday, and I am throwing him a big party at the club." Kino would be sending his driver with the Rolls to pick up Cochran and members of the Dream Team at midnight and deliver them for cake and champagne at the Rendez-Vous. After all the fighting, the lawyers had finally cut up the pie. "They are splitting one-third of the settlement three ways," said Samuel Nicolas. The party would signal to Flatbush not only Cochran's arrival into Abner Louima's case but also Kino's ascension as a secret power in the city of odd alliances.

On my way to the club, I made a stop at the 7-0. It was peaceful inside the precinct, and the new commander, Inspector Raymond Diaz, stood behind the high desk where Louima had been brought on that Saturday morning in August. Diaz's predecessor, Jeremiah Quinlan, had been transferred, even though he had been on vacation when Louima was allegedly brutalized at the station house. "My first few days were rough," Inspector Diaz said. "All the demonstrations. But we have been working with the community." With its cracked blue walls and turn-of-the-century architectural detail, the interior of the precinct had the bare elegance of an Edward Hopper painting. I went with Diaz to the notorious public bathroom. Porcelain latrines were lined up on one wall, where Louima alleges he was attacked. Diaz and I studied the narrow space. "It is still filthy in there," he said. "But, for that matter, so is our bathroom upstairs." He said that Justin Volpe's brother Damian had asked for a transfer, and no longer worked at the 7-0. Susan, Justin's girlfriend, had also left. "We are getting back to normal," he told me.

I arrived at the Rendez-Vous after midnight. Kino, Pierre Dejean, Jean Claude Compas, and Sandy Rubenstein were waiting for Cochran to appear. A velvet rope separated the V.I.P. section at the rear of the club from the rest of the partygoers. Behind it, a blue-and-white birthday cake decorated each table. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, J.C., one read.

At one A.M., Johnnie Cochran posed grandly at the door of the Club Rendez-Vous, then passed the metal detector and the bouncers in black T-shirts with SECURITY printed on them. Cochran has mastered the art of keeping his head slightly above any crowd; his lack of direct eye contact is one of the power tricks he uses to ensure that he is the focus of everyone's attention. As always, he was accompanied by a minion, in this instance Peter Neufeld, one of his brains from the O. J. Simpson trial, who carried a battered, bulging leather attaché case.

Cochran had his investigators with him. One burly fellow wore a black leather jacket with a large red-white-and-blue X embroidered on the back. The group took seats at a table near Kino's band and posed for pictures by the stage. In Creole and English, Kino exhorted the club patrons to sing "'Happy Birthday' to Johnnie Cochran, a great man of our community." Cochran was toasted with Korbel champagne and a single bottle of Dom Pérignon, which someone had brought in a brown paper bag. Sandy Rubenstein and Jean Claude Compas wedged through the crowd to congratulate him, and by two A.M. the V.I.P. area was filled with many of the key players in the Abner Louima drama, including Tatiana Wah of the Haitian American Alliance and even Garry Pierre-Pierre of *The New York Times*. From the stage, Kino introduced them all and praised Cochran for taking on the case. Then Cochran took the stage.

Flatbush seemed an unlikely setting for Johnnie Cochran, but he appeared to understand that helping the Haitian community might serve to rehabilitate him too. "We are going to get justice for the community," he said to immense applause. He used the word "healing" and repeated the need for justice. Kino had given Cochran the chance to show his skills in behalf of a hapless victim, not an alleged killer. Even Sandy Rubenstein joined in the universal enthusiasm over Cochran's arrival on the scene. "What do you mean, Cochran plays the race card?" he snapped. "He had to do that with the O. J. Simpson case to win. You do anything as a lawyer to win. There is no race card here."

I waited for Cochran to say something moving about the plight of his new client, but he left the stage with just a faint single mention of Abner Louima's name. □

## Credits

### Fashion

**Cover:** Anne Christensen for Art & Comm
**Page 74:** Bottom, see credit for cover
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**Page 226:** Daniel Caudill for Visages
**Page 247: Leslie Stefanson's** Halsto nature by Randolph Duke dress from Sal Avenue, N.Y.C.; Mikimoto earrings fron imoto, N.Y.C.; Tiffany & Co. brooch Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide.
**Pages 262–63: Evander Holyfield** by Kim Meehan.
**Page 264: Richard Meier's** and **Gehry's** Donna Karan sweaters from M stores nationwide; Annie Spong for Clo
**Page 265: Pete Hamill's** Ermene Zegna suit and shirt from Ermenegildo Z N.Y.C.; Brooks Brothers coat from E Brothers, N.Y.C.
**Page 266: Ellen DeGeneres's** Do Gabbana bodysuit and bustier from Do Gabbana, N.Y.C.; Manolo Blahnik shoe selected Neiman Marcus stores; W stockings from Wolford boutiques natior
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**Page 272: James Cameron's** C sweater from Barneys New York, L.A.
**Page 276: Frank McCourt's** Tomm ger V-neck vest and jacket from Bu stores nationwide; Paul Stuart shirt and from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.; Ebel "1911" watch from the Watch Connection, Mesa, Calif.
**Page 277: Sirio Maccioni's** Ermene Zegna tie from Ermenegildo Zegna, N
**Page 279: Jada Pinkett's** Dolce & bana dress from Dolce & Gabbana, M Manolo Blahnik shoes from se Neiman Marcus stores. **Will Smith's** Klein Underwear tank top from M stores nationwide; for Club Monaco call 800-383-9096; Gucci shoes Gucci, Beverly Hills. Paul Sinclaire fo Barker.
**Page 280: Keith McNally's** V-neck s and T-shirt from Banana Republic, N.Y.C Debus for Jam Arts.
**Page 281: Harvey** and **Bob Wein** coats from Rochester Big & Tall, N.Y.C.
**Pages 294–97:** Anne Christensen fo Commerce.
**Page 295: Matt Damon's** Ermen Zegna shirt from Ermenegildo Zegna, I Cartier cuff links from Cartier stores wide; Worth & Worth hat from W Worth, N.Y.C.
**Page 297:** Donna Karan shirt from Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; pant New Republic, N.Y.C.

**ages 298–99:** Paul Sinclaire for Katy arker.
**age 325:** Vintage shirt from Iceberg Army lavy of Soho; vintage jacket from Cheap ack's; hat by J.J. Hats, from J.J. Hat Center; all N.Y.C.

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**over: Matt Damon** groomed with products om Aramis; Thom Priano for Garren, New ork; Racine Christensen for Sarah Laird
**age 74:** See credits for cover.
**age 82:** David Margolick's grooming by eorge Kyriakos for Sally Harlor; Howard lum's grooming by John Olavarria for Pix oducers.
**age 247: Leslie Stefanson's** makeup from izabeth Arden. On her eyes, Eyeshadow uo in Wheat and Teak; on her lips, Excepional Lipstick in Pout. Syd Curry for Profile; gostina for Célestine.
**ages 262–63: Evander Holyfield's** rooming by Susan Sterling for Marek & ssociates.
**age 264: Richard Meier's** and **Frank ehry's** grooming by John Setaro for the eauty and Photo Agency.
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**ages 266–67:** Sally Hershberger for ima/Profile; Paul Starr for Smashbox Beauty.
**age 272: James Cameron's** grooming by lary Klimek.
**age 273: The Deep Blue team's** grooming y Rosaly for Indorato Artists.
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**age 280: Keith McNally's** grooming by egine Thorre for Sarah Laird.
**age 281: Harvey** and **Bob Weinstein's** ooming by Assumpta for Price Inc.
**age 282: Princess Diana's** hair styled with ebastian Laminates Heat Safe Spray. All akeup from Lancôme. On her eyes, Le Khôl oudre in Fumée Noire; on her lips, Rouge ole Indelibly Divine LipColour in Sacré. larc Lopez for Brigitte Hébant.
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# Planetarium

## Michael Lutin tells Sagittarians it's truth or dare

### SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

You're into honesty now, so only the totally real, totally raw truth will do. Since you know you aren't going to live forever, you'll be damned if you are going to put up a false front any longer and tolerate a zipped-up, fake excuse for a life. And except for one minuscule fly in the pudding, you could pull it off: Chiron in your 12th house. It seems to suggest that little old friendly, bright-eyed, bushy-tailed you still have a few rather dark secrets you wouldn't want to see on the evening news. We all do, naturally, but yours appear to be especially juicy.

### CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Why on earth should you even have to consider continuing to deal with people who are forever hurting you or abandoning you? Maybe there are lessons—good ones—to be learned from staying bonded in friendship with those who have trespassed against you. To do so with a new moon in your 11th house, in fact, is certainly one way to ensure that you will be forgiven *your* trespasses. You should understand that, apart from stock-market fluctuations, the main business at hand for you these days is the long-term state of your soul.

### AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

We all know how much you are longing to go where they eat with their fingers, don't wear shoes, and have never heard of bras or neckties or sexist pigs or mean bosses, but don't call the bus station and pack your bags just yet. The yearlong transit of Chiron across your solar midheaven has just begun, and that means stay with it, stick it out, bite the bullet, and see things through. Granted, it would be infinitely more dignified to exit gracefully than to get the hook and be dragged kicking and screaming off the stage.

### PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

You are going through yet another major consciousness-raising—your umpteenth. Something quite extraordinary is happening in your brain, and you obviously must be aware of it. Chiron, the wounded healer, is streaking through your 9th house, awakening you to the wonders of the universe. If you're a scientific nerd, pick a clear night and look through a telescope in awe. If you're the artsy type, turn your gaze inward and discover the mysteries that lie waiting to be explored. If you're completely unevolved, check into rehab immediately.

### ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

As Chiron crawls its way through your 8th house, a sexual healing is necessary. Obviously you have to yield to changes in your body, but giving these changes clinical names such as puberty, menopause, and climacteric doesn't help, because it fails to take your feelings into consideration. As for sexual honesty, we all know what studs Aries men are supposed to be, and how Aries women all run around the house in pink pajamas singing "I Enjoy Being a Girl." But let's get real. Most men have a feminine side, and some women—Aries included—are Testosterone City.

### TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Keeping relationships healthy should be your No. 1 task now. It doesn't have to be an onerous one; in fact, it can be a joyful learning experience. The recent new moon has set off a whole year during which your sensitivity to others will be called upon big-time. Don't intrude on their privacy, though. The people you tend to hook up with are touchy about that. If you have to help a loved one to the bathroom at night, or leave a snack outside the door of the laboratory of the mad genius you happen to be in love with, do it gladly. Just don't ask too many questions.

### GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

When heavenly bodies such as asteroids and comets conjoin the sun and moon in your 6th house, the message is work. Repair whatever is broken and regain your physical strength and natural immunities. And, please, just because you have had some health scares in the past, don't get hysterical and run screaming to the doctor with every case of hiccups. As we all know, these days one is more likely to toss out a toaster or trade in a car than to take the time to get it fixed. But don't play that game. Your body is a temple, not a ruin to be torn down.

### CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Childless Cancers are praying for pregnancy now. As Chiron passes through your 5th house, those of you who are already parents are having to come to terms with the fact that your children may be cute and adorable, but you have to sit up with them all through the night to bring down a fever, or even go to the police station in your robe and slippers to bail them out of jail. And naturally you're expected to love them to death all the while. As a Cancer, though, will you ever be able to separate your fate from theirs?

### LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Considering your ongoing conflict between remaining completely and objectively uninvolved and at the same time believing that you are gifted with royal, even superhuman qualities and powers, think *this* one through: if serious rifts or separations threaten to tear up a family that was once very close (and this could be the case in coming months, with Chiron in your 4th house), is it really your responsibility alone to hold everything together and stand there straddling a virtual Grand Canyon of a split?

### VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

When comets or asteroids go crashing through your 3rd house, you cannot avoid entanglements with siblings and others whose people skills would be downright laughable if they weren't so sad. Too much teenage acting out becomes embarrassing, since it all stems from sexual frustration. So here you go again, having to play mama and papa to those who can't stand on their own two feet. Your homework for all of next year will be to learn the lyrics to that 1969 hit "He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother." And don't just mouth them. Put the message into practice.

### LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

So what if you do sneak an extra scoop of ice cream once in a while—that doesn't make you greedy and selfish, does it? And you're certainly not the type to let yourself get all bent out of shape over Grandma's bras, candlesticks or a few measly royalty checks in order to become a few hundred dollars richer. Even if Chiron's entrance into your 2nd house does seem to be getting at you right where it hurts most—in your pocketbook—you're still not going to fall into those old, easy patterns. You're above all that now. You *are* kind of mad, though.

### SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Wounded animals are dangerous creatures. They are not interested in being petted or fed peanuts. They are hurting, and as long as they are hurting, they need to be given plenty of space in which to heal. As Chiron transits your sign now, you, too, need to put your body and mind back together and heal. Anyone approaching you too closely or making sudden moves should be reminded that even the sweetest, most adorable, most docile-looking bear—read Scorpio—if it is wounded, is still a bear. Not a teddy bear. A bear.

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## Proust Questionnaire



# Andrew Weil

**With two best-selling books, *8 Weeks to Optimum Health* and *Spontaneous Healing*, Dr. Andrew Weil has persuaded millions of health-conscious Americans to trade in their NyQuil and ibuprofen for gingerroot and meditation. This month, alternative medicine's bearded guru shares a few mantras on what it takes to heal thyself**

**What do you consider your greatest achievement?**
Achieving success without compromising my values.

**What is your idea of perfect happiness?**
Having no desires.

**What is your current state of mind?**
I'm feeling rather New Yorkish.

**What is your most treasured possession?**
My intuition.

**What or who is the greatest love of your life?**
Discovery.

**What is your favorite journey?**
The one that leads to self-discovery.

**What is it that you most dislike?**
A closed mind.

**What is your greatest fear?**
Not being equal to the demands life makes on me.

**What is your greatest extravagance?**
Buying plants, flowers, and bulbs.

**Which living person do you most despise?**
It's a waste of time and energy to despise.

**What is your greatest regret?**
At the moment, having agreed to answer all these questions.

**Which talent would you most like to have?**
Athletic grace, like that of a champion gymnast.

**Where would you like to live?**
Right where I do live—in the mountains outside Tucson, Arizona.

**What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?**
Laziness.

**What is the trait you most deplore in others?**
Talking too much, especially when accompanied by an inability to listen.

**What do you most value in your friends?**
Acceptance of me as I am, with all of my eccentricities and imperfections.

**Who is your favorite hero of fiction?**
Captain Marvel (the old, "Shazam!" one).

**Who are your heroes in real life?**
The Buddha.

**Which living person do you most admire?**
C. Everett Koop, M.D.

**What are your favorite names?**
I've always liked Andrew—it comes from the Greek word for "manly."

**How would you like to die?**
Consciously.

**If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?**
A tree.

**If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?**
A giant sequoia.

**What is your motto?**
Never take no for an answer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEF ASTOR


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she is always and never the same



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